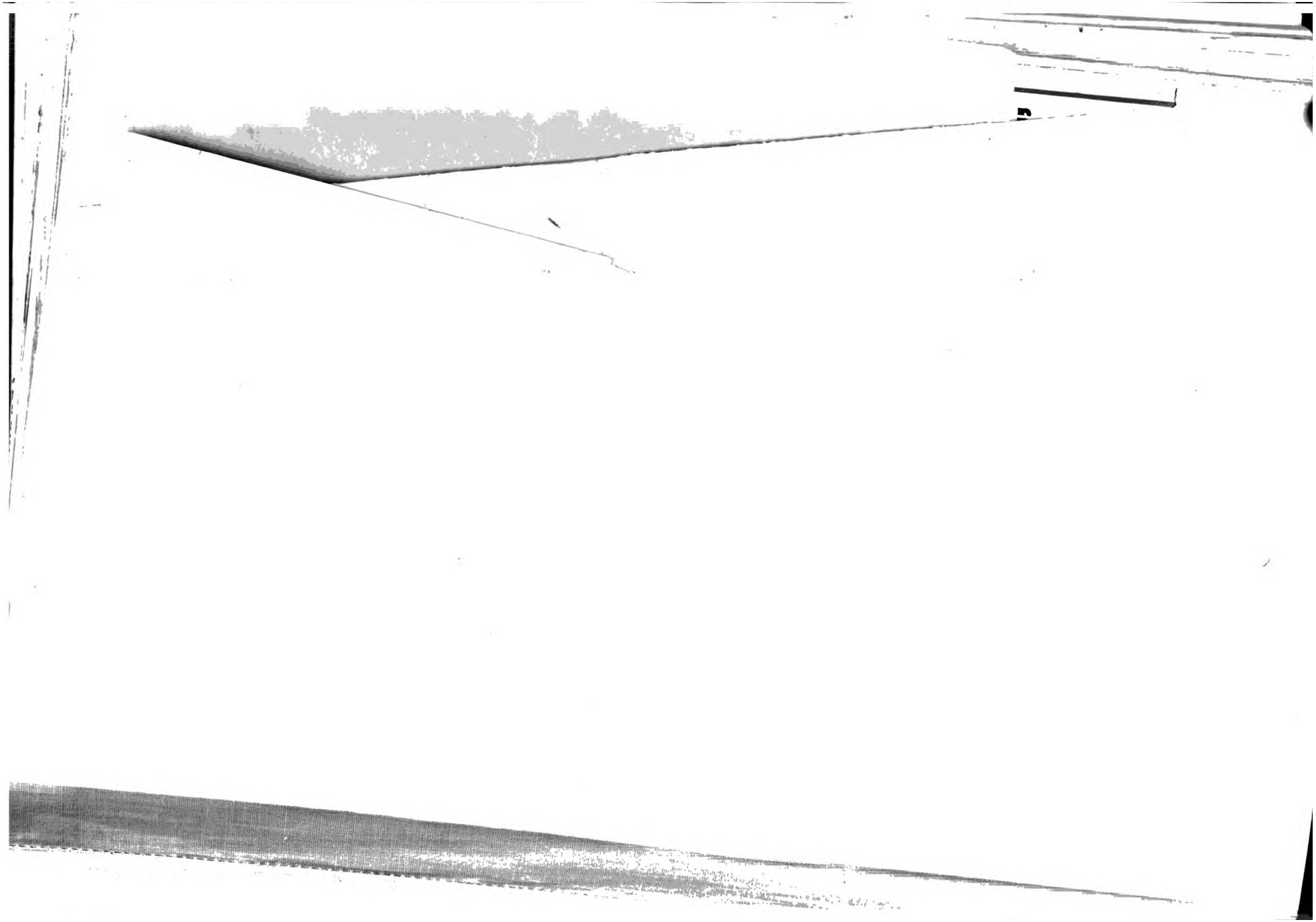


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THE POET-REBEL OF FIUME, PROCEEDED AGAINST BY FORCE: GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, the self-constituted Dictator of Fiume, carried his resistance to the Italian Government to extreme lengths, and it became necessary to proceed against him by force. On Christmas Eve, at 4 p.m., Italian troops, commanded by General Ferrero, acting under General Caviglia advanced upon the town, and D'Annunzio's legionaries opened fire, killing ten and wounding about thirty. Hostilities were suspended at midnight, as orders had been issued to respect Christmas Day, but were resumed on the 26th. D'Annunzio distributed manifestos by aeroplane, one bearing the words: "Italy celebrates Christmas by making havoc of the Italians in the Fiume of Italy. Gabriele D'Annunzio greets his executioners." It was reported that he was wounded by a splinter from a naval shell fired by the Dreadnought "Andrea Doria," but this was officially denied. The destroyer "Espero," which went over to D'Annunzio, fired on the Italian Fleet on the 26th, and was sunk. On Dec. 28 the casualties in the fighting were estimated at 400 killed and many more



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE French Revolution has become respectable by a conventional comparison with the Russian Revolution. But in my boyhood there still lingered some tradition of talking about Jacobins as people now talk about Bolshevists. Some of the talkers had the extraordinary notion that the French Revolution was an effort towards Socialism; which is rather like saying that the Russian Revolution was an indication of the spread of Spiritualism. I for one have always believed that the French Revolution did really renew the youth of Europe, and create a heroic legend for the liberal idea. But there was a real mistake made by its supporters, which seems never to be adequately urged by its opponents. Coming at the end of a rationalistic epoch, it tended too much to a negative instead of a positive equality. It abolished things for everybody, instead of extending them to everybody. To take a trivial instance, it began with a generous indignation that many people shou'd be wearing filthy rags while a few people wore beautiful clothes. The proper issue of that indignant idealism should obviously be that all men should wear beautiful clothes. But the nineteenth century turned it rather into the notion that all men should wear ugly clothes. They began by praising ancient togas, and ended by producing modern trousers. There was a curious mixture of a Pagan stoicism with a Puritan commercialism, of which the result was that all men went about with high black hats like mutes at a funeral. I am even disposed to extend the argument from clothes to weapons. In the eighteenth century all gentlemen wore swords; by the nineteenth century no men wore swords. I am far from certain that it would not have been a finer declaration of freedom if all men had worn swords. I realise all the dangers of a defensive weapon being used as an offensive weapon. But I think there is in that argument the same peril which we see to-day in the argument that prevention is better than cure. Just as men were forbidden the sword, for fear they should abuse it, they are now forbidden the wine-cup, for fear they should abuse it. I agree with Oliver Cromwell, that it is time enough to interfere with them when they do abuse it. If a man kills another man with a sword, let him be punished for killing him, but not for being able to kill him. If a man is drunk and disorderly, let him be punished for being disorderly, but not for being able to drink and remain orderly. And the sword considered as a symbol would be a symbol of precisely those rights of the citizen which are now most necessary and most neglected. It would stand for the idea that he has in the last resort the right to defend his family individually, as to defend his country collectively. I think it would be a good public army that was made of all those private swords. At least, there would be no pacificism in that sort of democracy. Who knows but even the world of politics might recover the conception of honour?

But whether or no everybody ought to have a sword, I feel sure that everybody ought to have a shield; I mean in the sense of armorial bearings. Here again is an instance in which the great revolutionary movement erred in equalising by extinguishing instead of by extending. The real error of the feudal tradition was not in having too much heraldry, but in having too little. For, properly understood, heraldry is one of the simplest ideas of humanity. In a certain sense, indeed, heraldry is humanity. It is what Mr. H. G. Wells called mankind in the making; it is life considered as a tissue of births. The genealogical tree is really a most common or garden sort of tree. It is only the tree of life; a mere trifle. The feeling of interest in one's own family is one of the most natural and universal feelings, it has nothing particularly oligarchical, or even aristocratic about it. And when the philosophers discovered that all men were important, they ought obviously to have discovered that all families were important; and even that all pedigrees were important. Not



CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM IN AUSTRALIA: COLONEL J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS, WITH HIS WIFE, ON BOARD SHIP ON THE VOYAGE OUT.

This photograph of Colonel and Mrs. Douglas was taken by Mr. P. G. H. Fender, during the voyage to Australia, on board the "Osterley." England was beaten by Australia in the first Test Match, which ended at Sydney on December 22, by 377 runs. [*Photograph supplied by C. N.*]

can I see any reason why the genealogical tree should not bear flowers as well as fruit; why there should not be colours and emblems and external beauty to express the variations of the social group. The art of heraldry degenerated because it was turned from a real art to a sham science. A good many modern arts seem to be going the same way. The art of fiction, for instance, seems to be turning from the reality of romance to the affectation of psychology or psycho-analysis. As the heralds cut their lions and eagles in half to fit in with the father's quarterings, or the mother's pales and partitions, so the new psychological novelists are cutting up their human beings into father complexes and mother-complexes till they resemble heraldic figures of which only a leg or arm remains in a tangle of bends and chevrons. In both cases the result is a diagram instead of a drawing; and in both cases the spirit is pedantry instead of poetry. But in neither case should we forget the original nature of the poetry. To inherit a flag or fighting sign from a father, and hand it on to a family, is a perfectly poetic and simple idea, and no more snobbish than having a sentiment about the house of your childhood or the playground of your children. And, indeed, the parallel brings us to what is really the practical point for the modern world.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY AND C.N.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE French Revolution has become respectable by a conventional comparison with the Russian Revolution. But in my boyhood there still lingered some tradition of talking about Jacobins as people now talk about Bolshevists. Some of the talkers had the extraordinary notion that the French Revolution was an effort towards Socialism; which is rather like saying that the Russian Revolution was an indication of the spread of Spiritualism. I for one have always believed that the French Revolution did really renew the youth of Europe, and create a heroic legend for the liberal idea. But there was a real mistake made by its supporters, which seems never to be adequately urged by its opponents. Coming at the end of a rationalistic epoch, it tended too much to a negative instead of a positive equality. It abolished things for everybody, instead of extending them to everybody. To take a trivial instance, it began with a generous indignation that many people should be wearing filthy rags while a few people wore beautiful clothes. The proper issue of that indignant idealism should obviously be that all men should wear beautiful clothes. But the nineteenth century turned it rather into the notion that all men should wear ugly clothes. They began by praising ancient togas, and ended by producing modern trousers. There was a curious mixture of a Pagan stoicism with a Puritan commercialism, of which the result was that all men went about with high black hats like mutes at a funeral. I am even disposed to extend the argument from clothes to weapons. In the eighteenth century all gentlemen wore swords; by the nineteenth century no men wore swords. I am far from certain that it would not have been a finer declaration of freedom if all men had worn swords. I realise all the dangers of a defensive weapon being used as an offensive weapon. But I think there is in that argument the same peril which we see to-day in the argument that prevention is better than cure. Just as men were forbidden the sword, for fear they should abuse it, they are now forbidden the wine-cup, for fear they should abuse it. I agree with Oliver Cromwell, that it is time enough to interfere with them when they do abuse it. If a man kills another man with a sword, let him be punished for killing him, but not for being able to kill him. If a man is drunk and disorderly, let him be punished for being disorderly, but not for being able to drink and remain orderly. And the sword considered as a symbol would be a symbol of precisely those rights of the citizen which are now most necessary and most neglected. It would stand for the idea that he has in the last resort the right to defend his family individually, as to defend his country collectively. I think it would be a good public army that was made of all those private swords. At least, there would be no pacificism in that sort of democracy. Who knows but even the world of politics might recover the conception of honour?

But whether or no everybody ought to have a sword, I feel sure that everybody ought to have a shield; I mean in the sense of armorial bearings. Here again is an instance in which the great revolutionary movement erred in equalising by extinguishing instead of by extending. The real error of the feudal tradition was not in having too much heraldry, but in having too little. For, properly understood, heraldry is one of the simplest ideas of humanity. In a certain sense, indeed, heraldry is humanity. It is what Mr. H. G. Wells called mankind in the making; it is life considered as a tissue of births. The genealogical tree is really a most common or garden sort of tree. It is only the tree of life, a mere trifle. The feeling of interest in one's own family is one of the most natural and universal feelings; it has nothing particularly oligarchical, or even aristocratic about it. And when the philosophers discovered that all men were important, they ought obviously to have discovered that all families were important; and even that all pedigrees were important. Nor



CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM IN AUSTRALIA: COLONEL J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS, WITH HIS WIFE, ON BOARD SHIP ON THE VOYAGE OUT

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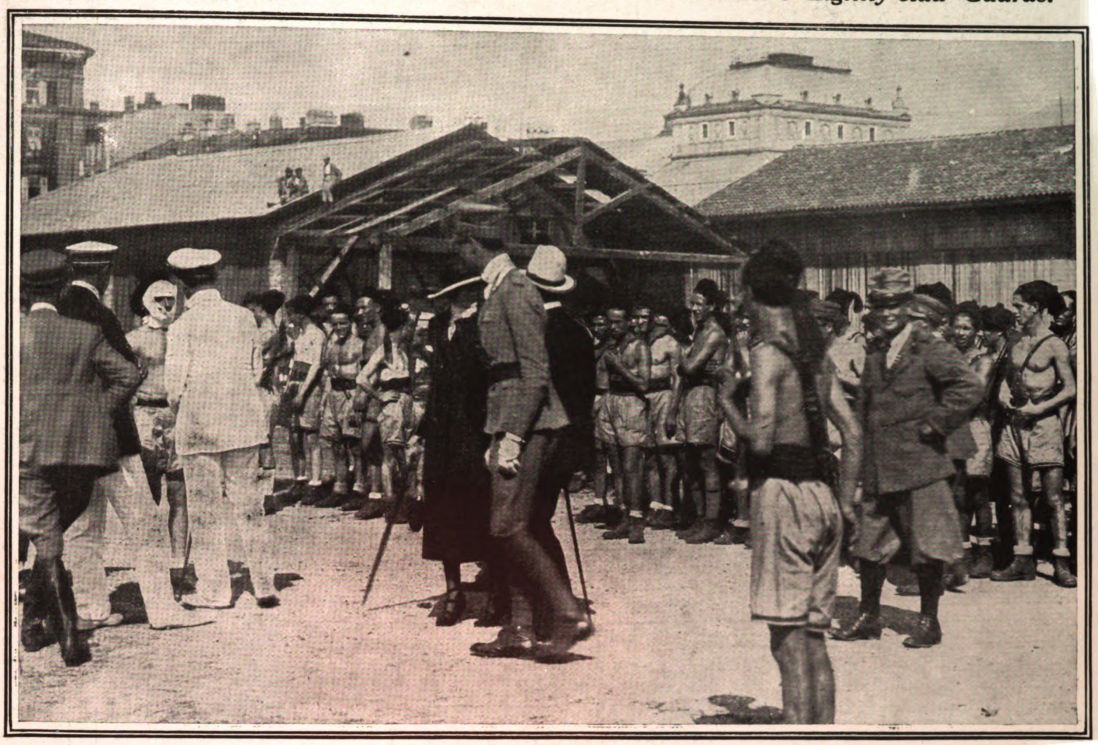
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LTD.

WHERE CHRISTMAS REALLY IS CHRISTMAS

PHOTOGS.



AT THE EVER-POPULAR MÜRREN: A TRIO OF SKI ENTHUSIASTS.



OFF FOR A RUN ON LUGES: LADY MALCOLM (RIGHT) AND MISS GRUNDY.



TAKING A CLASS IN SKI-ING: MR. V. CAULFIELD (LEFT), THE WELL-KNOWN BRITISH SKI-RUNNER.



OFF FOR AN EXPEDITION: MISS HADCOCK (RIGHT) AND MISS MAJOR

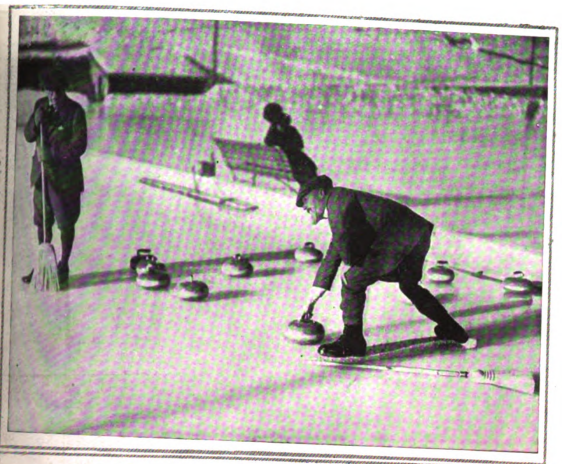


ON THE SKI-ING GROUND AT MÜRREN: TWO ENTHUSIASTS.

Those who like to be certain of spending the Christmas season in the "genuine" atmosphere of crisp, invigorating cold, and wish to enjoy the seasonable delights of skating, luging, ski-ing and curling, in a setting of dazzling white snow, lit up by brilliant sunshine, can find in Switzerland the fulfilment of their desires. In the mountain resorts of that country of holiday-making, society may savour every outdoor delight proper to chill December. While we in England were wondering if Christmas Day had mysteriously fallen in April instead of December this year, Swiss sportsmen and sportswomen were employed, as our photographs show, in the pursuit of classic winter sports. Our illustrations give a very good idea of what Switzerland is like in winter, and show some

DECEMBER SUN AND SNOW IN SWITZERLAND.

BY C.N.



PLAYING IN A CURLING MATCH AT MÜRREN: SIR FREDERICK LOBNITZ, K.B.E.



STARTING A LUGE RACE FOR SWISS CHILDREN: LADY HADCOCK.



A BEAUTIFUL SCENE NEAR MÜRREN: MOONRISE AND SUNSET ON THE EIGER AND THE MÖNCH.

of the well-known people who have been enjoying its varied pleasures. Sir Frederick Lobnitz is the brother-in-law of Lord Cowdray, and was Director of Munitions for Scotland in 1917-19. Miss Grundy, who is seen with Lady Malcolm, is the daughter of the late Mr. Sydney Grundy, the famous dramatist. Mr. Vivian Caulfield, who is shown in one of our illustrations holding a ski-ing instruction class, is a well-known British ski-runner and has taken several courses in the sport for the Ski Club of Great Britain, while his book on the subject, "How To Ski and How Not To," is generally acknowledged to be one of the standard works on ski-ing.

A BRITISH ST. NICHOLAS IN DEVASTATED FRANCE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIA

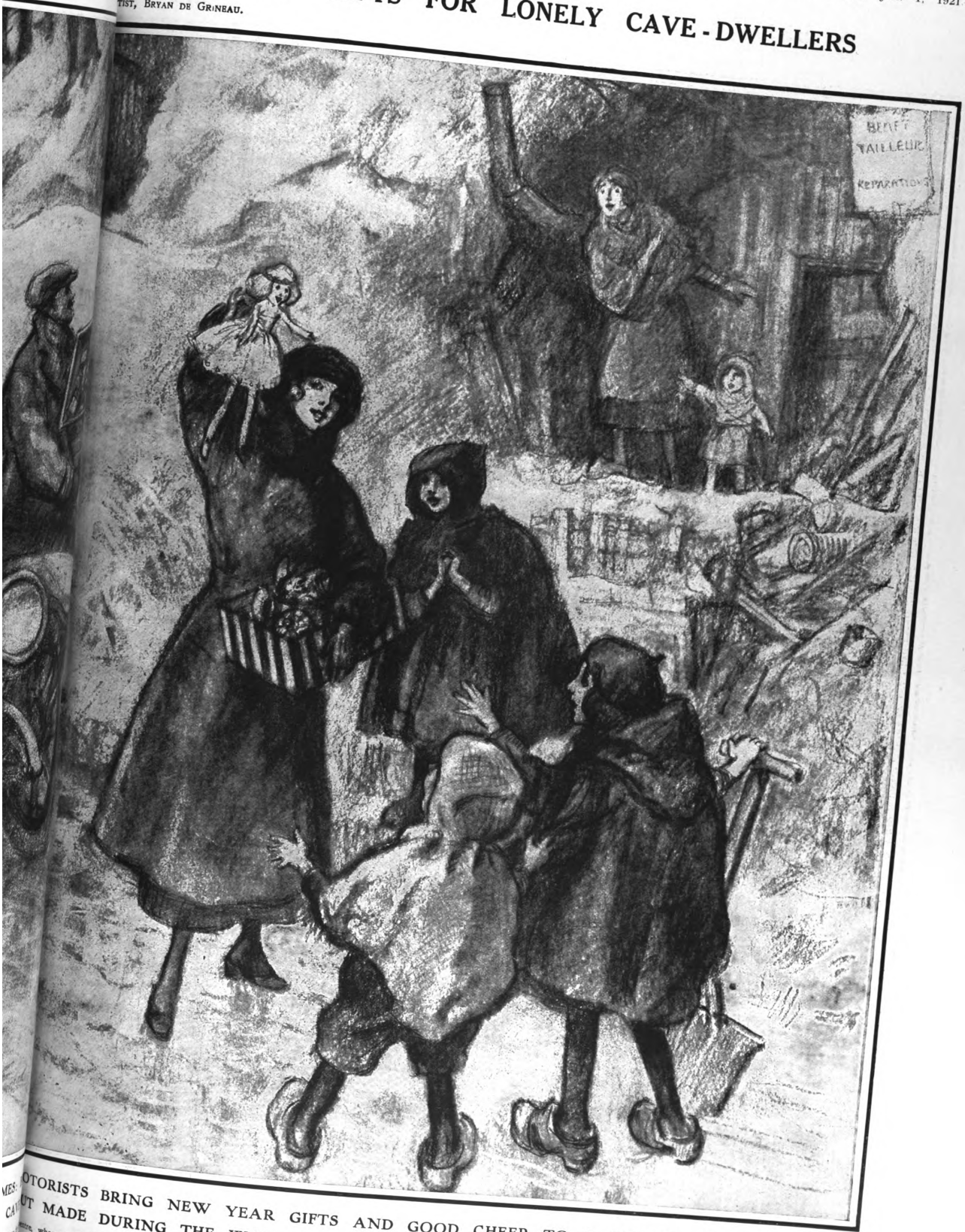


IN "THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION" NEAR THE CHEMIN DES DAMES: BRITIS
INHABITING A CAVE DUG

Although Christmas Eve (Réveillon) is made a night of rejoicing and merriment in France, *the* day of days is Le Jour de l'An (New Year's Day), and all over the countr
it is the time of festival and goodwill, as is the English Christmas. "The devastated areas," writes our artist, in a note on his drawing, "are not being forgotten, and
motor-lorries are leaving Paris at intervals for the larger centres, laden with food and gifts for district distribution. In order to reach the out-of-the-way and desolate spot
certain charitable people are exploring the accessible roads of the remote areas in motors. Owing to the severe weather, these spots are the abomination of desolation, and
the delight of the scattered inhabitants when the modern Santa Claus arrives can be imagined. The sketch was made north-east of the Chemin des Dames, miles from any

STATED FRA[N]OUR DE L'AN GIFTS FOR LONELY CAVE-DWELLERS

DRAWN BY [T]TIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



[M]OTORISTS BRING NEW YEAR GIFTS AND GOOD CHEER TO A FRENCH FAMILY [C]A[U]T MADE DURING THE WAR.

[A]mpire, where a British motoring party, laden with good cheer, came upon a little colony of cave-dwellers living in the cave dug-outs of the hilly country made by the French people during the war. The joy of the children on receiving a typical French doll, and a few other simple toys, among the good things provided, was touching beyond description. 'Monsieur' was away, tramping to the nearest *Mairie* for his Christmas allotment, so his surprise on his return was an event to which we left the family looking forward." The scene shown in the drawing did not, of course, take place actually on New Year's Day, as, owing to the distances, the distribution of gifts was begun well in advance.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE CRIME OF EKATERINBURG:

THE TRAGIC FATE OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

By PIERRE GILLIARD, Tutor of the late Tsarevitch.*

M. Pierre Gilliard, who is a Swiss, went to Petrograd in 1904, after completing his studies at the University of Lausanne, as French tutor to Duke Serge of Leuchtenberg, and the next year taught French to the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, then aged ten and eight respectively. In 1913 he became tutor to the Tsarevitch Alexis, then in his tenth year. M. Gilliard lived at the Palace, and shared the daily life of the Imperial Family. When the Revolution of March 1917 broke out, he was at Tsarskoe Selo, and, though given the choice of leaving, he preferred to remain in captivity with his employers, and afterwards obtained permission to accompany them to Tobolsk. At Ekaterinburg, against his will, he was separated from them, and to that fact he owes his life. M. Gilliard is the only member of the Tsar's immediate circle who shared the captivity at Tsarskoe-Selo and Tobolsk from the first day to the last. At Ekaterinburg he was one of the first to investigate the tragedy. His evidence is thus of exceptional value. Unfortunately, he leaves no doubt as to the fate of the Imperial Family—their extermination was complete. It is not only on the crime of Ekaterinburg that M. Gilliard throws new light, but also on the true characters of the Emperor and Empress and their children. His only interest is to tell the truth, and his picture dispels malicious and ridiculous legends. M. Gilliard has hitherto refrained from publishing his account, pending the close of the official inquiry, now almost ended. His reminiscences will eventually appear in a book, entitled "Thirteen Years of Tuition at the Court of Russia," in the collection of memoirs, studies, and documents on the history of the world war (Payot). The accompanying photographs were mostly taken by M. Gilliard himself; the rest emanate from the official inquiry. In chronological order, the crime of Ekaterinburg would come last in the story, following the account of the Imperial Family's life before and after the Revolution; but it was decided to begin with it, partly to satisfy public interest, and partly because other versions of the tragic event have already appeared, notably in that very interesting and well-illustrated book, "The Last Days of the Romanoffs," by Mr. Robert Wilton. Here, then, follows M. Gilliard's narrative in all its moving simplicity.

— — — —

THE time has come to make known, in all its details and horror, the frightful crime of Ekaterinburg. The silence imposed on me by the official inquiry has been largely exploited by the authors of this crime themselves, and by inferior publications, which have completely misled public opinion. It is time that those who know the truth should speak out. Leaving aside the question of responsibility, I will simply relate the events in which I was personally concerned after my arrival at Ekaterinburg, and explain the details of the crime as established by the inquiry.

THE LAST HALTING-PLACE.

It was at Tsarskoe Selo that the Imperial Family spent the five months which followed the Revolution of March 1917. In August of the same year, the Emperor, the Empress, and their five children—the Tsarevitch (aged thirteen), his four sisters, Olga (aged twenty-two), Tatiana (aged twenty), Marie (aged eighteen), and Anastasia (aged sixteen)—were transported to Tobolsk with some members of their suite and a large number of servants.

When, in April 1918, Commissary Yakovlev was sent from Moscow to Tobolsk to proceed with the new removal of the Emperor and his family, the Tsarevitch was seriously ill, and was unable to travel. It was therefore decided that he should remain at Tobolsk with three of his sisters, and would be fetched later on.

On April 26, the Emperor, the Empress, and their third daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie, accompanied by Prince Dolgorouki (Marshal of the Court), Dr. Botkin, and three servants (Terence Tchemadourov (valet to the Emperor), Anna Demidova (the Empress's maid) and Ivan Sednev (footman of the Grand Duchesses)) were taken off by Yakovlev. They reached Tiumen (the nearest railway station to Tobolsk) by carriage, and arrived at Ekaterinburg on April 30. With the exception of Prince Dolgorouki, who was taken to prison the same day, the remainder of the party were incarcerated in the house of a rich merchant of the town, named Ipatiev.

Three weeks later the Tsarevitch and his three sisters left Tobolsk, escorted by the Commissaries Khokhriakov and Rodionov. This second convoy, of which I was a member, comprised nearly all who had remained at Tobolsk after the Emperor's departure. I will only give the names of those who play a part in my account: General Tatichtchev, A.D.C. to the Emperor; Baroness Buxhewden and Countess Hendrikov, Maids of Honour to the Empress; Miss Schneider, the reader; Dr. Derevenko, surgeon attached to Alexis Nicolaievitch; Mr. Gibbes, my English colleague, etc.



MASSACRED TOGETHER AT EKATERINBURG ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 16-17, 1918: THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. OF RUSSIA, THE EMPRESS, AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Photograph by I.N.E.

On May 22 we arrived at Tiumen, and were sent under a strong escort to the special train which was to take us to Ekaterinburg. Just as I was going to get in with my pupil, I was brutally separated from him, and conveyed to a fourth-class carriage. We reached Ekaterinburg during the night, and stopped outside the station.

At about nine o'clock in the morning, several cabs stopped alongside the train, and I saw four men go in the direction of the children's carriage.

A few minutes elapsed, and then Nagorny, the sailor attached to the person of Alexis Nicolaievitch, passed my window, carrying the child in his arms; behind him came the Grand Duchesses carrying bags and small parcels. I tried to get out, but was brutally pushed back into the carriage by the sentinel. I stood at the window. I saw Tatiana Nicolaievna carrying her little dog and raining, and I saw her sinking in the mud with every step she took. Nagorny wanted to rush to her side, but was violently pushed away by one of the Commissaries. A few minutes later the cab drove off with the children in the direction of the town.

How little did I guess that I was never to see again those with whom I had spent so many years! I was certain that they were coming to fetch me, and that we would rejoin them. The hours went by. Our train was taken back into the station, and I saw General Tatichtchev, Countess Hendrikov, and Miss Schneider led away. A little later came the turn of Volkov, footman of the Empress, of Kharitonov, the chef, the man-servant Troup, and of little Sednev, the scullion.

With the exception of Volkov, who managed to escape later on, and little Sednev, who was spared, all those who were taken away that day were killed by the Bolshevists.

We were still waiting. What was happening? We were imagining all sorts of things, when about five o'clock the Commissary Rodionov came into our carriage, and announced "that they no longer wanted us and that we were free"! Free! And we were being separated from them. Then all was hushed! After our excitement a profound reaction set in. What was to be done? We were in despair!

Still, I do not understand what guided the Bolshevists in their choice which saved our lives. Why imprison Countess Hendrikov, when Baroness Buxhewden was set free—and yet they were both Maids of Honour to the Empress? Why they and not us? Had there been some confusion with regard to names and functions? Mystery!

On the morrow and the days that followed I went with my colleague to the British and Swedish Consulates—the French Consul was away. Something had to be done in order to help the prisoners. The two Consuls reassured us, and told us that steps had been taken, and that they did not believe in the imminence of danger.

I passed in front of Ipatiev's house, only the tops of the windows of which could be seen, as it had been boarded with planks. I had not lost all hope of getting in, for Dr. Derevenko, who had been authorised to see the child, had heard Dr. Botkin ask Commissary Avdiev, commander of the guard, in the name of the Emperor, to allow me to rejoin them. Avdiev had replied that he would have to refer the matter to Moscow. In the meantime, with the exception of Dr. Derevenko, who was lodged in town, we were all camping in our fourth-class carriage in which we had travelled. We were to spend over a month in it.

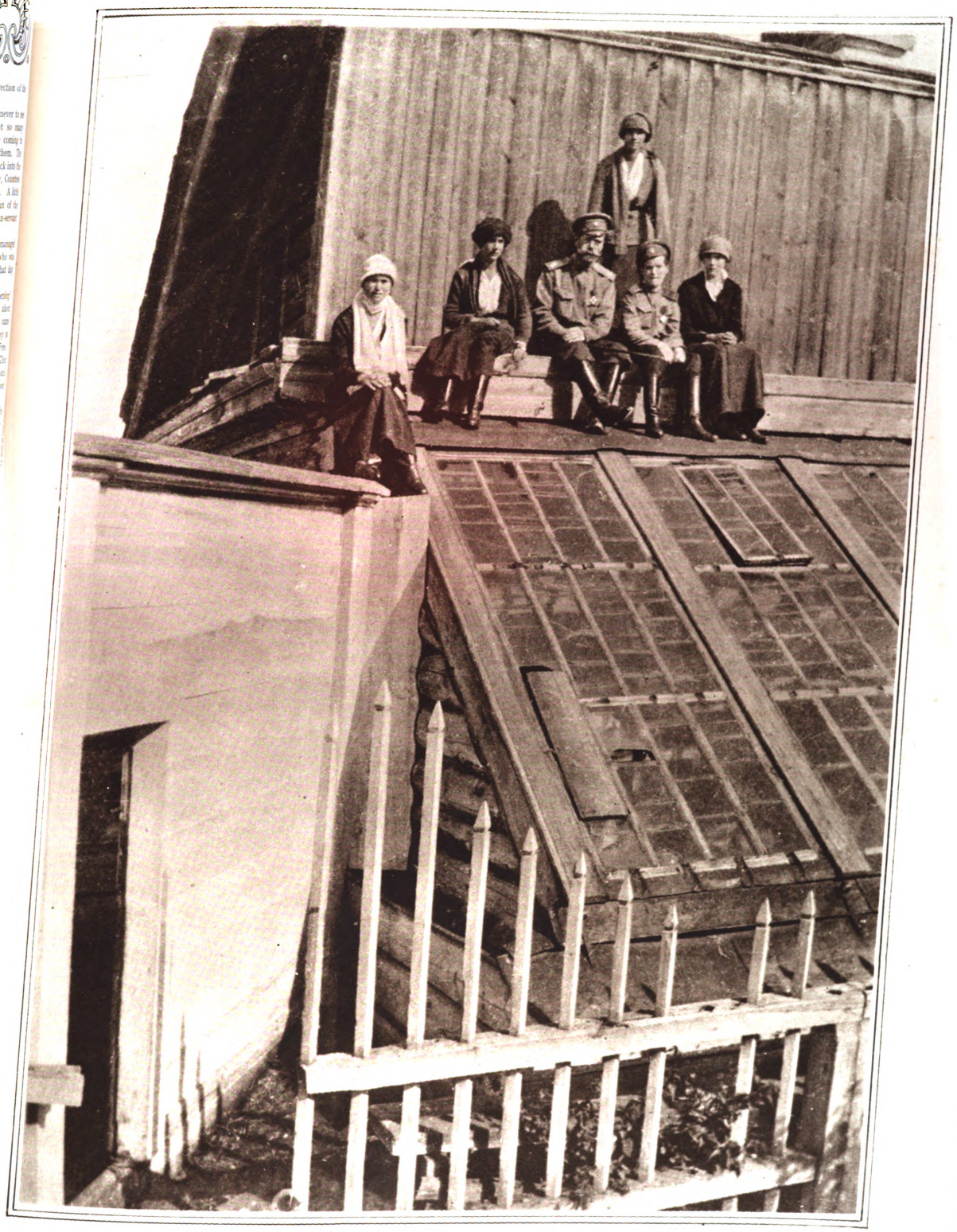
On the 26th we got the order to quit without delay the territory of the Government of Perm, in which Ekaterinburg is situated, and to return to Tobolsk. They had been careful to give us but one passport, in order to keep us together and thus to make our supervision easier. But the trains were no longer running, the anti-Bolshevist feeling of Russian and Czech volunteers was spreading rapidly, and the line was used exclusively for military units, which were sent with all speed to Tiumen.

One day, as I was passing Ipatiev's house in the company of Dr. Derevenko and Dr. Gibbes, we saw two cabs surrounded by Red Guards. We were greatly moved when we perceived that Sednev (the footman of the Grand Duchesses) was sitting in the first cab between two guards. Nagorny was about to get into the second. He put his foot on the step and, raising his head, caught sight of us standing motionless a few yards away from him. He gazed at us fixedly for a few seconds, then, without a sign of recognition, which would have betrayed us, got in. The cabs drove off in

* Our Extracts from the Article by M. Pierre Gilliard and the accompanying Illustrations are Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.

WORSE-FATED THAN LOUIS XVI.: NICHOLAS II. AND HIS CHILDREN.

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ON THE ROOF OF THEIR PRISON AT TOBOLSK, FOR A BREATH OF AIR: (L. TO R.) SEATED—GRAND DUCHESSES OLGA AND ANASTASIA, THE TSAR, THE TSAREVITCH, AND GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA; STANDING—GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

Nicholas II. of Russia suffered in the twentieth century a more dreadful fate than the eighteenth century inflicted on Louis XVI. of France. He was not tried: he was not even ceremonially executed. He was shot like a dog, and he died knowing that in a moment the whole of his family—his wife, four daughters, and little son—would be similarly butchered. The miserable story has now at last been told in full, as far as it can ever be known, by the Swiss tutor of the Tsarevitch, M. Pierre Gilliard, who, against his will, was not allowed by the Bolshevists to be with the Imperial Family in their last prison at Ekaterinburg, and so escaped sharing their doom. M. Gilliard's narrative is given in these pages. The family were at Tobolsk from September 1917 till April 1918, when they were removed to Ekaterinburg. There they were all slaughtered on July 17, 1918. The Empress was absent from the above group, being ill.

the direction of the prison. A short time after these two brave fellows were shot: their crime was that they were not able to hide their indignation when they saw the Bolshevist commissaries take away the little gold chain on which hung the holy images above the bed of Alexis Nicolaïevitch, who was ill.

A few more days elapsed, and then I was informed by Dr. Derevenko that the request made by Dr. Botkin regarding me had been refused. On June 3 our railway carriage was attached to a refugee train and sent to Tiumen, which we reached, after numerous misadventures, on the 15th. A few hours later I was arrested at the Bolshevist headquarters, where I had gone to get my passport, and that of my companions, viséd. And it is only owing to a series of most fortunate circumstances that we managed to escape again.

On July 20 the Whites took Tiumen, and delivered us from the madmen whose victims we nearly were. Some days later the newspapers published the proclamation put up in the streets of Ekaterinburg, announcing that: "The sentence of death against the ex-Tsar Nicholas Romanov had been executed in the night of July 16-17, and that the Empress and the children had been taken to a place of safety."

On July 25 Ekaterinburg fell, and as soon as communications were re-established—which took a long time, as the railway had been greatly damaged—Mr. Gibbes and myself dashed off in search of the Imperial Family and those of our companions who had remained at Ekaterinburg.

The day after my arrival I got into Ipatiev's house for the first time. I went through the rooms which had been their prison: they were in an indescribable mess, and it was quite obvious that every effort had been made to obliterate every trace of those who had occupied them. Stacks of ashes had been taken out of the stoves. Amongst them were the half-calcined remains of tooth-brushes, hair-pins, buttons, etc., and amidst the rubbish I found a hair-brush of the Empress which bore her initials, A. Θ. If it were true that the prisoners had been taken away, they must have gone without any of their belongings.

I then noticed on the wall, inside the window-embrasure of their Majesties' room, the favourite symbol of her Majesty, the swastika, which she had put everywhere to bring good luck. She had drawn it in pencil, and had put the date, April 17/30, the day of their imprisonment in the Ipatiev house. The same sign, but dateless, was on the wall-paper, on the level of the bed occupied by her or the Tsarevitch; but in spite of all my efforts I was unable to find any indication which could put us on their tracks.

I then went to the lower storey, the greater part of which was a basement. I entered with intense emotion the room in which, perhaps, they had died. Its aspect was most sinister. Daylight came in through a window with iron bars across it. The walls and the floor bore marks of bullets and bayonet thrusts. It was quite obvious that a dreadful crime had been committed there, and that several people had been killed. In my despair I believed that the Emperor had perished, and, that being the case, I could not believe the Empress had survived him. I had seen her at Tobolsk, when Yakovlev had come to fetch the Emperor, fling herself in the most dangerous place. I had seen her after several hours of agony, when her feelings as a wife and a mother had had a desperate struggle, end by leaving her sick child, though it tore her heart in two, in order to follow her husband, whose life she thought was threatened. Yes, it was quite possible that they had both been killed. And the children? Had they also been massacred? I could not believe it. The idea was too horrible. And yet everything seemed to prove that the victims had been numerous.

During the following days I continued making my investigation at Ekaterinburg, in the neighbourhood, at the monastery, in all the places where I hoped to get some clue. I saw Father Storojev, who was the last to perform the religious rites at Ipatiev's house. That had been on Sunday the 14th, two days before the awful night. He too, alas! had but little hope.

THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

The inquiry proceeded but slowly. It had started in very difficult circumstances, for between July 17 and 25 the Bolshevists had had time to



FAITHFUL TO THE LAST: THE LATE DR. BOTKIN, MURDERED WITH THE IMPERIAL FAMILY AT EKATERINBURG.

Dr. Botkin slept in the "salon" next to the room occupied by the Emperor and Empress in the Ipatiev house. He and three others of their attendants—Anna Demidova (the Empress's maid), Kharitonov (the chef), and Troup (an old footman)—were killed along with the Imperial Family.

efface all traces of their crime. Ever since the taking of Ekaterinburg, the authorities had had a guard put round Ipatiev's house, and a judicial inquiry had been started; but the threads had been so cleverly entangled that it was very difficult to unravel things. The most important deposition was that of some peasants of the village of Koptiaki, situated at twenty versts north-west of Ekaterinburg. They declared that in the night of the 16th—17th the Bolshevists had occupied a clearing in a forest adjoining their village, and that they had remained there several days. They brought some things found by them near a disused mine-shaft, not far distant from which the traces of a huge fire could still be seen. Some officers went to the clearing and found there other things, which, like the former ones, were identified as having belonged to the Imperial Family.

The investigations had been entrusted to Ivan Alexandrovitch Sergueiev, member of the Ekaterinburg tribunal, and followed a normal course, but the difficulties were very great. Sergueiev felt more and more certain of the death of all the members of the family. The bodies, however, could not be discovered, and certain depositions seemed to favour the hypothesis of the departure of the Empress and the children. These depositions, it was afterwards discovered, emanated from Bolshevist agents, who had remained at Ekaterinburg for the express purpose of muddling the investigations. Their aim was partly achieved, for Sergueiev lost some precious time before he discovered that he was on the wrong track.

In January 1919 Admiral Koltchak, realising the historic importance of this inquiry, and wishing to follow it, asked General Diteriks to let him see the case, as well as everything which had belonged to the Imperial Family. On Feb. 5, he sent for Nicholas Alexeievitch Sokolov, a judge "for very important cases,"* and asked him to examine the case. Two days later, the Minister of Justice, Starankevitch, told him to continue the investigation.

It was at Omsk, where I had been summoned by General Janin, head of the French Military Mission, that I made the acquaintance of M. Sokolov.

In April General Diteriks, who had returned from Vladivostock, where he had been sent by Koltchak on a special mission, joined him in order to help him, and was accompanied by Mr. R. Wilton, of the *Times*. From that moment the inquiry made rapid strides. Hundreds of witnesses were examined, and as soon as the snow disappeared the clearing in which the objects belonging to the Imperial Family had been found was thoroughly searched. M. Sokolov gave himself up entirely to this work, and as a result of untiring patience and devotion he was able to reconstruct the crime in a most remarkable manner.



ALL BUT ONE MURDERED BY THE BOLSHEVISTS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MLLE. SCHNEIDER, GENERAL TATICHTCHEV, M. PIERRE GILLIARD (SURVIVOR, AND AUTHOR OF OUR ARTICLE), COUNTESS HENDRIKOV, AND PRINCE DOLGOROUKI.

Countess Hendrikov, Maid of Honour to the Empress, and Mlle. Schneider, her Majesty's reader, were shot at Perm on the night of September 3-4, 1918. Two bodies, believed to be those of General Tatichtchev, A.D.C. to the Emperor, and Prince Dolgorouki, were found near the prison at Ekaterinburg when it was captured. They did not die with the Imperial Family.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMANOVS.

As I have mentioned above, it was about the middle of April 1918 that Yankel Sverdlov, President of the Central Executive Committee in Moscow, yielding to pressure by Germany, sent Commissary Yakovlev to Tobolsk to remove the Imperial Family. He had received instructions to convey them to Petrograd or Moscow. He met with great opposition, which he did his best to overcome, in the execution of this plan. That has been proved by the inquiry. The opposition had been organised by the Government of the region of the Ural, which was at Ekaterinburg. It was they who got ready — unknown to Yakovlev — the trap by means of which they would be able to get hold of the Emperor. But it is more than probable that their project had the secret approval of Moscow. It is more than probable that Sverdlov was playing a double game, and, while pretending to fall in with the demands of General Baron Mirbach, the German representative, had an understanding with the Commissaries of Ekaterinburg not to let the Tsar escape. Whatever the circumstances, the installation of the Tsar at Ekaterinburg was only temporary. In two days the merchant Ipatiev was turned out of his house, and the windows were blocked up with planks right to the second floor.

It was there that the Emperor, the Empress, the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaïevna, Dr. Botkin, and three servants were taken. At first the guard was formed by three soldiers, who were chosen haphazard and who were frequently changed. Later, these were exclusively chosen from the workmen of the Verkh-Isetski works and those from the factory of the Brothers Zlokazov. At their head they

[*Continued overleaf.*

*There used to be in Russia three categories of Judges—ordinary; those for important cases; those for particularly important cases.

AN IMPERIAL TRAGEDY: THE TSAR'S SLAYER; RELICS OF THE EMPRESS.

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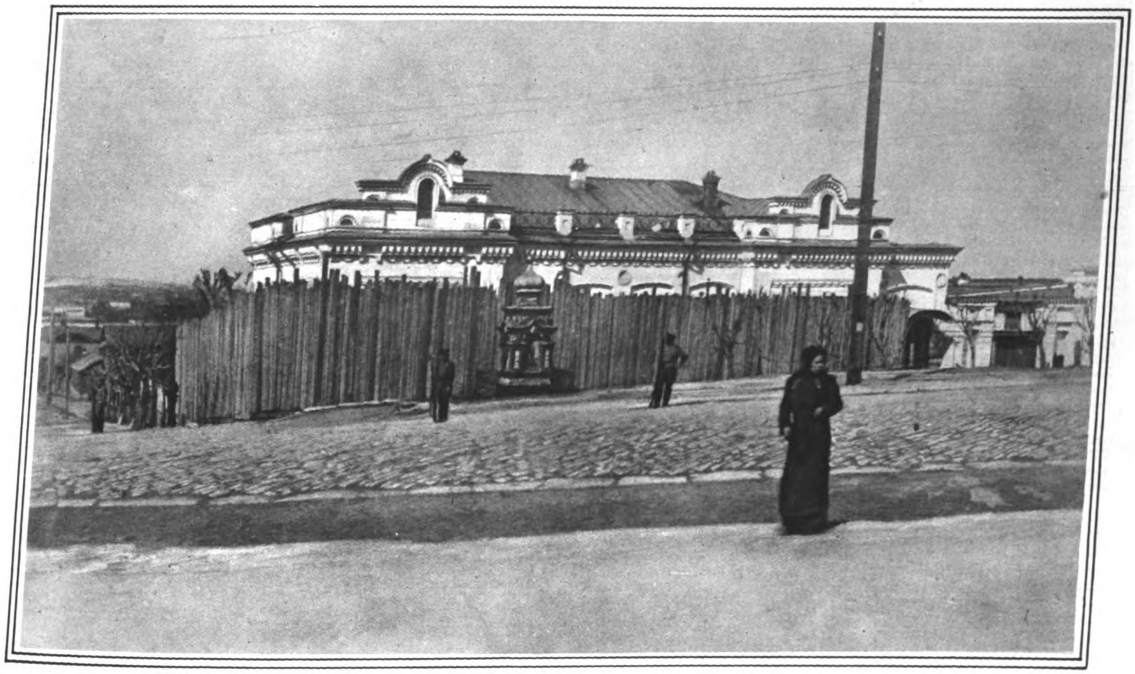
SHOT FOR BEFRIENDING THE TSAREVITCH: HIS SAILOR SERVANT, NAGORNY.



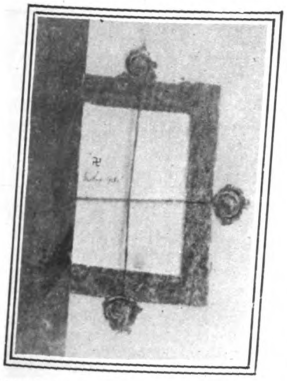
SHOWING THE NARROW ARCHED WINDOW OF THE GROUND-FLOOR ROOM WHERE THE MASSACRE WAS PERPETRATED: THE HOUSE OF IPATIEV—SIDE VIEW.



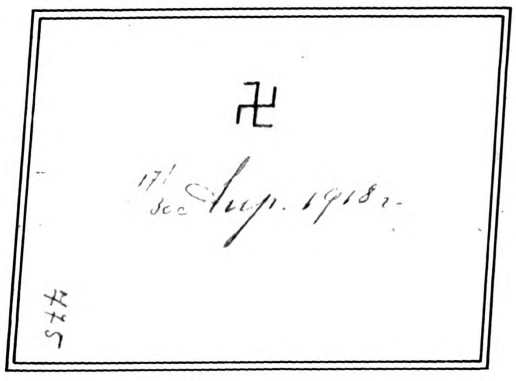
THE MAN WHO KILLED THE TSAR: YOUROVSKY, CHIEF GAOLER.



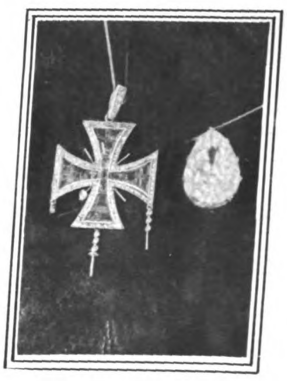
ENCLOSED WITH A DOUBLE PALISADE TO PREVENT THE PRISONERS' ESCAPE: THE HOUSE OF IPATIEV AT EKATERINBURG, THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE, WITH "RED" SOLDIERS ON GUARD.



PENCILLED BY THE EMPRESS ON A WALL: A SWASTIKA, HER FAVOURITE EMBLEM.



WITH THE DATE "17/30 APRIL, 1918": A TRACING OF THE SWASTIKA PENCILLED BY THE EMPRESS.



FOUND WHERE THE BODIES WERE BURNED: JEWELS OF THE EMPRESS.

The sailor Nagorny, who was in attendance on the young Tsarevitch, and a valet named Ivan Sedniev, were shot by the Bolshevists at Ekaterinburg, at the beginning of June 1918. "Their only crime," writes M. Gilliard, "had been their inability to hide their indignation when they saw the Bolshevist commissaries seize the little gold chain by which holy images were hung on the sick-bed of Alexis Nicolaievitch." The window of the room where the massacre took place is the second from left (on ground floor) in the top middle photograph. Above it is the window of the Grand Duchesses' room, and to the right of that the windows of the room used by the Emperor and Empress and their son. Yourovsky, who arranged the massacre and himself shot the Emperor and the Tsarevitch, replaced a previous gaoler, Avdiev, who proved too kind. M. Gilliard writes: "The crime, we know, was decided at Moscow by Sverdlov (President of the Central Executive Committee). Sverdlov was the head and Yourovsky the arm." The swastika pencilled by the Empress in an embrasure of her window is seen in the left-hand lower photograph covered with a glass plaque fastened by seals. The two jewels are a cross of emeralds and diamond pendant

had the Commissary Avdiev, commander of the "house for special use"—that was what Ipatiev's house was called.

The circumstances were much more painful than at Tobolsk. Avdiev was an inveterate drunkard, who allowed his brutal instincts full play, and he and his subordinates exercised their ingenuity in discovering new humiliations daily for those whom they guarded.

On their arrival at Ekaterinburg (May 23) the Tsarevitch and his three sisters were taken to Ipatiev's house, where they expected to find their parents. It was a great joy to meet again. They were so happy to be reunited after all the terrors of separation. A few hours later Kharitonov, old Troup, and little Leonid Sedniev were brought in. As to the others—General Tatichtchev, Countess Hendrikov, and Volkov—they were taken straight to prison.

On the 24th, Tchemadourov, having fallen ill, was taken to the prison hospital: there he was forgotten and managed to escape miraculously. Some days later, Nagorny and Ivan Sedniev were imprisoned too. After a short captivity, they were shot at the beginning of June, in the



SHOWING EKATERINBURG, WHERE THE IMPERIAL FAMILY WERE MURDERED, AND TOBOLSK, THEIR PREVIOUS PLACE OF CAPTIVITY: THE REGION OF THE URALS.

neighbourhood of Ekaterinburg. The small number of followers who had been left to the prisoners was rapidly diminishing. Luckily, they still had Dr. Botkin, whose devotion was admirable, and a few servants whose fidelity was above reproach.

The Emperor, the Empress, and the Tsarevitch occupied a room which formed the corner of the square and the Vosnessensky Lane; the four Grand Duchesses the adjoining room, the door of which had been taken away. During the first night they slept on the floor, as they had no beds. Dr. Botkin slept in the sitting-room, and the maid of the Empress in the room at the corner of Vosnessensky Lane and the garden. As to the others, they were installed in the kitchen and the adjacent room.

The state of health of Alexis Nicolaievitch had been greatly impaired by the fatigues of the journey; he stayed in bed the greater part of the day, and when they went out for a walk, the Emperor used to carry him to the garden.

The family and the servants used to take their meals with the Commissaries, who inhabited the same floor as they did, and had to live in hourly promiscuity with rough men who were usually drunk.

The house had been surrounded by an enclosure of planks, which transformed it into a real fortress-prison. Sentinels were posted outside and in. The room of the commander—the first that one came to—was occupied by Avdiev and his subordinate Moshkin, and some workmen. The remainder of the guard occupied the basement, but the men used to go to the upper storey and enter the rooms occupied by the Imperial Family whenever they felt inclined.

Gradually, however, the guards became more human. They were amazed by the simplicity of their prisoners, attracted by their kindness, and conquered by their serene dignity, and soon they felt themselves dominated by those whom they thought were in their power. Even the drunkard Avdiev felt disarmed by so much fortitude: he was conscious of his own infamy. Pity succeeded ferocity.

THE MASSACRE.

The Soviet authorities at Ekaterinburg comprised: (a) The Council of the Ural region, consisting of about thirty members, the President of which was Commissary Bieloborodov; (b) The Presidium, a kind of executive committee consisting of a few members, Bielovorodov, Golochtchokin, Syromolotov, Safarov, Voïkov, etc.; (c) The Tchrezvytchaïka, the popular name for the "Extraordinary Commission for the fight against counter-revolution and speculation," the centre of which is in Moscow, and which has branches throughout Russia. This is a formidable organisation, which is the real basis of Soviet rule. Each section receives its orders direct from Moscow and fulfils them in its own way. Every Tchrezvytchaïka of any importance has at its disposal ruffians, for the greater part Austro-German, prisoners of war, Letts, Chinese, etc., who really are richly-paid executioners. At Ekaterinburg the Tchrezvytchaïka was all-powerful; its most influential members were Commissaries Yourovsky and Golochtchokin.

Avdiev was under the immediate control of the other Commissaries, members of the Presidium and the Tchrezvytchaïka. They lost no time in discovering the change which had come over the guards in regard to the prisoners, and determined to take some radical measures. At Moscow, too, anxiety was felt, as proved by the following telegram sent from Ekaterinburg by Bieloborodov to Sverdlov and Golochtchokin (who was then in Moscow): "Syromolotov has just left for Moscow to organise the *affair* according to orders of the Centre. Apprehensions vain. Anxiety useless. Avdiev changed, Moshkin arrested. Avdiev replaced by Yourovsky. Interior guard changed, replaced by others." This telegram is dated July 4.

On that day Avdiev and his subordinate Moshkin were arrested and replaced by Commissary Yourovsky, a Jew, and his underling Nikoulin. The guard, consisting, as has already been said exclusively of Russian workmen, was transferred to a neighbouring house, that of Popov.

Yourovsky brought ten men with him—nearly all of them Austro-German prisoners of war—"chosen" amongst the executioners of the Tchrezvytchaïka. From that day onward they were on guard in the interior—the exterior posts were guarded by Russians.

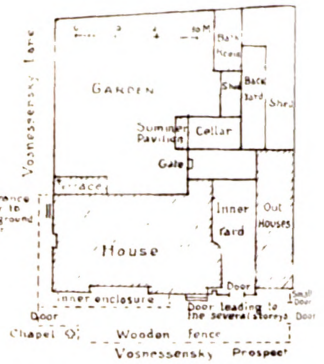
The "house for special use" had become a dependency of the Tchrezvytchaïka, and the life of the prisoners now became one long martyrdom.

At this period, the death of the Imperial Family had already been decided on in Moscow. The telegram quoted above proves it. Syromolotov had left for Moscow "in order to organise the *affair* according to the orders of the Centre." He returned with Golochtchokin, bringing the instructions and directions of Sverdlov. In the meantime, Yourovsky was settling matters. He went out riding daily, he visited the neighbourhood seeking a suitable place where he could make away with the bodies of his victims. And this man, whose cynicism is unsurpassed, goes to see the Tsarevitch, who is in bed! Several days went by; Golochtchokin and Syromolotov returned. All is ready.

On Sunday, July 14, Yourovsky sends for a priest, Father Storojev, and allows a religious service. The prisoners had been condemned to die and religious consolation could not be denied them.

The next day he gave orders that little Leonid Sedniev should be taken to Popov's house, where the Russian guard was. Between six and seven in the evening he tells Peter Medviedev, in whom he has complete confidence — Medviedev was at the head of the Russian workmen—to bring him twelve Nagant revolvers in the possession of the Russian guard. And when this has been done he tells him that the whole Imperial Family shall be put to death that same night, and that he had better inform the Russians of this later. Medviedev announces it to them at 10 o'clock.

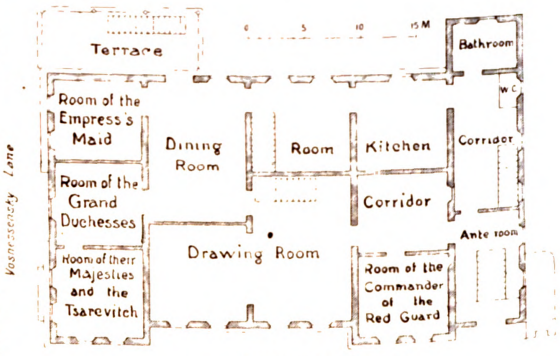
A little after midnight, Yourovsky entered the room occupied by the Imperial Family, awakened them and their followers, and told them to follow him. The pretext given is that he must take them away, that the town is in a state of revolt, and that in the meantime they will be in greater security on the lower storey. They were soon ready. Some little things



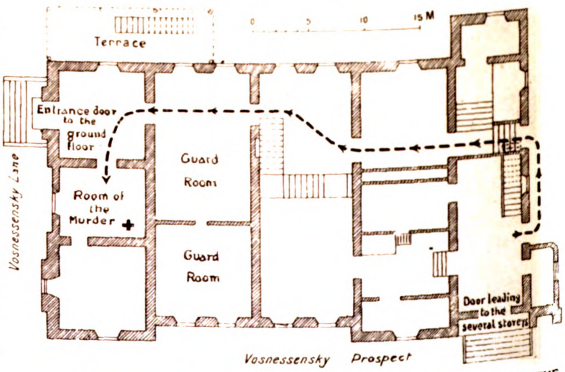
SHOWING THE HOUSE (LEFT LOWER CORNER) WHERE THE MASSACRE OCCURRED: A PLAN OF THE IPATIEV ESTATE AT EKATERINBURG.

and cushions were taken, then they descended by the inside staircase which led to the yard, the entrance to the ground-floor rooms. Yourovsky went first with Nikoulin, then the Emperor carrying the Tsarevitch, the Empress, the Grand Duchesses, Dr. Botkin, Anna Demidova, Kharitonov and Troup. The prisoners remained in the room indicated to them by Yourovsky. They were told that carriages or motors were being fetched to take them away. As they might have long to wait, they asked for chairs. Three were brought in. The Tsarevitch, who could not stand owing to his bad leg, sat down in the middle of the room; the Emperor took the chair on his left; Dr. Botkin stood on his right, a little to the back. The Empress sat down near the wall, (to the right of the door through which they came in), not far from the window. A cushion had been put on her chair as well as on that of the Tsarevitch. One of her daughters stood behind her, probably Tatiana. In the corner of the room, on the same side, stood Anna, with two cushions in her arms. The three other Grand Duchesses leaned against the wall, and Kharitonov and old Troup stood in the corner on their right. They waited a few moments longer, then

(continued overleaf)



SHOWING THE ROOMS WHERE THE IMPERIAL FAMILY SLEPT, AND THE PASSAGES THEY TRAVERSED TO GO DOWNSTAIRS: A PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE IPATIEV HOUSE.



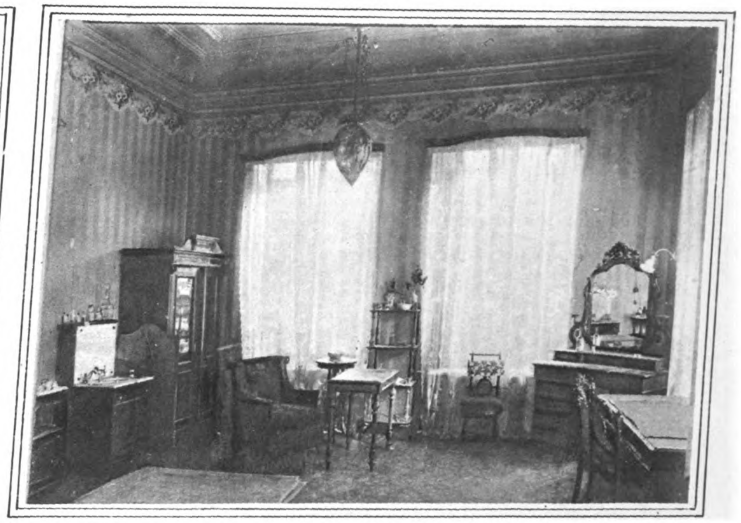
SHOWING THE DEATH-CHAMBER AND THE WAY TO IT TAKEN BY THE IMPERIAL FAMILY: A PLAN OF THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE IPATIEV HOUSE.
On the night of the murder the Imperial Family, after being awakened, passed through the dining-room and kitchen on the first floor and down the stairs on the right; thence by the route indicated to the death-chamber on the ground floor.

THE MYSTERY OF EKATERINBURG SOLVED: A GHASTLY REVELATION.

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WITH CINDER-HEAPS CONTAINING FRAGMENTS OF TOILET ARTICLES: THE GRAND DUCHESSES' ROOM.



WHERE THE TSAR, HIS WIFE, AND SON WERE ROUSED AT MIDNIGHT TO BE SHOT: THEIR ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF IPATIEV.

DESCRIBING the death-chamber as he afterwards found it, M. Gilliard says: "Its aspect was sinister beyond all expression. Daylight only penetrated through a barred window. The walls and floor-boards bore numerous marks of bullets and bayonet-thrusts. One realised at a glance that a hideous crime had been committed there, and that several persons had met their deaths. But who? How many?" Of the actual massacre he writes: "Yourovsky advances and says to the Emperor: 'Your people wished to save you, but they did not succeed, and we are obliged to put you to death.' He at once raises his revolver and fires at the Emperor, who falls riddled. It is the signal for a general volley. Each of the murderers has chosen his victim."



"IT IS THE SIGNAL FOR A GENERAL VOLLEY. EACH OF THE MURDERERS HAS CHOSEN HIS VICTIM. . . . ANASTASIA IS ONLY WOUNDED SHE SUCCUMBS TO BAYONET THRUSTS": THE DEATH-CHAMBER AFTER THE MASSACRE OF THE TSAR AND HIS FAMILY.

The fate of the Emperor Nicholas and his family remained for long a mystery. All sorts of reports were spread, and even after circumstantial stories of the massacre had appeared rumours lingered that some of them had escaped. The Bolshevists themselves were afraid to publish the truth, fearing the anger of the Russian people, and issued a lying proclamation which, though it announced the execution of the Tsar, gave the impression that the Empress and children had been transferred to a safer place. Not until M. Gilliard published his account of the true facts has the full extent of the ghastly tragedy been placed beyond a doubt. It has finally destroyed any hope that the Bolshevists might have shown mercy to four young and beautiful girls and their little brother, innocent of political intrigue and not responsible for the accident of their birth in an imperial house. Along with the Emperor and his family fell their devoted medical attendant, Dr. Botkin, and three others—Anna Demidova, the Empress's maid; Kharitonoff, the chef; and an old footman named Troup.

Yourovsky suddenly came into the room with seven Austro-Germans and two of his friends, Commissaries Ermakov and Vouganov two of the Tchrezvytchaïka's hangmen. Medviedev was also present. Yourovsky went up to the Emperor and said: "Your friends wished to save you, but they have not been successful and we are obliged to put you to death." Thereupon he pulled out his revolver and shot straight at the Emperor, who fell immediately. That was the signal for a general firing. Each of the murderers had chosen his victim. Yourovsky dealt with the Emperor and the Tsarevitch. Most of the prisoners died on the spot. Alexis Nicolaievitch, however, moaned feebly. Yourovsky made an end of him. Anastasia Nicolaievna, who was only wounded, started shrieking when the murderers approached; she fell under bayonet thrusts. Anna Demidova was alive, thanks to her cushions, behind which she hid. She ran from side to side and finally fell, too, under the murderers' blows.

The depositions of witnesses have enabled the investigators to prove all the horrors of this awful massacre. These witnesses are Paul Medviedev, one of the murderers; Anatole Yakimov, who certainly was a spectator of the drama, though he denied it; and Philip Proskouriakov, who related the particulars of the crime according to the account of other spectators. All three were members of the guards of Ipatiev's house.

When all was over, the Commissaries took the jewels off their victims, and the bodies were transported on sheets and stretchers to the motor lorry which was at the door of the yard, in the wooden enclosure.

THE FUNEREAL INCINERATION.

They had to hurry before day broke. The funeral *cortège* passed through the sleeping town in the direction of the forest. Commissary Vaganov rode at its head, as all encounters must be avoided. Just as the clearing was reached he saw a cart approaching with some peasants in it. It was a woman of the village of Koptiaki, who left home in the night with her son and daughter-in-law to come and sell some fish in the town. They were ordered to turn back at once. In order to ensure this, he rode back with them, and forbade them under pain of death to turn back and look behind. But the woman had had time to see the great, dark mass which followed the rider. When she was back in her village she told what she had seen. The peasants became curious and went to find out what it all was about, and came across the cordon of sentinels in the forest.

After great difficulties, as the roads were very bad, the lorry reached the clearing. The bodies were placed on the ground and partly undressed. It was then that the Commissaries discovered a large quantity of jewels which the Grand Duchesses had hidden under their clothes. They took possession of these, but in their hurry they let some of them drop on the ground, and these were trodden down. The bodies were cut in sections and placed on large stakes, and the fire helped with benzine. The more resisting parts were destroyed with sulphuric acid. For three days and three nights the murderers laboured at their work of destruction under the direction of Yourovsky and his two friends Ermakov and Vaganov. One hundred and seventy-five kilogrammes of sulphuric acid, and over three hundred litres of benzine were brought from the town to the clearing.

At last, on July 20, all was over. The murderers made away with all traces of the stakes, and the ashes were thrown into the mine-shaft or dispersed round about the clearing, so that nothing should be revealed of what had happened.

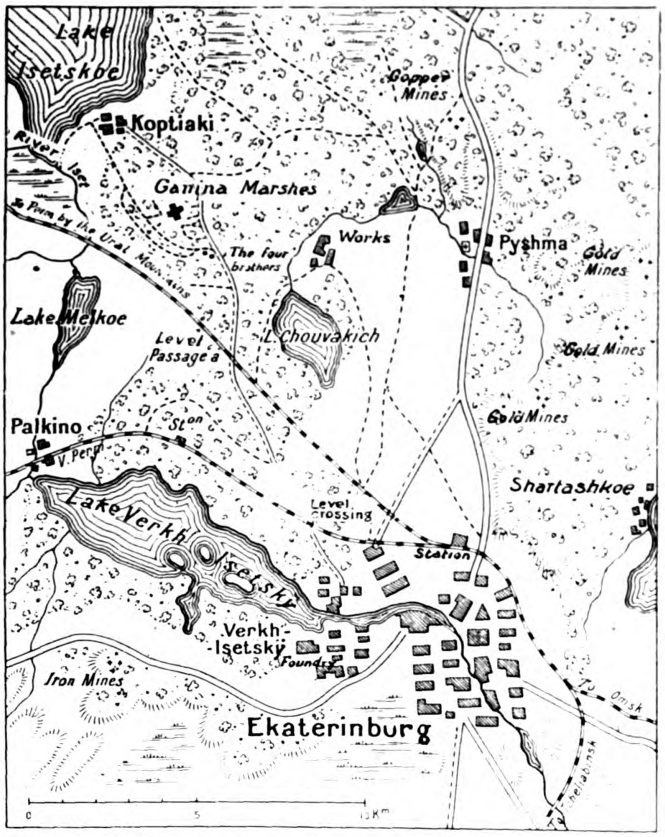
Why did these men take such care to efface all trace of their action? Why did they hide like criminals when they pretended they were doing justice? And from whom did they hide?

Paul Medviedev tells us this in his deposition. After the crime Yourovsky came up to him and said: "Guard the outer posts for fear that the people revolt!" And during the days that followed the sentinels guarded the empty house, as though nothing had happened and the prisoners were behind the enclosure.

The *Russian people* had to be deceived, and were not to know.

Another fact which proves this, is the precaution taken on July 4 to remove Avdiev and take away the Russian guard. The Commissaries no longer trusted these workmen from the Verkh-Isitski works and the factory of Zlo'tazov Brothers, who had rallied to the cause and who had come of their own free will to guard "Nicholas the Sanguinary." It was because they knew that only convicts or foreigners, hired executioners, would consent to do that infamous job. The executioners were—Yourovsky, a Jew; Medviedev, Nikoulin, Ermakov, Vaganov, Russian convicts; and seven Austro-Germans.

Yes; these men hid from the Russian people, whose representatives they pretended to be. They feared it, and were afraid of its vengeance.



SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE THE BODIES OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY WERE BURNED (MARKED WITH A CROSS NEAR LEFT TOP CORNER): A MAP OF EKATERINBURG AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Finally, on July 20, they decided to break the silence and to announce to the people the death of the Emperor in a proclamation put up in the streets of Ekaterinburg on that day. Five days later, the Perm papers published the following declaration—

DECISION

of the Presidium of the Council of Deputies, Workmen, Peasants, and Red Guards of the Ural region:

Owing to the fact that Czecho-Slovak bands threaten the Red capital of the Ural, Ekaterinburg, and that the crowned executioner can escape the tribunal of the people (a plot of the White Guards has been discovered to free the whole Romanov Family), the Presidium of the Committee of the Region, executing the will of the people, has decided that ex-Tsar Nicholas Romanov, guilty before the people of numerous bloody crimes, shall be shot.

The decision of the Presidium of the Council of the region was executed in the night of July 16 to 17.

The Romanov Family has been transferred from Ekaterinburg to a safer spot.

The Presidium of the Council of Deputies, Workmen, Peasants, and Red Guards of the Ural region.

DECISION

of the Presidium of the Executive Central Committee of All the Russias, July 18.

The Executive Central Committee of the Council of Deputies, Workmen, Peasants, Red Guards, and Cossacks, in the person of its President, approves the action of the Presidium of the Ural Council.

The President of the Central Executive Committee—Y. Sverdlov.

In this document a case is made of the death sentence supposed to be pronounced by the Ekaterinburg *Presidium* against Nicholas II. Lie! We know that the crime was decided on in Moscow by Sverdlov, and the instructions were brought to Yourovsky by Golochtchokin and Syromolotov.

Sverdlov was the head, and Yourovsky the arm; they were both Jews.

The Emperor was neither condemned nor even judged—he was assassinated. What, then, can be said of the Empress, her children, Dr. Botkin, and the three servants who died with them? But what do the murderers care? They are certain of impunity. The bullet has killed, the flame has destroyed, and the earth has covered over what the flame could not devour. Oh! they are quiet; none of them will speak, as they are bound by infamy. And it seemed quite plausible for Commissary Voïkov to exclaim: "The world will never know what we have done with them!"

But these men were mistaken.

After some months' groping, the inquiry started a systematic search in the forest. Every inch of ground was ransacked and explored, and now the mine-shaft, the ground of the clearing, and the grass revealed their secret. Hundreds of objects and fragments of objects, mostly trampled into the ground, were discovered, identified, and classified by the inquiry. Among other things were found: the buckle of the Emperor's belt, a fragment of his cap, the little frame which contained the portrait of the Empress—the photograph is missing—which the Emperor always carried with him, etc.

The favourite ear-rings of the Empress (one was broken), pieces of her dress, a glass from her spectacles, recognisable owing to their special shape, etc.

A buckle of the Tsarevitch's belt, buttons, and pieces of his coat, etc.

Numerous small articles belonging to the Grand Duchesses—fragments of their necklaces, of their boots, buttons, hooks, fasteners, etc.

Six metal corset busks, a number which speaks for itself when one recalls the victims—the Empress, the four Grand Duchesses, and Anna Demidova, maid of the Empress.

The artificial teeth of Dr. Botkin, fragments of his glasses, buttons off his clothes, etc.

And, lastly, bones and fragments of burnt bones, partly destroyed by the acid, and which have occasional marks of a saw or some other sharp instrument; revolver bullets—those, doubtless, which had remained in the bodies; and quite a large quantity of melted lead.

A lamentable collection of relics, which leaves no hope, and which proves the truth in all its brutality and horror. Commissary Voïkov was mistaken—"The world knows what had been done to them."

The murderers began to get anxious. The agents they had left at Ekaterinburg in order to mislead the investigations kept them informed of the progress of the inquiry. They followed it step by step. And when they realised that the whole world would soon know what had occurred they tried to shift the responsibility of their crime on to others—they accused the Socialist Revolutionaries of being the criminals, and of trying to compromise the Bolshevist party. In September 1919, 28 persons falsely accused of having taken part in the murder of the Imperial Family were arrested by them at Perm and tried. Five among them were condemned to death and executed.

This odious comedy shows the cynicism of these men, who did not hesitate to send innocent persons to death in order to free themselves from the responsibility of one of the greatest crimes in history.

A CRIME HID FROM THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE: THE FOREST'S SECRET.

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WHERE THE BODIES OF THE MURDERED EMPEROR AND HIS FAMILY WERE BURNT: M. SOKOLOV AT THE REMAINS OF A BONFIRE.



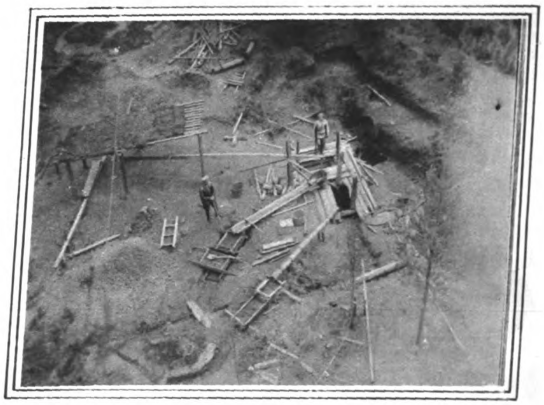
WHERE MANY RELICS OF THE VICTIMS WERE FOUND: M. SOKOLOV EXAMINING ASHES NEAR THE MINE-SHAFT.



ON THE "FUNERAL ROUTE" OF THE MASSACRED IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD: THE POINT IN THE FOREST OF GANINA WHERE THE WAGON-FULL OF CORPSES TURNED INTO A WOODLAND TRACK ON ITS WAY TO THE PLACE OF INCINERATION.



THE "TOMB" OF NICHOLAS II. AND HIS FAMILY: THE MINE-SHAFT INTO WHICH THE ASHES WERE THROWN.



ON THE TRACK OF A GREAT CRIME: EXPLORATION WORK AT THE MINE-SHAFT FOR THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

Immediately after the massacre the Bolshevist murderers carried the bodies of their victims secretly by night to a clearing in the forest of Ganina, and there burnt the remains, throwing the ashes into a mine-shaft or scattering them on the ground. As M. Gilliard asks, if they pretended to be doing the work of justice, why conceal the deed like criminals? From whom did they wish to conceal it? The answer is, they were afraid of the Russian people. When Ekaterinburg fell to General Koltchak on July 25, 1918, nine days after the murders, an official inquiry was instituted, of which M. Nicolas Sokolov later took charge as *juge d'instruction*. Patient search revealed the whole story of the burning of the corpses in a forest clearing, and many relics of the dead were found there. In March 1920, after the downfall of Koltchak and the return of the Bolshevists, M. Sokolov, M. Gilliard, and General Diteriks, who were then at Kharbin, rescued these relics and the records of the inquiry, with the aid of the French General Janin, and arranged for their despatch to Europe.

THE RITUAL OF THE LAW: THE DIVORCE COURT, WHOSE WORK

AN IMPRESSION BY STEVEN

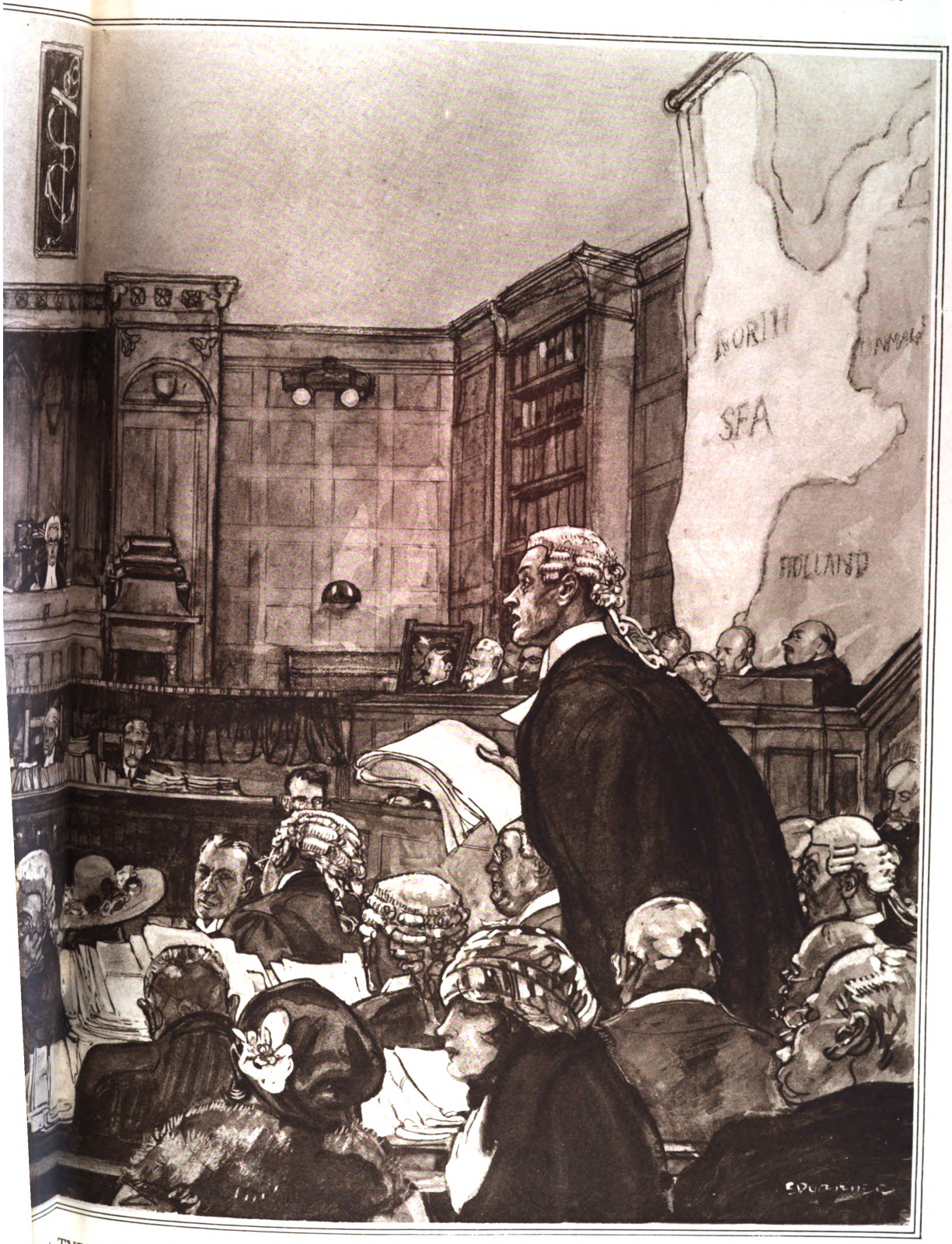


A BRANCH OF LAW WHICH THE LORD CHANCELLOR PROPOSES TO REFORM: A

In one of his recent articles suggesting various reforms in the working of the Courts, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Birkenhead) says: "Our main anxieties arise from the enormous increase of business in the King's Bench Division, and in the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division. . . . The work of the Divorce Court, so far from falling off during the war, continually increased, and has now assumed gigantic proportions." The remedy he proposes, in the Bill he has introduced into the House of Lords, is to send certain provincial cases for trial on circuit by a King's Bench Judge, instead of bringing them to London. Already the services of King's Bench Judges are lent to the Divorce Court, to relieve the pressure. In the drawing the Judge is seen in the centre background. On the left, in the witness-box, [illegible], a junior counsel (standing on the right) [illegible]

COURT, WHOSE WORK "HAS NOW ASSUMED GIGANTIC PROPORTIONS."

AN IMPRESSION BY THE SPURRIER, R.O.



A TYPICAL DIVORCE COURT SCENE—JUNIOR COUNSEL EXAMINING A WITNESS.

the Judge's desk sit the Clerks of the Court. To the left of them is one of the two Ushers, and to the left of him are Press reporters in their box, with a messenger waiting to carry "copy" to the newspaper offices. There is another reporters' box on the right, hidden from view. On the front bench sit parties concerned in the case, with their solicitors. The second bench is occupied by senior counsel, the third by junior counsel, the fourth is a solicitors' bench, and then come seats for witnesses waiting to be called. This Court is also used for Admiralty cases; hence the large map on the right wall, required when the Prize Court is sitting, and the anchor device over the Judge's seat. On such occasions the Judge is preceded by the Marshal carrying a silver [illegible] which is placed on the crutches in front of his desk [illegible]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IT is hard to keep track of the tendencies of poetry in these latter days, when everybody, even the inmates of our nurseries, is lisping in numbers, even when the numbers refuse to come. I have often been asked to recommend a guide to the new allotments on Parnassus (mostly on the broad, lower slopes that lapse imperceptibly into the levels of prose, I am afraid), and the very thing has at last appeared in "SOME CONTEMPORARY POETS, 1920" (Leonard Parsons; 7s. 6d. net), by Harold Monro, who is not only a competent and catholic-minded critic, but also a poet of real distinction himself, whose sincerity cannot be challenged. He is also the founder of the Poetry Bookshop.

. . . . . .

The origin of the "Georgian" poetry is thus described by this inspiring critic. "About 1890," he writes, "literary language had passed into a condition of the utmost stultification. A century filled with poets of every denomination and of extreme productiveness had drained our poetic vocabulary to its lees." An antidote to the "bulky pomposity of late Victorianism" was required, and it arrived at the psychological moment in "A Shropshire Lad," which at once became popular and has remained so ever since. The ease with which the small, simple lyrics could be imitated made them a dominating influence which persists even to-day. The Georgian Muse is still suffering from Housman's Knee. There were, of course, deeper tendencies at work. The younger generation had become sick to death of the solemn diction and abdolla-cloak of the "bard," his mechanic devices in rhyme and rhythm, his posing as a personage apart whose mission was to *teach* rather than *delight* an audience. There was a disposition among the youngest poets to throw over all the old technique, and to seek new forms and a new and simpler vocabulary in the common speech of common folk. Once more—for the fourth or fifth time—the vernacular was discovered, and its beautiful intonations, as useful also as Elizabethan tankards made to drink out of, were wrought into the new vesture of imaginative thought. But, as was inevitable, the later attempts to dispense with technique altogether were a failure. Either they were abandoned as impracticable, or the experimentalists found themselves involved in the wild "Futurism" which culminated in the absurdities of Marinetti and his disciples. But the thoroughgoing Georgian is still ashamed of making a fine phrase or a quotable line, though it is already true to say that he tramples on technique with a technique of his very own. Mr. Monro does not include the extremists either of the "left" or of the "right" in his survey of the twentieth-century poetic movement. He probably dislikes the Futurists as much as he likes not Mr. Noyes ("no other poet of our time, not even the late Mrs. Wilcox, nor John Oxenham, has won so spurious a reputation," he emphatically declares), or the "virulent talent" of Sir William Watson. I myself have a secret tenderness for the French and Italian Futurists, not only because they provide modern literature with a centre of levity, but also because of a little adventure of my own with those literary Bolshies. Years ago I fashioned a "spoof" Futurist poem—in four parallel columns, giving the menu of a dinner, the grunts of the subterman and the imagery of the superman, and the appropriate musical directions for each course—which deceived Marinetti himself, then on a visit to London, into believing I was a serious and powerful disciple. It was explained to him that I was merely poking fun at the movement, but he thought the explanation was prompted by professional jealousy, and still sends me Christmas gifts of manifestoes and amazing masterpieces. Mr. Monro is very sarcastic on the subject of Edith Sitwell (who inclines to the Futurist philosophy), saying that she "moves with comparative comfort among the shrill flowers of hell, through a spangled and plumed atmosphere infested with parrots, parrakeets, apes, mandolines, and deluded Pantaloons, amid the boom of falling wooden fruits under a paper sky." His severity, it will be seen, is mitigated not only with understanding kindness, but also with a sense of humour.

. . . . . .

Humour in verse is so rare and refreshing that "THE LAYS OF A LIMPET" (Selwyn and Blount; 3s. 6d. net), By Edward McCurdy, shall take precedence over all the serious stuff. The interview in Sapphics with a naval officer—

Really, how these interviews break one's morning!
Barely settled down and I hear a sailor
Been here now for hours—" have I time
to see him?" "Yes, I suppose so,"

gets the departmental atmosphere to a nicety. "FLOWERS IN THE GRASS" (Constable; 5s. net), by Maurice Hewlett, is sub-entitled "Wiltshire Plainsong," but such a stanza as—

Happy pipes the blackbird
In the flusht apple tree;
And the wren in the quickset
Happy is he,

suggests that the poet is really a lad from Shropshire who had the company of W. H. Davies for part of the way. There is none of this countrified posing in "SHOOTS IN THE STUBBLE" (Daniel, 5s. net), by Max Plowman, who is not afraid to find a rich joy in marriage warm and kind and the fruits thereof. "SONGS OF DONEGAL" (Jenkins; 5s. net), by Patrick McGill, takes one to a land between Ireland and the "Irish Litt," and such lines as—

Butter butts in the pantry stored, sticks of eels in the kitchen,

dimly recall Ferguson's fine lyric of a hospitable and abundant land. In "SHIPS AND FOLKS" (Elkin Mathews; 6s. net), by C. Fox Smith, we are off to sea with sailormen who can give shrewd advice to brisk young fellows, and once more we reach the haven (best described by Masefield)—

Far beyond that scarlet sunset flaming down behind Japan,

which lies half a world away and across a gulf of many, many years. Finally, I come to "THE SECRET" (Elkin Mathews; 6s. net), by Laurence Binyon, which contains sixty of that subtle craftsman's faint and elusive lyrics—"ghosts of jewels" I have heard them called.



AN ANIMAL THAT TURNS YELLOWISH-WHITE IN WINTER IN COLD CLIMATES: AN ARGYLLSHIRE STOAT, IN "FULL WINTER PELAGE."

"In summer, the outer fur of the upper parts is a russet-brown. . . . In winter, in cold climates, all the brown hairs . . . become white, but show a yellow suffusion. . . . The above is a specimen obtained in Argyllshire in January 1919, which shows the full winter pelage."

From a 12 in. by 10 in. Colour-plate (by the Author) in "British Mammals," by A. Thorburn, F.Z.S. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green. (See Review on another Page.)



FOUND IN THE SCILLY ISLES AND ELSEWHERE IN BRITISH WATERS: THE GREY SEAL—A BLACK MALE (LEFT) AND GREY SPOTTED MALE (IN FRONT).

"The grey seal inhabits the North Atlantic. . . . It is abundant along the northern coasts of Europe. . . . In England it is rather rare, but a fair-sized colony inhabits the Scilly Islands. . . . In Scotland it is much more common. . . . This species is also plentiful in Ireland."



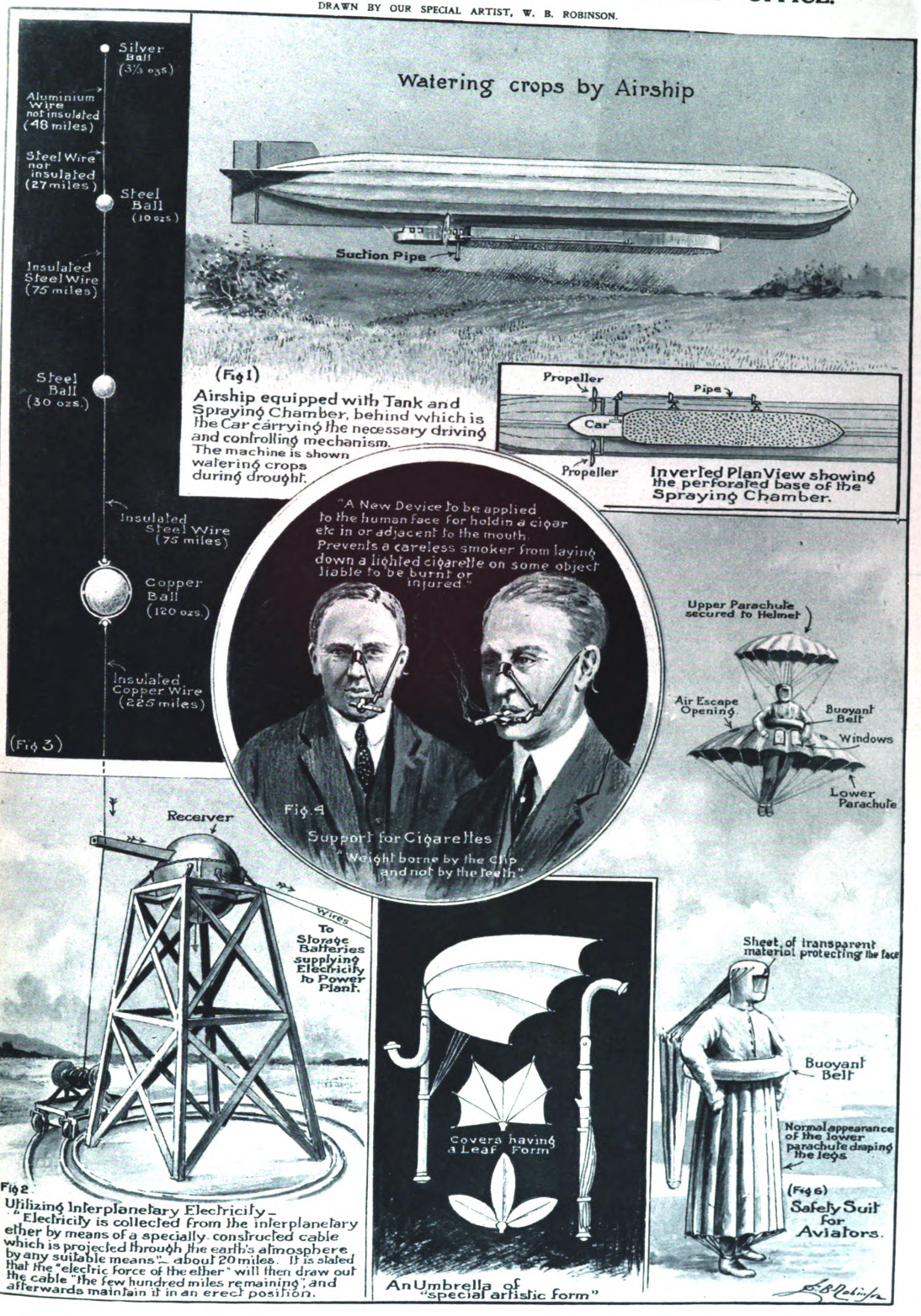
WITH A BRISTLY MOUSTACHE, AND TUSKS USED FOR FIGHTING, GRUBBING AND CLIMBING: THE WALRUS (SCANDINAVIAN HVALROS, OR "WHALE-HORSE.").

"The walrus . . . inhabits the Polar Seas and has only rarely been seen or captured in British waters. The tusks, possessed by both sexes, are used as weapons . . . also when grubbing up molluscs. . . . They are also said to be a help in climbing ice or rocks. . . . A single young one is born at a time."

From 12 in. by 10 in. Colour-plates (by the Author) in "British Mammals" by A. Thorburn, F.Z.S. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green. (See Review on another Page.)

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

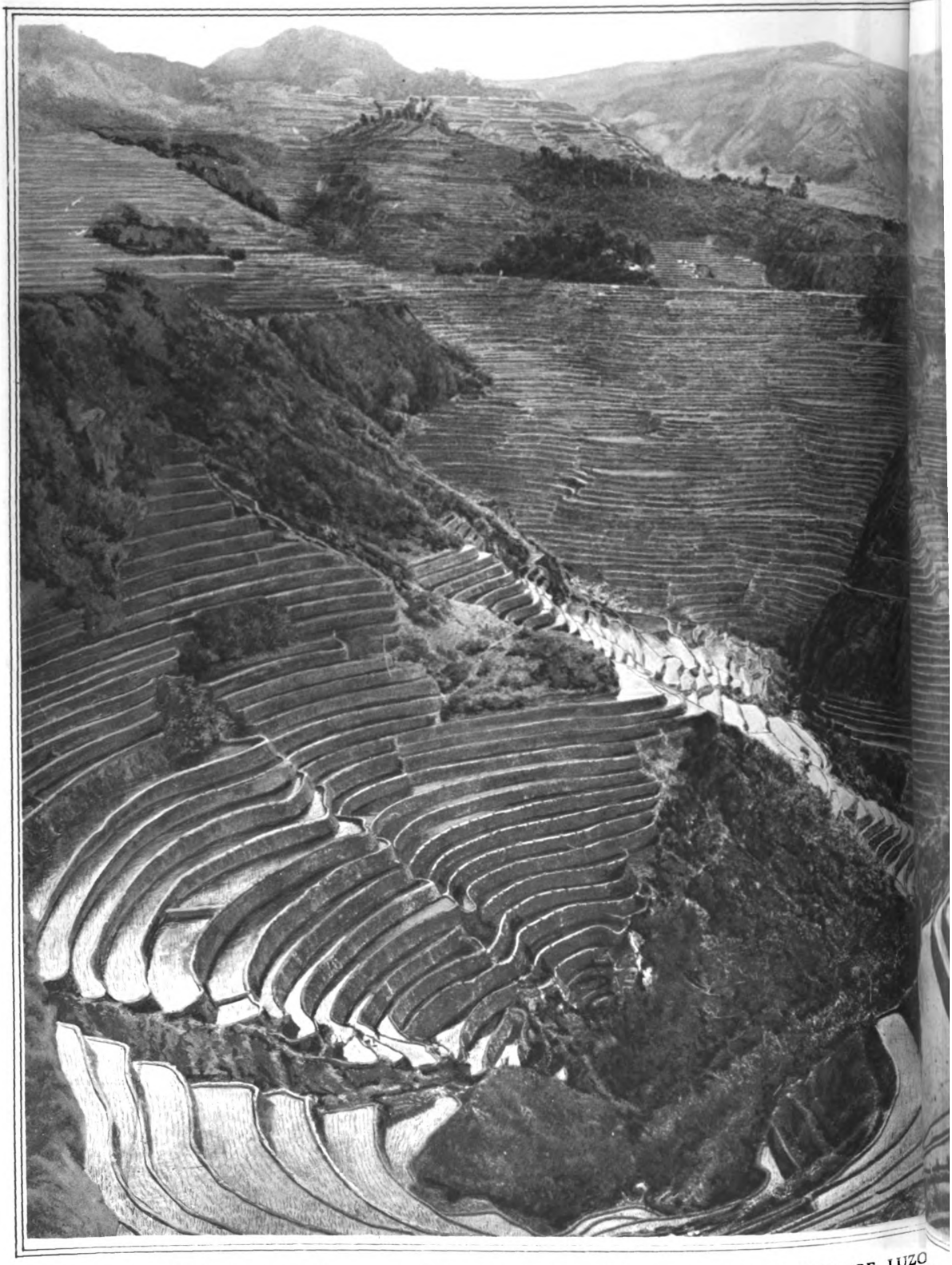
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES II.—AN AIRSHIP AS RAIN-CLOUD; TAPPING THE ETHER FOR ELECTRICITY; A SMOKER'S "NOSE-BAG"; PARACHUTE-DRESS FOR AIRMEN; ARTISTIC UMBRELLAS.

We continue here the series begun in our last issue illustrating various ingenious inventions whose designs are at present lying dormant in the archives of the Patent Office. Who is it writes of "every pelting, petty officer" producing his own thunder, "as Jove himself thunders"? It is only a step from this—and an easy one, it would seem—to produce our own rain by an airship acting as a sort of aerial water-cart. The suction-pipe is for drawing up water from ponds, lakes, rivers, or reservoirs. The inventor of a plan for projecting a wire hundreds of miles up into the air above the earth's atmosphere, to draw electric power from the interplanetary ether, feels the initial difficulty of getting his wire into position. "The cable," he suggests, "might be raised by aircraft to the limit of the earth's atmosphere (about twenty miles), or nearly so, and thence projected. . . . or might be shot from the earth's surface by a very powerful cannon. The electric force in the ether will raise the end of the cable through the few hundred miles remaining." The parachute dress for airmen "nimbly recommends itself." In an umbrella, perhaps utility is more important than artistic fancy. The careless smoker, one fears, might be too careless to adjust the nose-clip holder for cigars or cigarettes, apart from considerations of personal appearance. [Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO RICE-EATING COUNTRIES LIK

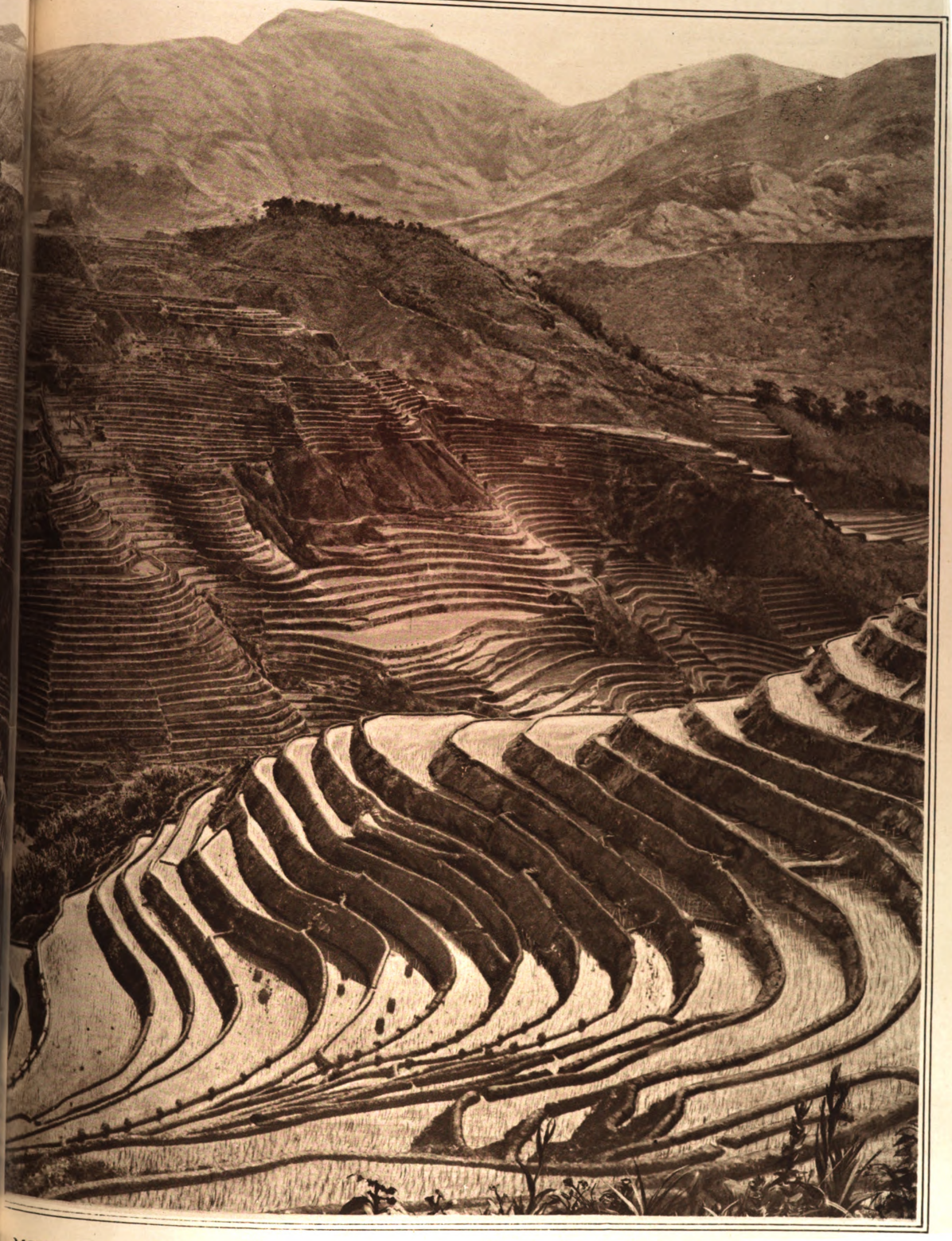


A WONDERFUL SYSTEM OF TERRACED RICE-FIELDS IN THE ISLAND OF LUZO IN THE PHILIPPINES.

In one of the wildest and most remote regions of Luzon, the chief island of the Philippine Archipelago, are to be seen these wonderful terraced rice-fields cut by native labour in the mountain-sides, and resembling nothing so much as an enormous natural amphitheatre. The district is inhabited by a primitive tribe known as the Bontoc Igorrotes, a people much addicted to tattooing, who are believed to be partly of Mongolian race. They are in a general way uncivilised, but, by a curious contrast, necessity has led them to produce this marvellous piece of landscape gardening on a colossal scale, in order to till the soil of their mountainous land to the best advantage. By means of these terraces, the steepest slopes are converted into fertile fields for the production of rice, the staple food of the islands. The terraces are

COUNTRIES

JAPAN: AN AGRICULTURAL MARVEL OF THE PHILIPPINES.



MOUNTAIN-SIDES ADAPTED BY THE BONTOC IGORROTES, A NATIVE TRIBE THE USES OF AGRICULTURE.

connected by irrigation canals which provide an equal and regular flow of water. The Philippines, it may be recalled, were discovered by Magellan, the great Portuguese navigator, in 1521, and he was killed there, on the island of Mactan, in that year. In 1566 Spain finally occupied the islands, and retained them until the Spanish-American War in 1898, when the Spanish fleet was destroyed in Manila Bay. By the Treaty of Paris in the same year the Philippines were awarded to the United States, against whose forces a guerilla warfare was kept up for some years by the Philippine leader, Aguinaldo, who proclaimed a republic. Obviously, a great rice-eating country like Japan takes especial interest in such a source of supply.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE week before Christmas brought us two revues—"It's All Wrong," mainly by Miss Elsie Janis, at the Queen's; and "Jumble Sale," mainly by Mr. J. H. Turner, but studded with witty lyrics by Mr. Reginald Arkell. "Jumble Sale" is the better of the twain. It is a revue of spontaneity—of the practised hand combined with satirical imagination. Miss Janis's effort is—well, it is what the word indicates, an effort, the 'prentice hand at work with labour and laudable intentions. Where revue is concerned, with its kaleidoscope of scenes—there were twenty-three in "Jumble Sale," twelve in "It's All Wrong"—memory is as unfailing a registrar as a thermometer. Memory exactly marks the rise and fall of your enjoyment. Of "It's All Wrong" I remember very little: a charming ballet *à la Russe* in Fragonard style, more imitation than parody; a few funny war scenes in an *estaminet* and at a bar, with the ubiquitous Stanley Lupino in excellent form; an attempt to make fun of the nursery of 1950—once again Stanley Lupino, a very funny overgrown baby in surroundings of feeble humour; a lilt of a song by Mr. Herman Finck; and some capital skits on Delysia and Nelson Keys by Miss Elsie Janis, who dances with the grace of a miniature Pavlova and sings several songs. I believe that there was somewhere an attempt at symbolism—conflict between discontent and happiness—but it was so blurred and so diffuse that we lost the trend *en route*. In sum, "It's All Wrong" leaves the impression of the mountain and the mole-hill.

In "Jumble Sale" it is the other way about. It creates great effects with a wonderfully marshalled little company, every member of which has rare versatility. It is an intellectual treat in its endless variety of skits and parodies, some of which, like all good wine, will mature when seasoned. One feels all the time that the librettists and the musician, Mr. Philip Braham, work in perfect harmony of understanding and joy; and the last tableau of all, "A Triumph of Memory"—when all the dear old songs of the good old times, from "Champagne Charley" to "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow," the Sisters Bilton and Albert Chevalier, filed past and made us hum and wobble in our seats—is one of those happy thoughts which in itself means a long life and prosperity. The heroine of the evening was Miss Binnie Hale, the clever daughter of a clever father. She sang herself into fame in less than five minutes in a parody of Miss Phyllis Monkman—something so brilliant, so finely observed and worked out, so mordant, and so deceptive in its amusing realism that we hailed the little actress as a real artist. And that was not all. Her imitation of Miss Day in "Irene" was equally amazing; and, finally, her following in the footsteps of father Robert Hale was so like the proverbial two pins that the audience bestowed on her the greatest of all first-night honours—the demand for a speech. Then Binnie showed that she was unconscious of all her glory, for "Thank you" was all we got from her, but it sounded right from the heart. I should like to write a few paeans of praise for the work of Mr. Walter Wilhams, the safe pilot of the Vaudeville cruises; of Miss Phyllis Titmuss, who is gaining in experience and displays a nice sense of character in her various parts; of Miss Joyce Barbour, who sings and dances with charm; of Mr. Eric Blore and Mr. Gilbert Childs, who with Mr. Williams share the gifts of the chameleon; of the clever playlets and skitlets which confirm that Mr. Hastings Turner is a humourist as well as a dramatist,—but, since second-hand records of a revue can never convey the fascination of the thing, let me enjoin my readers to go and see for themselves. There is in this "Jumble Sale" a bargain for everyone, and M. Charlot will, no doubt, in due course inscribe over the portals of the Vaudeville the motto of the Soho restaurateur: "*Venez et vous reviendrez.*" I will!



LEADING LADIES IN "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL," AT THE LYRIC: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS PRINCESS JULIA, AND MISS CICELY DEBENHAM AS COUNTESS ELOISE DE GOUSSY.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

. . . .

"Westward Ho!" said the astute Mr. Percy Hutchison, one of the most enterprising managers of the younger generation, when he penetrated Canada, and scored a huge success with his unfailing fetish, "The Luck of the Navy." He found, to his (and our) amazement, that not for five years had an English company of repute visited the great western cities of the Dominion. He found wherever he went "open sesame," great enthusiasm, and eagerness to learn more of the drama of the Mother-country, which a good Canadian affectionately calls "home." He was invited to make speeches at the leading clubs, the Kirwanis and the Rotary; from all sides came the clamour, "Send us English plays and musical comedies; we are tired of American control and we will help you." He became acquainted with captains of industry and railway magnates, and found them ready to help with all their might—money no object. As a first token of Canadian earnest, there arose a new theatre in Edmonton, a palace of which London would be proud; it was ready in five months; at Christmas it will be inaugurated with "General Post," which failed when played by an American company and came back triumphant manned by English players, accumulating receipts which dwarf all runs of London box-offices. Then, under the ægis of the millionaires, followed the great combine which acquired one hundred and thirty-six theatres all over Canada, and arranged with Percy Hutchison that he should be the leader of the expeditionary forces from London and the chief comptroller on this side. Already the Esmonds, H. V. and his accomplished wife, Eva Moore, are gathering rich harvest with Esmond's finest comedy, "The Law Divine"; already "The Maid of the Mountains" with a bevy of British belles is conquering every city; as I write, Mr. Martin Harvey, persuaded by Mr Hutchison that Canada is waiting to greet, to honour, and to feast him, is on the high seas, and anon, it is on the cards that two great melodrama companies, and perhaps the complete Gaiety Company, will yield to the temptations of the Magnetic North. Thus, Mr. Percy Hutchison's Canadian enterprise is not only a great business undertaking, but one of patriotic propaganda.

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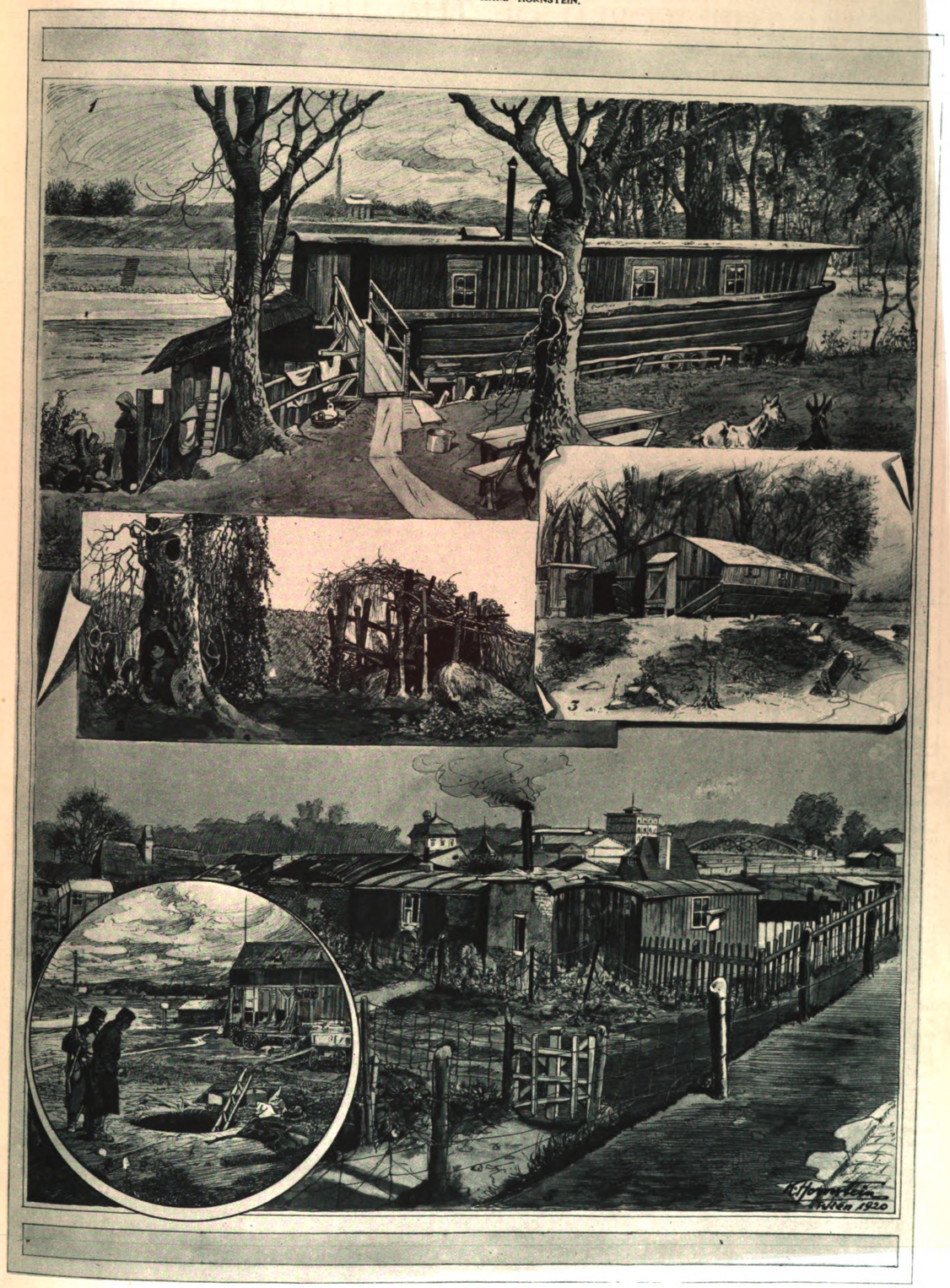
Our Grand Guignol is becoming an institution, and all credit to Mr. José S. Levy for his efforts to give English plays a predominant place in his programme. He has in "Eight O'Clock," by Reginald Berkeley, found a real human document, a most realistic and truthful picture of the dread hour of a criminal's execution. Sir W. S. Gilbert wrote for the late James Welch a similar tragedy of great power, but this little work by the happy author of "French Leave" has the character of the slice of life. In its evenness of construction it is deeply moving: we are as concerned in the sorry struggle of the clergyman who endeavours to preach all-mercifulness to the doomed man as in the anguish of the latter, who, too young to die, waits vainly for reprieve and goes to the scaffold in repentant protest. The acting of Mr. Russell Thorndike and Mr Lewis Casson, as the condemned man and the clergyman, are worthy of the play. It was wholly untheatrical; it was felt. The audience was deeply impressed. Of the remaining quartet of plays, André de Lorde's "Private Room No. 6" was the best—Sardou in a nutshell and Russia of 1914 on the horizon. A grandee of Tsardom feasts in Paris while dictating pogroms from a safe distance; he has met a woman whom he desires and has invited her to a private room. She is the true type of the flaxen-haired Sonia of Nihilism. Her brother has been killed by order of the tyrant: she, in the gay feathers of a bird of paradise, will wreak vengeance. She watches the wine rising to high tide, she tolerates his brutal caresses, she coaxes and cajoles, then she winds her long white glove around his throat and "garrots" him. Justice is done! Miss Sybil Thorndike was magnificent in this part. She created mystery on her appearance; she wore a vacant look; we scented the catastrophe to come. Her repellence, her decision, her nerving herself to the fell deed, was intensely dramatic. A shudder ran through the house. Mr. Bealby's General was the type to the life: a *bon vivant* with a certain polish of manner; underneath, the human beast. "*Grattez le Russe, vous trouverez le Tartare.*" It was frightfully thrilling, and we enjoyed it because it was—of the Theatre.



LEADING COMEDIANS IN "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL," AT THE LYRIC: MR. JACK HULBERT AS CAPTAIN CONSTANTINE POSCH, AND MR. LAURI DE FRECE AS BARON BOMBA.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

RAMSHACKLE HOUSING IN VIENNA: TUG-BOATS, CAVES, AND TREES.

DRAWN BY KARL HORNSTEIN.



1 AND 3.—ONE OF VIENNA'S ANSWERS TO AN URGENT HOUSING QUESTION: OLD DANUBE TUG-BOATS CONVERTED INTO HOUSE-BOATS.

2. THE VIENNESE BECOMES "ARBOREAL IN HIS HABITS": HOLLOW TREES AND CABINS IN THE PRATER AS SHELTERS FOR THE HOMELESS.

4 A SUBTERRANEAN SOLUTION OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN VIENNA: UNDERGROUND CAVES AS DWELLINGS IN THE SIMMERINGER HEIDE.

5. DISUSED ROLLING STOCK IN A PERMANENT "SIDING": ANCIENT RAILWAY CARRIAGES AS HOMES IN THE ERDBERG QUARTER OF VIENNA.

Our late enemies the Austrians, recently admitted to the League of Nations, are suffering severely from the after-effects of war. The national debt is about 70,000,000,000 kronen, and the rate of exchange recently reached 2000 kronen to the pound sterling. The price of food and imported raw materials is still rising. "Bankruptcy, ruin, chaos, and probably territorial disintegration," which would react dangerously on other countries, have been prophesied unless help is forthcoming. Among other troubles, the housing problem is acute, owing to the immigration of refugees from the north and the return of war prisoners, and homeless wanderers are driven to all sorts of shifts to find an abode. Even people of social position are sometimes forced to sleep out of doors. Our drawings illustrate some of the most remarkable substitutes for houses now to be seen in and about Vienna.—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

IT is not often that one hears of good coming out of evil; but certainly it can be said with truth that good, in the shape of an Inter-Allied Union, has come out of the evil of war, for, without the incentive of the great European struggle, the Allied nations would have had no excuse for binding themselves together in a Union which bids fair to have a considerable future of usefulness before it.

It was somewhere about the third year of the war that a few public-spirited gentlemen in Paris conceived the idea of creating a centre where the officers of all the Allied armies might meet and enjoy the comforts which would tend to make them feel more at home in a foreign land. The idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and Baron Henri de Rothschild, with great generosity, placed the ground floor and garden of his beautiful house in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, three doors from the British Embassy, at the disposal of the small committee who had undertaken to organise the scheme. With these magnificent premises at their disposal, the committee were not many days in raising a substantial sum, which enabled them to serve dinners and luncheons to the members at rates far below current restaurant charges—a fact which quickly appealed to the large numbers for whom the committee found themselves called upon to cater. Here indeed was a very public-spirited work which was deeply appreciated by the officers of the twenty-three Allied nations to whom the hospitality of the club was extended.



JUST OFF TO INDIA: MISS J. MACLENNAN.

Miss J. Maclennan is the daughter of the late Donald Maclennan, of Radnor Hall, Elstree, and of Lady Byrne, the second wife of Sir William Byrne, P.C., K.C.V.O., etc. Miss Maclennan is just off to India on a visit to Mrs. Frank Lyall.

Photograph by Lafayette.

During the Peace Conference, the membership increased so enormously that Baron Henri de Rothschild was again approached by the Committee, with a view this time to purchasing the whole house and converting it to the uses of the club. Shortly after this, it was felt that ladies should also be admitted to certain parts of the building set aside for their especial use, and a strong ladies' committee was formed, representing as many of the Allied nations as possible.

Frenchwomen have never acquired the club habit, even to the extent that their English and American sisters have, and one knows that there are many women in both those countries who never set foot inside a women's club. With Frenchwomen, some such inducement as bridge-playing or dancing has to be offered, and the ladies' committee of the Inter-allié have been wise in inaugurating a series of weekly dances and bridge teas.

So far, I have only referred to the social aspect of the club, but there is another and more serious side to it as well. First of all, within the club itself is the Union Inter-allié, with Maréchal Foch as the energetic President, and having for its main object the promotion, by means of lectures and so on, of a better understanding between the various countries which formed the Great Alliance during the late war. Another of its functions is the entertaining of distinguished foreigners who visit the French capital; and thus it came about that last week the Union Inter-allié, on successive days, entertained the British Ambassador in the person of Lord Hardinge, with Maréchal Foch presiding, and Mr. McCormick, a distinguished visitor from the United States.

I have often been struck by the large number of small museums of extraordinary and varied interest scattered all *over* Paris, the majority of them admirably administered by the Municipality as trustees for the founders. The recent reopening of the Cernuschi Museum of Chinese Art, which is housed in a beautiful hotel in the Parc Moncean, is an example of what I mean. Here is an amazingly interesting collection of Chinese and Japanese pottery, bronze and wood carving, representing the very best in Chinese and Japanese art, dating from several centuries before the Christian era down to the present day. This collection, we are told, owes its inception to the enthusiasm of two French gentlemen, from one of whom the museum takes its name, who in the East were attracted by the art of the countries in which they found themselves, and began buying without any special knowledge, but with apparently an extremely good *flair*, which is often almost as useful. Such a collection, once embarked upon, would easily become an absorbing passion; and as one wanders through the well-proportioned rooms, where the various objects are beautifully displayed according to periods, one realises what a life work the amassing of such a collection must have become.



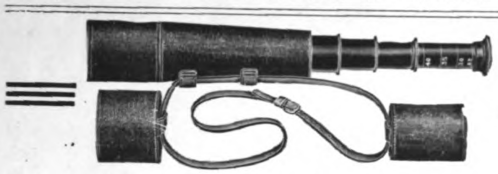
ENGAGED TO MR. L. P. B. MERRIAM.

[M.C.: LADY MARJORY KENNEDY.

Lady Marjory Kennedy is the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Ailsa. Her engagement to Mr. Lawrence Pierce Merriam, M.C., late Rifle Brigade, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Merriam, has just been announced.—[*Photograph by Speaight.*]

I am glad to see that the Musée Carnavalet is to be enriched by a very fine collection of costumes of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which has been on view elsewhere for some time now; they will be an added attraction to what is already one of the most fascinating little museums in Paris.

That well-known firm, Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Ltd., of 25, Old Bond Street, W.1, can now boast of a Royal feather in their cap. They have been appointed jewellers and silversmiths to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.



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FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A PLEA FOR THE YULE LOG.

OPEN fires have been repeatedly condemned as insanitary to their users, wasteful, and polluting to the outside air, and we are constantly told that in the home of the future they will be replaced by central heating if the house be large, or by electric or gas fires if it be small. Such warnings—not always free from suspicion of interested motives, when traceable to those who have heating appliances to sell—have hitherto passed unheeded over the heads of the great majority of householders, for the best of reasons. Central heating cannot be applied on a large scale, as in the case of hotels and blocks of flats, unless the whole of our national habits, including that of open windows, are to be radically altered; while with coal (and coke) at their present prices, it is doubtful whether it is really an economy. Electricity and gas have grown so much dearer with the scarcity of coal that they are now about the most expensive way of warming a house that can be conceived, and the difficulty in getting repairs to the necessary apparatus goes far to neutralise their undoubted cleanliness and convenience in use. The "sea-coal fire" of our ancestors, therefore, still rules the roast.

Is this to be regretted from the scientific point of view? Dr. Margaret White Fishenden has lately been inquiring into the matter at the instance of the Manchester Corporation's Air Pollution Advisory Board, and has come to the rather unexpected conclusion that it is not. On the ground of health, she finds the open fire is abundantly justified by the stimulus it gives to the free circulation of air in the room where it is in operation; and most of us who have experienced the stuffiness of a Swiss or American hotel in winter will unhesitatingly agree with her on this point. But she goes a great deal further, and declares that it is the only means of heating where we get the full value for our money. Although the quantity of heat radiated from the fireplace is only a part of that produced by the combustion of the fuel, the rest of it going, as the opponents of the open fire tell us, up the chimney, it here does so much towards warming the house that Dr. Fishenden thinks its efficiency is raised to 100 per cent. As she says, the only part of the heat which escapes is the infinitesimal quantity which comes out of the top of the chimney, and all the rest, which is not directly radiated into the room, is employed in warming the walls and brickwork. When a fireplace is so constructed that the back, whether of iron or, preferably, of fireclay, becomes red-hot as soon as the fire "burns up," it is this rather than the blazing coals themselves that is the chief generator of the heat thrown out.

As to this last-named point, moreover, Dr. Fishenden gives us some little-known facts. The proportion of heat directly radiated she puts at from 20 per cent. to 24 per cent. for coal, and at 30 per cent. to 33 per cent. for low-temperature carbonising coke; and she finds that the radiation is greatest at an angle of some 50 deg. from the horizontal. Hence it would seem to follow that the lower the fireplace can be set, the sooner the direct heat from it will be felt in the room, or, in other words, the nearer to the floor will it abide. It should also be noted that, as the principal part of the heat is really given off by the chimney-flue and the walls on either side of the fireplace, the large opening above the fireplace, or "head-room," so attractive to the eye in a room of stately proportions, detracts seriously from its efficiency as a means of heating a fact discovered by Count Rumford more than a century ago. All grates, she says, should have a register to regulate the draught at will.

Dr. Fishenden confined her researches to coal fires; but it is plain that the same arguments apply with equal force to open fireplaces in which wood is burned. Whether wood is used, as our ancestors used it, exclusively, or, as is more often done at the present day, together with coal, or even coke, it is plain that by its use we get a most efficient mode of warming our rooms. Clean, sweet-scented, lending itself to no pollution of the external air, while it requires no outlay for expensive and difficultly repaired apparatus, it follows from Dr. Fishenden's researches that the heat that it gives out makes it one of the cheapest forms of heating imaginable. Its one drawback is its bulk, which makes its storage a matter of some slight inconvenience. Yet it is not dirty, like coal, and can be stored in outhouses and cupboards which need not be kept exclusively for it. As to its place in the room itself, a good deal of trouble might be saved by having the wood cut into larger logs or blocks than the squares now mostly affected by the vendors; and with a little care large logs may be made to burn as readily as the small ones. Should coal continue to be scarce and dear, there is really little reason why we should not return to the Yule logs of our forefathers. Finally, the grate or fireplace that will burn coal will also burn wood without alteration in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Experto crede. F. L.

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COMMENCES MONDAY, JAN. 3RD,

SALE

AND CONTINUES FOR TWELVE DAYS ONLY.

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.



PETTICOAT (as sketch) in rich quality satin, finished at foot with two dainty ruches. In a variety of colours. **Sale Price, 21/9**

MODEL FUR COAT as sketch) made from finest quality seal musquash skins, with handsome collar, cuffs and flounce of natural black skunk, lined rich broche Crêpe-de-Chine.
Original Price, ... 350 gns.
Sale Price ... 175 Gns.

TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality chiffon velvet, slightly draped skirt, corsage finished each side with a knot of velvet, sleeves of chiffon to tone. In black and a variety of good colours.
Sale Price ... 98/6

35 TAILOR SUITS in soft shades of good quality rough serge, in three different designs, of which sketch, with waistcoat finished at top and bottom with band of nutria plush, is a typical example.
Sale Price ... 6½ Gns.

KNITTED WOOLLEN JUMPERS, of which sketch is a typical example, in open stitch alpaca wool in a large range of colours with contrasting shade introduced on collar.
Special Sale Price, 10/6

REMNANT DAYS: FRIDAYS & SATURDAYS.

Sale Catalogue post free. These garments cannot be sent on approval.

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It will keep your CHILDREN'S HAIR always in good condition. Start taking care of your hair to-day and send for a bottle to any chemist, perfumer or hairdresser. It is prepared in a golden colour for fair hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/- & 10/6 sizes.

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You will feel young and full of vigour if you take **Carter's Little Liver Pills.** Keep them on your dressing table and take a dose the moment you begin to need a liver and bowel regulator.

Don't wait for dizzy, bilious headaches, disordered stomach or sallow, blotchy skin to trouble you. Be well all the time!

Children take them without fuss.

Carter's Little Liver Pills



Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature

Brent Good

LADIES' NEWS.

CHRISTMAS has come, been kept, and conquered a good many of us. After all, digestion wants short hours and light labour, as well as other agitators. The Royal Family had an old-fashioned, merry festive season, and are said to have been in good spirits and to have thoroughly enjoyed it. I suppose the Baron of Beef was there; I am quite sure the Christmas puddings and mince-pies were. Equally am I certain that, if the King and Queen could have given a good dinner to every unemployed person, they would gladly have done so. Also I hear that their sorrow for the poor people whose Christmas was shadowed by the failure of Farrow's Bank was deep and sincere. Of course, they were in sympathy too with the youthful pleasure in the season taken by their own fine family.

The New Year may bring us some sorrows, but it brings us many sales—things always close to our womanly affections. Of course, we affect to consider it a trying duty to get up early on Jan. 3 and proceed to sample the sales. Stop any one of us from doing it, however, and the shadow of bargains missed will loom low for many a day. This year, too, we have promise of very real reductions. For instance, Liberty's, Regent Street, who have not had a sale for a year, have that interval's accumulation of surplus stock to dispose of from Jan. 3. Among the splendid chances for investment are 18,000 yards of cretonne in a wide selection and beautiful colourings, which were 2s. 11d. and 3s. 11d. a yard, and will be marked down to a uniform 1s. 6d. a yard. There are 600 voile dresses in dainty designs and useful colours, which were £2 19s. 6d., and will be sold for £1 11s. 6d. each. Seven thousand dress lengths of printed voile, dainty and exquisite, will be sold at 12s. 6d. a length. Children's cloth coats, which sold freely for £4 4s., will be £2 19s. 6d.; and there are day and evening gowns in crêpe-de-Chine and georgette at £5 18s. 6d. each. It will be a great opportunity.

Jay's Winter Sale begins on Monday. Jay's things bear a very precious *cachet* in the minds of women who love and understand the art of dress. Many of Jay's wonderful model gowns will be sold at less than half cost price—is not that a good telling? The reduction in jumpers and coats is from 7 to 4 guineas in some instances, from 9½ guineas to 5½ in others. Peau de velour gloves are reduced from 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.; and there is rare value offered in hosiery and underwear. Several black-and-gold brocade evening cloaks, lined with crêpe de Chine and trimmed with fur, which were 52 guineas, will be sold at 18½ guineas. There's a chance! Jay's evening cloaks, too!



A BRIDGE-PARTY FROCK

It is made of terra-cotta duvetyn, and its only trimming is arabesque scroll embroidery. The underskirt is of amber satin, and the toque has a blue cockade at one side.

Harvey Nichols's well known and greatly esteemed house in Knightsbridge will be a favourite pilgrimage for January sale shoppers. Among very many fine opportunities for excellent investments it will offer are early spring tailor built suits in small check black and grey suitings, half lined with good quality silk, belt, pockets, and revers, at 6½ guineas. There are elegant, graceful, and handsome crêpe-de Chine tea-gowns in black and a good many colours with wide sleeves and belts of lace, and lace side panels which form pockets, at 8os 6d; and dainty flowered crêpe-de Chine tea frocks, very smart and pretty, at 6os 6d. Great reductions have been made in model coats in rich quality fabrics. These were from 25 to 50 guineas, and will be sold for 18½ guineas. For 6½ guineas attractive heavy-weight artificial silk jersey cloth frocks, with drop-stitch giving a striped effect, can be bought. These are in black, mole, saxe-blue, grey, nigger brown, copper, and navy-blue.

There are many indications that prices will rise again; in any case, purchasing now is good policy. A first-rate field for good investment will be found at the sale at Samuel Brothers, 221-223, Oxford Street, close to the Tube station. This thoroughly reliable and up-to-date firm have to lighten their stock, and are therefore selling at actually cost price, which is very unlikely to be repeated. The sale begins on January 3. Among the bargains to be made at it are 150 jumpers, all wool, with deep sailor collar and open V-shaped neck, in contrasting stripes woven in the turned back cuffs, which were 37s. 6d and will be sold for 27s. 6d., in black, contrasted with several favourite and fashionable colours. Two hundred sports coats, in artificial silk, in many pretty colours and stripes, which were 84s., will be sold for only 29s. 6d. There are undoubted bargains in little girls' party frocks, in silk crêpe and georgette in a variety of colours and designs, in sizes 16 in. to 24 in. at 29s 6d. Boys school clothes are a special feature of the sale, as well as girls'. There is such excellent value in these necessary outfits that it seems invidious to mention any, but one hundred double-breasted overcoats for boys from six to twelve, in neat grey and brown cheviot, from 39s. 6d. to 60s., will appeal to parents and boys alike. For men, too, there are really good bargains, so that there will be plenty of visitors to Messrs. Samuel Brothers during January. For those who cannot go to the sale, an excellent catalogue has been prepared, and will be sent by them on application. Boots and shoes for men, women, and children are also included in the sale at greatly reduced prices.

A. E. L.



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ASTHMA BRONCHITIS
Acts like a charm in
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and Kindred Ailments

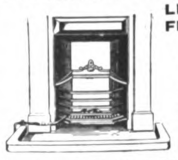


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LIGHT YOUR FIRES by GAS
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Avoid Expense & Trouble of Wood



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Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct—
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Send a post card to-day for a copy of "Aids to the Boudoir." It will be mailed to you entirely free of charge.

The surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles.
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THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER
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Commences MONDAY, JAN. 3rd. **SALE** And continues until JANUARY 22nd.

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Attractive EVENING GOWN in chiffon velvet. Straight bodice with skirt put on with new organ pleats, finished with coloured spray. In black grey and saxe.
Sale price, **£5 18 6**

RELIABLE AND DISTINCTIVE FURS—Skunk collar made from the finest natural silky skins, beautifully worked in a 3-stranded effect. Can be worn several different ways. This season's price the set 40 gns. Reduced to Half Price the set, **20 gns.**

49 Gabardine and Natural SHANTUNG COATS in various designs, made in best quality materials in a variety of plain becoming designs, of which sketch is an example; stitched silk to tone.
Usual price, 9½ gns.
Sale price, **5½ gns.**

An example of our stock of DAINTY OVER BLOUSES in good heavy crêpe-de-Chine, hand-embroidered. Similar shapes in Georgette crêpe, various pale colours.
Usual prices 39/6 to 49/6.
All to clear **25/-**

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Over 2000 yards of 27-inch. wide AXMINSTER CARPET.
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REMNANT RUGS of best quality AXMINSTER and WILTON CARPET suitable for bed-sides; all at HALF-PRICE

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At high engine speeds the use of a badly designed sparking plug will cause your engine to back-fire or pre-ignite: both results cause an immediate reduction of speed. When using Lodge sparking plugs you will neither get back-firing, nor pre-ignition, and so the engine will reach its highest speeds
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

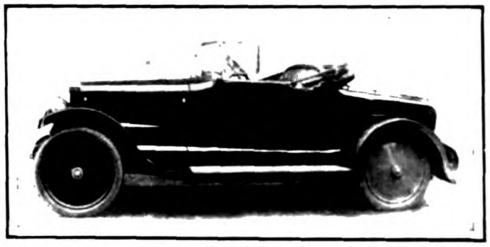
The Taxation Muddle.

In the effort to rush matters to a conclusion, the officials of the Ministry of Transport seem to have got into a pretty considerable muddle regarding the machinery for the collection of the new motor taxes. According to plan, we are to be compelled to supply all sorts of details relating to our cars and their pedigrees, the particulars to be furnished on a most elaborate official form, of which nothing but the sealed pattern appears to be available. At the time of writing, none are to be had at the post-offices, to which we are told we must apply for them. Many motorists have hurried out and purchased one or other of the approved licence-holders, which manufacturers have placed on the market betimes. But there are no licences, nor do we know when there will be. Certainly they will not be generally available by January 1, when the law says we must pay our motor tax. Even if they were available, it does not look a bit as though the Ministry would get its powers from Parliament to enable it to put into effect the elaborate regulations with which it proposes to harass the motorist in the New Year. The Roads Bill is in the House of Lords—I am writing ten days before the end of the year—and the general opinion seems to be that the Upper House will regard it as a measure which requires a good deal of discussion, and, as it is not really an urgent Bill, will refuse it a second reading until after the Recess. Of course, it may be passed, but even then it will be impossible to get things properly working until well into January.

It is really difficult to see why there should have been such a hurry. We could have paid our taxes at the new rate in the way we paid the old, and left the super-regulations which have been drafted by the statisticians of the Transport Ministry to be considered later. Nobody would have been a penny the worse, and the resultant Roads Act might have been a coherent and useful measure instead of what it is.

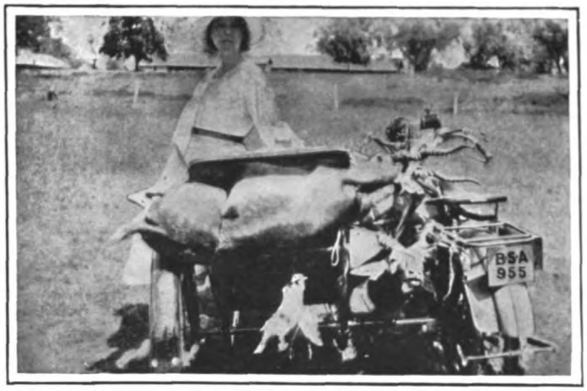
An Optimistic Prophet.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu told the Institute of Transport the other day that he looked forward to there being two million motor vehicles on the roads in another five years' time, compared with an estimated three quarters of a million now. I am afraid his well known enthusiasm for motoring carried him rather too far. The whole output of our factories, plus imports at the present rate, would not be sufficient to provide that number of vehicles. Further, averaging the cost of each vehicle at only £300, which is obviously too low, such an increase would mean a capital expenditure on motor vehicles of £105,000,000 a year, which is certainly a far higher expenditure than we have any right to anticipate will be reached. Of course, it is quite impossible to do more than speculate very vaguely upon such rates of increase, but I should say that if in five years' time we have a million-and-a-quarter motor vehicles in active use, we shall have done very well indeed.



A HANDSOME TWO-SEATER WITH A HIGH-POWERED CHASSIS. A DAIMLER "LIGHT THIRTY."

This car was supplied to Mr. A. J. Hill, of Bradford, by Mr. Albert Farne," a well-known Bradford agent and pioneer motorist, who designed the body.



THE RETURN FROM A SHOOTING TRIP: BLACK BUCK ON A B.S.A. MOTOR-BICYCLE AND SIDE-CAR.

A Neat Licence-Holder.

When we do have to put up the Geddes label in the New Year, we can at least make it look as little objectionable as possible. To that end I am going to use a holder which has been sent me by Messrs. Smith and Sons, of Great Portland Street, which is the neatest thing of its kind I have seen. It has been approved by the authorities, and is made to match the well known Smith speedometer. The price in brass is 7s. 6d., and in nickel plate, 8s. 6d. W. W.

All motorists who have tried it know that "Ronuk" Motor-Car Polish is an ideal cleanser and brightener of woodwork, patent leather, lacquered fittings, and articles varnished or enamelled. Colourless and smooth, it is just the thing for preserving the finish of coachwork, whether white or black or any other colour. It revives and puts life into the varnish. No hard rubbing is required, and "Ronuk" is very suitable for the owner who cleans his own car and cycle, and takes pride in its appearance. Though it is not a metal polish, a light application of it after cleaning improves bright fittings. It will also be found useful for domestic purposes. If the tin is missing from the garage, it will probably be discovered in the house, being used for polishing the piano or other furniture.

Here's John M'Graw,
At eighty-twa
He has-na any ills,
But keeps right weel,
and hearty—*by takin*



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PILLS.



When ordering a Cocktail insist on the Vermouth being
CORELLI

Italy's Best Vermouth

Corelli has earned for itself the reputation of Italy's Best Vermouth.

Not even during the war, when conditions were extremely difficult, did Corelli suffer from scarcity of sugar, inferiority of spirit, or depletion of stocks. Neither, during more recent days, has Corelli suffered from the industrial unrest prevalent in Italy.

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Samson carrying away the Gates of Gaza.

Strength

In the ancient world bodily strength was greatly prized and regarded as worthy of permanent record. The story of Samson's feat in carrying off the gates of Gaza is a famous example of this. In the modern world the mightiest deeds are performed by Science.

In every product of applied science, strength is the prime necessity. The strongest survives. That is why the OSRAM LAMP stands supreme to-day, and why the necessity for its use wherever electric light is installed is recognised.

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Tailored by picked London craftsmen from distinctive materials, woven and proofed—without rubber—by exclusive Burberry processes, a Burberry Top-coat provides a dependable safeguard against wet, yet is perfectly self-ventilating—supplies luxurious warmth in wintry weather, yet is lightweight and comfortable on the mildest day.

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The Burberry
Wet- and wind-proof, self-ventilating, free from rubber, airlight and easy-fitting, it is the ideal weatherproof for all lovers of freedom, and a veritable boon to sportsmen.

The Race Weatherall
This handsome Tweed Coat, cut on easy-fitting lines with outside buttoning and bold patch-pockets, conveys an indelible impression of distinction, combined with ease and comfort.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE PLAYHOUSES.

CENTRAL LONDON'S PANTOMIMES.

THOUGH the obstinate success of "The Garden of Allah" has compelled Mr. Arthur Collins to find a new home for the Drury Lane pantomime, and this pantomime bears the same name as that of last year, it would not be quite true to say that this year's "Cinderella" at Covent Garden is a replica of its predecessor at the Lane, for there are just differences enough to make it almost a new thing. Thus, the big spectacles of "Fairyland" and "The Woodland Glade" are more or less novelties, though the ballet of flowers—a ballet it would be hard to beat for beauty—seems repeated from last year, and we have once more the delightful Louis Quinze ball. The new and pretty Cinderella Miss Kathlyn Hilliard she is—is rescued in a new way by storks, who, as the Penders represent them, are of piquantly varying degrees of height; and some of the fun is fresh, for, while the recalcitrant table cloth is missing, there is some quaint business provided by the Egbert Brothers with golf-sticks, Mr. Arthur Conquest has his droll moments, and Miss Lily Long, as grotesquely humorous as ever, pokes fun in song at the Carmelite hat. Once more Miss Marie Blanche deserves to be styled a Prince Charming, but she, too, is equipped with new songs, while one of the best turns, a review of "Dances of the Days Gone By," which falls to Miss Mabel Green, is certainly new. And the topical illusions are right up-to-date in as merry and gorgeous an entertainment as Drury Lane ever showed.

Robust humour is always the stand-by of Lyceum pantomimes, and this year's rendering of the "Babes in the Wood" story includes a fight between the two delightful robbers, Mr. George Jackley and Mr. Gus Sharland, first with rapiers and single sticks, then with huge swords replaced by toy pistols, and finally with vegetables and flowers, which should make the young playgoer roll off his seat with joy. More fun of a breezy order is furnished by Mr. Frank Bertram as the Dame and Mr. Billy Danvers with a taking song and illustrative pictures of the habits of the house fly. The Babes find pretty representatives in Cicely Maxwell and Kathleen Dixon, and a fairy-land glimpse of a "home of the butterflies" makes very handsome spectacular effects.

The most striking feature of "Aladdin," at the London Hippodrome, is not its "garden of jewels," brilliant picture though that is, nor the feast of Oriental colour which other scenes provide, but the vanishing of its magic palace, which one minute stands solid with its multitude of lights, and the next is gone on a site that has become bare desert. There are other wonderful things, including a record number of "traps" gone through by Mr. Lupino Lane, whose comic powers, here given full play, are helped by the vivacity of Miss Nellie Wallace, one of the most hard-working of Dames. And fully as attractive as their work in another way are the singing and dancing of Miss Phyllis Dare, surely the daintiest of all this year's fairy-tale princesses.

"PETER PAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Once more among our Christmas stage entertainments for children, Sir James Barrie's ever-green fantasy, "Peter Pan," takes pride of place, and gives pleasure to the young of all ages; for while the playgoers from the nursery must revel at first or second acquaintance in the pirates and Red Indians of the story, in Peter himself, or the adorable "little mother" Wendy, children of older growth can swop opinions on Wendys and Peters and Captain Hooks past and present, and so extract from the newest revival of this classic of yesterday all the joy to be got from recalling former performances and comparing new-comers with their predecessors. No one is going to quarrel with this year's Peter Pan; Miss Edna Best's boy-hero has the right imaginative and pensive touch, the sense of eeriness that should be behind all his pranks and relish for adventure. And Mr. Ainley, on the other hand, expends a rich humour and a happy instinct for burlesque on the double parts of the pirate Captain and Mr. Darling. The original Smee is back again in Mr. George Shelton; and once more Miss Sybil Carlisle enlists our sympathies for Mrs Darling. We have had more natural, less sophisticated Wendys than Miss Freda Godfrey's, but all the children in the cast are as good as ever, and give as great an air of enjoying themselves. The scene of the Mermaids' Lagoon is dropped from this revival; it is not missed.

CHESS.

To Correspondents.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. 2.*

M Murwin Eells (Milwaukee U.S.A.). Thanks for problem, which we are sorry we must decline. A two-mover commencing with a check, and followed by a commonplace device for mating, is an utter impossibility.

R S Thompson (Rochdale). We are sorry we are unable to give you the information you desire.

F W Ireland (Norwich). You must try again, and always suspect a solution that begins by capturing a piece.

Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown). If Black play 1. K to Q 7th the continuation is 2. Kt to Kt 4th, K moves, 3 Q mates accordingly.

A M Sparke (Lincoln). Thanks for problem.

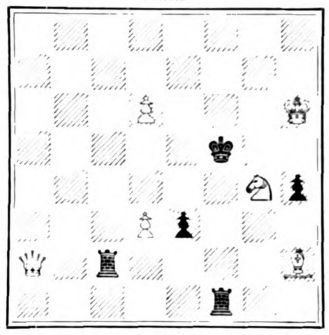
Solution of Problem No. 3349. By G. Stillingfleet Johnson.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to Q 4th	K takes Kt
2. B to B 3rd (ch)	K takes B
3. P to K 4th, mate.	

If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q Kt takes P; and if 1. Any move, then 2. Q Kt takes P (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No 3851. By H. J. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 3845 received from H F Mirker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3846 from E G Brumby (Bicares), and H F Mirker; of No. 3848 from Henry A Seller (Denver, U.S.A.); of No. 3849 from J W Setton (Bolton), Jas. T Palmer (Chard), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown), M J F Crowell (Tulse Hill), and E J Gibbs (East Ham).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3850 received from C H Watson (Msham), J S Forbes (Brighton), A F Harding (Swansea), C A P, J W Setton (Bolton), M J F Crowell (Tulse Hill), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), W H Statham (Blackheath), Edward Bygott (Middlewich), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), A E Hutchinson (Liverpool), Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown) and H W Satow (Bangor).

In reproducing the fine oil painting of H.M.S. *Malaya* (the battle-ship taking the Duke of Connaught to India), by Major Charles Pears, R.O.I., in our issue of Dec. 18, we omitted to mention that the original picture has been purchased by the Government of the Federated Malay States, who presented the ship to the Navy during the war. Major Pears, we may add, is official marine painter to the Imperial War Museum.

"BRITISH MAMMALS": A NATURALIST'S COLOUR BOOK.

(See Illustration on "Books of the Day" Page.)

ARTISTIC skill and zoological learning do not always go together, but they are happily united in Mr. A. Thorburn, F.Z.S., who is both author and illustrator of "British Mammals," with fifty plates in colour and pen-and-ink sketches in the text (Longmans, Green, and Co.). The work is in two volumes, of which only the first has at present come to hand. It is a large, handsome book, beautifully printed, and the colour-plates are of full page size, measuring twelve by ten inches. The pictures of the various creatures, shown in typical natural surroundings, are ideal for their purpose, clear and well-defined in outline, meticulously accurate in detail, exquisitely coloured, and, withal, possessing an air of life and movement too often lacking in such work. Many of the animals are shown in tense attitudes, stalking or devouring their prey, so that something of the drama of animal life is conveyed as well as its infinite variety of form.

The author's intention has been, in his own words, "to provide pictures in colour of all those animals classed as mammals which inhabit or visit our islands. I planned as a companion to the volumes on 'British Birds' and 'A Naturalist's Sketch-Book,' recently published, it gives a series of reproductions from water-colour drawings of the seventy species which make up the list, and, in addition to these, are shown various sub-species or closely allied forms."

In this first volume six plates are devoted to the order of *Cheiroptera*—twelve varieties of bats. Next, three plates illustrate British *Insectivora*—namely, the hedgehog, the mole, and shrews of three kinds. The remaining sixteen plates deal with carnivorous animals—the wild cat, fox, walrus, seals of six species, the otter, badger, pine marten, polecat, stoat, weasel, squirrel, and dormouse. Three of the plates—the walrus, grey seal, and stoat in winter dress—are reproduced on our Literary Page in this number; but, of course, their reduced size and absence of colour can hardly do justice to the original plates. The explanatory notes which accompany each plate give all that the ordinary reader needs to know about the appearance, habits, food, and geographical distribution of the different species, and contain many interesting observations made by the author himself and other naturalists. It is not stated whether any domestic animals will appear in the second volume; all those mentioned in the first are wild denizens of our woods and fields, streams, and surrounding seas.

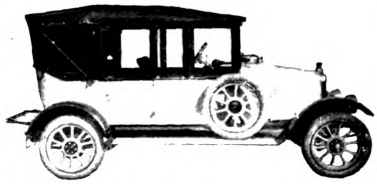
Wilkinson razors, manufactured by the well known firm of sword-makers, are specially hollow-ground by skilled workmen. These razors are made of the finest sword steel and tempered by a special process. Besides their well known straight razors, the "Special," and "W. and Crown," Messrs. Wilkinson make the new model safety shaver, with seven solid blades, each etched with the day of the week. The complete outfit, including stropping handle, is obtainable everywhere for 30s., or a combination outfit, including a new automatic stropping machine, for 45s. silver-plated, or 70s. gold plated.



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THE "OFFICIAL" REPRISALS IN IRELAND: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR E. P. STRICKLAND, MILITARY GOVERNOR OF THE CORK AREA.

On January 2, the Cork Military Authorities issued a statement which said that, as a result of the ambush of the police at Midleton, Co. Cork, and near Glebe House, the Military Governor had decided that certain houses in the vicinity of the outrages should be destroyed, as the inhabitants were bound to have known of the ambush and the attack on the military parties. Seven dwellings were, in fact, destroyed between 3 and 6 p.m. on January 1, after the men responsible for them had been served with notices stating why the houses were being destroyed and had been given an hour to remove their valuables, other than furniture. On January 4, it was stated that the report of General Strickland's Court of Inquiry into the burnings at Cork had reached the offices of the Cabinet, for copying; and that it was likely to be the subject of a special Cabinet Council later in the week. General Sir E. P. Strickland is General Officer Commanding the 6th Division (Cork). General Sir Nevil Macready proclaimed Martial Law in the counties of Cork, Tipperary, Kerry, and Limerick on December 12, 1920. The General Commanding the 6th Division was amongst those then appointed Military Governors for the administration of Martial Law.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is well known that in the matter of Prohibition the American decision was a great surprise to the English. I suspect that the American decision was also a great surprise to the Americans. I do not mention the matter for the purpose of discussing again the moral question itself. Those who wish us to copy it are naturally anxious to defend it. For my part, I think it could be best defended on grounds which flatly forbid its being copied. The best excuses for the American action can be found in the purely American situation. The more we urge them in the American case, the less we can urge them in the English case. Even in the American case, of course, I do not myself agree with them; but I have always agreed that it is unfair entirely to ignore them. Two great differences separate the problem in the Eastern from the problem in the Western hemisphere. One is that in Europe Prohibition is not merely breaking a bottle, but uprooting a tree—not a metaphorical tree, but the actual apple-tree of Hereford or the actual vine of Bordeaux. It is as if we set out to destroy all the flowers of France or England; it is destroying a thousand landscapes and a thousand songs. In America, I take it, the thing is really more like a dangerous drug in a chemist's shop. The other difference is the very real problem of the negro. We may well deter the matter until we either cease to have hops or begin to import niggers. But there is another point in favour of America, apparent in this controversy, which is less commonly observed.

The historic glory of America lies in the fact that it is the one nation that was founded like a church. That is, it was founded on a faith that could be stated as a creed. The national character was not merely summed up after it had existed; it was defined before it existed. Some would say that it never existed, however carefully it was defined; but I think this is historically false. The Declaration of Independence was a philosophy drawn up for men who did not yet exist; but that philosophy was a religion, in the most real sense, for multitudes of men who really existed. It embodied itself in real saints and heroes as much as the Gospel or the Koran. For instance, in all the talk there has been lately about Abraham Lincoln, there has been very little appreciation of the fundamental fact that he did understand the Declaration and did believe in it. This is possibly due to the fact that large numbers of Lincoln's English admirers do not understand it in the least, and would not believe in it if they did. The English often find it harder to understand great ideas, and easier to understand great men. But in this case the great man is really unintelligible without the great idea. Abraham Lincoln was not an Englishman—a fact that some Anglo-Saxons tend too easily to forget. And in nothing was he more distinct from an Englishman than in this fact that he felt his country to be founded on a theory. And it cannot be too clearly comprehended that this attitude which distinguished him is really a distinction.

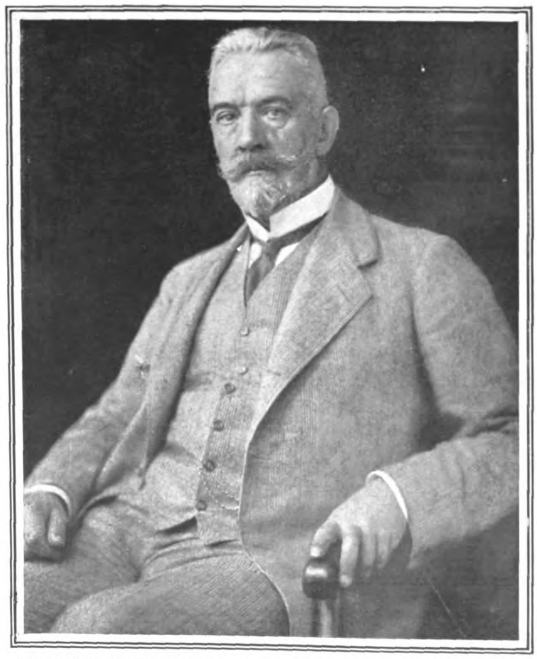
Every nation has a soul, and seems to have an immortal soul. At least, no true nation has yet been destroyed—even when, like Poland or Ireland, it seemed to be destroyed. But when we speak of the soul of a nation we generally mean a personality that gradually developed, and was still more gradually discerned and described. In no other nation save America did the description come first and the development afterwards. We feel, for instance, that the French have a splendid clarity of mind, and the particular type of irony and indignation that goes with such a mind. But neither Clovis nor Charlemagne nor St. Louis ever summoned a council and said, "We will now proceed, by the grace of God, to clear our heads." The English have had an admirable instinct for individual liberty—sometimes to the point of eccentricity; and the national spirit has found, perhaps, its happiest expression in humour. But no assembly of Normans and Saxons and Danes ever came together to say in chorus, "Let us all be free"; and still less to say, "Let us all be funny." America is alone in having begun her national career with a definite explanation of what she intended to be. And this is an experiment of the highest historical and philosophical interest. It allows of a sort of logical test from which the other nations are free, and may possibly, in some cases, think themselves lucky to be free. Some may judge the American experiments in the light of the American ideal. Others may judge the American ideal in the light of the American experience.



A GREAT WORKER FOR WOMEN: THE LATE MISS MARY MACARTHUR (MRS. W. C. ANDERSON).

Mrs. W. C. Anderson, who preferred to be known by her maiden name—Mary MacArthur—in connection with her life's work, was Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League and National Federation of Women Workers, and was devoted to the cause of women. She was born in August 1880, and educated in Glasgow and Germany. She will be missed greatly as one of the most cultured and outstanding personalities of the Labour movement. Her husband, who was Labour M.P. for the Attercliffe Division of Sheffield, died two years ago.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE AUTHOR OF THE NOTORIOUS "SCRAP OF PAPER" PHRASE: THE LATE HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, WHO DIED ON JANUARY 2.

Theodore von Bethmann-Hollweg was appointed German Imperial Chancellor on July 13, 1909, and "fell" in July 1917. At the outbreak of the European War he used the "Scrap of Paper" phrase which has passed into history.—[*Photograph by E.N.A.*]

Now, I for one believe very strongly in this principle which America added to the nations; that of starting with an ideal standard. I think it is the one way in which it is possible to resist a decline. Such a method does not so much suit the English genius, but I wish even the English had more of it. The danger of an unwritten constitution is that it may be an unrecognised and unrespected constitution. The danger of working merely by custom is that the neglect of custom may itself become customary. The danger of working by compromise is that the compromise may itself be compromising or may itself be compromised. In this sense there is no such thing as the British Constitution, but there is emphatically such a thing as the American Constitution. The man opposing something like Prohibition in the United States has at least something definite to appeal to, and something it seems to me, very much on his side. I hold this truth to be self-evident, and that when Jefferson said that every man had an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness he meant such a normal life as men like Jefferson lived, and such normal liberty as men like Jefferson enjoyed, and such normal happiness as men like Jefferson pursued; and Jefferson would have been as much surprised as Washington to hear that it did not include wine. Let it be noted that Jefferson distinctly said that all men have these rights, he said nothing about a majority, still less about a single snatch vote. But whether or no it be true that Prohibition fails upon this appeal, at least the appeal can be made. Their laws are supposed to rest upon principles, while ours tend too much to rest upon precedents. If ever some such silly law were proposed by our Parliamentary cliques, I am not sure that we could refer back to anything except the last silly law of the same sort. But it is not my concern here to insist on the particular case, but rather on the general principle, which is too much neglected in England, and sometimes, I suppose, even in America. And the general principle is that we require an ideal check on our actual changes. We require a check, for instance, on the tendency of aristocracy to turn into plutocracy. And aristocracy itself hardly ever provides any check on itself. Divine right and democracy are both doctrines; they can be denied, but we know when they are being denied. Aristocracy is an atmosphere; it is sometimes a healthy atmosphere; but it is very hard to say exactly when it becomes an unhealthy atmosphere. You can prove that a man is not the son of a king, or that he is not the delegate of a definite number of people. But you cannot prove that a man is not a gentleman, when he professes to be a gentleman. You can only feel perfectly sure of it. The difficulty of saying whether a gentry is degenerating is a difficulty that may be highly practical in our own country. That democracy may in fact degenerate is equally obvious. But for that very reason I think that a democracy is fortunate in possessing a fixed democratic creed, by which any such fall may be measured and any such divergence corrected. Otherwise the democracy might forget that it was ever intended to be democratic. And when men forget their birth and baptism, they have nothing except the folly of yesterday with which to compare the madness of to-day.

WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR: IN THE NEW YEAR LIST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE, PHOTOPRESS, VANDYK, RUSSELL, S. AND G., C.N., AND HARRIS.



THE RT. HON. SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL, K.C.V.O. (BARON).

SIR WILLIAM BEARDMORE, BT. (BARON).

MR. MATHEW LEWIS VAUGHAN-DAVIES, M.P. (BARON).

MR. FREDERICK ELEY (BARONET).

MR. HENRY SAMMAN (BARONET).

MR. WILLIAM L. A. B BURDETT-COUTTS (P.C.).

THE REV. JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D. (COMPANION OF HONOUR).

LT.-GEN. SIR ROBERT S. S. BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B. (BARONET).

MR. BERNARD OPPENHEIMER (BARONET).

SIR JOSEPH HEWITT (BARONET).

MR. REGINALD H. COX (BARONET).

MR. DONALD MACMASTER, K.C., M.P. (BARONET).

COL. SIR WILLIAM T. DUPREE (BARONET).

COL. JAMES A. F. H. STEWART-MACKENZIE (BARON).

MAJOR S. H. HILL-WOOD (BARONET).

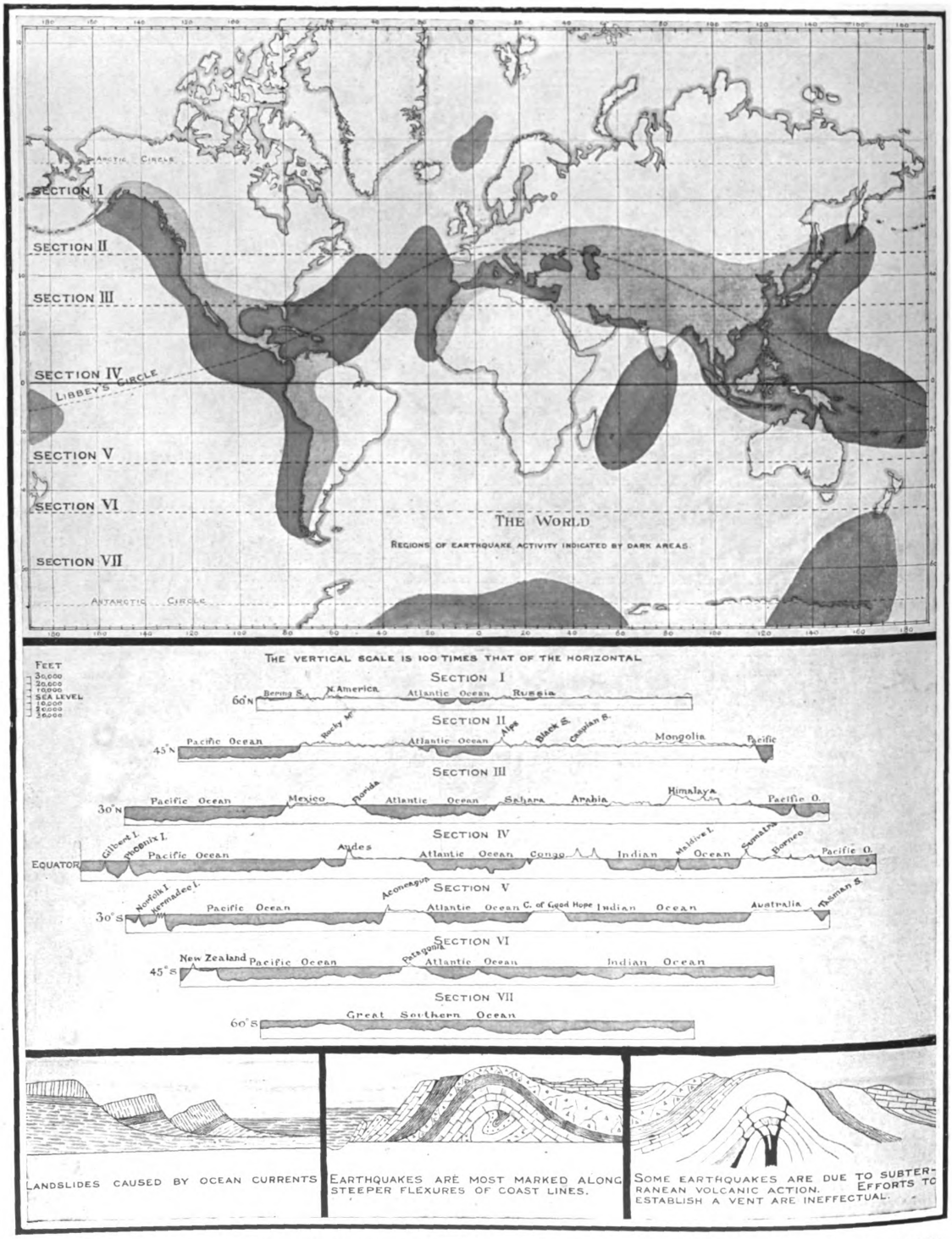
COMMDR. AUGUST B. T. CAYSER (BARONET).

SIR ERNEST CABLE (BARON).

The New Year Honours include two Companionships of Honour—Dr. Clifford and Sir John Reeves Ellerman, Bt., the famous shipowner and captain of industry, who, during the war, gave much valuable advice to the Ministry of Shipping, and equipped and maintained the hospital which bore his name at St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park.——Sir Horace Brooks Marshall was Lord Mayor in 1918-19. ——Sir William Beardmore is Chairman of the famous engineering business at Glasgow, and a Director of Vickers.——Mr. Vaughan-Davies is M.P. for Cardigan. ——Mr. Eley is General Manager of the National Provincial and Union Bank.—— Mr. Samman is Chairman of the Shipping Section, Hull Chamber of Commerce.—— Mr. Burdett-Coutts has been M.P. for Westminster for thirty-five years.——Sir Joseph Hewitt rendered service in the Coal Controller's Dept.——Dr. Clifford is famous in Nonconformist circles.——Sir Robert Baden-Powell gains his new honour as founder of the Boy Scouts.——Mr. Reginald Cox is senior partner in Messrs. Cox and Co., agents to the British Army.——Mr. Macmaster has been M.P. for Chertsey since 1910.——Mr. Oppenheimer inaugurated diamond cutting by ex-Service men.—— Sir William Dupree was Mayor of Portsmouth for several years.——Colonel Stewart-Mackenzie is Vice-Lieutenant for Ross and Cromarty, and Chairman of the County Territorial Force Association.——Major Hill-Wood is M.P. for the High Peak Division.——Commander Cayser is Chairman of the Clan Line.——Sir Ernest Cable is senior partner in Bird and Co., of Calcutta and London.

CAUSE OF 14 MILLION DEATHS IN RECORDED TIME: EARTHQUAKES.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



MOSTLY ORIGINATING IN THE OCEAN, AND CAUSED BY STRESS OF LOAD AT THE BASE OF MOUNTAINS: EARTHQUAKES—A MAP SHOWING REGIONS AFFECTED; DIAGRAMS OF COASTAL LANDSLIDES AND VOLCANIC ACTION.

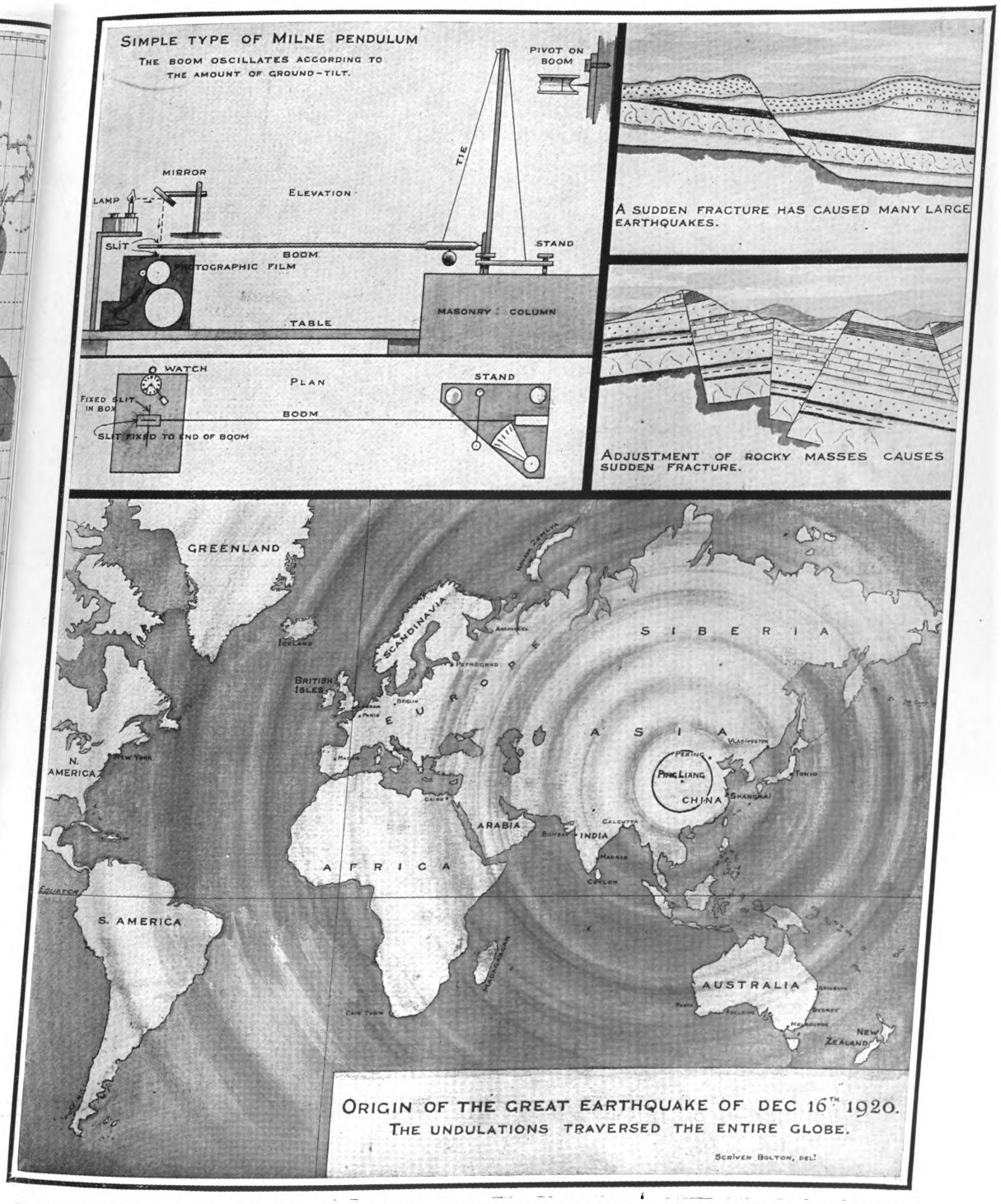
Mr. Scriven Bolton, the well-known scientist, whose astronomical drawings have been a feature of our pages for some time past, has here turned his attention to earthquakes. In connection with his drawings reproduced above, he writes: "The great earthquake of December 16, 1920, in the Chinese Province of Kansu, destroyed, among other towns, the city of Ping-Liang. It did enormous damage, and 2000 lives were lost. This shock literally made our globe tremble. The tremor, which was one of the largest on record, completely circuited the earth, but it was not until ten days had elapsed that the place of origin of the shock was known. The majority of earthquakes originate in the ocean, round the foot of islands and continents, and radiate inland. Comparatively few are due to volcanic action. They are most in evidence along slopes and folds in the crust, where the strata have a horizontal flow, as well as in comparatively new mountains, such as the Himalayas, Andes, and Alps, where the settling-down process is yet in progress. Nearly all earthquakes are caused by the stress of load at the base of mountains, and an intermittent deep-seated subterranean flow of stratified material. A fracture of the crust, as above illustrated (on the right-hand page), may produce a series of tremors, or after-shocks, announcing that the disturbed strata are settling to a state of equilibrium. Landslides and ocean waves may be produced by the sliding down of steep slopes and unstable shelves into the bed of the ocean, due to ocean currents, as shown above (on the left-hand page). Force of gravity causes an intermittent readjustment of materials under the more sloping parts of the surface, together with a semi-rigid flow of strata round the continents. Contraction of the earth's nucleus creates horizontal pressure and fracture of the accommodating shell. Earthquakes are manifested

[Continued opposite.

EARTHQUAKES

OUR GLOBE MADE TO TREMBLE: THE PING-LIANG EARTHQUAKE.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



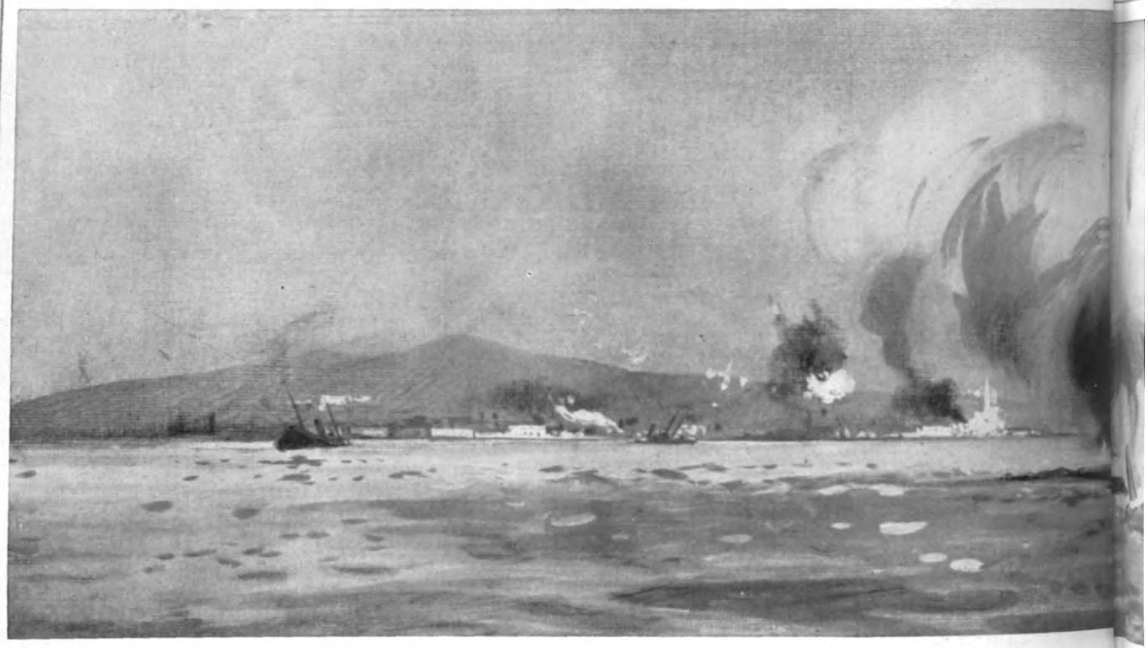
RECORDED BY THE MILNE SEISMOGRAPH AT OXFORD: WORLD-WIDE WAVES OF TREMOR CAUSED BY THE GREAT CHINESE EARTHQUAKE OF DECEMBER 16, 1920, WHICH DESTROYED PING-LIANG, AND KILLED 2000 PEOPLE.

Continued.]

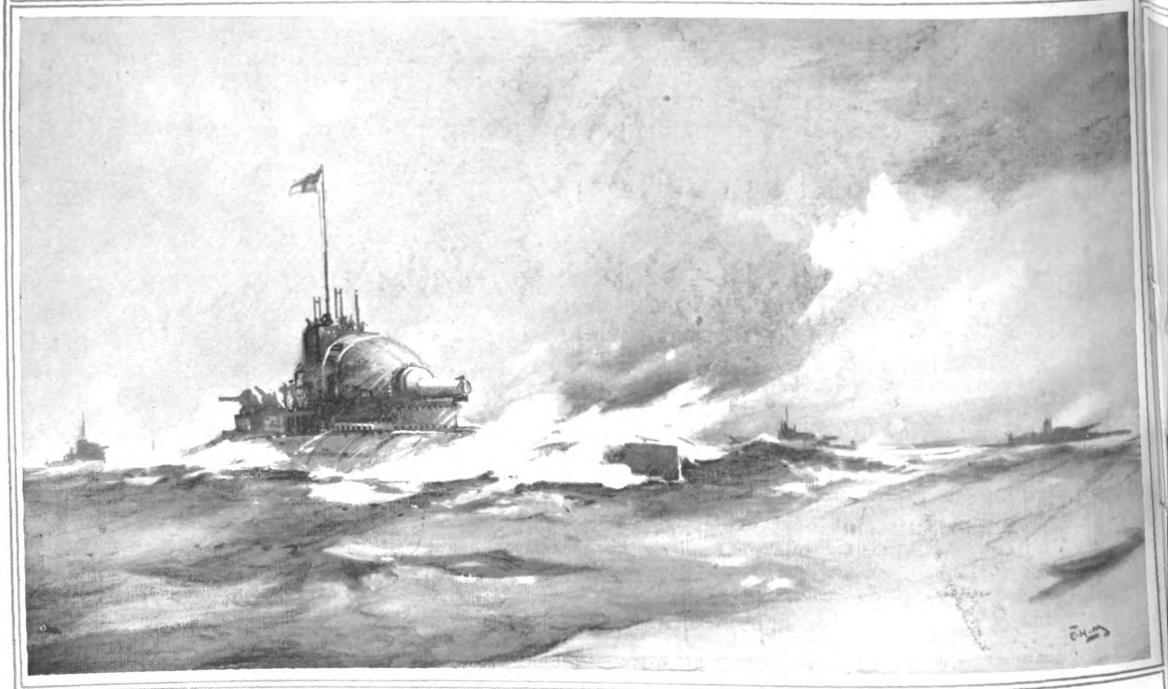
wherever bending of the earth's crust is in evidence; while if this phenomenon occurs on the coast, it is accompanied by volcanic action. While explosions at volcanic foci have shaken the earth, as instance the Krakatoa eruption of 1883, yet nearly all these disturbances are attributed to a sudden yielding in the flow of material, due to local overloading. Tremors originate in the earth's crust, which probably does not exceed thirty miles in thickness, and are usually within twelve miles of the surface. The greater pull of gravity on the earth's surface at New and Full Moons renders earthquakes more frequent at these periods. It is suggested that the accumulation of deep-seated steam of high pressure may escape through fissures to regions of low pressure, resulting in great explosions. Earthquakes appear also to be connected with change of barometric pressure. We have three principal types of waves accompanying a shock. The waves reach the observing station by three separate routes: first, in a direct line *through* the earth; second and third, by travelling over the earth's surface in opposite directions from the point of origin, and reaching the observer from opposite points. From the time elapsing between the arrival of these three waves, it is possible to calculate the distance of the earthquake. Within the world's history about 14,000,000 of people have been swallowed up or killed by earthquakes." The modern science of seismology was practically originated by the late Professor Milne, who studied earthquakes in Japan, and for whom a Chair of Seismology was founded at the University of Tokio. He invented the recording pendulum illustrated above. On retiring he settled at Shide, Isle of Wight, where he established an observatory. He died in 1913, bequeathing his instruments to Oxford University.—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

IS THIS THE ANSWER TO THE NAVAL PROBLEM? THE S

DRAWN BY [illegible]



WITH THE SEA AS "WATER JACKET" THAT TAKES THE IMMENSE SHOCK OF DISCHARGE: SUBMERSIBLE BATTLE-SHIPS AND SUBMERGE AGAIN.

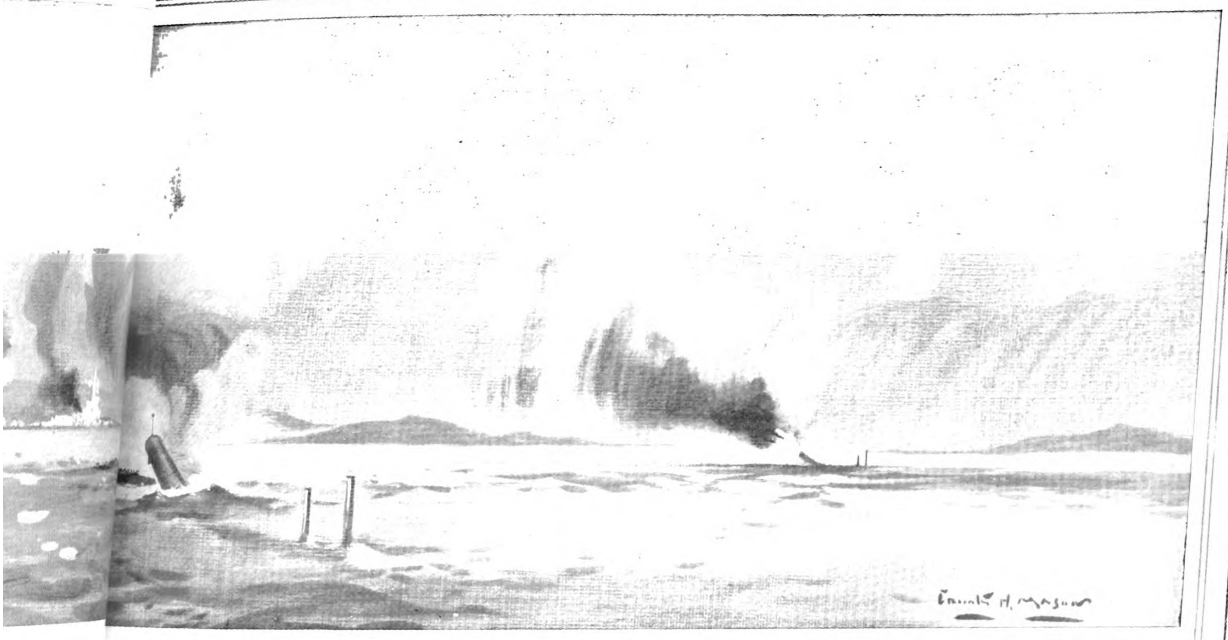


"SUBMERSIBLE 'EMDENS'" OF A TYPE WHICH SOME NAVAL AUTHORITIES BELIEVE WOULD HAVE ENABLED GERMANY TO WIN THE WAR: PATROLLING IN TWO COLUMNS.

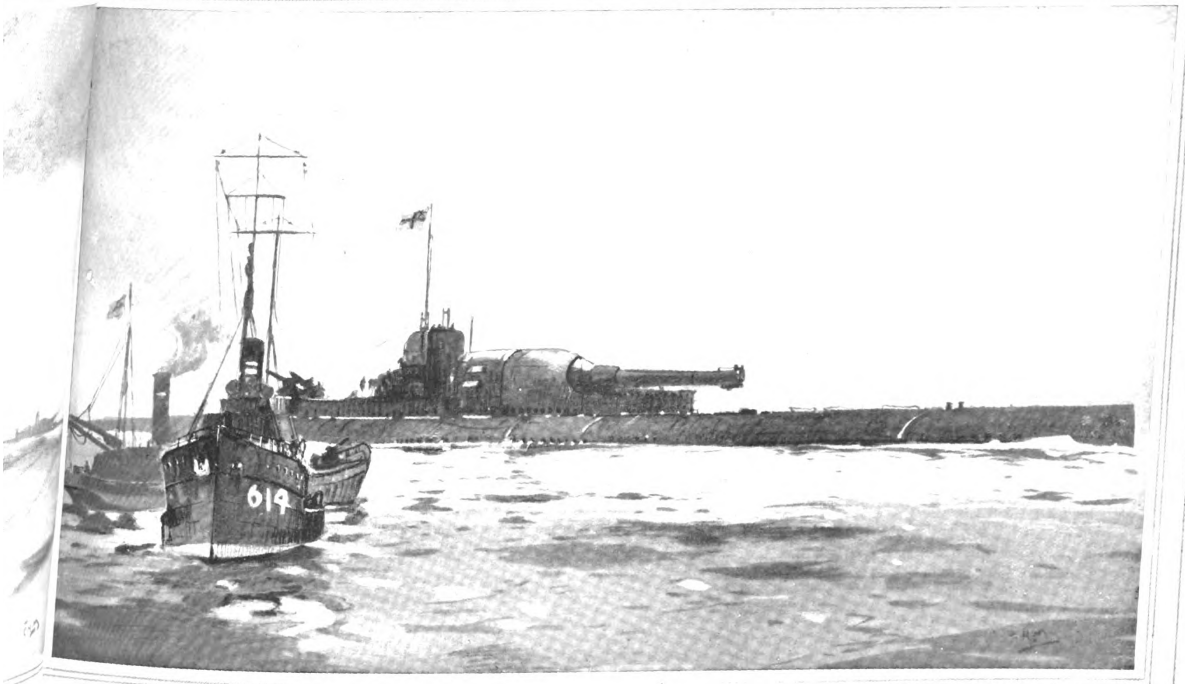
Is the lesson of Jutland and the naval war generally that the era of great surface craft, inaugurated by the "Dreadnought" and culminating in such vessels as the "Queen Elizabeth" and the "Hood," is now closed? The course of the war was marked by the progressive evolution of increasingly powerful underwater craft. The climax was reached, in the closing stages, by the launching of the celebrated "M 1," with her 12-in. gun; and the question is being asked whether she is just such a forerunner of a new type of war-ship as was the "Dreadnought" in her day. A distinction ought to be drawn between true submarine vessels and those which are merely submersible. The true submarine, being a thing of stealth, will probably always remain comparatively small in size: the heavily armed ship, which must run to size in order to carry the necessary weight of metal, is not likely ever to be more than a submersible surface craft. The two smaller sketches above show the type of vessel which may be anticipated

AL PROBLEM? UBMERSIBLE BATTLE-SHIP—A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.

NK H. MASON.



ARGE: SUBMERSIBLE BA... AND SCREEN... THE FUTURE BOMBARDING A COAST POSITION, FIRING WHEN SUBMERGED; AND ABLE TO BREAK SURFACE, RE-LOAD, ...THIN 30 SECONDS.



COULD OUR AUXILIARY PATROLS HAVE DEALT WITH SUCH A MONSTER? TRAWLERS AS USED IN THE WAR BESIDE A POSSIBLE SUBMERSIBLE BATTLE-SHIP.

... at no very distant date, should the "M 1" prove to be the point of departure for a new trend in naval construction and design. The larger panel suggests some of the ... purposes to which such vessels could be put. It will be remembered that the "M 1" submerges her entire bulk, leaving only the monstrous muzzle of her 12-in. gun (and, of course, her periscope) protruding above the water. She thus provides herself very literally with a "water jacket" that adequately takes the immense shock of discharge. Rear-Admiral Hall, an advocate of the submarine against the capital ship, recently wrote: "It is my firm belief, and that of many others, that, had Germany employed her submarine torpedo-vessels against our surface war fleet, and equipped a proper submarine cruiser fleet for a war on commerce, she would have won the war. Our auxiliary patrols . . . would have been rapidly wiped out in detail. . . . The difficulty in our next war will probably be . . . submersible 'Emdens'."—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

The Ancestry of Man: Stone Age Skulls and Their Story.

Abridged from an Article by Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History.

THE beginning of the Age of Man, some 500,000 years ago, roughly estimated as the close of the Age of Mammals, marks in reality but the beginning of the close of the Age of Mammals. The extinction of the most superb mammals that the earth has ever produced, during the early stages of human evolution, progressed from natural causes due directly or indirectly to the Glacial epoch. With the introduction of firearms the destruction has proceeded with increasing rapidity, and to-day it is going on, by the use of guns and steel traps, at a more rapid rate than ever. By the middle of this century man will be alone amid the ruins of the mammalian world he has destroyed, the period of the Age of Mammals will have entirely closed, and the Age of Man will have reached a numerical climax, from which some statisticians believe it will probably recede, because we are approaching the point of the over-population of the earth in three of the five great continents.

The cradle of the human race was, in our opinion, in Asia, in regions not yet explored by palæontologists. One reason that human and prehuman fossil remains are rare is that the ancestors are shown to be very far removed from the large-brained walking line which gave rise to our ancestors. Our own immediate ancestors did not live in trees; they were erect or semi-erect for a very long period, perhaps as far back as Miocene time. Back of this, perhaps a million years ago, was a prehuman, arboreal stage.

The Trinil ape-man, the *Pithecanthropus* of Java (see centre of top photograph opposite), is the first of the conundrums in human ancestry. Is the Trinil race prehuman or not? The restored head by Professor J. Howard McGregor, of Columbia University, is designed to show its half human, half-anthropoid resemblance, as suggested by the top of the cranium, the only part known, which is far more human than that of any ape cranium, and at the same time far more apelike than that of any human cranium. It is not impossible that this ape-man is related to the Neanderthal man.

Unquestionably the most ancient human relic which has thus far been discovered is the jaw of the so-called Heidelberg man, a fossil which may be 250,000 years old. From it has been modelled by McGregor the Heidelberg skull, which is very similar to the Neanderthal skull. The Heidelberg man may be ancestral to the Neanderthal man.

A few deep brown fragments of a skull and jaw and one tooth represent all the remains known of the Piltdown man, discovered in England a few years ago. Two reconstructions of the Piltdown skull have been made: the original by Professor A. Smith Woodward in London, in the British Museum; the second in this country by McGregor. The problem whether the Piltdown jaw belongs to this human skull or whether it belongs to a fossil chimpanzee is still not actually settled. The skull itself is of a rather fine type, with a flat forehead like that of the existing Bushmen of South Africa.

The Neanderthal man represents the oldest fossil human race of which the skeleton is fully known. The remains are relatively abundant, many skulls and parts of skulls having been found during the last half-century in Spain, Germany, France, and Hungary. Foremost of these is the skullcap found near Düsseldorf, Germany, in 1850, which constitutes the type of the Neanderthal race itself.

The highly evolved Cró-Magnon race entered Europe from the east and drove out the Neanderthals. This was a race of warriors, of hunters, of painters and sculptors far superior to any of their predecessors. The contrast between the Cró-Magnon heads and those of the Neanderthals which precede them is as wide as it possibly could be. The Crô-Magnons were people like ourselves in point of evolution, and the characters of the head and cranium reflect their moral and spiritual potentiality.

Men of the Neolithic or New Stone Age used stone implements, partly chipped, partly polished. They hunted with the wolf-dog. They brought in pottery. In Central and Southern France and in Switzerland they cultivated the ground and introduced cereals. Forerunners of these Neolithic men scattered over the Baltic shores and reached Northern France.

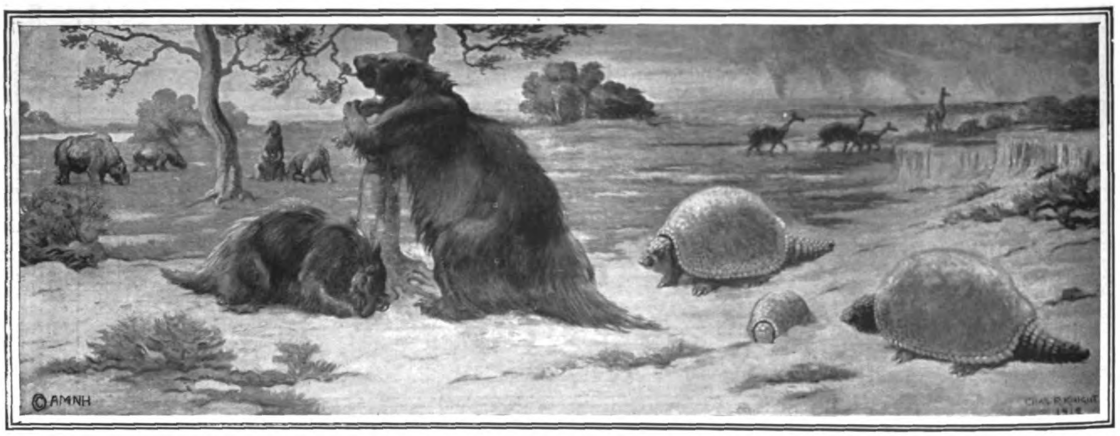
"The Neolithic Stag Hunters" represent men of a northern race, brown or fair haired hunters of the stag, living along the southern shores of the Baltic in the earliest stage of the New Stone Age, a stage known as the Campignian from remains of huts and rudely polished stone implements found near Campigny in France. The scene is on the border of one of the northern beech forests and represents the return from the hunt. After the ardour of the chase, the hunters have thrown off their fur garments. The chieftain in the centre is partly clad in furs; in the coming winter season he will be wholly fur-clad. His son, a fair-haired youth with a necklace of bear claws, grasps a bow and arrow and holds in leash a wolf-dog, ancestor of the modern sheep-dog of Northern France. The hunters, with spears tipped with stone heads, are resting from the chase. Two vessels of pottery indicate the introduction of the new ceramic art, accompanied by crude ornamentation.

This race was courageous, warlike, hardy, but of a lower intelligence and artistic order than the Cró-Magnons; it was chiefly concerned, in a rigorous northern climate, with the struggle for existence, in which the qualities of endurance, tribal loyalty, and the rudiments of family life were being cultivated. Rude huts take the place of caverns and shelters, which are now mostly abandoned.

These were tall men, with high, narrow skulls, related to the existing Nordic race, more powerful in build than the people of the Swiss Lake Dwellings. Skulls and skeletons representative of this hardy northern type are abundantly known in Scandinavia.

In Europe man hunted the reindeer, the wild horses and cattle, and the mammoth. He used the hide of the reindeer for clothing, the flesh and marrow for food. He carved the ivory tusks of the mammoth. The mammoth, the northern, hairy type of elephant known to early explorers of fossil remains, was foremost among the great mammals hunted by man.

The evolution of the proboscideans culminates in the mastodons and mammoths. This is one of the romances of evolution quite equal in interest to the evolution of the horse. The early stages in the evolution of the proboscideans, beginning with the *Palæomastodon* discovered in the Fayûm region of Northern Africa, carry us back into times far antecedent to the Age of Man, namely, into an early period of the Age of Mammals, the Oligocene.



CONTEMPORARIES OF PALÆOLITHIC MAN: SOUTH AMERICAN ANIMALS OF THE OLD STONE AGE, IN A LOESS STORM ON THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS.

The original of the illustration is a mural painting in the new Hall of the Age of Man in the American Museum of Natural History at New York. In the foreground on the left are mylodonts (giant sloths), and on the right glyptodonts. Beyond on the left are toxodonts, and on the right macrauchenias (long-necked creatures). Behind them is a storm of loess, or fine dust, of which large fossil-bearing deposits exist, as in the valley of the La Plata River, where this scene is laid and where many great fossils have been found buried in the loess.

Painted by Charles R. Knight under the Direction of Henry Fairfield Osborn. Photograph by the American Museum of Natural History.

of man lived partly among the trees and forests; this does not mean that they were arboreal; they lived chiefly on the ground. Even when living in a more open country the ancestors of man were alert to escape the floods and sandstorms which entombed animals like the horse of the open country and of the plains. Hence fossil remains of man, as well as of his ancestors, are extremely rare until the period of burial began. Only two races, the Heidelberg and the Piltdown, are certainly known from the river drifts and gravels before the period of burials.

The human remains known consist principally of portions of skulls, of jaws, and teeth of members of these races.

The ascent of man as one of the Primates was parallel with that of the families of apes. Man has a long line of ancestry of his own, perhaps two million or more years in length. He is not descended from any known form of ape either living or fossil. One hypothetical ancestral stage, of which we have a small jaw (see middle bottom of exhibit in the top photograph on the opposite page), found in the Oligocene of northern Egypt, is the *Propliopithecus*, which in the opinion of Professor W. K. Gregory, of the American Museum, our leading authority on the anthropoids, is at least structurally ancestral to the higher apes and man—in other words, a possible prehuman link. From such an animal possibly four branches were given off leading respectively to the living orangs, the gibbons, the chimpanzees, the gorillas, and some of their fossil ancestors.

All these great man-apes are distinguished from man by being more or less arboreal in habit; they



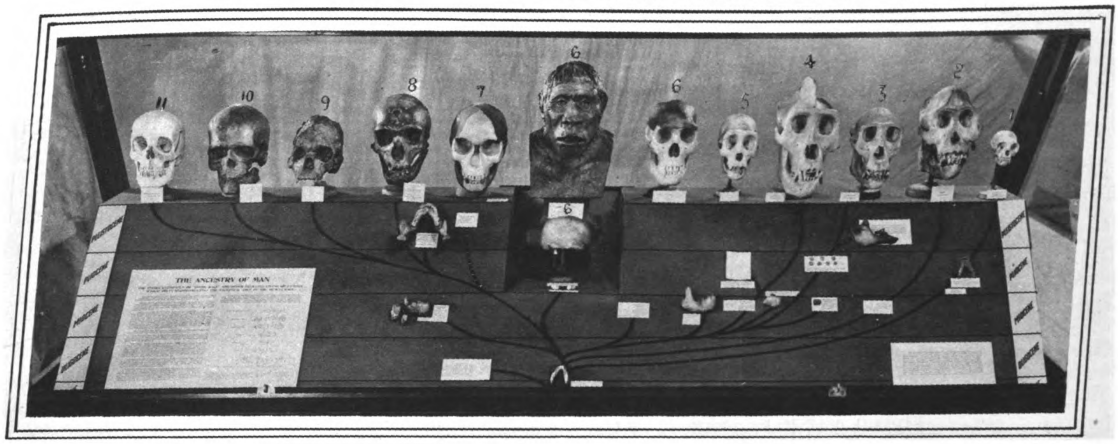
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THE ASCENT OF MAN: 500,000 YEARS OF EVOLUTION.

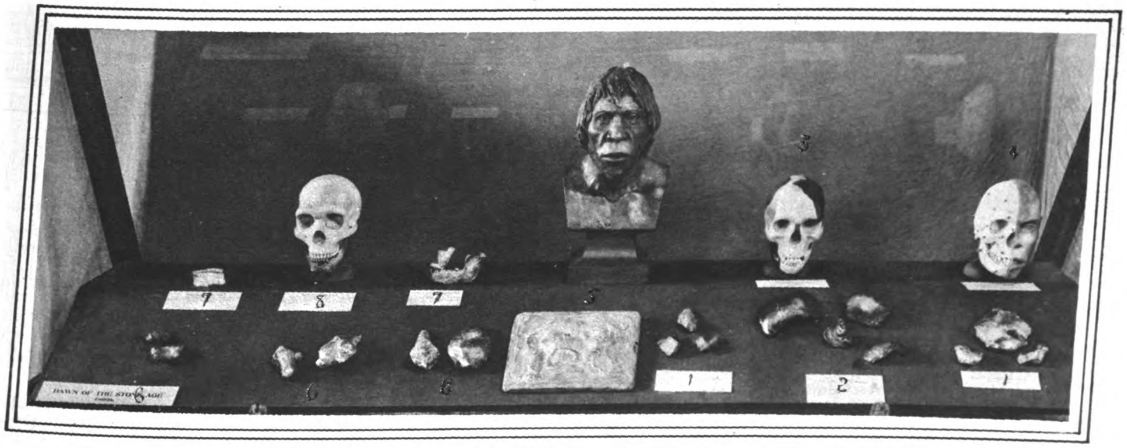
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK, SHOWING EXHIBITS IN THE NEW HALL OF THE AGE OF MAN.



MAN'S PLACE AMONG THE PRIMATES: (CENTRE) A RESTORATION OF THE "TRINIL," OR APE-MAN OF JAVA (*PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS*); (LEFT) HUMAN SKULLS; (RIGHT) SKULLS OF ANTHROPOID APES.



IMMEDIATE PREDECESSORS OF MODERN MAN: SKULLS, JAWS, AND IMPLEMENTS OF THE NEANDERTHAL RACE (50,000 TO 25,000 B.C.) NAMED AFTER A SKULL (1) DISCOVERED IN THE NEANDER VALLEY, NEAR DÜSSELDORF.



PERHAPS 500,000 YEARS OLD, AND HAVING A BRAIN CAPACITY OF 1200 TO 1300 CC.: THE PILTDOWN SKULL (FRAGMENTS AND RESTORATIONS. CENTRE AND RIGHT); AND THE HEIDELBERG JAW (7).

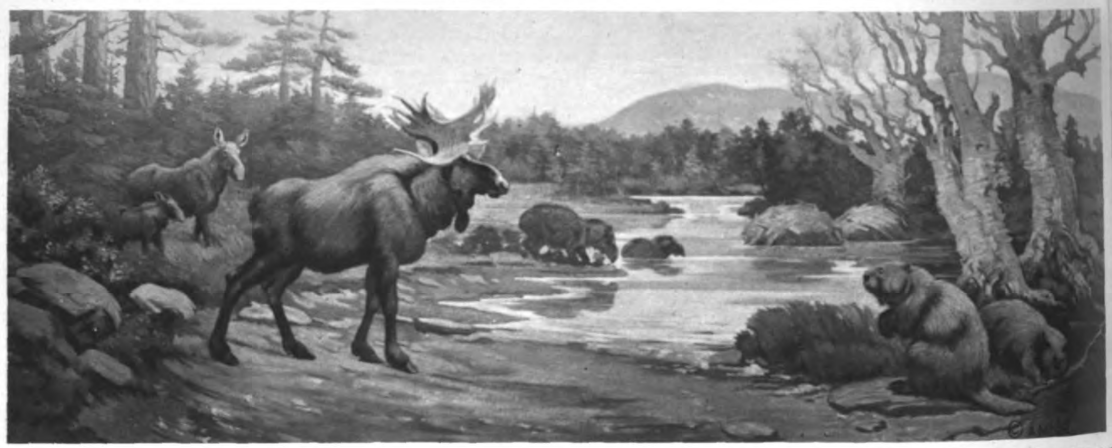
In the top photograph the skulls (numbered right to left) are: (1) gibbon; (2) orang; (3) chimpanzee; (4) adult gorilla; (5) young gorilla; (6, 6, 6) restorations of skull and head of the "Trinil," or ape-man of Java, and a cast of his brain-case. On the left are models of skulls of known races of man—(7) Piltdown; (8) Neanderthal; (9) Talgai; (10) Crô-Magnon; (11) recent. Below (8) is a cast of the Heidelberg jaw. "The ascent of man," writes Mr. H. F. Osborn, whose article (abridged) appears on the opposite page, "has in general paralleled that of the families of anthropoid apes, as is shown by the 'tree of descent' in black lines. Man is not descended from any known ape, either living or fossil, but a hypothetical ancestor of this entire anthropoid group." In the middle photograph are: (1) the Neanderthal skull-cap; (2, upper) skull from Spy, Belgium; (2, lower) jaw fragments from Malarnaud, France; (3) jaw fragments from Krapina, Croatia; (4) skull from Le Moustier, France; (5) skull from La Chapelle-aux-Saints, France; (6) restoration of Neanderthal head; (7, 7, 7, left to right) female skull found at Gibraltar, 1848; a restoration of it; and a reconstruction of half the head; (8) stone implements. In the lower photograph are: (1) Piltdown (Sussex) stone and flint implements; (2) the Piltdown skull fragments; (3, 4 and 5) restorations of the Piltdown skull by Professor McGregor; (6, 6, 6) stone implements; (7) the Heidelberg jaw, perhaps of 200,000 B.C.; (8) skull modelled to fit the jaw, which is large and ape-like in form, though the teeth are human.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD: STONE AGE MA

From Mural Paintings by Charles R. Knight under the Direction of Henry Fairfield Osborn



"ON THE SOMME" IN THE GLACIAL EPOCH: A NORTHWARD MARCH IN SPRING OF REINDEER AND WOOLLY MAMMOTH, OF THE TYPE DEPICTED BY CRÔ-MAGNON ARTISTS IN THE FONT-DE-GAUME CAVERN.



AUTUMN IN NORTHERN NEW JERSEY DURING LATE GLACIAL TIMES: THREE EXTINCT NORTH AMERICAN ANIMALS—THE DEER-MOOSE (LEFT FOREGROUND), TAPIR (CENTRE BACKGROUND), AND CASTOROIDES, A GREAT RODENT.



"THE NEOLITHIC STAG-HUNTERS" OF THE NEW STONE AGE, WITH A TAMED WOLF-DOG: LIFE IN A TRANSITION PERIOD BETWEEN PALÆOLITHIC AND NEOLITHIC TIMES (ABOUT 7000—1500 B.C.).

Interest in prehistoric man is at the moment especially keen, owing to new researches and discoveries by Professor Eugène Dubois, of Amsterdam University, and others. The above remarkably interesting mural paintings adorn the new Hall of the Age of Man in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The following details of the above pictures are taken from notes by Mr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, under whose direction the Hall is being arranged. At the close of the Glacial Epoch herds of Mammoth, Rhinoceros, and Reindeer, it is thought, migrated northward and southward with the seasonal changes. Whole carcases of Mammoths have been found frozen in the ice-fields of Siberia. The Mastodon survived in America to a time contemporary with man in Europe, but no Mastodons lived in Europe so late. The Royal Bison was a gigantic fore-runner of our present Bison. The native American horse (*Equus scotti*) disappeared before the appearance of man on the North American continent. The Deer-Moose, Tapir, and Castoroides (a great rodent much larger than a beaver) are extinct North American animals. The Tapir survives in South America and Malaya. The Woolly Rhinoceros

ORLD: STONE MAN AND HIS FOUR-FOOTED CONTEMPORARIES.

ER THE DIRECTION OF HENRY FAIR

HOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.



ON THE MISSOURI AT THE CLOSE OF THE GLACIAL EPOCH: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE MASTODON, ROYAL BISON, AND NATIVE AMERICAN HORSE, *EQUUS SCOTTI* (EXTINCT BEFORE THE APPEARANCE OF MAN IN NORTH AMERICA).



ANIMAL LIFE IN EUROPE IN PALÆOLITHIC TIMES: THE WOOLLY RHINOCEROS IN A GLACIAL WINTER, NORTHERN FRANCE—(BEYOND) SAIGA ANTELOPES AND MAMMOTHS.

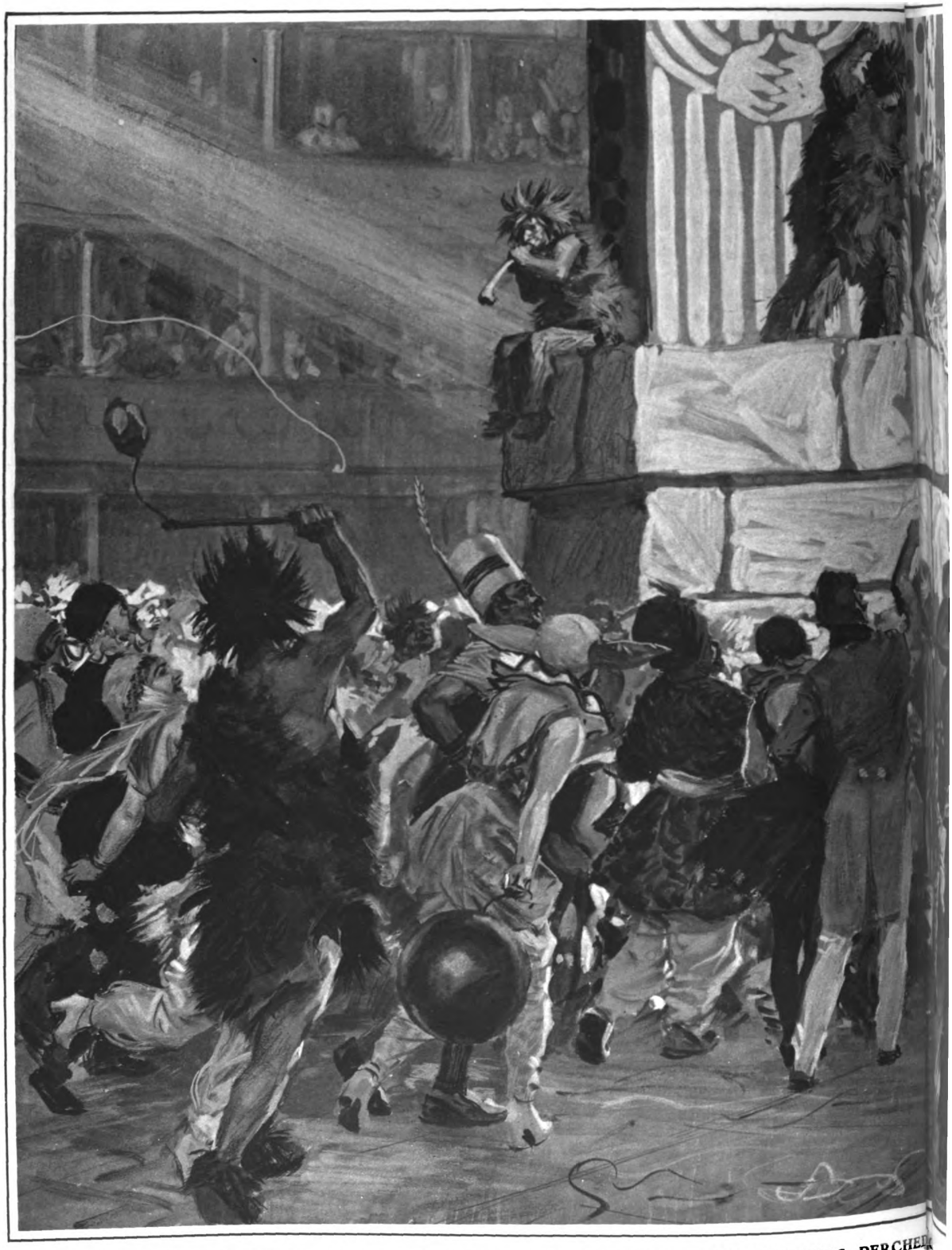


PALÆOLITHIC CULTURE IN THE DAYS OF THE MAMMOTH: CRÔ-MAGNON ARTISTS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE AT WORK ON THE FAMOUS PAINTING FOUND IN THE CAVE OF FONT-DE-GAUME, DORDOGNE.

of Europe and Siberia is extinct, as also is the Saiga Antelope. In "The Neolithic Stag-Hunters," the men, with their stone-tipped spears, are resting after the chase. These Neolithic invaders were akin to existing Scandinavians. They introduced a rudimentary agriculture, polished stone, pottery, huts instead of caves, and domestic animals, like the wolf-dog, ancestor of the sheep-dog of Northern France. Artistically, however, an earlier Palæolithic people, known as the Crô-Magnon race, were far more advanced. At the close of the last Glacial Period they entered Europe from the east and drove out or exterminated the inferior Neanderthal race. The Palæolithic mural paintings and reliefs found on the walls of limestone grottoes in France and Spain show greater artistry than that of any other primitive people. Our last illustration represents four Crô-Magnon artists at work on the famous procession of Mammoths found in the cave of Font-de-Gaume, Dordogne. Two are holding lamps. The clothed man on the left is a chieftain, with staff or sceptre in his hand as a sign of his rank.—*[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

THE "PREHISTORIC" AS SEEN AT THE ALBERT HALL

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

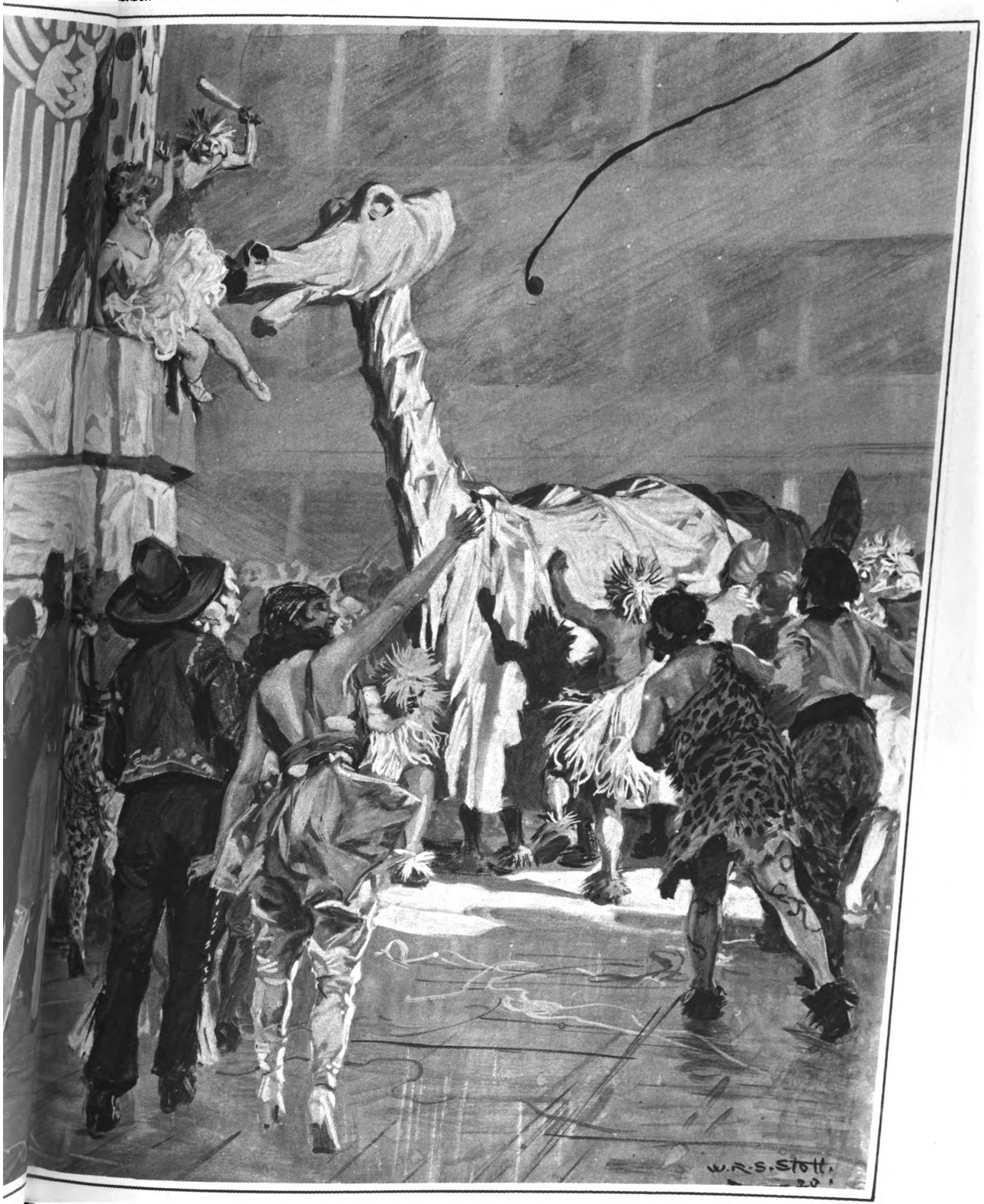


THE "BRONTOSAURUS" ATTACKS: "GUSSIE" THREATENS DANCERS PERCHED

The Chelsea Arts Club Ball is invariably a successful and amusing revel, "featuring" artists and art students, stage celebrities, and literary well-knowns, as well as many representatives of Society with a big "S." This year, the Albert Hall was thoroughly disguised, by the efforts of the great artist, Mr. Augustus John, and a band of students. The *décor* was prehistoric, and the atmosphere of the Ball harmlessly heathen; the great god Pan reigned in the monument of the good Prince Consort! The organ was hidden behind a huge Temple of the Sun, set in a Palæozoic landscape wherein fearsome beasts of the period prowled; grotesque creatures hung from the roof; and in the centre of the hall rose a strange, carved monument on which the dancers might perch. Curious monsters also perambulated the ball-room. Of these, "Gussie," the

AT THE ALBERT HALL: THE CHIEF OF ALL THE ARTISTS' REVELS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY W. R. S. STOTT.



PERSON THE PALÆOZOIC "CENTREPIECE" AT THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL.

...Brontosaurus" (called after Augustus John) was easily the most impressive. His architects numbered a hundred, and he could be taken to pieces and returned to his "shed" ... when he felt wearied of walking the ball-room! Our artist has shown "Gussie" in playful mood, threatening to pull a Columbine off her perch. No doubt he objected to her ... presence in the prehistoric company! The procession at the ball was both beautiful and artistic. Dresses of the "correct" prehistoric period were well in evidence; but ... costumes of every style and period were to be seen. It would be interesting to compare some of the Palæozoic monsters represented in masquerade with the scientific portraits of ... Stone Age man and his quadruped contemporaries elsewhere in this number!—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE phrase "Art for Art's sake" indicates a deliberate and positive action in creating something which is above and beyond the appreciation of one's generation. William Blake did this, and died in a garret. A stream of jewelled reputations which posterity crowns lived in an aching dream of aspiration for recognition. Nowadays the artistic temperament brings people equally to starvation. To adjudge modern art is a special gift. Nameless work stands



ONE OF THE GOYAS AT THE EXHIBITION OF SPANISH PAINTINGS, AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "THE GREASY POLE."

This particular picture is lent by the Duke of Montellano. In its description is the following: "In the centre of an open place, a tall, bare, and polished pole, at the upper end of which three cocks and three cakes are hanging, tied together. To gain the prizes, children are climbing up the pole." The work was painted for the Alameda of the Dukes of Osuna.

By Courtesy of the Directors of the Exhibition.

on no auction precedent. Even the plutocrat with full and somewhat tightly closed purse must be credited with some knowledge. If he buys unknown work at what he terms "rock-bottom price," he has to await to-morrow's judgment. But the artist cannot afford to wait. It is inevitable that patrons, who portend Time's favourites, have very often a bad time; the stars are against them; but they never publish their failures. In regard to modern art which comes into the auction-room—and a great deal is offered nowadays—there are always these postulates. But concerning Old Masters, with the hall-mark of half-a-score of sales or the proof not so much of authenticity as of quality, there comes a saddening thought on the outset of a New Year: the long arm of circumstance in the shape of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who may attempt to affix a tax on auction sales. It is a suggestion that has been made, and therefore must be considered. Mr. Townshend Green, a past-President of the Auctioneers' Institute, is of the opinion that a small fixed tax would have a disappointing result; while a high one would deter persons with valuable property from selling at public auction. It should, too, be borne in mind that property put up for sale on the winding-up of an estate would, if such a tax be contemplated, be doubly taxed.

These are shadows on the threshold of a New Year. London is a great emporium. Continental buyers have flocked hither. Foreign money has been lavishly expended in our sale-rooms. Americans have been especially keen, not only in procuring *Americana*, but in capturing treasures of our common art and literature, and in competing for Continental masterpieces.

If one could transplant certain objects just to their right spot, how much worthier would they be deemed! Here in London we barter unthinkingly the treasures of the five continents. Men have given their lives to collect on the spot. It is like the orchid-hunters searching in tropical swamps for rare specimens. But ornithological examples come and go without real zest. Rummaging is a good word. In Mr. Steevens' sale on Dec. 21 rummagers were satisfied.

Embroideries, weapons, and a hundred specimens from London excavations made a pleasant afternoon's diversion. All sorts of side-lines came forward here that are not sought after in the greater auction-rooms. There was an Ashanti witch-doctor's drum and beater with bronze bells. The writer recalls certain examination given to Ashanti gold ornaments, where undoubted Greek influence was obvious—just tiny figurines in solid gold (believed by the owner to be lacquered) standing on a Royal Engineer's table at Salisbury. Ashanti gold is not hall-marked. If one specialises in bone skates, here were some sixteenth and seventeenth century examples. Drug-pots of old delft should have claimed a keener market, for fashionable modern pharmaceutists have adopted the pleasing plan of having old examples on their shelves. One likes to handle the Indian elephant-goad, a spiked instrument which is used to stick into the legs of the animal when he halts idly. But a goad with a secret dagger is a new and pleasing feature. The goad is for the elephant, the dagger for some human enemy. Other objects came along—clay pipes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, knitted purses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and a series of tradesmen's engraved cards, which invited collectors to unexplored fields.

Messrs. Sotheby sold an interesting collection of Greek and Roman coins formed by Mr. F. W. V. Peterson, in a two days' sale. The Greek occupied the first day and part of the next. There is always the thought uppermost in regard to the wonderful art of the Greeks, how greatly their design eclipses all modern art—the fine bold portraiture, the splendid symbolism, the noble virility. But there comes the added thought—the technique from a practical point of view on a lesser plane. Our coins to-day are handled millions and millions of times. Queen Victoria's, Edward's, and later coinages show the signs of wear and tear. The Greek and Roman coins were not made for posterity. It is happy that we get examples at all, and of such fineness; this is an accident. The moral is that modernity claims finer technique, although design is on an admittedly lower plane.

Old tapestry won an attentive market at Messrs. Christie's rooms on Dec. 21. It was the eve of Christmas, when public buyers were busy, but in a quiet sanctum many good prices were made. There was a fine panel of Mortlake tapestry with group of figures pressing grapes, and others ploughing and harrowing, emblematical of autumn, with the Mortlake mark and signed Tho. Poyntz (11 feet by 10 feet), a nice piece. A Brussels panel, the property of a nobleman, was woven with a group of peasant figures at a repast on the banks of a river, with an extensive landscape. Of seventeenth-century craftsmanship, this sold for £997 10s. There was a somnolence in this item which breathed the innermost spirit of old tapestry. It had a magic charm in its repose which steeped one in a restful languor as a quiet contrast to the restlessness of modern decorative art. Herein lies the value artistically and monetarily of such a subject.

At the same sale Worcester and Chelsea china and old English furniture passed in rapid surveillance. A Chippendale mahogany six-leaf screen attracted attention, and sold very well. There was, too, a Charles II. day-bed, the precursor of the modern sofa. But buyers were not students of evolution, and hence a big price could not be expected. But, although not sensational, there was soundness in the result.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson offered a fine pair of tea-caddies on Dec. 22, with maker's mark "P.K.," the same as on the Berners toilet set. Among many other interesting items there was a fine sugar-basin of Adam design (Adam design, as we all know, is the delicate, beautiful, symmetrical character displayed in an attempt to bring Greek art into a colder climate). We all became Greeks for a moment, and here was one example, by John Lias, 1793—a sugar-basin representing a type.

At Christie's, searchers after bargains in a sale of old pictures and drawings on Dec. 22 made some finds. While all the world was out in the fashionable thoroughfares, here in the quiet galleries, without turmoil and without competition, nice items found ready purchasers. For here were little works by Paul Sandys, his delectable views of Windsor Castle; a Wilson landscape with peasants driving sheep; while a Netcher, a lady and gentleman at a window playing and singing, and a Mieris, "Love Song," typified music. At times Jove nods and auctioneers grow jaded, but connoisseurs are becoming especially far-seeing. It is in these little sales of no apparent moment that fine acquisitions are made by the alert collector.

On Jan. 10 Eastern rugs are being sold by Messrs. Christie. Lovers of textiles will find Ispahan, Karadjah, Khorassan, and Bokhara rugs, and Persian carpets, together with coverlets of Rhodian embroidery and Chinese and Japanese panels. On the following day Japanese lacquer is alluring. There is a fascinating array of boxes scintillating with colour—octagonal, square, circular, and fan-shaped—many from the Lawrence collection. The Chinese carvings from Lord Faber's collection offer delectable work in jade and hardstones. A pricket candlestick is carved with bats. Lotus-leaves are surmounted by reptiles; but, above all, there is a charming piece, delicate and esoteric—a small teapot with cover carved in pink crystal. Here is the Far East *in excelsis*—the inner heart of far Cathay.



PAINTED FOR THE ALAMEDA OF THE DUKES OF OSUNA: GOYA'S "ROBBING THE COACH," AT THE EXHIBITION OF SPANISH PAINTINGS.

This picture also is lent by the Duke of Montellano; and it, too, was painted for the Alameda of the Dukes of Osuna. Goya sent in his account for it on May 12, 1787, and valued the work at 3000 reales.

By Courtesy of the Directors of the Exhibition.

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES III.—A SHIP ON FLOATS; AN OBJECT LESSON IN SUBJECTIVITY; A "HAIR-CUT" CAPE; A SEX-DETERMINER; A ZIG-ZAGGED TABLE; A FOOT-WARMER; A DOUBLE-BOWLED PIPE.

Most of the devices illustrated are sufficiently explained above, but two call for a little further comment. One is the dark card showing a child's head with a mirror in the forehead. Its purpose is really quite simple, though the explanation (quoted from the specification) is rather mystifying. The object is to bring home to a child's mind the fact that light and sound are not things *per se*, but exist only in relation to the human powers of sight and hearing; the material world, on which those powers are exercised, being in itself dark and silent. The child looking into the mirror fixed in the forehead of the pictured head, sees its own reflection, which represents a subjective image formed in the mind of the child portrayed on the card. The real child thus gains an idea of the nature of subjectivity. Of the sex-determining pendulum, the inventor writes: "The appliance is operated by magnetism derived from the contact between the user of the instrument and the human being, animal, or egg. The device is operated by holding the handle as lightly as possible, so that the wire around the handle touches the hand. The instrument is then held over the subject being tested."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

WHAT is the function of literary criticism? It is, I have always thought, to trace the relation between life and literature, holding the mirror up to each and ascertaining whether or not the art of this or that poet or prose-writer is in harmony with the great, all-engrossing art of living. Such, if I read him aright, is also the reasoned opinion of Mr. J. Middleton Murry, whose "ASPECTS OF LITERATURE" (W. Collins' Sons; 10s. net) is the best book of its kind that has appeared for many years, and will surely help to lift criticism in this country above the level of mere appreciation or depreciation to which it has fallen—owing to the general belief of hasty writers that "*a* man is the measure of all things," and that a confused statement of personal liking or dislike is sufficient to settle the fate of any or every book. "I like it," says the average journalistic critic, and his pontifical air is none the less preposterous because he deposits a tiara of rhetorical jewels (every glittering compliment thrice repeated) on the book he blesses in a hurry. Though he knows it not, he is merely an aggravated version of the half-educated person who proudly declares, "I know nothing about literature and criticism and the rest of it—I haven't had time to read it all up—but I do know a good poem when it comes my way." And then he calls you a high-brow, if you refuse to be thrilled and enthralled by the canticles of Mr. John Oxenham or the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox (all of whose jog-trot rhymes and rhythms grew out of her absurd name, which sounds like a sack of coal going down a coal-hole next door). Poor, dear, harmless lady—she once wrote to me a dear, silly letter, rebuking me for scoffing at her designation of the "Sappho of Connecticut," and bravely declaring that she had written far better poems than the Sappho of Lesbos, whose "poetical output," as she observed, was so lamentably meagre.

. . .

Mr. Middleton Murry's first essay ("The Function of Criticism") is not easy reading. You must have visited Plato's ideal city and be sure that the good and the beautiful are identical to understand its full significance. The Greeks knew this to be so by instinct, and so the word in their everyday speech for a gentleman was *καλὸς κἀγαθος*—"beautiful-and-good." And that is why "we have to go back to the Greeks for the principles of art and criticism, and why only those critics who have returned to bathe themselves in the life-giving source have made enduring contributions to criticism. They alone are—let us not say philosophic critics, but—critics indeed. Their approach to life and their approach to art are the same; to them, and to them alone, life and art are one. The interpenetration is complete; the standards by which life and art are judged, the same." But life and art are not the same thing (here the realists are confuted, though the results of their theory or "working hypothesis" are often helpful), because the art of living is more than life is by nature—for it is the recognition of the ideal and the quest thereof, which, though it is at best a splendid failure, yet brings the generations of men nearer and yet nearer to that *Civitas Dei* which shines above the flaming walls of the universe and across that ocean of the divine, each wave of which is a religion. "Art, then," as Mr. Middleton Murry declares, "is the revelation of the ideal in human life. As the ideal is active and organic, so must art itself be. The ideal is never achieved, therefore the process of revealing it is creative in the truest sense of the word." When the implications of this high truth have been grasped—as they will be by anybody who faithfully follows this arch-critic's argument—the privilege and responsibility of the true critic can be recognised. "The function of true criticism is to establish a definite hierarchy among the great artists of the past, as well as to test the production of the present; by the combination of these activities it asserts the organic unity of all art." And, since the artist should be always pointing us to better, braver things, but, being of mortal flesh-and-blood, often fails to see the vision or even deliberately ignores it (for pence or popularity, or to please a patron or a coterie), the business of the critic is vital to our needs. If he does not take his vocation seriously, he is the worst kind of a sterile sophist.

. . . . .

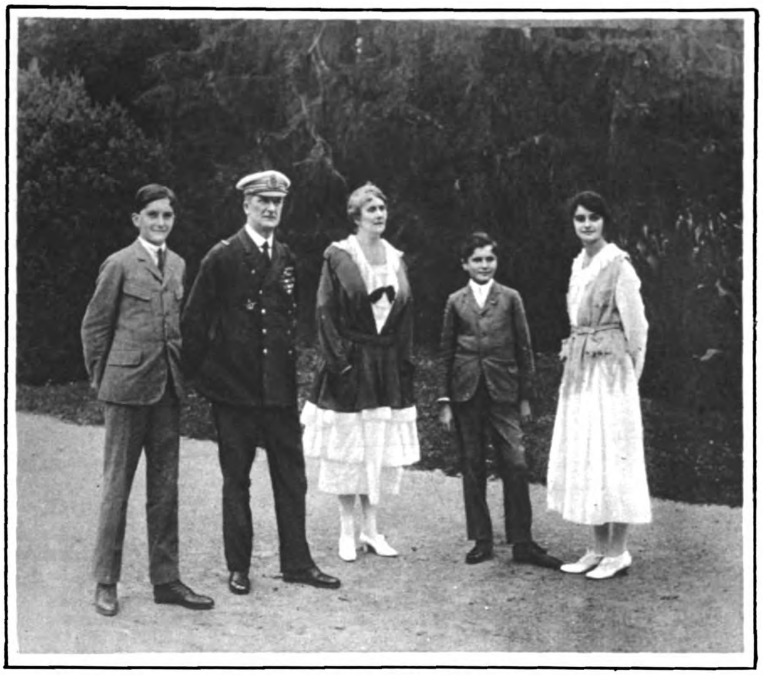
The essays, in which Mr. Middleton Murry lives up to his creed, are among the first courageous and judicious pronouncements we have had on certain phases of modern literature—*e.g.*, the amazing productiveness of coterie-boosted poetry—in this country. He deals faithfully with the Georgian poets collected by E. M., detesting their corporate flavour, which is *simplesse* or false simplicity, compounded of worship of trees and birds and contemporary poets in about equal proportions. He sees, of course, that Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Davies (I 'm not so sure about him, though), and Mr. Lawrence are free from this fault. He is delightfully sarcastic in dealing with the mistakes they make when patronising Nature professionally. When Mr. Shanks bids us: "Hear the loud nightjar spin his pleasant note," he remarks that the poet's description is sufficient proof that he cannot have heard a real night-jar, but "it was a kindly thought." Then, after thus poking fun at this busy coterie (in pre-war days we should have called them ingenious log-rollers) he turns to "Wheels" (Fourth Cycle) and finds in Mr. Wilfrid Owen's "Strange Meeting," beginning—

> It seemed that out of the battle I escaped
> Down some profound long tunnel, long since scooped
> Through granite which Titanic wars had groined.
> Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
> Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
> Then, as I probed them, one sprang up and stared
> With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
> Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.
> And by his smile I knew that sullen hall.
> With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;
> Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
> And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan—

a more memorable and momentous poem than the finest of the Georgian stuff, for all that its sombre imagination, its sombre rhythm, is that of the dying Keats. Indeed, I myself put it by (hoping for a second series of my "Muse in Arms") as the mightiest of the latter war-poems, written by a boy-poet of genius who had the certainty of death in his heart. Would I could touch on Mr. Middleton Murry's other essays (more especially "American Poetry"), but there are two other critics awaiting criticism.

. . .

"LIFE AND LITERATURE" (Heinemann; 25s. net), by Lafcadio Hearn, is a third selection, edited by Professor John Erskine, of Columbia University, of the lectures delivered by that admirable critic at the University of Tokyo between 1896 and 1902. It would be hard to overestimate the services of Lafcadio Hearn in interpreting the East to the West and the West to the East. He thought that the object of criticism was to find out why you like a book or why you dislike it; the good qualities of a book he defines in terms of its truth to life; and for an impartial index as to whether the book is true to life, he would accept the opinion of generations of men. He defined literature—so far as it is a fine art—as the best expression of the most intimate experiences. It is a good theory, though not the very best to work on. But the lecture on "Character and Literature" shows him unconsciously fulfilling the function of criticism as defined by Mr. Middleton Murry. — "THE SACRED WOOD" (Methuen; 6s. net), by T. S. Eliot, is a collection of critical essays of varying merit, the best being a severe onslaught on Professor Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides, which "stretch the Greek brevity to fit the loose frame of William Morris and blur the Greek lyric to the fluid haze of Swinburne." This long-due indictment will serve until the Oxford Professor crosses the Styx and has to face the ironical request of the Tragedian: "Could you give me a Greek translation of these highly original closet dramas of yours, to which, for some curious reason, you have attached my name?"



RULER OF A COUNTRY WHOSE MILITARY ACTIVITY HAS ALARMED ROUMANIA: ADMIRAL HORTHY, REGENT OF HUNGARY, AND HIS FAMILY

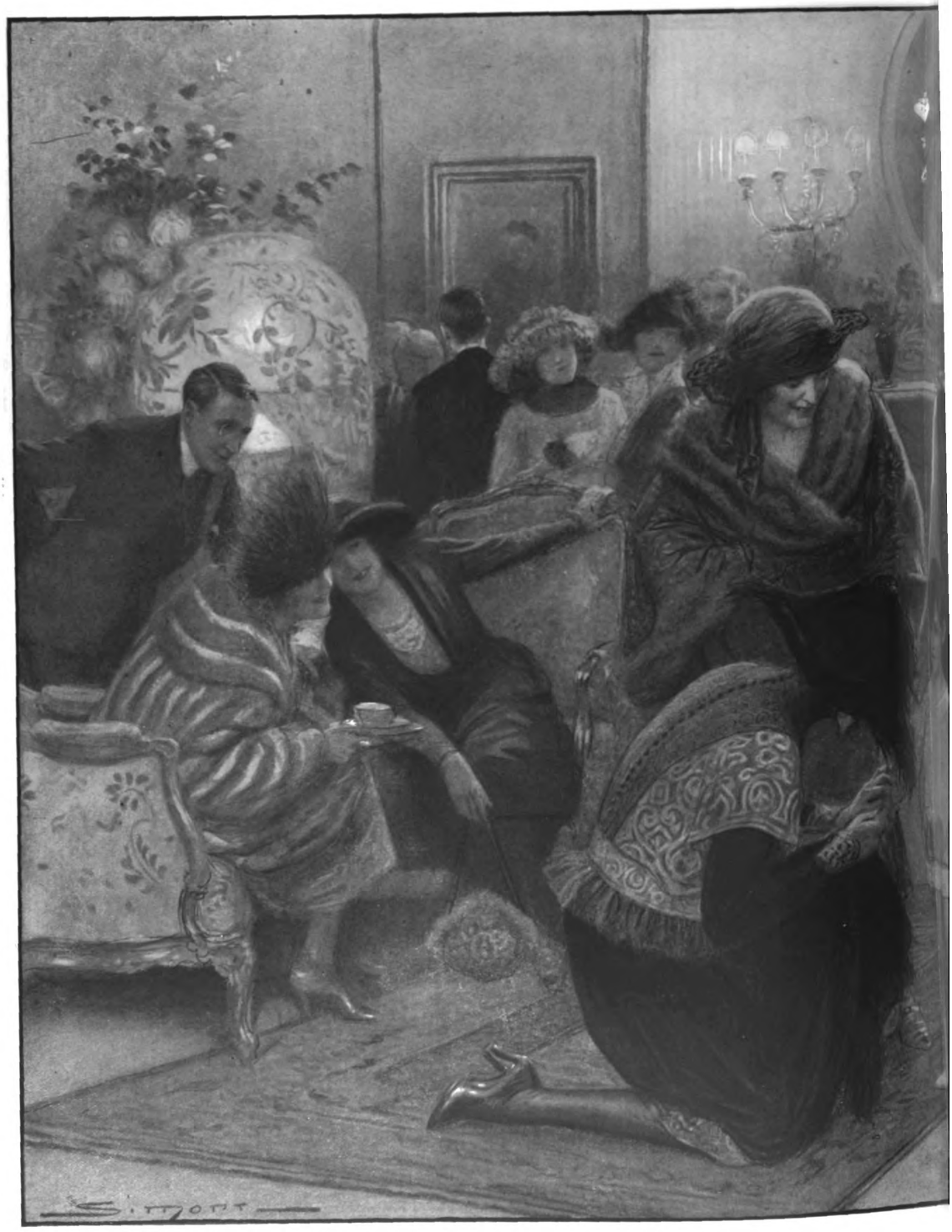
Roumania has drawn the attention of Britain and France to the massing of Hungarian troops on her frontier. Hungarian munition factories are also active. These military measures are said to be a precaution against Bolshevist invasion. Our photograph, taken at a royal palace, shows Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, with his wife and children, Nicholas (left), Stephen and Margaret. There was recently a political crisis in Hungary over the proposal to form a national independent kingdom, and to regard as void the Pragmatic Sanction, which secured the throne to the Hapsburgs. Some think that Admiral Horthy will become King.—[*Photograph by Keystone View Co.*]

In Natural-Colour Photography: The Queen in Her Country Garden.



AT THE ROYAL SEAT IN NORFOLK: HER MAJESTY AT YORK COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM.

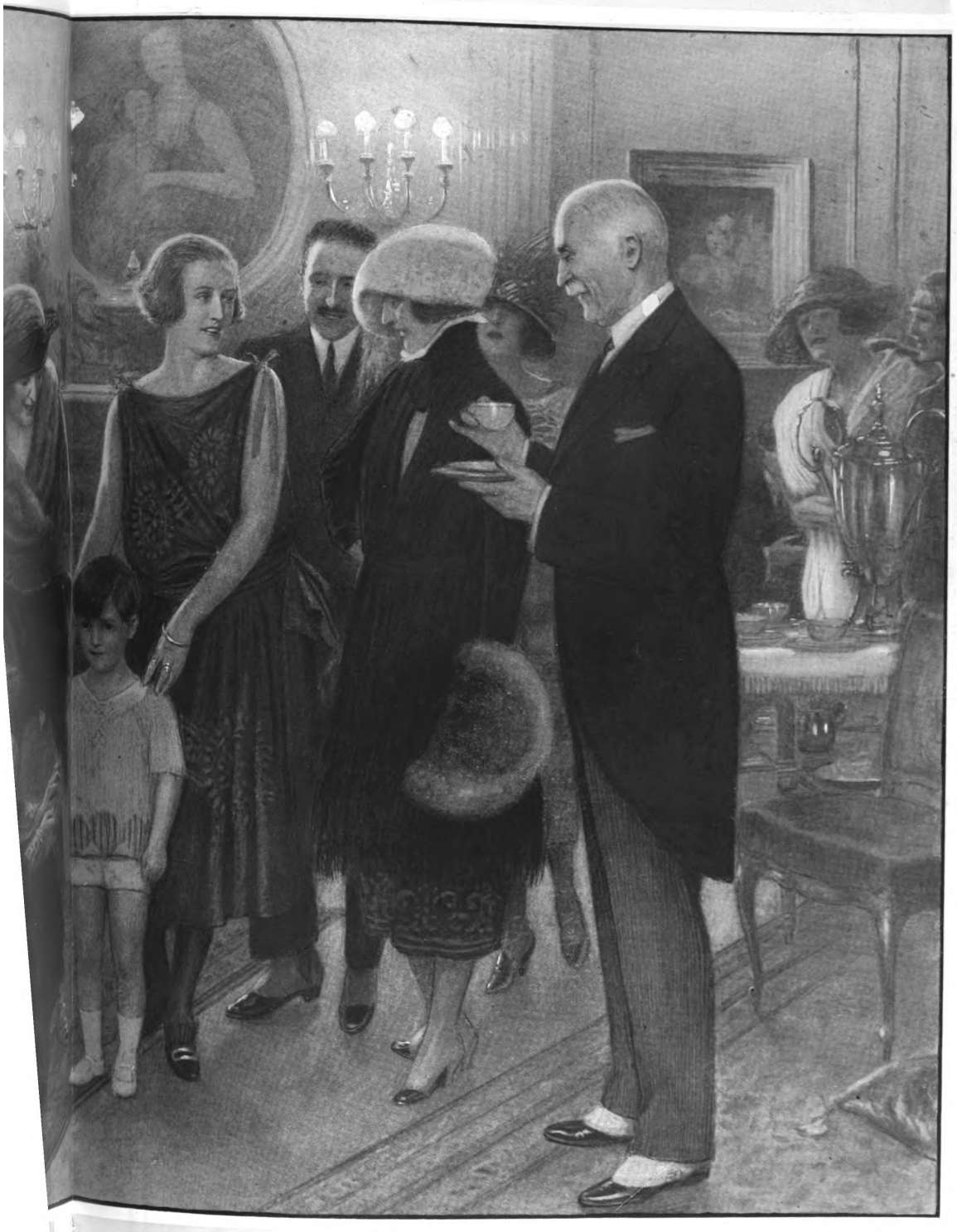
Colour photography has recently made great strides towards perfection, as these interesting autochromes of the Queen show. They were taken at York Cottage, Sandringham, the royal residence in Norfolk, where the Court proceeded on December 22, and will, it has been reported, remain until the first week in February.—[Autochromes by J. Russell and Sons, London.]



A PHASE OF FRENCH LIFE: (

Despite the fact that the French language has no precise equivalent for the English "home," France is very far from lackir
or where children are the objects of such genuine adoratio

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" B



CHILD-WORSHIP IN THE HOME.

acking what the word implies. There is no country, indeed, where the domestic affections are more in evidence than in France, ance. The scene here illustrated is typical of French family life.

BY SIMONT. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)


68·69 and 70
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TRELOAR & SON
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THE HUNT IS UP! WELL-KNOWN NEW MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY POOLE (WATERFORD), PHOTOPRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



THE CARLOW (IRELAND): MRS. W. HALL.



THE ATHERSTONE: MAJOR H. HAWKINS.



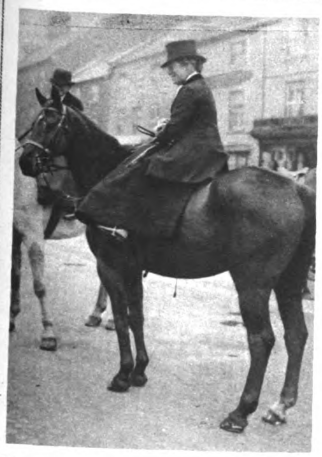
THE STEVENSTONE: MR. D. BLEW JONES (JOINT MASTER).



THE STEVENSTONE: LIEUT.-COL. B JAMES, D.S.O. (JOINT MASTER).



THE WHADDON CHASE: THE EARL OF ORKNEY.



THE BEDALE: LADY MASHAM



THE EAST CORNWALL: THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS.



THE ORMOND AND KING'S CO.: MR. G. LOUSADA.

The hunting season, which opened on November 1 last, is still in full swing in the shires, and also in Ireland, despite the disturbed political conditions across St. George's Channel. So many of our readers are interested in sporting matters, and are taking an active part in the countryman's chief winter diversion, that we need offer no apology for devoting this and the succeeding double-page to portraits of some of the best-known among the new M.F.H.'s. In more than one instance, it will be noted, the "Master" is a lady. The portrait of Lord Orkney is of special interest in view of the Whaddon Chase controversy.

TALLY-HO! PICTURES BY A MODERN ARTIST OF THE

REPRODUCTIONS OF MR. ALGERNON NEWTON'S PICTURES BY COURTESY OF THE ELDAR GALLERY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AN



"IN THE EAST BERKSHIRE COUNTRY": A PAINTING BY ALGERNON NEWTON.



THE DOWNHAM: MR. A. E. H. BIRCH.





THE BLENCATHRA (NEAR KESWICK): MR. R. J. HOLDSWORTH.



STANTON DREW AND WELLS: MR. E. H. R. BOUGHTON

ISLE OF WIGHT: MR. JOHN WILLIS FLEMING.



SOUTHWOLD: MR. J. W. RAMSDEN (JOINT MASTER)



SOUTHWOLD: MAJOR T. JESSOP (JOINT MASTER).



ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND: BR.-GEN. T. E. HICKMAN (JOINT MASTER).



"HUNTSMEN AND HOUNDS": A PAINTING BY MR. ALGERNON NEWTON.

Here, and on a preceding page, we give portraits of some of the new Masters of Foxhounds who have taken office this season. Among them, it will be seen, is the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Walter Long, who is Joint Master, with Sir A. Read, of the Avon Vale pack. His country seat is at Rood Ashton, Trowbridge, Wiltshire. We are also enabled to give some interesting examples of the work of an artist who has made the hunting-field his peculiar province, Mr. Algernon Newton. An exhibition of his paintings and water-colour drawings was held recently at the Eldar Gallery, 40, Great Marlborough Street, where the four pictures reproduced were shown. "One has to go back to the days of Morland," writes Mr. J. L. Rayner in a preface to the exhibition catalogue, "to find a serious painter interested in the sports of the people. Since

...TIST OF ... HUNTING-FIELD; AND NEW MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS.

...LLERY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ... GENERAL, HARPER (LUDLOW), WESTON AND SON, RUSSELL, PHOTOPRESS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SWAINE, LAFAYETTE, AND KETURAH COLLINGS.





THE LUDLOW: LIEUT.-COL. C. GOSSET MAYALL.



THE WEST PERCY: MAJOR ALEXANDER BROWNE (JOINT MASTER).





WEST PERCY: MAJOR W. NEILSON (JOINT MASTER).

"CUB-HUNTING IN CORNWALL": A PAINTING BY MR. ALGERNON NEWTON.

AVON VALE: MR. WALTER LONG, M.P. (JOINT MASTER).





TEDWORTH: CAPT. SIR ALFRED HICKMAN, BT.





NORTHUMBERLAND: COL. HON. H. E. JOICEY.

PYTCHLEY, WOODLAND: CAPT. G. BELLVILLE.

"MEET AT THE TRAVELLER'S FRIEND": A PAINTING BY MR. ALGERNON NEWTON.

Morland's time one can count even the paintings of sport on the fingers of one hand. The names that spring to the mind are not those of painters—Bunbury, Alken, Leech, Caldecott, Keene, Armour. . . . Here, at home, is a landscape artistically virgin—the landscape of sport. It is into this landscape that Mr. Algernon Newton has entered and set up his easel. He has lived in Northamptonshire—where he hunted with the Grafton—and has known horses since the age of eight. His first exhibited picture (at the Royal Academy in 1903) was that of the famous Arab, Rebab, belonging to his brother. Lastly, paint is in his veins. The man who, with Mr. Winsor, started the famous firm of colour-makers in Rathbone Place was his grandfather."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

AT the portals of a New Year, when our *Illustrated London News* goes through many hands in many lands, it may be in the fitness of things to say a few words about our London stage. And I can find no cheerier message than the remarks of a charming Londoner who, after seven years of happiness in the Argentine, came home to England's beauty and its Christmas, and made a gay round of the theatres of the Metropolis. "I may be wrong," said she, "but in my recollection I have never found in London such a series of fine plays, so much originality, and so much literary quality." And then she reeled off her coil: began with Shakespeare over the water and at the Court, touched on Galsworthy's "Skin Game," on "Milestones," on "Mary Rose," on "The White-Headed Boy," on "The Wandering Jew," on "The Prude's Fall," on "The Great Lover," on "French Leave," on the "Grand Guignol," on "Fedora," on "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," and "The Beggars' Opera"—can you beat it? Can Paris beat it?—can Berlin, Vienna, or Rome? She spoke of the beauty of "The Blue Lagoon," of "Chu Chin Chow"—the picture, not the piece; she extolled the "nut-shell universality" of a revue like "Jumble Sale," the charming music of "A Little Dutch Girl," and, with a quotation of a French song, "*Alors j'ai pleuré comme on pleure à vingt ans*," when she referred to Milne's "Romantic Age" (about which more anon), and Wontner's chivalrous creation, she, a fond mother of a little trio, raved over the wonderful change that had come over the "Yuletide Stage," as she called it, ever since Peter Pan became immortal by play and statue. Oh! the lovely "Shepherdess without a Heart"—how perfectly poetic, how sweet, how beautifully told in word and canvas and Frank Harvey's melodies! How Andersen would have revelled in it!—he who wrote for young and old, and gladdened both in an understanding equal to all ages, and is interpreted by Bertram Forsyth and his acolytes with all the imagination contained in that wondersome word, "fairy-tale." She had not yet seen the great pantomime at Covent Garden, but she had been to the Lyceum and enjoyed "The Babes in the Wood"—what progress since yesteryears! No crude jokes about the bottle and its fumes, but humour wholesome and fresh; fairy-children playing with all the joy of living of youth; dancers galore in fine frill and graceful figures; a chorus of urchins and adolescents singing like gay little birds; a fairy godmother (Nan Stuart) with the warble of a prima donna—everything from gorgeous scenery to discreet colouring of costumes—so neat, so fanciful, so full of life and liveliness

"And what about acting?" I interposed. "What do you say about the London stage as to its interpreters, you who know the theatre of two worlds—or rather, three, Europe and the two Americas?" "Just as I feel? Quite candid?" she asked. "Don't be afraid; there is no compromise in art—say exactly what you mean?" "Well," she continued, "there is no finer acting in the world than our men display; I would go as far as to say that our male actors are *nulli secundi*, and nowhere do you find such perfect gentlemen in attire, in manner, and in restraint of emotion, which is more powerful than the *bravura* so beloved on the Continent and the hustle-bustle in America." She went into parts and names; she quoted tragedians, comedians, character players—there is nothing which our men cannot achieve. There is as much temperament in the British actor as in any of his Continental brethren; there is merely a difference of diapason. We prefer organ tunes to the blare of brass. "And our actresses?" "Ah, there 's the rub! Beauty we have unrivalled, refinement ditto; distinction, a great deal; cleverness galore; but greatness—real greatness that electrifies an audience, that would lead to ovations outside the theatre and the unharnessing of horses, there is none. Our actresses lack the *grand trait*: their tragic scenes miss grandeur; somehow one feels the touch of the *bourgeoise*—a turmoil in a suburb instead of in the universe. I have seen some beautiful acting in London. I have felt moments of emotion, but I have never been carried away to the degree of heroine-worship which, like an indefinable charm, haunted me after a creation by Sarah, by Duse, by Segond-Weber, or the Dutch Theo Mann. Somehow, our actresses seem afraid to let themselves go—seem too lady-like or too middle-classy to break the walls down. They fill one with admiration often enough, but they do not overwhelm one by the same power of personality which is the gift of some of our men. I could name many plays of world's fame which, even though I am not a professional worker in the theatre, I could 'cast' at a glance beyond a fault where the men are concerned; but as to the women, I should have to borrow Diogenes' lantern lest I should fall short in my search for completeness."

"Thanks," I said. "I wish I were a maker of records, so that your words should be repeated wherever the London stage is discussed. For you have expressed, in the main, the opinions of many."

. . . . . .

"He stands on his own plane, and on this plane he stands alone." I remember this phrase well: it was applied by a London critic—for aught I know it may have been myself; you lose count when you have reviewed some six or seven thousand plays in thirty-five years—to the work of a man who has since become world-famed. And it seems particularly apt in the case of Mr. A. A. Milne who in "The Romantic Age" has given us the most delectable stage-fantasy since Rostand joyed France and the rest of the globe with "Les Romanesques". A. A. Milne is the man we have been waiting for—a successor to Oscar Wilde. But there is this great difference between the two: Wilde, except in "The Importance of Being Earnest," hitched the art of the conversationalist to the craft of an elaborate plot, Milne, modern in the most irresponsible sense of the term, almost disdains the notion of plot, and weaves lace of words, wit, and humour in fanciful design and endless maze of lines and side-lines. His plays are things of gossamer; the critical scalpel could easily make lint of them, when thinking of logic, common-sense, reality. But what a pity it would be thus to spoil a little world where all is sunshine, lightness, imagination, love—the little world in which we all wish to live away from the high-road of toil and moil and worry! "*La jeunesse n'a qu'un temps*," says a French poet, but he forgot that some possess the divine gift of making us all young for a little while, and that is what Mr. Milne does in his "Romantic Age," of which Arthur Wontner is the *preux chevalier* and Miss Lottie Venne the fairy godmother.



"MADNESS" IN SCENERY: WEIRD *DÉCOR* IN "MAISON DE FOUS," GIVEN BY THE SWEDISH BALLET AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

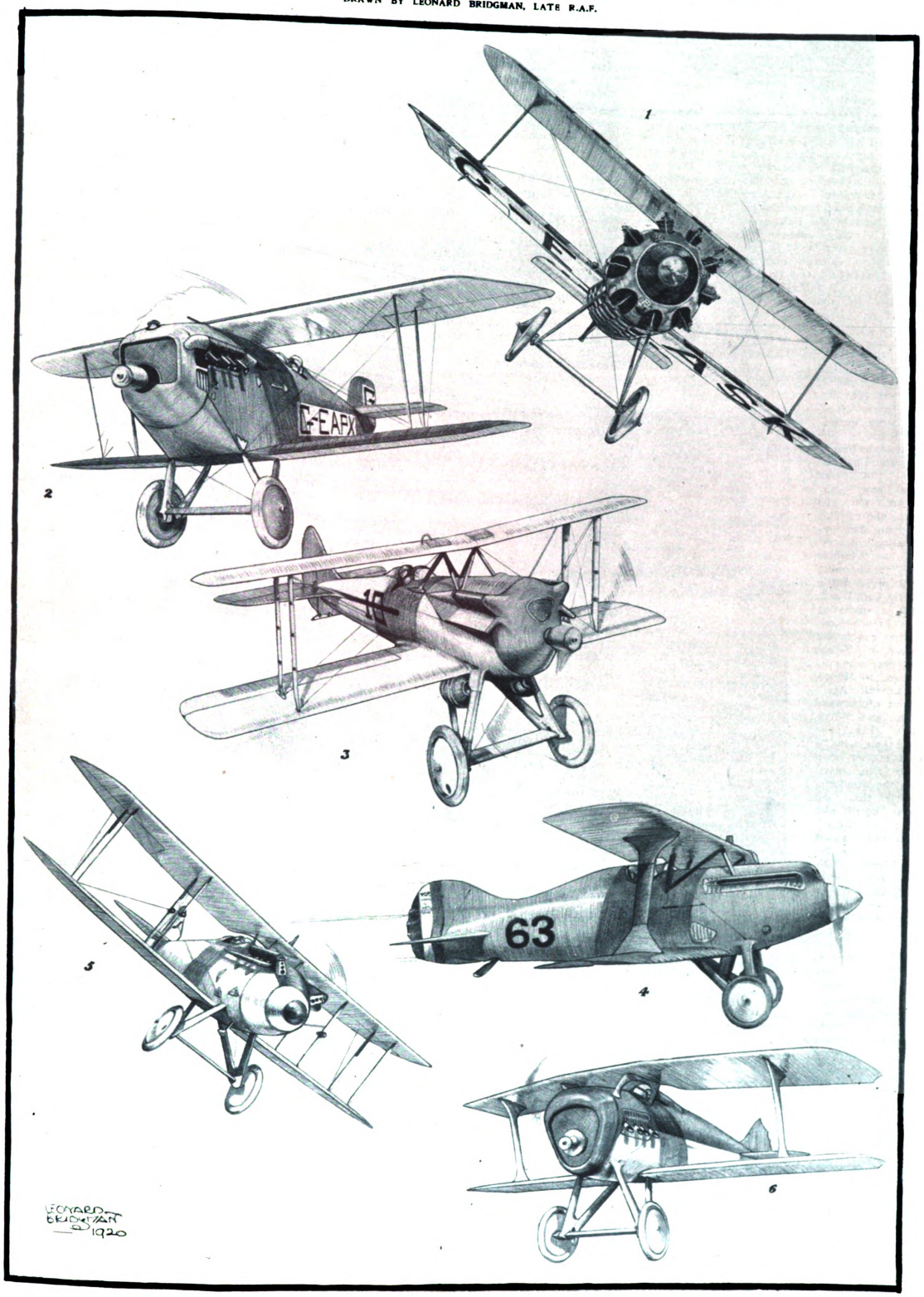
The Swedish Ballet's most-discussed production, "Maison de Fous" (The Madhouse), recently the sensation of Paris, was presented by M. Rolf de Maré at the Palace Theatre on December 31. A striking feature is the *décor* (scenery and costumes) designed by M. Nils de Dardel. The ballet was arranged by M. Jean Borlin, the *premier danseur*, and the music is by M. Viking Dahl.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

The great pantomime, "Cinderella," in gay exile at Covent Garden because "The Garden of Allah" defies all seasons at Drury Lane, is a thing of beauty: how could it be otherwise when Arthur Collins sways the magic wand of his inexhaustible imagination! The *scène-à-faire* at the end of the first part is an incomparable spectacle. Mr. Collins evidently loves flowers, and his children's ballet, with little bushes in rare prismatic grouping, the living bed of flowers, the bower of a myriad blossoms with the pumpkin in the centre whence emerges Cinderella's chariot as radiant as Apollo's sun-cart—that tableau is worthy of the vision of a great painter. Indeed, as a show in the artistic sense of the word, the pantomime has never been more resplendent, more tasteful, more discreet in colouring or realistic in build and form. But it is a pity that Mr. Arthur Dix, the librettist, has not added the "joy for ever" to the "thing of beauty." Frankly, the sweet tale is baldly told without a touch of poetry in the narrative, and the vein of humour is much in need of strengthening life-blood. The task of the exponents was stupendous during a traffic which lasts as long as the journey from Calais to Paris: the charming Miss Marie Blanche, the winsome Miss Kathlyn Hilliard, the accomplished Harry Claff, the new humourist Miss Lily Long, (whose song "Miss Maisie of Piccadilly" was the vocal bull's-eye of the evening), the quaint Egberts—and all the rest of the baron's family—worked like Trojans to extract fun and romance from anæmic material. Hence, curious to note, the honours fell to a wonderful circus horse, and to the acrobats, the Penders. No doubt Mr. Arthur Collins will apply his nimble wit to burnish the text. When that is done, the pantomime will settle down into opulent well-being.

UP TO 193·64 M.P.H.: SPEED-RECORD AEROPLANES.

DRAWN BY LEONARD BRIDGMAN, LATE R.A.F.



WORLD'S RECORD SPEED MACHINES OF 1920: (1) NIEUPORT "GOSHAWK"; (2) MARTINSYDE "SEMIQUAVER"; (3) NIEUPORT 29 V.; (4) VERVILLE V.C. 1 RACER; (5) THOMAS-MORSE M.B. 3; (6) SPAD-HERBEMONT.

The Beaufort scale of wind velocity gives the result of 75 miles an hour as storm, and that of 90 m.p.h., hurricane. This pace, however, is a mere jog-trot to the modern plane. On a Nieuport "Goshawk" (British), with a 320-h.p. A.B.C. "Dragon-fly" engine, Mr. L. R. Yait-Cox flew at 166·5-m.p.h. at Martlesham Heath on June 17. At the same place on March 21, Mr. F. P. Raynham on a Martinsyde "Semiquaver" (British), with 300-h.p. Hispano-Suiza motor, did 161·434 m.p.h. On a Nieuport 29 V. (French), with 300-h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine, M.M. Sadi-Lecointe accomplished 193·64 m.p.h. on December 12 at Villacoublay. On a Verville V.C.1 Racer (American), with 600-h.p. Packard engine, Captain C. C. Moseley reached 186 m.p.h. on November 27 at Mitchell Field, Mineola, L.I. There also on the next day Captain H. E. Hartney did 171·25 m.p.h. on a Thomas-Morse M.B.3. (American), with a 300-h.p. Wright-Hispano motor. At Villacoublay on November 3 M. Bernard de Romanet achieved 191·896 m.p.h. on a Spad-Herbemont (French), with 300-h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine.—*[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]*

"WELCOME OUR COUMBAROS!" KING CONSTANTINE'S RETURN TO ATHENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



RESTORATION SCENES IN ATHENS: AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD ROUND KING CONSTANTINE (SALUTING) AND QUEEN SOPHIE (WAVING HANDKERCHIEF) OUTSIDE THE LAURION STATION ON THEIR ARRIVAL.



ATHENS GREETS THE RETURNED CROWN PRINCE: THE CROWD ROUND THE SECOND CARRIAGE, CONTAINING PRINCE GEORGE, PRINCE PAUL, AND PRINCESSES HELEN AND IRENE.

King Constantine and family, who left Athens in disgrace in June 1917, returned in triumph on December 19, 1920. Their train arrived at the Laurion Station at 11 a.m. Athens was *en fête* in honour of the restoration, and an enthusiastic crowd thronged the station and the line of the route to the cathedral and the old palace. At the station the Mayor of Athens read an address, and as the King and Queen emerged the crowd cheered and cried "Long live the King! Welcome our *coumbaros* (godfather)!" The upper photograph shows them after they had entered their carriage. King Constantine, in general's uniform with plumed helmet, is seen saluting, and just to the right is Queen Sophie, waving her handkerchief. In the lower photograph the Crown Prince George is seen, wearing a military cap, just to the left of the small flag in the centre. Beside him, to the left, is Princess Helen. Facing the Crown Prince is Prince Paul (in a bowler hat), and beside him, to the right, is Princess Irene. At night Athens was illuminated. A huge crown blazed on the Parthenon, and free beer was distributed by a brewer, said to be of German extraction, with a view to stimulating patriotic fervour Such is now "the glory that was Greece."

'RN TO ATHENS.



'OPHIE



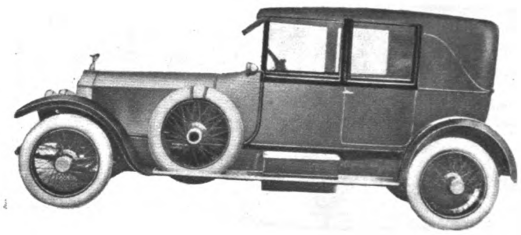
ROLLS-ROYCE

War Office Statement

"The purchase (of Rolls-Royce Armoured Cars) is necessitated by circumstances in Mesopotamia, where through age and heavy wear and tear our armoured cars are being rapidly worn out. The existing cars there require immediate replacement, and as the ROLLS-ROYCE chassis is of a type which experience has shown can carry the necessary weight of armour and give satisfaction in all circumstances of climate and terrain, it was necessary to make urgent arrangements to supply replacement of chassis.

"In view of the protection in Mesopotamia of our detachments and women and children, it is thought that prospective buyers of ROLLS-ROYCE cars will not object to a very short postponement of delivery in order to promote the safety of those mentioned above."

THE WORLD'S BEST CAR



The following firms, who purchase direct from us, have sole selling rights of our cars in their respective districts.

Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Notts, Lincs, Staffs, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Northants, and Rutlandshire: The Midland Counties Motor Garage Co., Ltd., Granby Street, Leicester. Manchester and District, including East Lancs (as far north as a line drawn on the map due east from Cockerham) and East Cheshire: Joseph Cockshoot & Co., Ltd., New Bridge Street, Manchester.

ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd.
15, Conduit Street,
LONDON, W.1.
TELEGRAMS ROLHEAD, REG, LONDON.
PHONE GERRARD 1054 (3 lines).

Liverpool and District, including West Lancs (as far north as Cockerham), West Cheshire and North Wales: W. Watson & Co., 6-14, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Norfolk and Suffolk: Mann, Egerton & Co., Ltd., 5, Prince of Wales' Road, Norwich. Ireland: J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., Chichester Street, Belfast. Scotland: The Clyde Automobile Co., Ltd., 96, Renfrew St., Glasgow.

The following firm is appointed as retailer of Rolls-Royce cars: Messrs. Barker & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., 66-68, South Audley St., London, W.

LADIES' NEWS.

THE sales are on now, and from all I hear and see they are wonderful sales, whereat the careful can make excellent investment. Everyone knows what splendid value is always ensurable by shopping at Shoolbred's famous Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road. When a sale is in progress, as one will be for three days, the 10th, 11th, and 12th insts., and reductions—real substantial reductions—are made in every department, shopping at Shoolbred's becomes most wisely providing for the year, or at least six months of it, ahead. In dress and all accessories thereto, really good, up-to-date, well-made and smart things share the general reductions, which go through the general drapery, fancy goods, furniture, and kindred departments, and prevail even in groceries. Shoolbred's sale will be regarded as a great boon by all who know the ropes and keep careful eyes for the best at low prices.

Many a wise woman has looked forward to the sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's famous house. It is now in progress and will extend to the 22nd, offering wonderful reductions, the more remarkable that they are made on such thoroughly reliable things as are stocked by this fine establishment. Young ladies' restaurant and dance frocks in good crêpe-de-Chine in navy-blue and many colours, the skirt in three deep frills, the bodice simple and having a ribbon belt, are obtainable for £5 18s. 6d. There are bargains in winter coats with large collars of selected seal coney fur. They are of good velours-finished tweed in navy-blue, black, and colours; the price is 6½ guineas. Knitted woollen jumpers in open lace stitch in various shades are sold for 21s. They were 63s. and 73s. 6d. Knitted sports coats in many shades which were 42s. are selling at 29s. 6d. In fur sets there are many bargains; some in selected blue dyed kit fox, very handsome and rich, are, for muff and stole, £10 10s. There is a variety to choose from about this price. The stock of blouses is most varied and attractive: for 39s. 6d. there is choice in soft satin foulard, and in soft silk Trianon; for 29s. 6d. there are crêpe-de-Chine and fancy crêpe blouses, well made, and the designs new and very pretty. Early spring suits at 6½ guineas are quite a feature of the sales. There are a variety of them in excellent suitings. For children there are beautiful clothes at quite bargain prices. Marshall and Snelgrove's will be very full during the next fortnight.

Harrods begin their one week's winter sale on Monday next, January 10. This is an announcement which will interest everyone, for it affords an opportunity of obtaining the very best quality goods at the lowest possible prices. Men, women and children always find what they want at this house, whose name is as well and favourably known at the ends of the earth as here, and in sale week, bargain-hunters of every age and both sexes will find marvellous value for their money. Men are usually considered to be poorly catered for in sale-time, but Harrods is a striking contradiction of this theory, for the "good things" at low price which they offer to the strong sex during their wonderful week are not only confined to male wearing apparel of the best cut and quality, but include wines, cigars and cigarettes at exceptionally advantageous prices. Dress usually occupies the foremost place in Milady's mind when she goes her round of the sales, but marvellous as is the chance of replenishing her wardrobe at Harrods' sale, this is not the sole attraction of the event. Every housewife bemoans the terrible cost of such necessary household items as soaps, brushes for house-cleaning, glass and china to replace breakages, dish papers, stationery, and all the requirements of a house, so the fact that Harrods' sale offers a unique opportunity of securing all these necessities at low prices is one which no woman can afford to ignore. It is an accepted canon of good housekeeping that the linen cupboard should be replenished every year in order to keep it in perfect order, and the household linens which the Brompton Road store are offering in sale-time have no equal in the kingdom. Sales, however, do spell dress, and dress alone, to many of us, and those in search of well-cut suits, wraps, hats, jumpers, lingerie, shoes, stockings, gloves, or any other article of feminine adornment, either for present wear or in anticipation of the spring, will find their journey's end at Harrods. The coats and skirts offered in sale-time include a special collection of spring coats and skirts, made in accordance with the modish forecasts for next season, at astonishingly low prices, while the winter wraps and coats, the weather coats and skirts for country wear, are among the many good things offered. As for evening and afternoon dresses, one may trust Harrods to provide distinction and *chic* in their every model—and they have a large selection in their sale attractions.

It is a great chance for those who are going to invest their Christmas and New Year's gifts in furs that Debenham and Freebody are selling their superb stock of finest skins made up, almost without exception, by their own furriers in their own workrooms, and in all the latest styles, at *half price*. Most of us know what beautiful coats, wraps, capes, stoles, and muffs we have seen at this establishment—the fineness of the skins and the style of the things. It is, therefore, almost too good to be true that they are being and will be sold at half price up to the 15th inst., when the sale closes. It is true—so true that I hear provincial houses are sending friends to buy for re-sale. Nor is this all. Debenham's have very large stocks of silks suitable for all seasons, and including novelties and silks only just delivered from the manufacturers'; this too is being sold at half the marked prices. Here is an opportunity for wise outlay. Several thousand golf coats and jumpers are being sold at less than half price in a department specially devoted to the purpose on the second floor. The prices are from 10s. to 21s., and from 29s. 6d. to 42s. Bargain prices at any rate, but for Debenham's coats and jumpers something even beyond bargains. There are all sorts of good, sound investments for schoolgirls going back, and for children; and a good, reliable fur coat is sold for 19½ guineas; while the entire stock of beautiful lingerie at this famous house in Wigmore Street is being sold very cheaply.

Sales this year are being looked upon from a strictly business point of view. Those who know say that prices must rise again unless wages and raw materials decline in value, which is very unlikely. Reductions, therefore, such as are being made in Hollins' well-known fabrics at every high-class drapery store, will make a sure appeal to the cleverly careful. Viyella flannel, usually sold at 6s. 11d. a yard, will be sold, so long as the stocks last, for 4s. 11d.; Aza flannel, usually 5s. 6d., will be 4s. 6d.; and Clydella flannel, usually 4s. 6d., will be 3s. 6d. For materials so reliable, so well known, and so sightly, this is wonderful. Should any difficulty be met with, a card to the manufacturer's, William Hollins and Co., 24-26, Newgate Street, E.C.1, will secure its being smoothed out.

There is one thing Irish that we all love, and that is linen; none other can compare with it. During this month a particularly advantageous opportunity for investing in it is being afforded at Robinson and Cleaver's great house in Regent Street, where substantial reductions in price are made on everything. A special opportunity is oddments in the firm's famous hand-woven damask table-cloths, in sizes 2 by 2 yards up to 2½ by 4½ yards, at one-third under to-day's prices. Every house-mother knows that these are the best table-cloths made, and lovely to look at. Curtains are going at real bargain prices; those of the value of to-day—5 guineas, 60 in. wide and 4 yards long—being sold for 79s. 6d. There are masses of dainty, well-made, tailored, and other blouses at this sale at half the usual price, in some

[Continued overleaf.



Weatherproof Safeguards
BURBERRY
Winter Topcoats

ensure comfort when out of doors

THE unrivalled efficiency with which Burberry Topcoats withstand bad weather is a never-failing source of comfort to all who decline to be kept at home by disagreeable conditions.
Security in Burberry Topcoats is allied with distinction of design and airylight weight, enabling a woman to be effectively protected without resort to clumsy and heavy safeguards—as unbecoming as they are uncomfortable.

Burberry Model A 1518
Topcoat in grey Solax. Zouave effect at back. Deep folds on collar and round cuffs.

Burberrys' Fur and Winter Catalogues sent on request.

BURBERRYS' HALF-PRICE SALE DURING JANUARY.
Men's, Women's and Children's Weatherproofs, Overcoats and Suits. Half Usual Prices.
Write for Half-price Sale Catalogue.

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1
8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes Paris; & Agents.
Burberrys Limited.

On Winter Nights

before you go to bed,
ensure the grateful glow
of sleep-promoting
warmth that follows
a cup of

Van Houten's

—the cocoa with a
hundred years' reputation
for superlative quality
and flavour.

Best & Goes Farthest.

"HIS POINT OF VIEW."

A WORD OF RESPECTFUL ADVICE TO PARENTS.

It may seem but a little thing to you, but to him it means the difference between happiness and misery—that "spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar."

Why give him clothes that proclaim aloud their woman-factory-made origin, when for a few shillings more you can get man-made, well-cut suits, tailored like his father's?

Bring him (and his sister, too) to our January

SALE,

we equip them with every single item of kit.

Samuel Brothers
UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS LTD

OXFORD CIRCUS, W.1 *(Almost adjoining Tube Station)*

THE TRADITIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOL OUTFITTERS.

LONDON,

And at 26, Guildhall St., Folkestone.

LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4 *(Near St. Paul's)*



THE HOUSE VERDICT.

Verdict: "That Smith Minor has got to change his tailor."

Recommended: "That he get his kit from Samuel Brothers, of Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill, who have a name for good, sound, well-tailored clothes."

Solve the Problem of Lighting Economy



Use Cosmos Lamps, they are lasting, brilliant, and economical. They will give you exceptional service. Supplied by all first-class Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores.

Every Electric Light User Should Read Our Booklet "CUTTING DOWN the ELECTRIC LIGHT BILL"

It is free to all users of electric light, gives hints that lead to efficient lighting, tells you how electrical energy is charged for, the lamp to use and what it costs to use it, etc. Supplied free by all Cosmos Lamp dealers.

Cosmos Lamps

A BRILLIANT BRITISH PRODUCT

Licensed and made under British Patents Nos. 16530 of 1907; 23199 of 1909; 8031 of 1910; 17722 of 1911; and 10918 of 1913.

Advertisement of Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd., Manchester.

D.7342

COSMOS ECONOMY CO. LTD.

You don't know how really delicious Chocolates can be till you have tasted

Murray's



ROYAL HUNT CHOCOLATES

They are irresistibly delicious. Always fresh and uniform in quality and goodness. Made under the most perfect conditions.

Of all Confectioners.



Continued

instances less. This is a genuinely splendid value sale which should not be missed.

Up to the 15th inst., the bargains at Waring and Gillows' great reorganisation-of-departments sale will delight all who are in search of really wonderful bargains. Ten thousand yards of 31-in. wide cretonne in Chinese floral and in Old English patterns will be sold for 1s. 3d. a yard, the original price being 3s. 6d. Waring pile carpets, thoughtfully selected as to materials used and manufacture, are so reduced that one can buy one 18 ft. by 13 ft. 6 in. for £46 10s., which sold readily for £53 2s. Smaller carpets are also reduced, so that one which was £13 5s. is now £11 12s. 6d. Bedsteads are reduced, as will be understood when eight 3-ft. mahogany ones, of heavy construction, are being sold for £8 15s., the usual price being £13 10s. Fifty bedroom suites of Warings' well-known "Overton" design, direct from the firm's own factories, comprising a 5-ft. wardrobe, one-third of it shelves, the rest hanging; a 3 ft. 9 in. dressing-table, with loose mirror; 3 ft. combined boot-cupboard and wash-stand, and two cane-seated chairs, will be sold for £45—the usual price is £55 10s. There are many other bargains in furniture, such as best quality drawing-room easy chairs, with loose down cushions in seat, and back upholstered entirely in hair and covered in a black-ground cretonne—selling for 13 guineas, the usual price being £18 18s. In damask and brocades there are decided bargains, such as 50-in. mercerised cotton damask in small Italian design, in rose, green or blue, for 2s. 11d. a yard: this sells usually at 5s. 11d. a yard. There are thousands of other bargains.

A. E. L.

The Children's Party to be held at Devonshire House on Jan. 12 promises to be one of the most joyous of young people's gatherings. H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, has promised to receive the guests, and is very interested in the affair, which is in aid of the Deptford Fund and Royal National Orthopædic Hospital. Lady Dorothie Moore, whose father, Lord Denbigh, is Chairman of the Hospital, has been working very hard over the organisation. Tickets, which cost 12s. 6d. each, can be obtained from the theatre ticket agencies.

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

TWO stamps were issued in Japan on Sept. 25 to commemorate the taking of the first census for the whole of Japan. I understand that this is being taken on a very thorough plan to embrace all Japanese citizens, even the Japanese colony in London. It has led to some extraordinary discoveries, and in Japan proper the census has discovered an entire native community whose existence was wholly unknown to the authorities. This community had lived and apparently thrived in an out-of-the-way part of the country and had no association with anyone outside. Naturally, the people were in a very primitive state of existence.



1 and 2. Commemorating the first census for the whole of Japan: two new Japanese stamps, bearing the sacred chrysanthemum, for home postage only. 3. A Republican stamp with a King's portrait: a Brazilian issue in honour of King Albert's visit. 4. The Union Jack (left) on a United States stamp: the American "Victory" issue. 5. With a view of Montevideo: a new Uruguayan stamp. 6. The Mozambique Company's new issue: a postage-due stamp. (*Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.*)

The census stamps are interesting productions. They depict a Japanese sitting, Western fashion, with one leg crossed over the other, by the side of a small table. He has a pen in one hand and a scroll in the other. In the upper part of the design, in white on a coloured ground, is the Imperial crest—a chrysanthemum blossom with sixteen petals. The sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum is as sacred an emblem to the Japanese as the five-clawed dragon is to the Chinese. Each is the exclusive prerogative of the Emperor, and it is suggestive of the dire penalties inflicted on anyone who improperly uses the Imperial emblem that in the native forgeries of the stamps of Japan the chrysanthemum never has sixteen petals—it has either more or less. Similarly, native forgers of Chinese stamps dared not give the dragons five claws! The two census stamps, 1½ sen mauve and 3 sen carmine, are intended only for domestic postage; they can be used on all correspondence within the limits of the Japanese Empire, but not for mail going to other countries.

Two other commemorative stamps are expected shortly from Japan to celebrate the Consecration of the Meijingu, the temple built in memory of the Emperor Meiji. This will also consist of two values, 1½ and 3 sen; and as the stamps were to be ready for the celebration on Nov. 1, they will be arriving by an early mail.

Brazil has created a novel precedent by placing the portrait of H.M. the King of the Belgians on one of the newest stamps of the United States of Brazil. It is curious that any monarch's portrait should appear on the stamps of a Republic. The stamp was issued to celebrate the visit of the Belgian Sovereign to Brazil; and the portrait in the right-hand panel of the stamp is that of Dr. Epitacio da Silva Pessoa, who was elected President of Brazil in April 1919.

It has lately been remarked as a curiosity that the Union Jack figures on the recently issued "Victory" stamps of the United States. Mr. J. Landfear Lucas in the *Daily Mail* points this out as a remarkable fact. The flag is included with the flags of the Allies on the stamp issued to celebrate the victory over the Central Empires. Actually the Union Jack, in its earlier form, appeared alone on a United States stamp issued in 1907 to commemorate the tercentenary of the founding of Jamestown (1607), the first English settlement in what is now the United States.

I also illustrate this week one of the newest stamps from Uruguay, showing a view of the port of Montevideo, the capital, whose name, being interpreted, is "I see a mountain." The last of the stamps illustrated shows the design of the new series of postage due stamps for the territories controlled by the Mozambique Company.

Physicians find Osmos the *best* Remedy for

CONSTIPATION

The medical adviser of a well-known Member of Parliament writes:—"My patient was suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, accompanied with Acute Constipation. I tried a number of remedies, but all failed. I then administered a dose of Osmos warmed, which produced the desired result within half an hour."

Another prominent physician reports that Osmos "has worked wonders with a patient suffering from Chronic Constipation."

Osmos gently assists nature and encourages the sluggish bowels to recover their healthy activity.

OSMOS
The Great British Aperient Water

Sold at all Chemists, Boot's Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Stores, Timothy White Ltd., **2/6** per bottle, or post free from Osmos, Crown Wharf, Hayes, Middlesex.

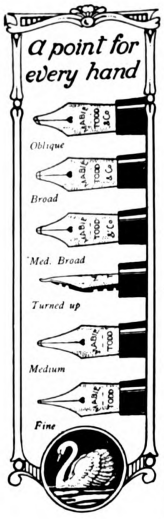
Booklet B gives full particulars of this British Medicinal Water. Send a Postcard.

We want every "Swan" Pen to please!

Thousands of "SWAN" Pens have formed acceptable Christmas presents. Obviously the nibs could not all be chosen to exactly suit the recipient, and if the nib is too broad, too stiff or even not "just right" the pen cannot wholly please as it ought to do.

We willingly exchange unsuitable pens at any of our branches.

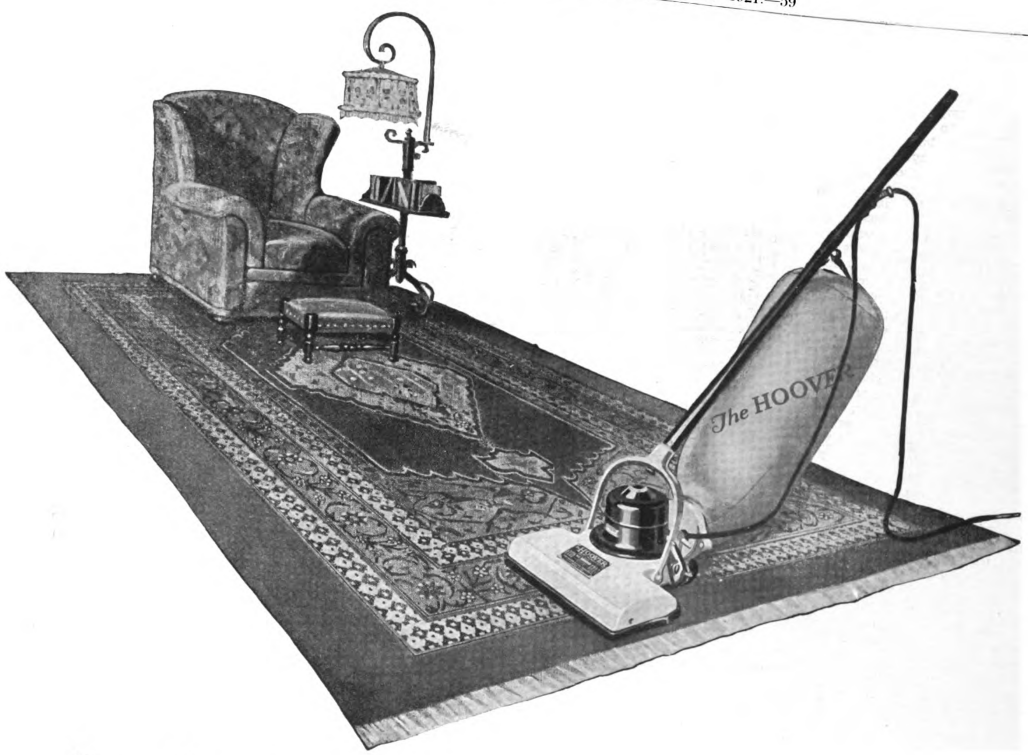
If unable to call, please post the pen, enclosing a sample steel nib worn to its most comfortable state, and 3d. stamps for return postage (6d. if for abroad). There is no other charge if the pen is in perfect order.



"SWAN" PENS ARE SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS. *Catalogue post free on request.*

MABIE TODD & CO., LTD., SWAN HOUSE, 133-135, Oxford St., London, W.1. London Branches: 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.1; 97, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95a, Regent Street, W.1; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; Paris, Brussels, Zurich, Sydney, Cape Town, Toronto.





Beautiful oriental rugs and self-toned carpets retain their colours and last for years longer when cleaned regularly with The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper. For this efficient cleaner beats out all dirt embedded in the nap of carpets; it sweeps up all clinging surface fluff and litter; it suctions away all accumulated feathery dust. Only The Hoover, indoors and dustlessly, performs these essentials of thorough carpet cleaning, while Hoover accessories provide for cleaning curtains, upholstery, and out-of-the-way places.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

The Hoover costs about one penny per hour to operate, attaches to wall-plug or lamp-socket, and is stocked in every standard voltage from 32 to 250. Payments out of income arranged if desired. Furniture dealers, ironmongers, and electricians everywhere sell The Hoover. Write to-day for illustrated booklet describing the wonderfully easy Hoover way of keeping homes clean. The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., Ltd., 288-292 Regent Street, London, W.1.

The HOOVER lifts the carpet from the floor like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

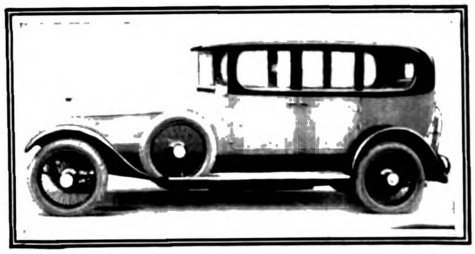
Why the Motorist Pays.

Now that the motorist is subject to the new rate of taxation of his car, he has been told why he has to pay and to whom his thanks are due for the inequitable burden he is compelled to carry. Sir Henry Maybury, the chief of the Roads Department of the Ministry of Transport, has completely enlightened us. Speaking at a meeting of the Institute of Transport—an organisation devoted to the interests of the heavy class of motor vehicles—he said: "Last year we found ourselves very short of funds indeed, and, knowing how much the members of this Institute and owners of commercial transport generally must of necessity depend upon the roads, I was driven to advise my Minister to see some way of helping to keep the permanent way in such a condition as you, gentlemen, could proceed to earn your dividends. . . . It is an important matter for you, gentlemen, engaged as you are on the commercial side of the motor industry, to have the roadway—which, after all, is your permanent way—kept in a reasonable state of repair, so that you may run your vehicles with the least possible damage to them."

So what it all amounts to is that the private car owner is to pay his £1 per horse-power, in order that the motor-omnibus and big transport companies, whose vehicles do the most appalling damage to the road-surface, may have the major part of the damage made good at the expense of a type of transport which causes the minimum of harm to the highway. If any further argument were needed to emphasise that the only equitable form of tax is one on fuel, and therefore on road user, it is surely this disclosure of the real influences which were at work on the new motor-tax proposals. It is useful to know this, too, because of the powerful argument it supplies for a reversion to the fuel tax when next the subject is discussed in Parliament.

The Price of Fuel.

The price of petrol was reduced last Saturday by 7d. per gallon, representing the 6d. per gallon tax, which came off in view of the new method of taxation, and a further penny by way of administrative charges in connection with the duty. The price of No. 1 spirit is now, therefore, 3s. 5½d. per gallon, for which the motorist will no doubt feel correspondingly thankful.



EXHIBITED AT THE RECENT MOTOR SHOW IN BRUSSELS: A DAIMLER LIMOUSINE WITH MAYTHORN COACHWORK.

In connection with this fall in the price of imported motor spirit, I have received a long complaint from the National Benzole Company which appears to me to merit attention. They point out that since the war a large amount of capital has been invested in installing plants for benzole production. The costs of producing this spirit have gone up enormously—so much, in fact, that it is impossible to make anything like the reduction which has been made in the case of petrol if the quality is to be kept to its present undoubtedly high standard. Benzole has therefore been reduced by 3d. per gallon only. The Company points out that benzole has hitherto been protected by the import duty on petrol, which was assisting to build up an industry of national importance. The withdrawal of the duty must necessarily deal a very severe blow to benzole production.

The question involved is a very difficult one. The principle has been adopted that those who use the roads should pay most towards their upkeep. Unquestionably, the fairest method of ensuring this is by a tax on fuel in the case of the motor car, and on the vehicle itself in the case of horse-drawn transport. It would be inequitable that any power-producing fuel should escape duty, since that would mean that a favoured few who could obtain home-produced fuel would have the use of the roads for nothing. I cannot see, therefore, how any such fuel could be logically exempted. It would be different if vehicle taxation went into the general fund; but so long as it is specifically levied for highway purposes, the argument must hold good. It seems that the logical way out for the benzole people is so to increase the production of their spirit that it can compete on level terms with the imported fuel.



A WELL-KNOWN SINGER WITH A WELL-KNOWN CAR: MISS CARRIE TUBB AND HER 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER, ONE OF THE LATEST MODELS.

A Useful Book.

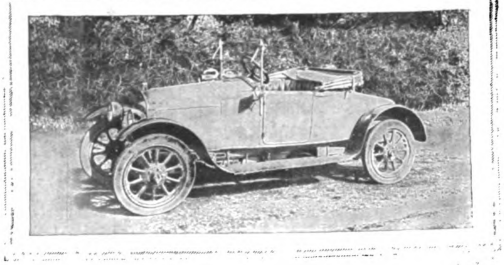
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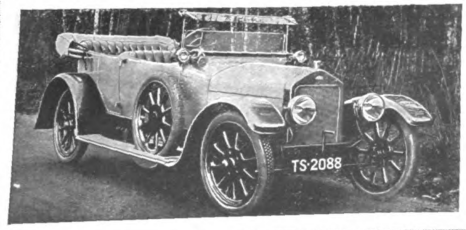
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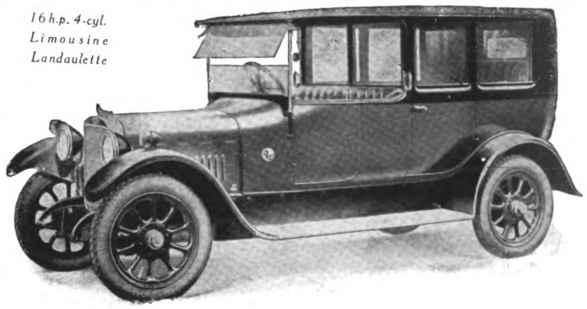
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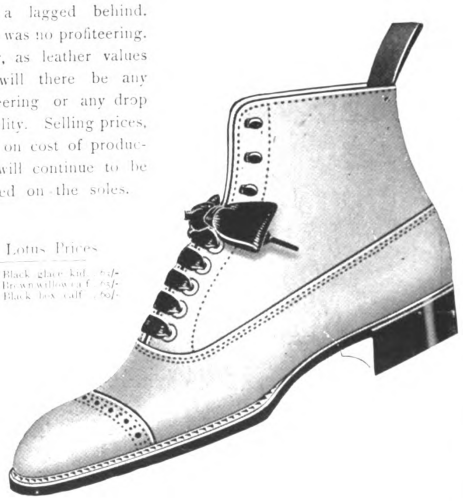
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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

A DIPLOMATIC incident which occurred at an official banquet given recently by M. Raoul Péret in his capacity as President of the Chamber has since been the topic of conversation at every Paris



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dinner-table, and has led to many heated discussions as to whether or not the representative of a late enemy nation should be received in Society. The incident which gave rise to all this talk was simply the refusal of the United States Ambassador to have the German Ambassador presented to him at the official banquet where they were both guests of the President of the Chamber. A great deal depends on whether an official gathering of the kind can also be termed a social function or not. If the latter is a proper description of the dinner, then duty to the host plays an undeniable part, and each guest is expected to be sociable with his fellow-guests, whoever they may be. On the other hand, if the dinner was entirely official, as it seems to have been, the United States Ambassador was entirely within his rights in refusing to speak to the representative of a country with which, technically, the people he represents are still at war.

Generally speaking, the view is held that, being an official affair, it would have been impossible not to invite the German representative now that peace has been signed between France and Germany and, moreover, seeing that France now has her Ambassador in Berlin; but it will be a long time before public feeling in France will permit the representative of their late enemy to take his place in the drawing-rooms of Parisian society; much will have to be forgotten and forgiven before such a state of affairs can come about, and there are many whose memories will never allow them to sit down at the same table with a German again. This is a point of view which in England would appear extreme, even to those who, perhaps, have suffered most through this war, and whose sufferings have made them generous towards their late foe. But here in France it is not so easy to forget and forgive, with the eternal picture of the awful devastation of her fairest provinces as a perpetual reminder of all that she has endured. It is this open sore ever before their eyes which makes Frenchmen so insistent on the complete disarmament of Germany, down to her last machine gun, combined with a strong conviction that unless this is enforced Germany will bide her time and come again to complete the destruction of this fair land.

The late Minister of War, M. Lefevre, held this view so strongly that he felt himself obliged to resign his seat in the Cabinet when the Chamber voted for the shorter period of military training for Army recruits, to which he at first reluctantly agreed. At the end of a spirited debate on the subject, M. Leygues' Government received a very substantial vote of confidence from his supporters, and for the time being M. Lefevre and his sympathisers were defeated; but those who know him best say that we may expect to hear more of him later.

The figures quoted during the debate, in connection with the disarmament of Germany, were certainly most impressive, and led to a renewed expression of confidence in the Allied Commission whose duty it is to superintend the carrying out by Germany of the terms of the Peace Treaty. Theirs is an unenviable task, for, however vigilant they may be, there will always be the problem of hidden aerodromes and carefully "camouflaged" stores of war material to deal with, not to speak of the critics who could do the job so much better in their own estimation.

I hear that a great advance has been made towards the establishment of a permanent French *Institut* in London, and with the gift of several houses in Cromwell Place for the accommodation of the students and visiting lecturers, added to a substantial grant from the French Government, the scheme should be in full working order by the New Year. M. Berthelot has taken immense trouble to secure a good send-off for the *Institut* from this side, and has personally asked M. Viviani to inaugurate the series of lectures early in the year. The present scheme is really only



SHOWING THE SHOWER ON THE LAWSON AIR-LINER: IN THE "BATH-ROOM." [*Photograph by Topical.*]

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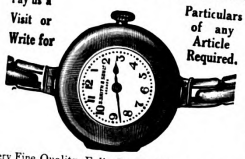
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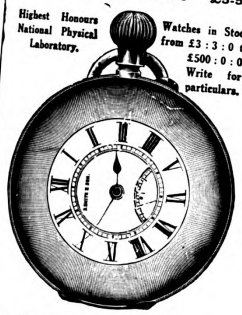
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JUMBLE SALE." AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

THEY do the revue of the more intimate kind at the Vaudeville uncommonly well at all times, but "Jumble Sale" is even better than the modern Vaudeville's high average. There is nothing ambitious about its scheme: it is simply, as its name implies, a *mélange* of odds and ends; but there is nothing stale about the items offered the public, and there is never a sign of languor in the salesfolk. Songs, dances, and episodes of fun, all of which have point, make a succession of triumphant appeals, though there is no straining at effect. And even when almost forgotten ditties of the past are recalled, as in the telling finale, "A Triumph of Memory," including "Champagne Charlie," they are not *vieux jeu*, despite their antiquity. And why is it that so artless-seeming a show as this amuses so much? Merely because there are half-a-dozen extremely clever players in the Vaudeville cast—Mr. Walter Williams, Mr. Eric Blore, Miss Phyllis Titmuss, Miss Joyce Barbour, Mr. Gilbert Childs, and, above all, Miss Binnie Hale—who are allowed to convey the impression that they are enjoying themselves, and so give enjoyment to others; merely because wise management sees to it that these mirth-makers are given the right material, and have not to rely too much on their own resources. From the sestett Miss Hale shines out most. Her burlesques of Miss Phyllis Monkman, Miss Edith Day, and, by way of climax, of her own father, Mr. Robert Hale, are worth going far to see and to hear.

"THE CHARM SCHOOL." AT THE COMEDY.

Only purists and high-brows are likely to quarrel with a piece which appeals so pleasantly to holiday feeling as "The Charm School." To them, then, may be left the task of pointing out the artificialities and improbabilities of its plot; while less exacting playgoers extract delight from the alternations of humour and sentiment in this Anglicisation of Alice Duer Miller's Transatlantic love-story. If at first, perhaps, we rub our eyes over the weird group of more or less out-of-work bachelors keeping house together in a Bloomsbury maisonette, and wonder how men of such different ages and tastes struck up friendship, we settle down comfortably to the anticipation of entertainment as soon as a hero with ideas such as Peter Bevan's inherits a girls' school from an aunt, and proposes straight away to put into practice theories about the education of young ladies and the need of investing them with charm. For we know what is coming beforehand when into the circle of bachelors there bursts a runaway school-girl as mutinous as she is attractive. Peter is the one stony-hearted male in the company. Fortunately, he is not so insensible as not to capitulate in the end, and his very delays have their uses in permitting love-passages of the most exquisite ludicrousness to be rendered by Mr. David Miller and Miss Sydney Fairbrother—both inimitable, the one as a Scotsman with the caution of his race, the other as a school secretary distractingly fatuous. They, however, only fill in time, and the cynosure of all eyes is Mr. Owen Nares's zealot, Peter, slowly but surely surrendering to the siege of Miss Meggie Albanesi's winsome school-girl. Actor and actress are alike at their best, Miss Albanesi excusing the forwardness of the heroine by beautifully natural handling of her scenes of sentiment.



THE RETIRED GENERAL MANAGER OF THE L. AND N.W.R.: SIR I. T. WILLIAMS



ALSO RETIRED: MR. JAMES WRIGHT, THEATRICAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE L. AND N.W.R.

Several changes took place, at the end of the Old Year, in the headquarters staff of the London and North-Western Railway. Sir I. Thomas Williams, who has retired at sixty-six, entered the company's service in 1876, and became General Manager in 1919, when he also received his knighthood. Among others who have retired are the Station-master at Euston, Mr. Joseph Jones, and the Theatrical Superintendent, Mr. James Wright. Mr. Wright, who is sixty-one, has been with the company forty-two years. He is to be entertained to dinner at the Hotel Cecil on January 22. During his career he has had much to do with the transport of theatrical companies. [*Photographs by Elliott and Fry and Reginald Haines.*]

PLAYS FOR THE CHILDREN.

There is no lack this season of entertainments specially designed for children, the supply being largely made up of plays which by a process of natural selection have conquered for themselves a permanent place on the Christmas stage. Thus, not only have we "Peter Pan," at the St. James's; but there are revivals also of "Where the Rainbow Ends," at the Apollo; "Alice in Wonderland," at the Victoria Palace; and "The Shepherdess Without a Heart," at the Garrick. Of these, "Alice" has the longest stage history, and perhaps by this time its link with Lewis Carroll is beginning to wear a little thin. Still, in the present revival, in which sixty pupils of the Stedman Academy take part, there is enough of the original story preserved to render the show familiar to nursery patrons; characters endeared to memory, such as the Mad Hatter and Tweedledum and Tweedledee, can be recognised behind the footlights, and the hardly less well-known airs of Walter Slaughter's music have lost little of their freshness. There is a most appealing and demure Alice in Miss Phyllis Griffiths, the fun is kept going by Mr. Franklyn Vernon, the quaint Hatter, and Messrs. Will Edwards and Harry Hearne as the twin brothers. —"Where the Rainbow Ends" differs from other pieces of its class in sounding a patriotic note. There is a handsome and picturesque St. George at the Apollo in the person of Mr. Henry Kendall; Mr. Charles Groves and Miss Marion Lind play the naughty adults mock-villamously; and St. George's protégés find happy representatives in Monica Morgan, Teddy Hayward, Dorothy Secker, and Bessie Livesey. —The children's play, however, with the most poetry and the most imagination in it is Mr. Bertram Forsyth's "Shepherdess Without a Heart." Here at the Garrick can be seen the sort of things youngsters want to see—dreams becoming real, china figures starting to life, the stork bringing a new baby to the home, Father Time and Father Christmas with all their accessories. Not a boy is there, surely, who will not fall in love with Miss Nellie Prierclitte's sweet Shepherdess, not a girl who will not like Mr. Maurice Turner's Sweep, not a playgoer who will not thank the author and his inspirer, Hans Andersen.

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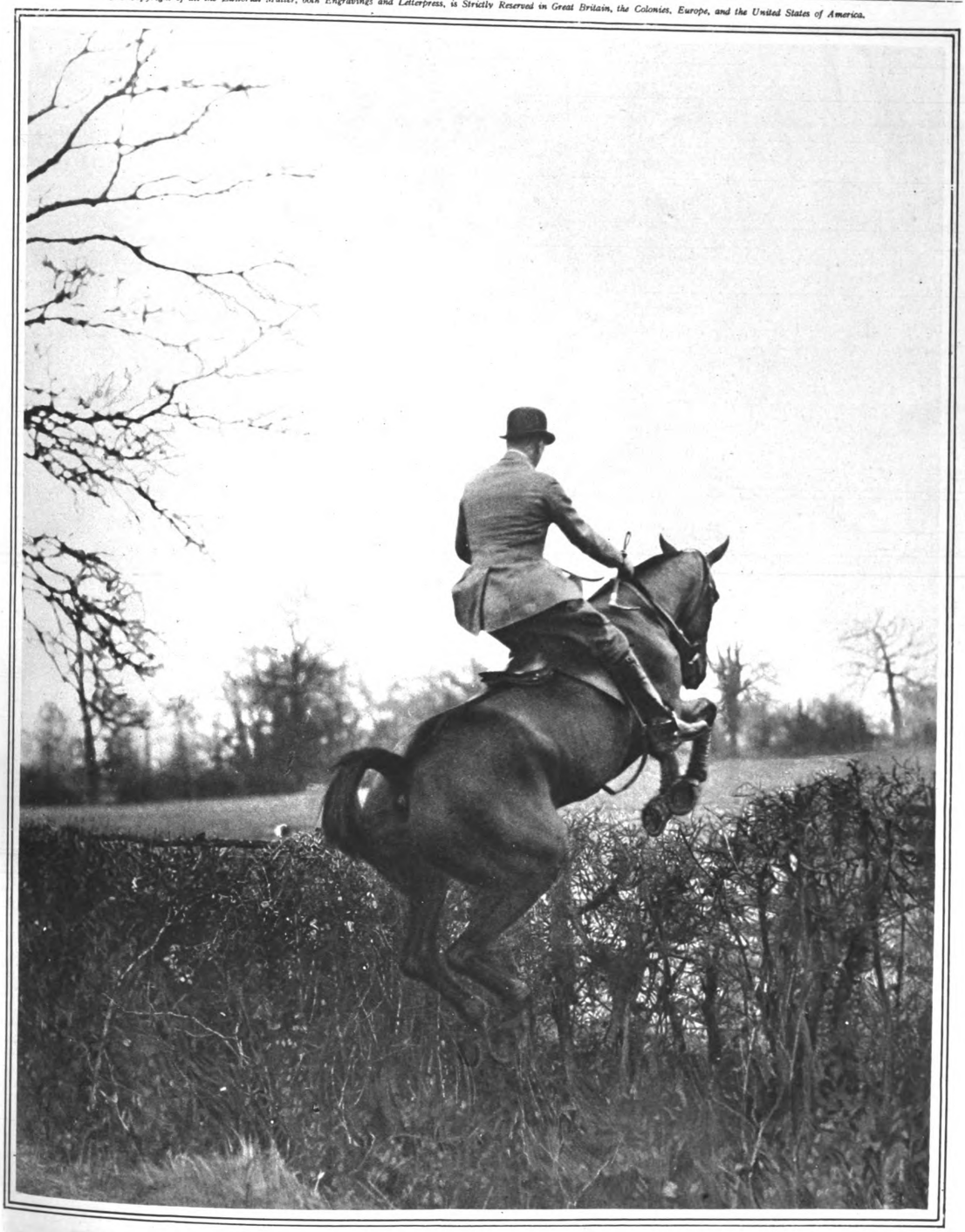
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1921.

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TAKING A STIFF FENCE: THE PRINCE OF WALES HUNTING WITH THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG HOUNDS.

The Prince of Wales has been hunting regularly this winter, and may always be trusted to take a day whenever his duties will allow him to do so. He is a fine horseman, and goes splendidly across country. Our photograph shows him taking a stiff fence when out with the Household Brigade Drag Hounds. The meet was at Shottesbrook Park, where the Prince was received by Major G. H. Loder, M.C., second in command of the 2nd Scots Guards. H.R.H. motored down from London to the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, where he lunched with the officers of the 2nd Batt. Scots Guards.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN looking at the dark splendours of the old Spanish pictures lately exhibited in London, most of us must have been moved with feelings or fancies about the past and future of Spain. Some rather old-fashioned people would read in these grim symbols of her past the moral that she had no future. But to explain that dark spirit in terms of decadence is bad history. The Spaniards always had that more mournful note long before they had any failures to mourn. Their pictures were black when their prospects were bright. Even when their purple was not the purple of Lent, but the purple of Empire, it was a very dark purple. And the sombre and rather sinister strength that was behind it is behind it still. It is disguised by our frivolous fashion of talking of all the South as a sort of playground. But in truth, the South is full of peasants; and they are by no means stage peasants. Peasants may merely dance and drink in a ballet at the Alhambra; but there is also another Alhambra, situated in a somewhat different district. The very scene of it is a battle-field, and the very name of it is a battle-cry. It is the monument of the mightiest effort ever made by our European race to overthrow a non-European power imposed on it. We have seen the retreat of the Turks; we may see the return of the Spaniards.

It was only comparatively lately that every Latin in our lighter literature was represented as decadent and deceitful; and, indeed, in one sense Latins are deceitful. They are always deceiving us into thinking they are decadent. They have a reserve of vitality which is actually hidden by vivacity. There is always a vineyard on the volcano. The silly legend of Latin decay was not entirely due to the sillier legend of Teuton superiority. It was also due to a certain irony or subtlety in the attitude of the Latins themselves.

Thus, for instance, D'Annunzio was a decadent; a decadent who did not decay. The report of his death was much exaggerated. But in a sense it was he who spread the reports. Most of what he said was morbid, languid, and deliquescent; it was what he did that was vigorous, virile, and militant. After exhibiting himself for half a lifetime as a broken lily, he suddenly brandished himself as a big stick. When he was a young poet and lover he was supposed to be a sort of corpse dug up from the Dead City. Now that he is an elderly gentleman with a bald head he has filled a living city with youthful antics that would wake the dead. After wailing so long like a pessimistic ghost, he began abruptly to bellow like an optimistic ogre. It was astonishing that he who had been classed with the old, pallid, æsthetic consumptive should reveal himself as having such lungs. It is no wonder that simpler people in the North are puzzled by such a type, and feel vaguely as if he had cheated them. They feel as if he had imposed on the world with a sham funeral. And, indeed, each of his earlier books might be called a formal and yet fantastic funeral. But this only accentuated the amazing awakening, when the corpse kicked the coffin to pieces and began to knock the mutes and mourners about the head.

It is true that D'Annunzio had always mixed with the nonsense of Schopenhauer a little of the nonsense of Nietzsche. It is true that there has been a strain of violence and cruelty in his decadence. But for practical purposes Nietzsche was quite as negative as Schopenhauer. The optimist Nietzsche would have no more interested himself in the practical politics of Fiume than the pessimist Schopenhauer. The militarist Nietzsche would no more have drawn the sword against the Jugo-Slavs than the pacifist Tolstoi. It is in this last phase of action that the Latin transforms himself and surprises his contemporaries. It is this belated and disproportionate decision that distinguishes the disguised man of action from the mere philosophers of action. D'Annunzio, like the Parisian æsthete, has languidly written letters in fancy inks of all the colours of the rainbow; and then added a postscript written in blood. Not merely in other people's blood, like a superman; but in his own blood, like a soldier. And, as Mr. J. C. Squire has pointed out in an admirable article on D'Annunzio, he has shown this boyish and brutal energy at an age when Nietzsche, the northern superman, was an invalid with softening of the brain.

That is what I mean by the surprises that the Latin irony has always in reserve for us. We have already seen it in the case of Italy; and we may yet see it in the case of Spain. Age after age Italy has been treated as a desert of decadence, a "geographical expression" only expressing itself in confectionery and florid music. Age after age it has given to Europe merely ornamental figures so unpractical and negligible as Christopher Columbus and Napoleon Bonaparte. Though the whole earth shook under the feet of Italians, Italians were still spoken of as if they were dancers tripping in a ballet, not to say monkeys dancing to an organ. The case of Spain is different in some degree, because the Spanish genius has been naturally prone to accentuate the element of pessimism in the pose of decadence. Velazquez and Goya had something much more naturally sombre about them than the more theatrical gloom of Salvator Rosa. I have compared the earlier triumph of D'Annunzio to a funeral; but the masterpieces of the Spaniards seem to be parts of a funeral far less lively and varied.

Nevertheless, I fancy we shall find the same truth in the future, touching the Latin irony and the Latin surprise. As it was partly an Italian pose that made people think Italy useless, so it was partly a Spanish pose that made people think Spain hopeless. Great Spain, robed in black and purple, seemed to be mourning over her own fall before it came. Great Italy, clad in flowers and ribbons, seemed to be refusing to believe that her own greatness could be coming, even when it had come. But, in the long run, I fancy that the northern prejudice will find itself wrong about the Spanish funeral, as it has found itself wrong about the Italian carnival. The whole of the northern notion that Spain could not revive was part of the philosophy that found it impossible that Italy should revive, or that Poland should revive, or even that France should revive. It was part of a dull materialism of the 'eighties and the 'nineties, which has since been falsified in almost every other particular. It was the philosophy of Lord Salisbury when he dismissed the claims of Spain by distinguishing between what he called the living and the dying nations. Since he spoke, nearly all his dying nations have come uproariously to life: and nearly all his living nations are dead.

It is certain that the Spaniard still has what may emphatically be called the root of the matter in him. It is almost literally true that these older countries have remained like an orchard full of roots, while too many of the modern countries have become merely a market full of fruits. It is by no means self-evident that the apple-tree will prematurely perish before the apple-stall. It is quite certain that the apple-stall will ultimately perish without the apple-tree. The enormous commercial power of Prussia, which seemed the most modern thing in modern history, is already ancient history. Romantic names like Poland and Bohemia, that were regarded as things of the past, may yet be the most dominant and even menacing things of the future. Sooner or later, for all we know, events may turn Shakespeare's blunder into a prophecy. There may come a demand for a port for Czecho-Slovakia, to realise the romantic delusion of the sea-coast of Bohemia. The same recurrent destiny of dreams come true may yet give a very different meaning to the phrase about a castle in Spain. It may tower up again with very solid turrets and battlements, and anything but a castle in the air. It may recall the days when a whole country not only bore the cognisance but the name of a castle, and bring back alive out of the ages the greatness and glory of Castile. Whether this will be so no man knows; but he who thinks it impossible is deaf, and has not heard what trumpet was blown over the dead; nor does he know in what a day of resurrection he is living.

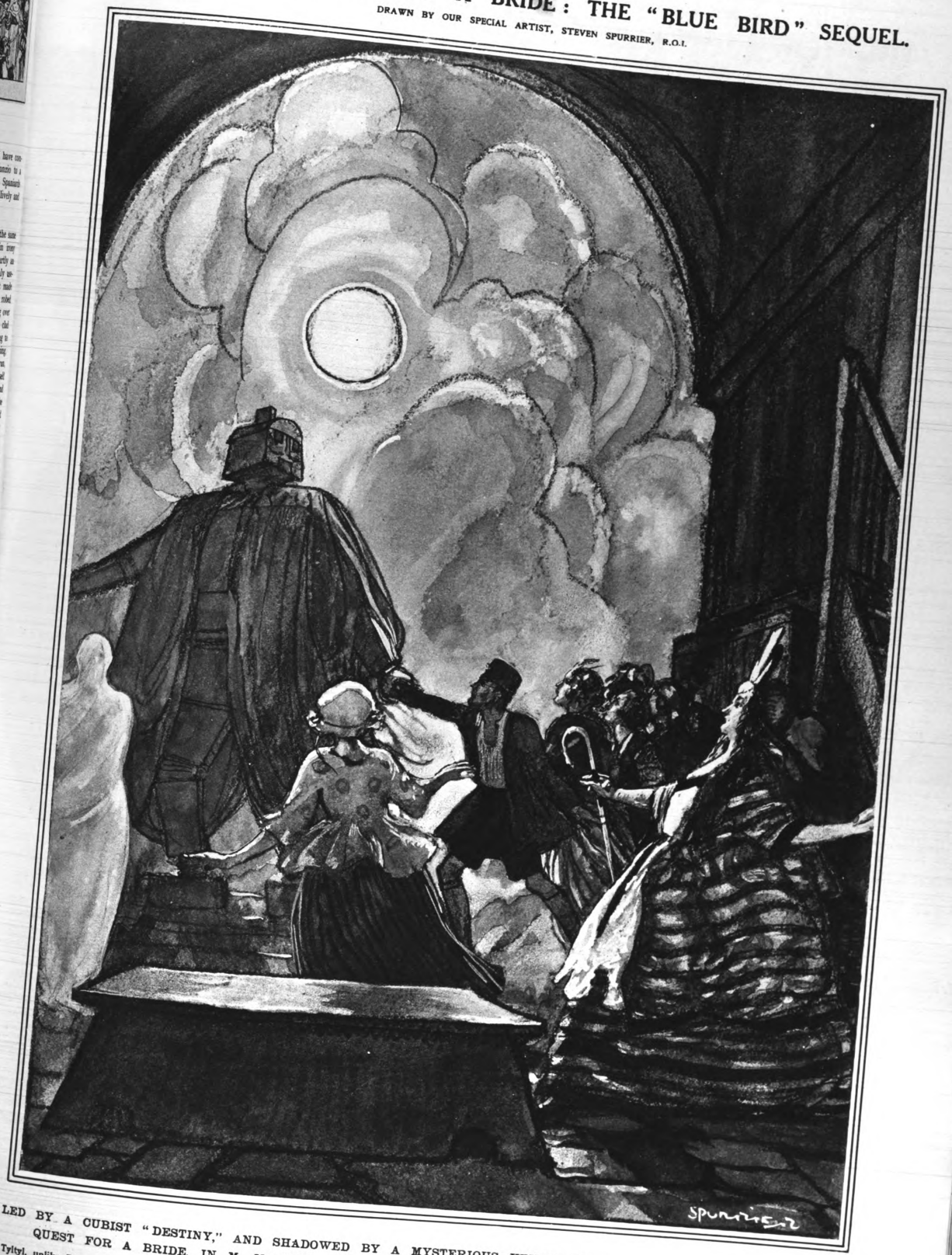


A RUSSIAN 1000-ROUBLE NOTE AS PROPAGANDA: PAPER MONEY WITH "WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE" PRINTED ON ITS FACE IN NINE LANGUAGES.

Some time ago, Mr. G. Doyle drew the attention of the Premier to the fact that the Russian 1000-rouble note, the currency of the Soviet Government, and then worth about ninepence, was being used for propaganda purposes, having printed on its face, in nine languages, "Workers of the World, Unite." Our reproduction does not give the note its actual size.—[*By Courtesy of the "Morning Post."*]

TYLTYL IN SEARCH OF A BRIDE: THE "BLUE BIRD" SEQUEL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



LED BY A CUBIST "DESTINY," AND SHADOWED BY A MYSTERIOUS VEILED FIGURE: TYLTYL DEPARTING ON HIS QUEST FOR A BRIDE, IN M. MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY, "THE BETROTHAL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Tyltyl, unlike Peter Pan, has grown up. Having arrived at years of romance, if not of discretion—being, that is, sixteen—he is deemed to require a mate, and must seek that only maiden destined for him, as for every lover, according to the Maeterlinckian doctrine. Destiny, a gigantic Cubist figure, leads him off to start upon his quest, accompanied by a bevy of girls, potential brides, and a mysterious veiled figure who ultimately proves to be she whom he is seeking, namely, Joy. Our drawing shows the opening scene at the Woodcutter's cottage, one side of which has fallen magically away, revealing a moonlit sky. On the left is Miss Gladys Cooper, who, as Joy, the bride, remains veiled and silent for the greater part of the play. The other figures (from left to right) are: Mr. Ivan Berlyn as Destiny; Miss Nora Swinburne as Roselle, the Innkeeper's daughter; Mr. Bobbie Andrews as Tyltyl; and Miss Winifred Emery as Fairy Berylune. "The Betrothal" owes its charm largely to the scenery and costumes designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts, the ballet by M. Novikoff, the music of Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, and the work of Mr. Granville Barker as producer. The play is, of course, a sequel to "The Blue Bird."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

THE JEW IN PUBLIC LIFE: PROMINENT MEN IN POLITICS, COM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FR



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MR ISRAEL ZANGWILL, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT.



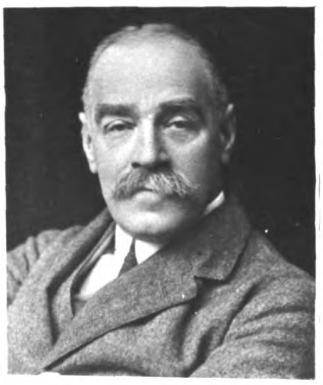
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SIR MARCUS SAMUEL, BT., OIL MAGNATE, AND EX-LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



LT.-COL. SIR MATTHEW NATHAN, P.C., GOVERNOR OF QUEENSLAND.



MR. LANDON RONALD, THE WELL-KNOWN MUSICIAN AND CONDUCTOR.

The appointment of Lord Reading (whose portrait appears on another page) to be Viceroy of India, the greatest office under the Crown outside this kingdom, draws attention to the great part now played by the Jewish race, as represented by its distinguished men, in all departments of public affairs in the British Empire. In connection with Lord Reading's new post, we recall that it was another great Jew, Disraeli, who in 1877 proclaimed Queen Victoria as Empress of India, and so established the present status of that country. The whole career of Disraeli profoundly affected the position of Jews in this country, and enhanced their prestige. It was, however, a culmination of previous efforts. In 1753 a Jewish Naturalisation Bill was passed, but was repealed in the next year. In 1833 began a series of further Bills to remove Jewish disabilities,

N POLITICS, COMMERCE, WAR, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, ART, AND MUSIC.

... VANDYK, ELLIOTT & FRY, SWAINE, LAFAYETTE, AND J. PALMER CLARKE.



DR. CHARLES WEIZMAN, LEADER OF THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT.



MR. WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, THE WELL-KNOWN PORTRAIT-PAINTER.



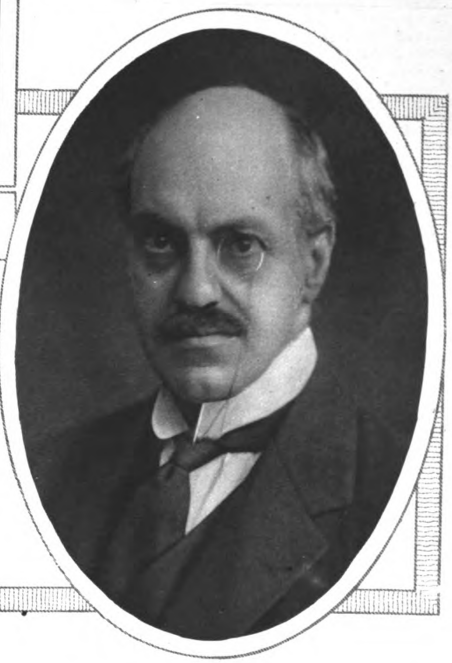
SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, P.C., BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN PALESTINE.



LT.-GEN. SIR JOHN MONASH, COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY CORPS, 1918.

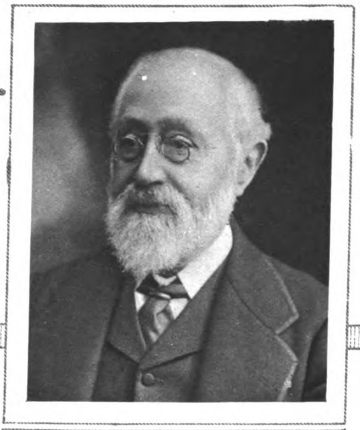


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but the House of Lords rejected them. Eventually, in 1858, a compromise was effected by which Baron de Rothschild, who had been elected for the City of London, was allowed to sit in Parliament, and in 1860 the Parliamentary oath for both Houses was amended in favour of Jews. Since that time, as this selection of portraits sufficiently shows, members of this remarkable race have come to the front in every walk of life, not only in politics and statesmanship, but in commerce, finance, philanthropy and education, literature, painting, music, science, and last, though not least, in war. The renascence of Palestine under the British mandate and the Zionist movement has been one of the most noteworthy events that have followed the signing of peace.

SINN FEIN'S "PRESIDENT"; HIS WIFE; AND ENVOY TO THE PREMIER.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL, KRYSTONE VIEW CO., AND INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE.



REPORTED TO HAVE PRESIDED OVER THE SINN FEIN PARLIAMENT IN IRELAND BEFORE CHRISTMAS: MR. DE VALERA.



MR. DE VALERA'S EMISSARY WHO RECENTLY MET MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD: FATHER O'FLANAGAN.



THE SINN FEIN LEADER WITH WHOM THE PREMIER WAS SAID TO BE READY TO TREAT: MR. DE VALERA IN NEW YORK.

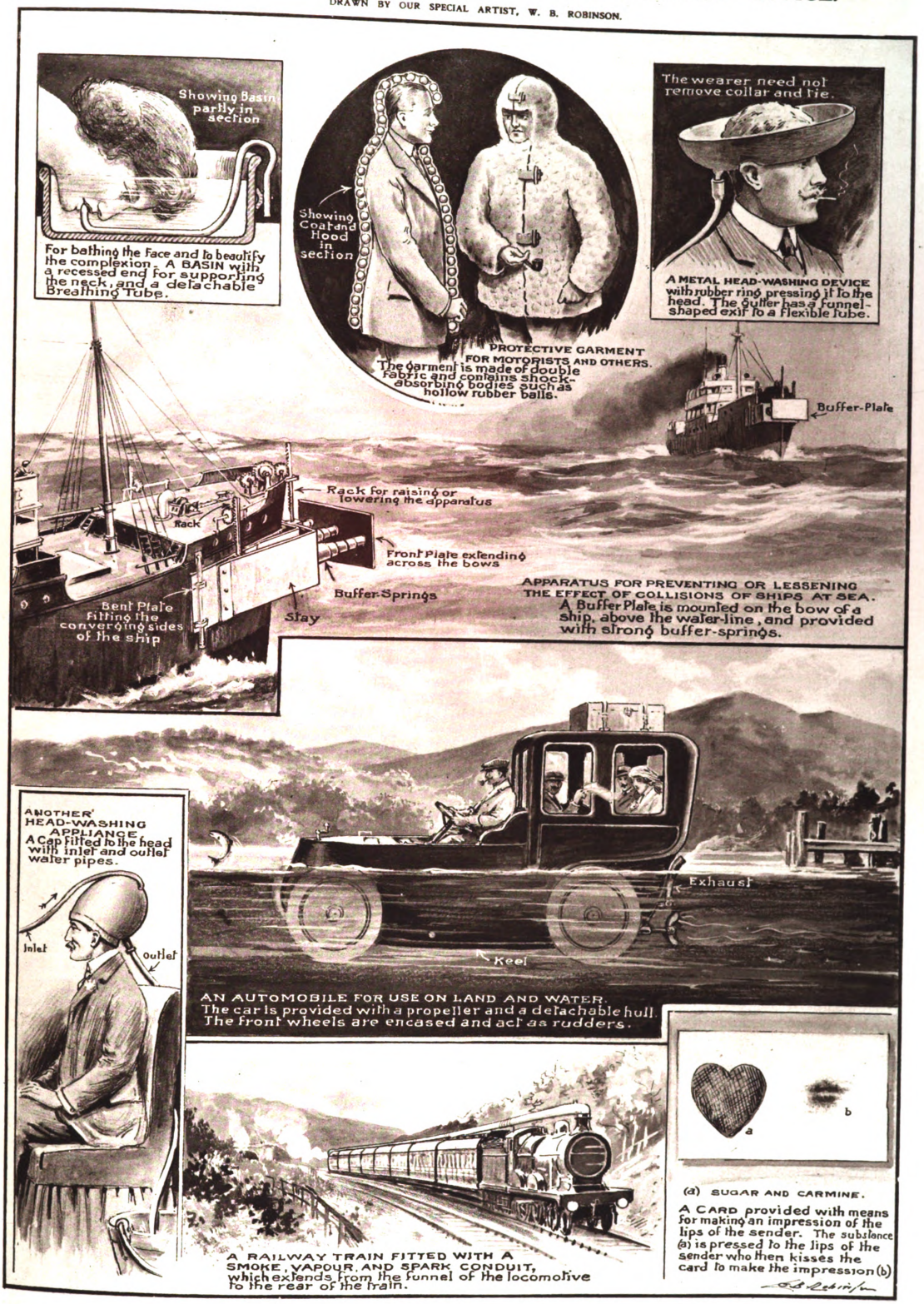


RECENTLY INTERVIEWED IN DUBLIN: MRS. DE VALERA, WIFE OF THE SINN FEIN "PRESIDENT."

Much rumour has been floating about lately regarding the reported return of Mr. De Valera from America to Ireland, and the possibility of a meeting between him and the Premier with a view to an Irish settlement. It was reported that Mr. Lloyd George would be willing to treat with him, and that he would be granted a "safe conduct." On the other hand, an official Sinn Fein note issued in Dublin on January 7 said: "The statements about 'President' De Valera and the views attributed to him in the Irish and English Press are nothing more than speculative guessing. The Irish people will pay no attention to them until they hear from 'President' De Valera directly and officially." Mrs. De Valera, interviewed in Dublin on New Year's Day, said she had been in Ireland for many days. Mr. Tim M'Nulty, of Cambridge, presiding at a meeting of the Irish Vigilance Society in London, said that Mr. De Valera had lost all power with Dail Eireann and might resign. Mr. De Valera came into prominence in 1916. He has a strong personality, but little oratorical gift. Father O'Flanagan, whose telegram to the Premier will be remembered, arrived in London lately as Mr. De Valera's representative, and had a frank discussion with Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood, at the Premier's house in Downing Street, on January 6, with a view to Irish peace. He then returned to Ireland.

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES IV.—HEAD-WASHING APPLIANCES; A "SHOCK-ABSORBING" COAT; BUFFERS FOR SHIPS; AN AMPHIBIOUS CAR; AN ENGINE SMOKE CONDUIT; "KISS PRINTS."

As this and previous pages of our series have shown, inventors seem to be particularly attracted by problems of locomotion, by land and sea, and, among lesser matters, by the operations of the hairdresser. Of the subjects here illustrated, perhaps the most piquant is the card for taking "kiss prints," which is likely to be popular with lovers. It has been patented, appropriately enough, by Messrs. Valentine. A description of it states: "A post, letter, or like card is provided with means for making an impression of the lips of the sender. The person presses a card, carrying a piece of cloth or other material covered or impregnated with a coloured substance, such as rouge, to the lips and then kisses the card, leaving the impression shown. Collectors may have albums of such cards, and they may be used for identification purposes. According to the provisional specification, it is suggested that the card may also be found useful for taking thumb prints, and the colouring substance may be protected by a suitable covering."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE PREMIER'S NEW OFFICIAL COUNTRY SEAT: A "HOUSE-WARMING."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY L.N.A. AND TOPICAL.



PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY LORD AND LADY LEE OF FAREHAM AS A COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR PREMIERS: CHEQUERS, NEAR PRINCES RISBOROUGH.



THE FIRST PREMIER TO OCCUPY CHEQUERS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE, LORD READING, AND MR. DAVIS.



THE PREMIER AND HIS GUESTS: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) SIR R. HORNE, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, SIR H. GREENWOOD, AND MR. DAVIS.



THE PREMIER AND HIS DAUGHTER AT CHEQUERS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE WITH MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE—A GOOD JOKE.



THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA AT CHEQUERS: LORD READING (RIGHT) WITH THE PREMIER.



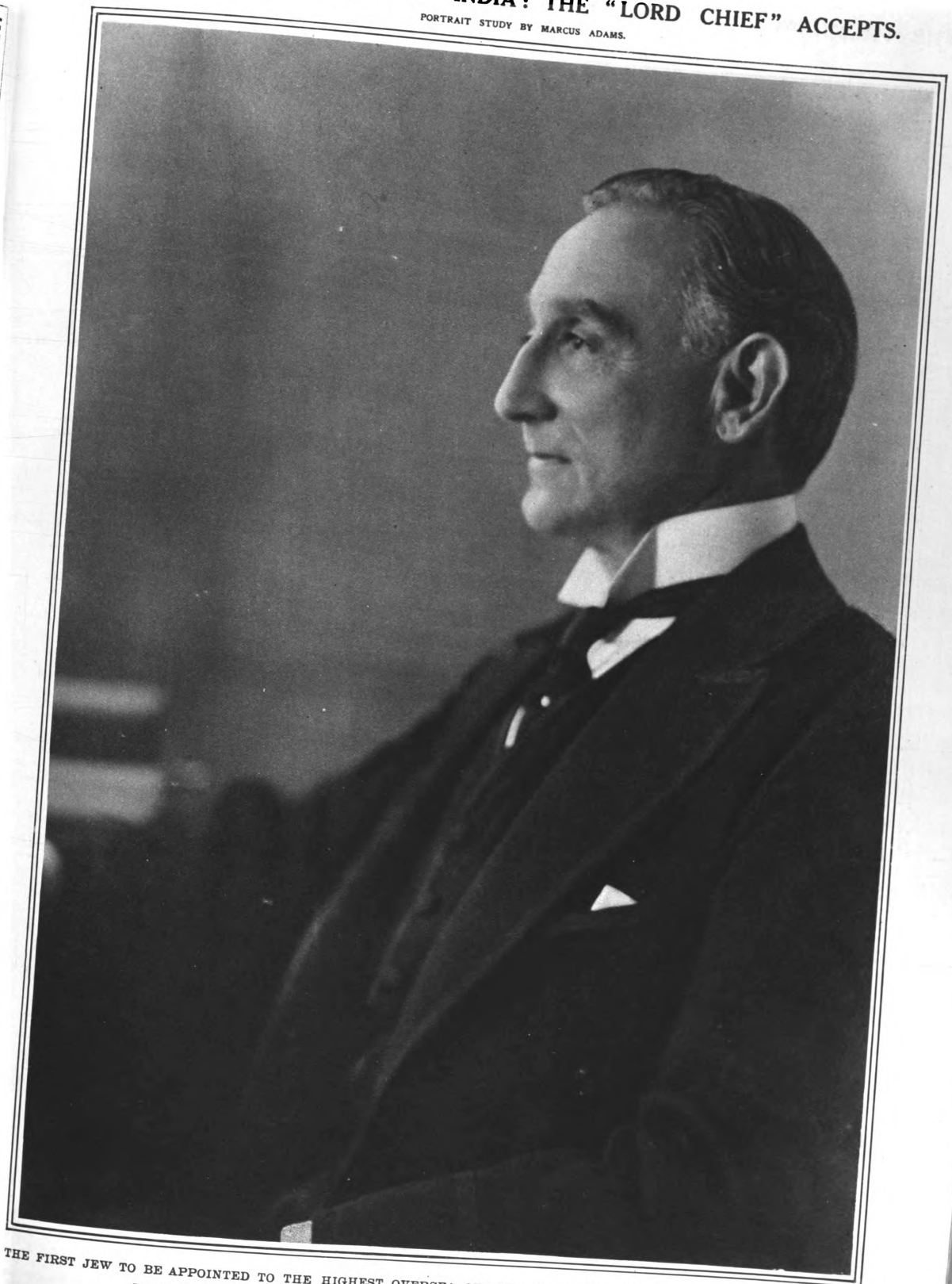
"HOUSE-WARMING": (L. TO R., IN FRONT) THE PREMIER, MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, LORD READING, MR. DAVIS (U.S. AMBASSADOR), MRS. DAVIS, LORD RIDDELL.

Chequers, the beautiful and historic house between Princes Risborough and Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, among the Chiltern Hills, has been presented to the State, in perpetuity, as an official country residence for the Premier, by Lord Lee of Fareham, Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, and his wife, Lady Lee. They gave a "farewell" dinner party there on Saturday, January 8, when the house was formally handed over to Mr. Lloyd George, the first Premier to take possession. His "house-warming" week-end party included Lord Reading (the new Viceroy of India, of whom we give a full-page portrait elsewhere in this number), the American Ambassador (Mr. John W. Davis) and Mrs. Davis, Lord Milner, Lord Riddell, Sir Robert Horne, and Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood. It was a purely social party without any political purpose. In the large group shown above the figures in the back row (from left to right) are—Lady Greenwood, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Lord Lee of Fareham, Lord Milner, and Sir Robert Horne. An endowment fund for upkeep of the house has also been provided.

WARMING."

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: THE "LORD CHIEF" ACCEPTS.

PORTRAIT STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS.



THE FIRST JEW TO BE APPOINTED TO THE HIGHEST OVERSEA OFFICE UNDER THE CROWN: THE EARL OF READING, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, AND ERSTWHILE AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

It was announced on January 8 that the Right Hon. the Earl of Reading had been appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India in succession to Lord Chelmsford, who retires next April. Lord Reading had for a time hesitated to accept the post lest his wife's health should suffer from the Indian climate. He was born in London on October 10, 1860, and his marriage to Alice Edith, daughter of Albert Cohen, took place in 1887. Since October 1913 Lord Reading has been Lord Chief Justice of England, and during the war he did work in America of immense value to the Allied cause. In 1915 he was President of the Anglo-French Mission to the United States, in 1917 he was Special British Representative there, and in 1918-19 Ambassador-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. As Mr. Rufus Isaacs he had a brilliant career at the Bar, becoming a K.C. in 1898, and Solicitor-General, later Attorney-General, in 1910. From 1904 to 1913 he was M.P. for Reading. He was knighted in 1910, created a Baron in 1914, Viscount in 1916, and Earl [illegible]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

SPECULATION was rife. There was to be an actor in the Honours List on New Year's Day. Who could it be? Everybody weighed and guessed—and all were wrong, for the elect was far away on the high-seas to conquer a British Dominion for British Art. Then, when we read that a knighthood had been conferred on Mr. Martin Harvey, we tapped our foreheads and said: "Of course! How could we be so stupid not to think of him?" And we added: "He deserves it." For Martin Harvey, by name, art, and benevolence, appeals to our imagination, and in the provinces he is an idol. He shares with Matheson Lang the mantle of Lewis Waller. He is "the romantic actor"; not to have seen him in "The Only Way" is as clear a want in education as to have missed Waller as Monsieur Beaucaire. And then there is his Hamlet; the romantic Hamlet *par excellence*; the Hamlet young girls dream of, and whom men admire for his rhetorical splendour, his ringing voice—a big voice, raising a small man to command and above the shoulders of his surroundings. Again, there is Martin Harvey the orator: hear him after dinner on his art, and you are carried away by his enthusiasm, his conviction, his aptness of expression—he wafts the spirit of romance. Above all, there is the man, a lovable creature with a big heart, who has devoted endless hours to charity in war-time, and who, night after night when he produced Maeterlinck's "Burgomaster of Stilemonde," harangued the crowds all over England to plead for Belgium, for patriotism, and open-handedness. Thus the knightly honour was bestowed on him for a double cause—for what he has done as an artist and what he has amassed in an altruistic cause. Not since King George touched Frank Benson with the sword in the stage-box of Drury Lane has the theatrical world had such a surprise and such pleasure.



THE BREADWINNER OF THE GEOGHEGAN FAMILY: MR. SYDNEY MORGAN AS GEORGE IN "THE WHITE-HEADED BOY," AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

. . . .

It is late in the day to refer to "The Beggar's Opera," which has confirmed the Lyric Opera House at Hammersmith in public favour, and has given the *coup de grâce* to the obsolete notion of unlucky theatres. There is no such thing as an unlucky theatre—there are only unlucky managers selecting unlucky pieces. Generally, the public appreciates a good thing wherever it is to be found—did we not once upon a time migrate to Camberwell, when Mr. Mulholland made it a font of "new and original" work? Still, the success of "The Beggar's Opera" many months after its début is remarkable and gratifying, in the patriotic sense of the word. It proves that the nation has an innate love of its folklore in text and music; that there is a treasure-trove in the old play-box of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and—that there is nothing new under the histrionic sun. Half the battle was, of course, won by Mr. Playfair's production—now adopted by America in a rare unison of approval—and by excellent exponents of his choice. The other half, methinks, is due to the *flair* of the public, which in "The Beggar's Opera" not only discovered the origin of musical comedy, but one with a wittier text and ever so much more musical music than is served up now by a round half-dozen of librettists and composers. That Mr Ranalow's Macheath is a masterly creation need hardly be re-said: he is the d'Artagnan of roguery, nor need we re-sing the praises of Elsie French's delectable Mrs. Peachum, and of Miss Violet Marquesita's sinister charm as Lucy Lockit. But a hearty welcome should be given to the newcomer, Miss Katherine Arkandy, the new Polly, as dainty as a piece of Saxony, as piquant as the most piquant Louis XV. soubrette, who has a voice of very sweet timbre and a schooling of such perfection that she tempts one to name her in the same breath as Miss Maggie Teyte. An evening at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is an experience and a study. The public consists of all sorts and conditions of men and women—all classes foregather here in the most extraordinary mixture of styles, modes and manners—but, from the moment the orchestra begins to the last parade of all the actors concerned, there is a "*Stimmung*" in the house nowhere else to be found. It is the complete harmony of "Englishness"—the family-feeling which is created by the understanding that this play and this music are truly racial of the soil.

. . . .

Plans are in the air to endow West London with a Yiddish Theatre. It sounds interesting, but one feels inclined to repeat *Punch's* warning to those about to marry. In New York, which is the focus of Jewry from all countries in the world, it may flourish alongside the German Theatre (recently reopened), the French, and the countless little theatres *à côté*, Guignols of a kind and with a difference; but New York is essentially cosmopolitan, and London, despite the many foreigners in our midst, remains the city of one language. This is not sheer assertion, it is the outcome of actual experience: a French theatre over here may draw full houses for a month, but for a season—it costs money. In the beginning of the century, we had a regular German theatre—it cost money. We had, in war-time, at the Criterion, on sharing-terms (thus practically rent free), a very fine series of fine plays, including Fonson and Wicheler's famous "Kommandatur"—it cost money. Even Réjane, when at the Court, lamented—it cost money; and I am informed, by one who knows, that when Moscovitch was the hero of the Pavilion East, the end of the story was a *da capo* of the same cry of negative financial success. The truth of the matter is that a Yiddish theatre in Western Europe can only live when it is established on a very small scale, and even then its existence is ephemeral, except in the case of the famous Herrenfeld Theater of Berlin, which manufactured diverting Potash and Perlmutter plays on its own premises, and had a following because the Berliners are nearly all able to understand the vernacular, which to an average Londoner, sounds more foreign than French and Italian. Even in Amsterdam, with its vast Ghetto, there is no permanent Yiddish theatre; and in Antwerp, where the diamond industry has attracted many of the Chosen, there are two little *bolies* near the station "flea-hives" a wag called them, on account of the untidiness of the public where Yiddish plays are performed in semi-amateur way.



THE WHITE-HEADED BOY'S BRIDE TAKES CARE OF HIS MONEY: MISS NAN FITZGERALD AS DELIA AND MR. ARTHUR SHIELDS AS DENIS GEOGHEGAN.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

Now what would be the prospect in London? At first, curiosity would no doubt fill the stalls and the other high-priced seats, and pit and gallery would, of course, be well patronised by Jewry. But do the promoters of the West-End Yiddish Theatre really believe that in the long run the public would pay considerable prices to hear "Uriel Acosta" by Gutzkow (of which, by the way, Zangwill years ago was to make an adaptation for Sir Herbert Tree), or Lessing's "Nathan der Weise,' which, if accessible at all to the English public—a doubtful surmise—would sound far more poetic and dignified in English blank-verse? Of course, there are the "pogrom" plays, very poignant in the days of Tsar-ridden Russia—but pogroms are no longer burning questions, and there is reason to believe that they belong to the past; there are the plays of Jewish humour—"*chein*" is the word beloved by Israel—but how much of it would be understood by the son of Cockayne and by the new Jewish population which has found refuge in England since the great exodus from the East, and whose parlance differs vastly from the time-honoured Yiddish? No; I fear, well-intentioned as the experiment is, it would be doomed to disappointment; for, granted that the Jews, most of whom are in modest circumstances, would patronise their national enterprise and fill pit and gallery night by night, there is no hope of making two ends meet in these days of exorbitant rents and expenses. The days when theatrical enterprise could live on pit and gallery are past and done with, like many other boons and blessings of a happier world.



DEMANDING THEIR MONEY BACK: (L. TO R.) MISS SARA ALLGOOD AS MRS. GEOGHEGAN, MR. S. MORGAN AS GEORGE, MISS MAIRE O'NEILL AS AUNT ELLEN, AND MR. ARTHUR SINCLAIR AS JOHN DUFFY, IN "THE WHITE-HEADED BOY."

"The White-Headed Boy," which has now been running at the Ambassadors' Theatre since last September, is one of the most amusing comedies in town. The "boy" is Denis Geoghegan, youngest of the family, a mother's darling and a waster. The others rebel, and he is to be packed off to Canada, ostensibly "to a grand position." Thereupon his prospective father-in-law, John Duffy, demands either the immediate marriage of Denis and Delia, or compensation. The Geoghegans give Duffy £320; but meanwhile Denis secretly marries Delia, and eventually gets the money.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

A FAIRY TALE OF SCIENCE FOR THE CHILDREN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.

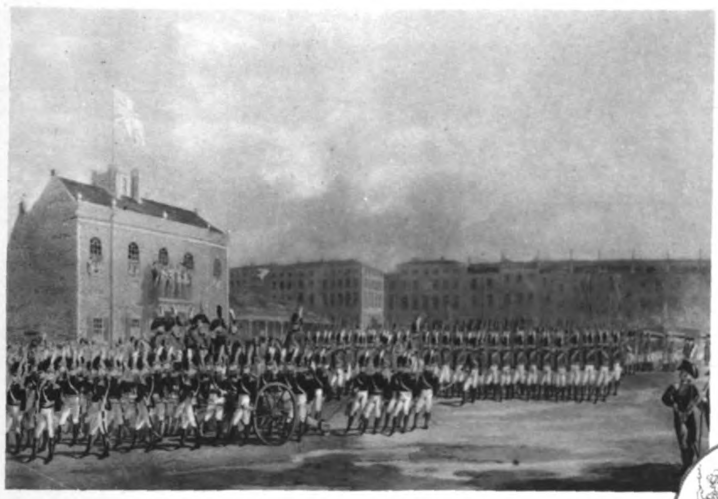


EXPLAINING THE ORIGINAL OF THE "MERMAID" MYTH: PROFESSOR J. A. THOMSON BESIEGED BY HIS YOUTHFUL AUDIENCE AFTER ONE OF HIS LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION ON "THE HAUNTS OF LIFE."

This season's scientific lectures for children, arranged by the Royal Institution, are as popular as any of their predecessors. Professor J. A. Thomson, of Aberdeen University, has been delighting his youthful audiences with a series on "The Haunts of Life," dealing in turn with "The School of the Shore," "The Open Sea," "The Great Deeps," and "Life in the Fresh Waters." Our drawing shows the scene at the end of the last-named lecture, when the children crowded round the Professor's desk to see his specimens. He is showing them a Manatee, or Sea-Cow, the creature which is supposed to have given rise to the belief in mermaids. Save for its fish-like tail, it has little resemblance to the mermaid of legend. Its redeeming feature, the Professor said, is that it does not cast off its young to fend for themselves in a hard-hearted world, but tucks them under its fore-arm and carries them about. We have arranged to publish digests of Professor Thomson's lectures, written by himself, with illustrations, as we did with Professor Bragg's lectures last year.—[*Drawing Copyright*

"THE MOST ANCIENT . . . CORPS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE":

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,



IN NAPOLEONIC TIMES: THE H.A.C. INSPECTED BY LIEUT.-GEN. THE EARL OF HARRINGTON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1803—AN ETCHING BY MITAN FROM A DRAWING BY E. DAYES.



THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT IN ENGLAND: GROUND AT FINSBURY, SEPTEMBER 1[illegible]



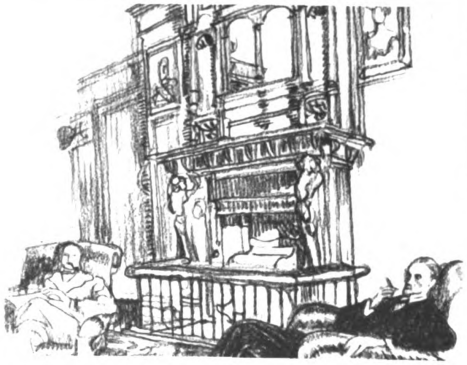
ARMOURY HOUSE, THE H.A.C. HEADQUARTERS: A CORNER OF THE BAR.



ONE OF THE FINEST CLUBS IN THE CITY: ARMOURY HOUSE—THE LOUNGE.



USED BY THE YAGER COMPANY, H.A.C., EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY: THREE POWDER-HORNS



CLUB COMFORT AT THE H.A.C. HEADQUARTERS: THE SMOKE-ROOM, ARMOURY HOUSE.

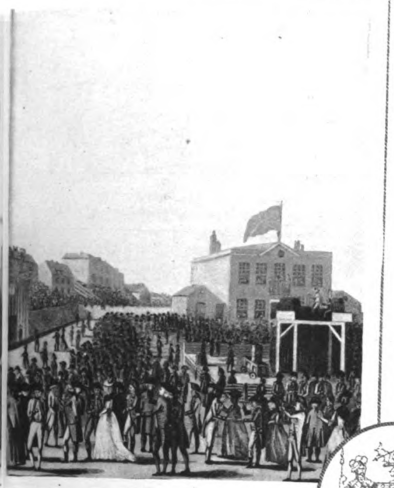


OFFICERS' CAPS OF THE GRENADIER PERIOD; (RIGHT

The Honourable Artillery Company, generally known as the H.A.C., did splendid work in the late war, thereby living up to its long and glorious record. It forms, in the heart of the City, a rallying-point of patriotic service, highly valuable in view of the need for Territorial recruits, and at the same time provides an excellent centre for healthy exercise, recreation and social amenities. The facilities afforded by its club-house and sports ground at Armoury House, Finsbury, are described in an article on another page of this number. Its older annals are very fully preserved in "The History of the Honourable Artillery Company," by Captain G. A. Raikes. "As the most ancient military body or corps in the British Empire, if not in the world" (he writes in 1878), "this veteran Company has long been famous. . . . The Company has always been entirely distinct from all other military organisations, and, strictly speaking, belongs neither to the Militia, Yeomanry or Volunteers, nor yet to the more ancient Trained Bands. It is the only military body over which Parliament has no control, being entirely self-supporting. . . . The Company was incorporated by Henry VIII., on

THE H.A.C. AND ITS HEADQUARTERS, ARMOURY HOUSE.

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



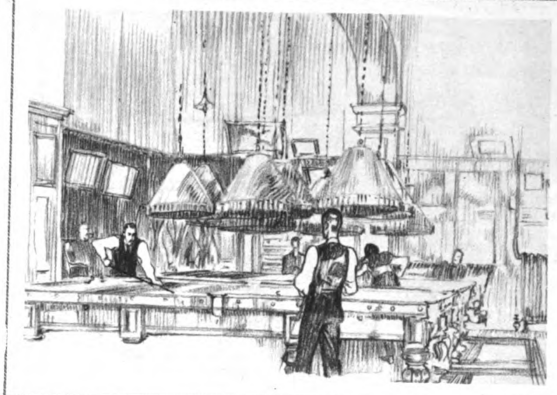
VINCENZO LUNARDI GOING UP FROM THE H.A.C. 1784—A DRAWING BY J. BREWER.



THE H.A.C. IN THE GORDON RIOTS: FIRING ON A MOB LOOTING A HOUSE IN BROAD STREET, JUNE 7, 1780—(RIGHT FOREGROUND) SURGEON SIR WILLIAM BLIZARD TENDING THE INJURED.



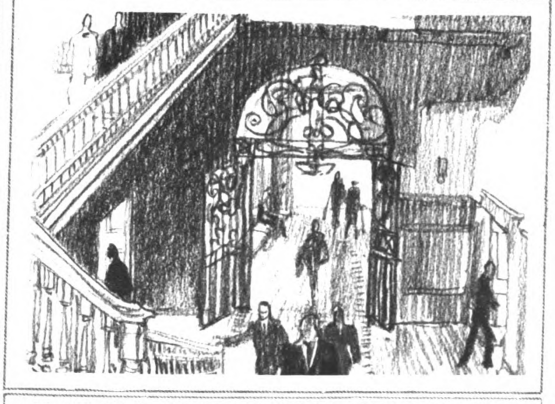
THE CATERING SIDE OF ARMOURY HOUSE: A CORNER OF THE MESS-ROOM.



THE RECREATION SIDE OF ARMOURY HOUSE: THE BILLIARD-ROOM.



OMPANY, H.A.C.: (LEFT) QUEEN ANNE EORGE I. PERIOD.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE H.A.C. HEADQUARTERS: THE HALL AND STAIRCASE, ARMOURY HOUSE.



RELICS AND ACCOUTREMENTS OF THE H.A.C.: OLD BADGES, MEDALS, AND ORNAMENTS.

ugust 25, 1537, more than a century before any other British regiment was raised, under the title of the Fraternity or Guild of St. George, and consisted of Archers; but t a very early period of its existence it appears to have adopted the use of Artillery. . . As far back as the year 1588 (made memorable by the Armada), they had gained a ame as experienced soldiers, and were known as the Captains of the Artillery Garden. . . . No regiment can boast of a greater number of distinguished persons than are ame on the roll of this Company. From the time when Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York, joined in 1641, the Sovereign or the Prince of Wales has ways held the command as Captain-General. . . . The title 'Honourable' first appears in the Company's books in 1685. . . . Probably the most remarkable and interesting currence in the history of the Company was the formation, in 1638, of a branch, or second battalion, in America. . . . This corps, the first and oldest of all military bodies America, continues to flourish as the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, Massachusetts."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

A CENTRE OF SPORT AND PATRIOTISM IN THE CITY: ARMOURY HOUSE, THE H.A.C. HEADQUARTERS.

MOST people who think of the City visualise a scene the outstanding feature of which is solid masses of bricks and mortar. They see towering buildings and dense throngs of moving



A "RUGGER" MATCH AT ARMOURY HOUSE IN AID OF EARL HAIG'S FUND: THE H.A.C. v BLACKHEATH—JUMPING FOR THE BALL FROM A SHORT LINE-OUT.
Photograph by Sport and General.

citizens. Of course, speaking broadly, they are right. The City is a place of business. Yet there is within the wonderful City of London much to relieve the sombre picture which its bricks and mortar suggest. Behind the Halls of several of the ancient City Guilds are, in the language of the historian, "Faire gardens," and of these the public occasionally get a glimpse. The many little pleasant churchyards are too well known to need more than a passing reference.

But the most extensive of the open grounds still left to the citizens of London is without doubt the six-and-a-half acres of beautiful greensward in the possession of the Honourable Artillery Company. To find in the City six-and-a-half acres of ground, well kept and likely to remain unbuilt on, is surely a matter of considerable interest. It seems little short of marvellous that so much ground could have escaped the despoiling hand of the builder right down the centuries. But such is the case. And it all happens because of the sporting propensities of the English. What other nation could have saved so large and valuable an extent of ground merely for the purpose of sport?

The story is an interesting one. In old days the citizen of London took great delight in his archery. He used to saunter forth on Sundays and holy days—having first attended Mass, as was the custom of all citizens—to practise; and on certain days there were "Feysts" of shooting for a gold standard (13s. 4d.). The marks for this shooting were set up in various places outside the City, particularly beyond Bishopsgate, and in the fields between Moorgate and Islington. It was not, however, a game to be indulged in without teaching. One of the ranges, for instance, is known to have been 308 yards, and the target only 1 ft. 6 in. in diameter. That meant good shooting, and for good shooting there must be careful and consistent practice; and so we find the Artillery Garden in Bishopsgate, with the Artillery Company or Guild of St. George, for the teaching and better practice of archery. We also find the Kings taking an interest in the matter, and in the fifteenth century sending letters through the Lords of the Privy Council to the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, enjoining them to see that the citizens were duly instructed.

Next we hear of the Artillery Company, duly addressed by My Lords of the Council as "Honourable," in dispute with the Master Gunner of the Tower. The said Master Gunner laid claim to the Artillery ground at Bishopsgate as a possession of his office, a contention which the officers of the Artillery garden were unable to tolerate. The dispute ran for a century or so, and, despite the support of the Company by Privy Council and City interests, the Master Gunner seems to have been powerful enough to be troublesome. However, the upshot was a petition from the Honourable Artillery Company to the Lord Mayor and Corporation for a new ground, and the Corporation being sympathetic—all the Aldermen were members of the Company and Colonels of the Trained Bands—granted the "upper field in Finsbury" to the Guild. That was over 300 years ago, and the Company has been there ever since. It has had to fight occasionally to retain possession, but that is another story, as Kipling would say.

The point is that the "upper field" at Finsbury is still unbuilt on and continues to give the citizen the opportunity of indulging his sporting proclivities. Members drill on a portion of the ground, and parades are held upon it, but mostly those who guide the destinies of this wonderful old Corps encourage the use of it for sport pure and simple. They believe with Wellington that battles are won on the playing-fields. Here, then, on any evening may be seen the wisest of the City's youth indulging in outdoor games. As the seasons change may be seen cricket, football (both Rugby and Association), and hockey. There are two Badminton courts, and a good paved cricket-practice wicket under cover. There is an excellent bathing-tank, while eight hot showers baths are in course of construction. With such facilities, is it wonderful that the H.A.C. teams give a good account of themselves? Fine play can be seen on this centrally-situated field.

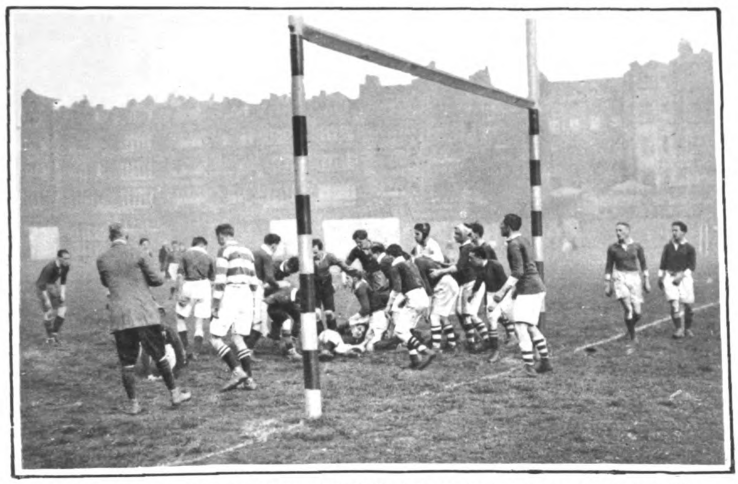


HOCKEY AT ARMOURY HOUSE: THE H.A.C. (WINNERS, 7-1) v. THE WAR OFFICE—A RUN BY AN H.A.C. FORWARD.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

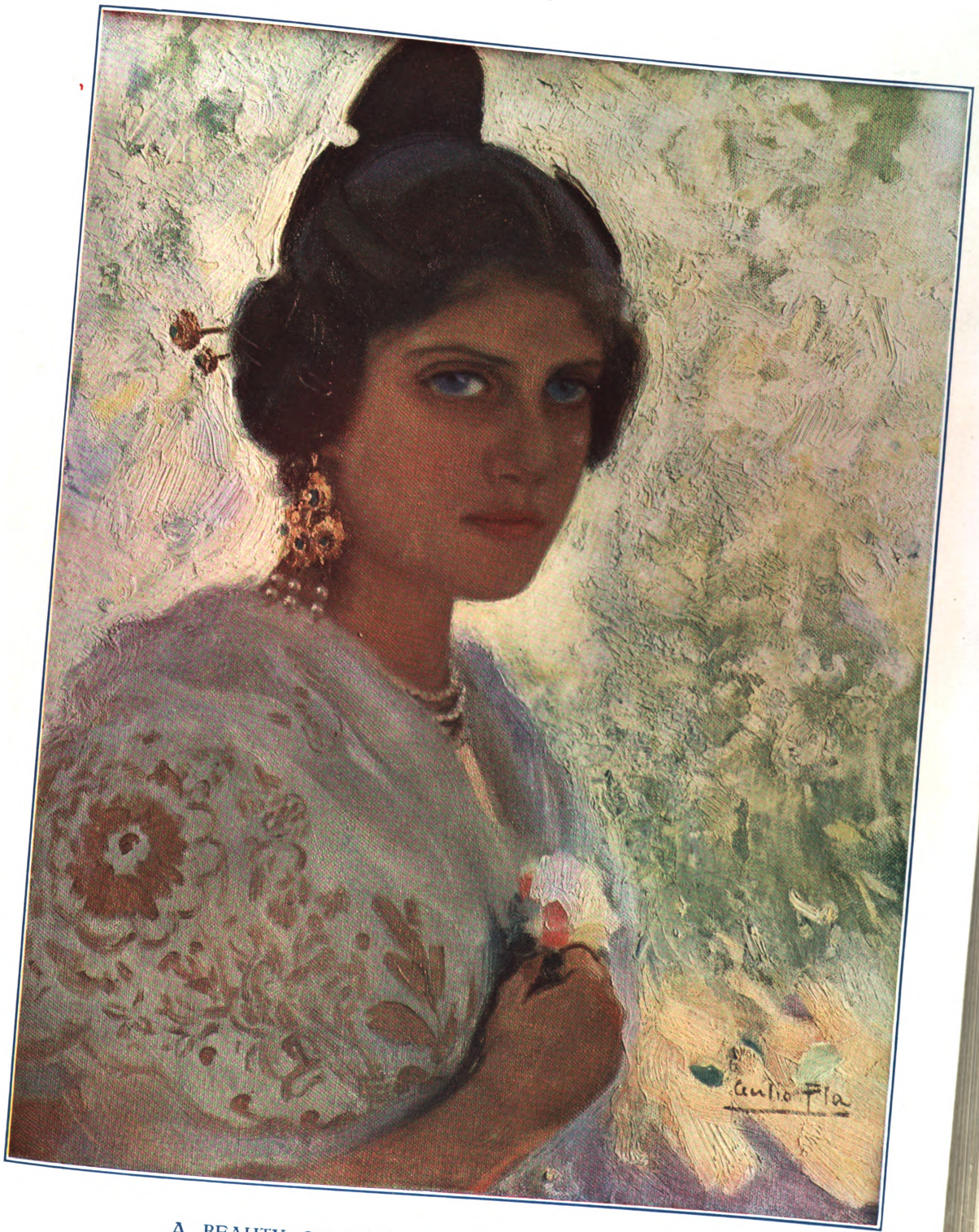
But let it not be thought that this is all. Side by side with the sport goes on the "work." After all, is it not sport too? H.A.C. men think so, and we are more than inclined to agree. Cricket or football on the field and gun drill and foot drill on the square go on simultaneously—one helps the other.

So it is that the boy leaving his school turns his thoughts naturally to the H.A.C. Where else can he continue his sports? Where else can he find a "club house" of such proportions or so well adapted to his purpose as is the Armoury House, with its luncheon and dining rooms, its beautiful lounge, or its splendid facilities for making and retaining friends? The Public Schools Elevens, having sent teams to the Armoury House to play against the H.A.C., constantly find themselves pitted against old school-fellows.

At the moment a recruiting campaign is being undertaken by the Territorial Force Association of London. Young citizens might do worse than investigate the possibilities of the H.A.C., for the Corps is not yet up to strength, which in peace time consists of a couple of batteries of Horse Artillery and a battalion of infantry. As to cost, it is nominal. A couple of guineas a year covers the subscription. But on that subject a post-card to the Secretary at the Armoury House will bring all details. Parents, too, would do well to accept the invitation of the Court of Assistants to visit these famous Headquarters, and see for themselves the conditions under which their boys would spend a proportion of their leisure.



"RUGGER" AT ARMOURY HOUSE, FINSBURY: THE H.A.C. v. STREATHAM—A STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL IN FRONT OF GOAL.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]



A BEAUTY OF SPAIN: A NATIVE OF VALENCIA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CECILIO PLA GALLARDO.

Shown in the Exhibition of Spanish Paintings at the Royal Academy, and reproduced by courtesy of the Artist and the Directors of that Exhibition.

WHALING BY ARTILLERY: THE HARPOON-GUN IN ACTION AGA

FROM THE PAINTING BY [illegible]

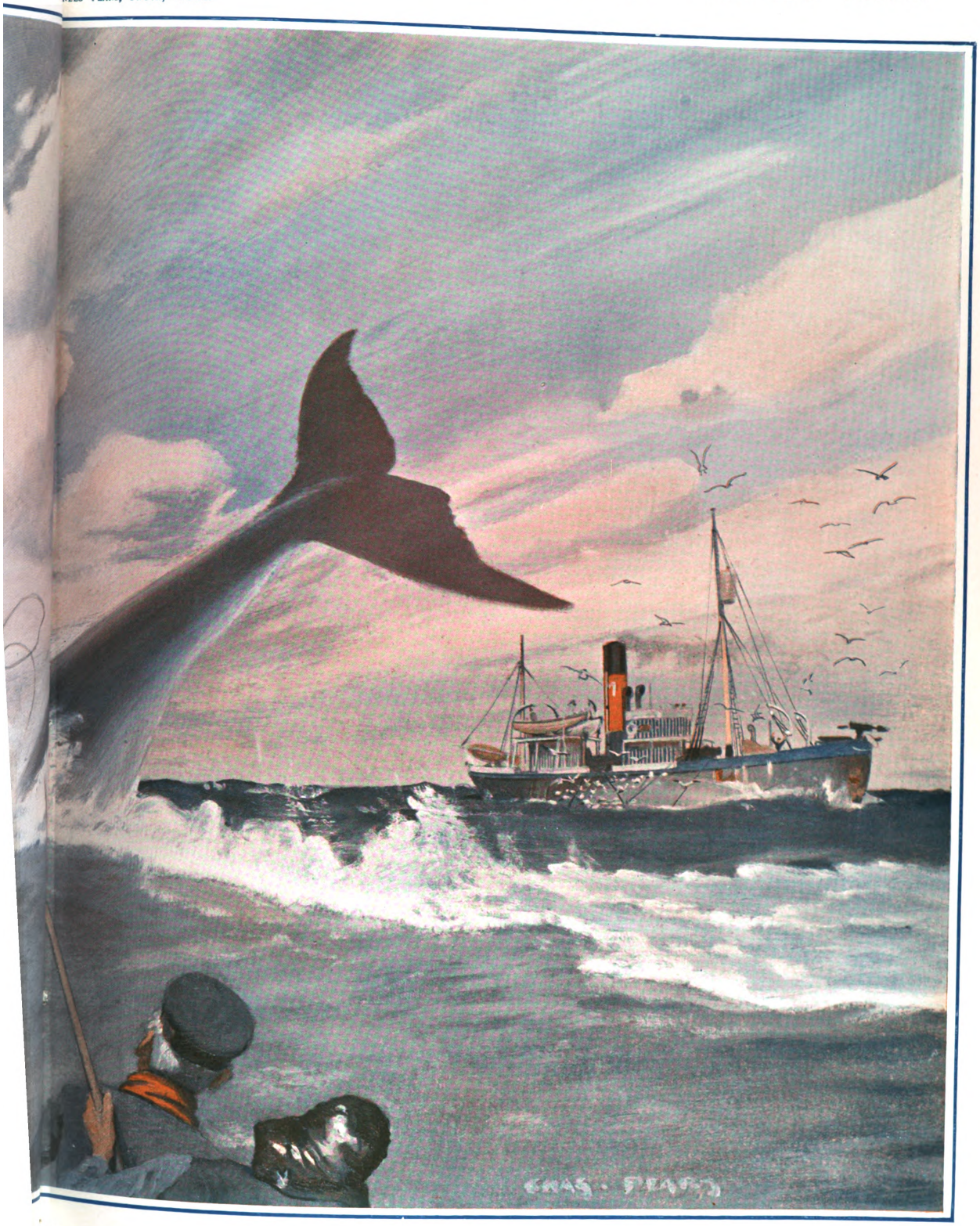


A METHOD OF HUNTING WHICH KILLED 23,000 WHALES IN ONE YEAR, AND MAY L

Whaling is now no longer a matter of mast and sail and the "hand-to-hand" encounter in boats. Steamers of 100 to 150 tons, fitted with powerful steam-winches and a deadly harpoon-gun carried in the bows, give a mode of hunting more effective, if less picturesque, than did the old-time way. Once struck, the whale is doomed. The trying-out of the oil is done off shore in floating factories to which the dead whales are towed. In 1911 as many as 23,000 whales were taken, the value of the oil alone being over £2,500,000. The ease with which, under modern conditions, the whale is captured has been counterbalanced by grave fears that it will become extinct. The respite of the war, however, gave the whale a new lease of life, and whaling has since been resumed and still goes on. In the left foreground of the illustration is seen a harpoon-gun, from which a harpoon, attached to a long rope, has just been fired into the whale's

N IN AC AGAINST A GREAT "SUBMERSIBLE" OF NATURE'S NAVY.

FROM THE P RLES PEARS, R.O.I., S.G.A.



AD TO THEIR EXTINCTION: THE MODERN WHALING STEAMER, WITH HARPOON-GUN.

body. The great creature, with its tail in the air, is plunging in a vain struggle to escape. On the right is another whaler, with a dead whale floating alongside. Air has been pumped into the carcass to make it float while being towed to land. The position of the harpoon-gun on the bows of this second steamer is clearly shown. It is incorrect to call a whale a fish, though it lives entirely in the water and is helpless on land. It is a mammal, of the order of *cetacea*, and differs from fishes in many important particulars, having warm blood and a four-chambered heart, and breathing air. It must rise to the surface periodically to breathe, and is enabled to do so by the horizontal flukes of its tail, which form its chief mode of propulsion. Whales are gentle by nature, and the female is a devoted mother. The young are usually born singly, and can be suckled under water.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]



Oh, Mummy—you promised me—

Woodward's Gripe Water!

A Queen City of North Africa: Cyrene.

NEW ITALIAN DISCOVERIES.

By PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.

AFTER the occupation of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica in 1912, the Italian Government devised a plan for the archæological exploration of those countries, establishing to that end a special department for Colonial Archæology at Rome, under the direction of Professor Lucio Mariani, with two local branches at Tripoli and Benghazi. An extensive survey of both provinces was made during the same year and the year following. Systematic excavations were then immediately commenced at Cyrene and its neighbourhood by the superintendent appointed there, Dr. Ghislanzoni; and at Tripoli, Zliten, and other places by his colleague in Tripolitania, Dr. Aurigemma. To both these scholars Libyan Archæology is indebted for the most brilliant discoveries, which led to the creation of two museums of exceptional importance for the study of Greek and Roman Africa. For their support and for further excavations a special fund of one million francs has recently been granted by the Italian Ministry of Colonial Affairs.

Cyrene, where—as might be expected—the excavations have proved more fruitful, was one of



THE MOST ANCIENT OF THE STATUES RECENTLY FOUND AT CYRENE: AN ARCHAIC "KORE" (MAIDEN) FROM THE THERMÆ.

the most ancient amongst the Hellenic colonies, and, excepting Alexandria, the most splendid and monumental Greek city of North Africa. Common tradition attributes its foundation to the Dorians of the island of Thera, the modern Santorin, in 631 B.C.; but recent investigations tend to prove that a previous swarm of Peloponnesian Pre-Doric colonists reached the Libyan coast and the lofty table-land of Barca at least four centuries earlier, in prehistoric times, when the first Greek invaders from the North overran also the shores of Minoan Crete. Built on the edge of the upper of two terraces, which rise above the coast of Marsa Susa to a height of about 2000 feet, at a spot where an inexhaustible spring flows from the rock, fertilising all the ground below, its situation, between the desert and the sea, was admirably adapted for commerce. Contact and traffic with the aboriginal population of Libyan or Berber stock was, in fact, established very soon, and, as we know from the historian Herodotus, who visited the city in about 450 B.C., a large admixture of Libyan blood was noticeable in its population, owing to the marriages of the early Greek settlers with Libyan wives. But, in spite of this Berber element, Cyrene maintained from its earliest days, through the Ptolemaic and the Roman domination, down to the time of the Arabic invasion in the seventh century A.D., its true Hellenic stamp in culture, art, and costume. It soon became a great centre of Greek life. Amongst its celebrities it numbered the cyclic poet Eugammon; the lyric poet, Callimachus; Carneades, the founder of the New Academy at Athens; Aristippus, disciple of Socrates and founder of the Cyrenaic School; the geographer Eratosthenes; and, in Christian times, the bishop Synesius.

The city possessed three theatres, large temples, a splendid *agora* or public market, a broad paved way for processions, considerable public buildings and baths, and—what modern visitors find still more imposing—a vast monumental necropolis, almost entirely cut in the rock of its hills, which is unparalleled in the ancient Greek world. Its principal temple was that of Apollo, which stood in a dominant position upon a large terrace near the spring, in full view of the far blue Libyan sea. The first attempt at archæological excavations at Cyrene was made by two English gentlemen, Captain M. Smith, R.E., and Commander Porcher, R.N., who, between 1861 and 1863, succeeded in discovering the remains of that very temple, as also those of another on the Acropolis, bringing to light, amidst other antiquities, the colossal statue of Apollo playing on the lyre, that of Bacchus, and the bust of the Roman Proprætor, Cnæus Cornelius Lentulus Marcellinus, which are now to be seen in the British Museum. In 1910, a commission of the Archæological Institute of America was able to resume excavations on the spot, exploring chiefly the Acropolis and its topography; but the outbreak of the Turco-Italian war prevented the prosecution of the enterprise. It has been only since the Italian occupation that systematic archæological work has become possible in this, till then, almost inaccessible land; and at the same time began that succession of striking discoveries which lately aroused so much interest in the learned world and are now continuing with unceasing success.

The Italian excavators applied the spade at first to the terrace of the temple of Apollo, where diggings had been left unfinished by the English explorers in 1863, unearthing some new parts of the court and clearing out the whole of the temple itself. But the richest harvest of statues was reaped in the huge building of the Thermæ, which was discovered near it. The construction of the Cyrenæan public baths goes back to the days of Ptolemaic rule. The building, however, required a thorough reconstruction in Roman times, after the storm of the Jewish revolt under Trajan, during which the city was severely damaged. This work was accomplished by the munificence of the philhellene Emperor Hadrian, who, according to the Roman custom, adorned the new baths with the most magnificent works of sculpture. Some three hundred years later, a terrible earthquake, which happened in the fifth century A.D., and was described by Synesius, caused the final ruin of the building, burying its artistic treasures under a mound of rubbish, but at the same time preserving them from the iconoclastic fury of the Arab invaders, who were shortly to come.

The first discovery made at the Thermæ was that of a splendid statue of Venus or Aphrodite—unfortunately, headless—in natural size; a work, as Professor Mariani suggests, of the fourth century B.C., reproducing a Pre-Praxitelic type of that goddess. This is the only one amongst the sculptures found at Cyrene which, owing to its excellence, has been immediately transported to Italy and placed in the collection of masterpieces in the National Museum of the Diocletian Thermæ at Rome. Further excavations, carried out partly during the European War itself, and pursued after it with peculiar zeal, brought to light all that remained in the Thermæ of statues and monuments (some illustrated and described on a later page) enough to constitute a considerable Museum of Art. This has been provisionally installed at Benghazi, but is destined to be transplanted to Cyrene itself, when the explorations are more advanced, and the new town, now in construction near the ancient city, is completed.

From the Thermæ, diggings have been extended to other quarters of the city. On the plateau of the Acropolis, the remains of another temple, probably the same which was partially explored by Porcher and Smith, have been found. This is supposed to be the actual Capitol of Cyrene built by order of the Emperor Hadrian on the occasion of his second visit to Africa in 128 A.D. Fine architectural fragments, noteworthy Greek and Roman inscriptions—such as that containing the delimitation of the imperial domains in Cyrenaica under the Quæstor Q. Paconius Agrippinus in 71 A.D.—and various vases and coins complete the series of discoveries, amongst the more recent of which is to be noted a strange statue of a hybrid Oriental goddess, perhaps an Isis-Atargatis, entirely painted in polychromy, with a red mantle and a green gown, and traces of gilding on the hair. The shrine where it was found was probably dedicated to the Egyptian gods.



PAINTED IN POLYCHROMY: A STRANGE FIGURE OF A HYBRID ORIENTAL GODDESS, PERHAPS AN ISIS-ATARGATIS, FROM CYRENE.

An ancient site, now under exploration, in the neighbourhood of Cyrene, at Zania el Beida, has proved to contain what remains of the little-known city of Balagræ, with a temple and a hospital or sanatorium of Æsculapius. From its ruins, amongst other sculptures, has been lately brought to light the statue of a winged Victory, which is included among our illustrations on another page.

While such a harvest of Greek and Græco-Roman works has been gathered in Cyrenaica, other considerable discoveries—but of quite different character—have been made in the Tripolitan region. We hope to be able to give a notice of them on a future occasion.



THE FINEST EXTANT PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT: THE HEAD OF A WONDERFUL MARBLE STATUE FOUND AT CYRENE.

Photographs by the Italian Department of Colonial Archæology, supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr.

NOW DATED BACK TO 1000 B.C.: CYRENE—NEW ITALIAN EXCAVATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF COLONIAL ARCHÆOLOGY, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



BELIEVED TO BE THE CENTRE OF HADRIAN'S CAPITOL, BUILT IN 128 A.D.: THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT CYRENE.



WITH COLUMNS RESTORED TO THEIR PLACES: A GALLERY IN THE THERMÆ (BATHS) AT CYRENE.



WHERE THE RICHEST HARVEST OF STATUES HAS BEEN GATHERED: THE CYRENEAN THERMÆ, BEGUN IN PTOLEMAIC TIMES, AND REBUILT UNDER HADRIAN—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ITALIAN EXCAVATIONS.

The ancient Greek city of Cyrene, on the northern coast of Africa, between Carthage and Alexandria, stood on one of the finest sites in the world. It was the capital of the district of Cyrenaica, which included also the Greek cities of Barca, Teuchira, Hesperis, and Apollonia, the port of Cyrene. Under the Ptolemies Hesperis became Berenice, and Teuchira was called Arsinoe, while Barca was eclipsed by its port, Ptolemais. The five cities were known under the general name of Pentapolis. The chief city, according to legend, was named after Cyrene, daughter of Hypseus and mother of Aristaeus by Apollo, who carried her off from Mount Pelion to Libya. The foundation of Cyrene has generally been ascribed to Battus of Thera, in 631 B.C., but, as Professor Halbherr says in his article on another page, describing the new Italian discoveries there, "recent investigations tend to prove that a previous swarm of Peloponnesian pre-Doric colonists reached the Libyan coast and the lofty table-land of Barca at least four centuries earlier." It was in the Thermæ, or public baths (shown above), that the Italian excavators have found the finest treasures of ancient sculpture, some of which we illustrate on two other pages in this issue.

NEW TREASURES OF THE SPADE: LOVELY OLD STATUES FROM CYRENE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF COLONIAL ARCHÆOLOGY, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



FOUND AT ZANIA EL BEIDA, NEAR CYRENE: A WINGED VICTORY FROM BALAGRÆ.



THE BEST-PRESERVED OF THREE GROUPS FROM THE THERMÆ: THE GRACES—A ROMAN WORK.



BY A HITHERTO UNKNOWN SCULPTOR, ZENION: A STATUE OF JUPITER FROM THE CAPITOL, CYRENE.



WITH EYEBALLS OF GLASS PASTE AND BRONZE EYEBROWS: A MARBLE HERMES.



THE FINEST STATUE FOUND: AN APHRODITE (PROBABLY FOURTH CENTURY B.C.)



FOUND, LIKE THE APHRODITE, IN THE THERMÆ AT CYRENE: AN EROS (CUPID), ONCE HOLDING HIS BOW.

The first and finest statue found by the Italian excavators at Cyrene was the Aphrodite (Venus) shown above. Of other sculptures, Professor Halbherr writes: "The chief discoveries made after that of the Venus are two archaic korai, or young girls, similar to the very ancient ones of the Athenian Acropolis, but much damaged; three groups of the Graces or Charities; a severe statue of Hermes or Mercurius, copied, according to Professor Mariani, from a bronze of Polycletus, and still preserving, inserted in the marble, the eyeballs in glass-paste and eyebrows in bronze; a marvellous statue of Alexander the Great, represented nude, as a god, his head being the finest marble portrait of the Macedonian king which has come down to us; a pretty Eros (or Cupid) shooting with the bow. . . . From the ruins of the Capitol came a colossal statue of the King of Gods, 'ægis-bearing' Jove, leaning on his sceptre, with a thunder-bolt in his right hand and the eagle at his feet. As we learn from the inscription, the statue is by Zenion, a sculptor hitherto unknown, but probably belonging to the School of Aphrodisias." The winged "Victory" was found on the site of ancient Balagræ, at Zania el Beida, near Cyrene.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

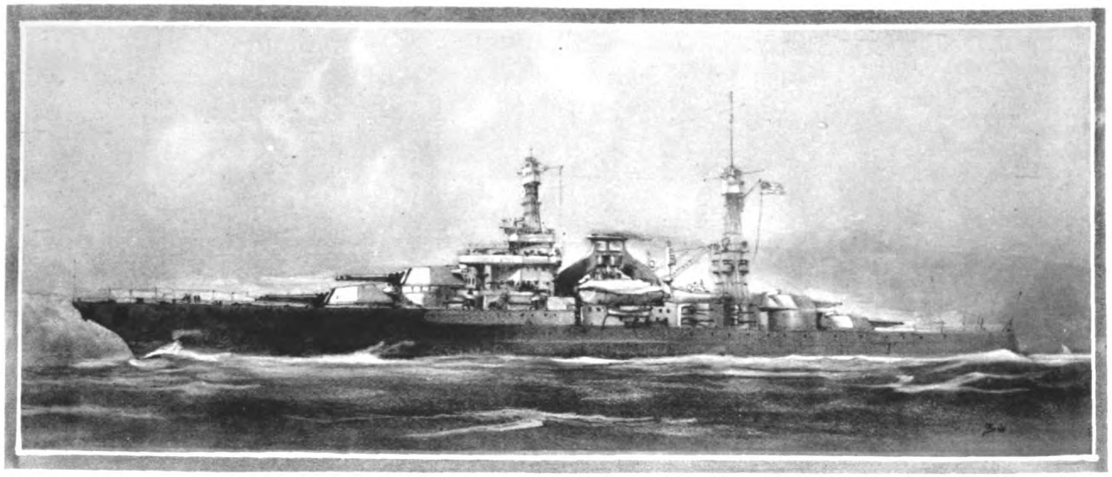
HITHERTO, Dancing has been the Cinderella of the Arts. Yet it is rooted in ecstasy, like all its sister arts, and can boast the longest lineage, being as old as Eros (the oldest of deities), according to Lucian. It is also the most spontaneous, for it is made up of emotions that expre- themselves forthwith in bodily gestures and movements — in its primitive form, at any rate, not being concerned with passion in retrospect or "emotion recollected in tranquillity," which is the stuff of poetry. With children and simple peoples, who have never been taught that it is indecorous to display their feelings, emotion is immediately translated into action. For a child, words are never enough for the expression of heart's delight—as may be seen at any street-corner when a barrel-organ is grinding out the tunes that once were beautiful even for musical critics. The whole body then becomes an instrument for joy to play upon. Joy for joy's sake, however, is not yet art. "A child dancing for its own delight," observes Ruskin, "a lamb leaping or a fawn at play, are happy and holy creatures; but they are not artists. An artist is a person who has submitted to a law which it was painful to obey, that he may bestow a delight which it is gracious to bestow." Dancing was closely connected with religious ritual in ancient times, especially in Egypt. It was among the Egyptians that the first technique of this art appeared. From the painted records that have come down to us, it seems certain that they were familiar with many of the movements—*e.g.*, the pirouette—of the modern ballet. Later in Greece, where dancing escaped from the tutelage of religion, another and ampler technique, a free and natural revelation of the beauty and power of "the human form divine," was communicated in statuary and vase-paintings, of which Isadora Duncan and others have been the accepted interpreters—though I have my doubts as to whether Athenian spectators, sitting on the benches of their marble theatre and talking about the Empire and eating fruit, would be as complaisant as we have been to these fair and inventive ladies. Of this, at least, I am fully convinced: no Greek would have enjoyed Karsavina's artistry, and no Egyptian would have sat through a modern performance of "classical" dancing at Chelsea or elsewhere!

. . . . . .

LONG before the war there were signs of a revival of interest in Dancing as an Art in all the Western countries. In England even, the "operatic ballet," still so styled in spite of the creation of the *ballet d'action* by Noverre a century and a half before, had degenerated in the 'eighties to a meaningless flourishing of legs, more legs, nothing but legs. The original *corps-de-ballet*, whose business was to dance, became a chorus marching and counter-marching with military precision. No more skill was demanded of them than of the banner-bearers at a Christmas pantomime. Mr. Max Beerbohm (I think it was . . . yes, it must have been!) described the ballet of the period as chiefly a procession of "rank after rank and file after file of honest bread-winners from Camberwell and Peckham Rye, performing mechanical manœuvres with the dogged persistence of a company of Boy Scouts." Thus the public was persuaded that the ballet was a bore, and the art of the ballerina fell into undeserved contempt. Still, when things were at their worst, signs of a revival could be discerned. It began in downright earnest when Adeline Genée, in Delibes' "Coppelia" and in the "Dryad," captured all hearts with her brilliant technique, her archmerriment, her never-fully-explored power of expressing emotion. (As she never had a male partner worthy of her art, she could never show her true capacity of miming.) Then came the Russian Ballet—a synthesis of the arts wrought by artistic revolutionaries—which taught us that it was the lack of male dancers which had reduced an old and still beautiful art-form to a pretty insignificance with us, and in Italy, the home of its true technique, to little more than a soulless virtuosity. When it becomes the perquisite of women, an art inevitably declines into a mere accomplishment. Since the coming of the Diaghilev ballet, the public here has become keenly interested in all possible (and impossible) forms of dancing—one of the most vital movements being Mr. Cecil Sharp's rediscovery and revival of English folk-dances and country-dances, which might be made the basis of stories in rhythm as quaint and alluring as "Les Vierges Folles" of the Swedish Ballet. Every form of art-dancing now has its votaries in England, and the number is constantly being increased by recruits from the myriads, both men and women, for whom ball-room dancing is the most joyous of diversions. During the war-years there were times and places, where *tango*, and other irregular verbs in the language of rhythmic gesture, were conjugated in such a way as not to admit even of the excuse tendered by "Saki's" kindly old dowager: "Well, I suppose it doesn't matter if they really love one another!" Some saw in this war-time craze for indecorous dancing a prelude of revolution, heralding something like the Carmagnole-storms of rags in the blood-stained streets of Paris during the Terror, or even a symptom of the jigging epidemics that ran through the whole of Europe in dark and dismal periods of the Middle Ages. But this corybantic excess is no longer seen, except in holes and corners of the London under-world, and the popularity of dancing to-day means something added to the joyousness of nations.

. . . . . .

But can we get back again to that Golden Age (let us assume it did once exist!) when music and dancing were one art and indivisible, and every emotion had its appropriate and spontaneous rhythm? Can we cure ourselves of the stuttering gait and staccato gestures, the whole gamut of angular, jerky, abrupt, disjointed movements, which is largely the result of sacrificing man to machinery? In "RHYTHM, MUSIC, AND EDUCATION" (Chatto and Windus; 15s. net), by Émile Jacques Dalcroze, translated from the French by H. F. Rubinstein and introduced by Sir W. H. Hadow, this great problem is discussed and a complete solution proposed. No man living has done more for the study of rhythmic beauty, but I find it impossible to follow M. Jacques Dalcroze when he scorns both the ballet-dancing of Karsavina and Nijinsky and the "classical" dancing of Isadora Duncan. Both are conventions, no doubt, but I feel there is beauty in them—and, after all, as Mr. George Moore observed in the introduction to "GABRIELLE" (privately printed), you cannot get art without conventions. In point of fact, the inventor of Eurhythmics tramples on the conventions of others with a conventionalism of his own. Still, he is right in saying that the music to which the academic or the classical dancer moves too often has not the slightest connection with his or her movements. Nay, even Stravinsky has not solved the problem of making music that can be danced, the bodily rhythms having the same relation to it as the words—or, rather, the emotions they express—have to the melody of a song. Complete as it seems to us, the *ensemble* of a Russian ballet such as "Scheherazade" or "The Firebird" (ah, worthy Professor, is not Karsavina a veritable bird with flames for feathers in that strange fantasy?) is a broken and imperfect thing. But it is in his conception of the Eurhythmic crowd, executing movements in order and symmetry without presenting the aspect of a battalion of soldiers—yet counter-pointing the musical design in a hundred different ways by gestures, steps, and attitudes, and all the time conveying an impression of unity and order—that M. Jacques Dalcroze has made his great contribution to the choregraphy of the future. He has actually realised these effects—*e.g.*, at the *Festival vaudois* of 1903 (long before Reinhardt's productions), when a chorus of 1800 persons took part, according to his principles; at Hellerau in 1911, when he presented a polyrhythm of crowds on staircases and inclines; and in 1914 at Geneva, when the plastic interpretation of a symphony was secured by 200 rhythmic students on a flat surface, tiers, and monumental staircases. The crowd may now be a giant protagonist, yet feeling every change of emotion and thought, in the drama of music, dancing, miming, and *décor*, and, to judge by Mr. Bertrand Russell's description of the pageant of the "World Commune" at Petrograd, the Russians think a mob can be introduced.

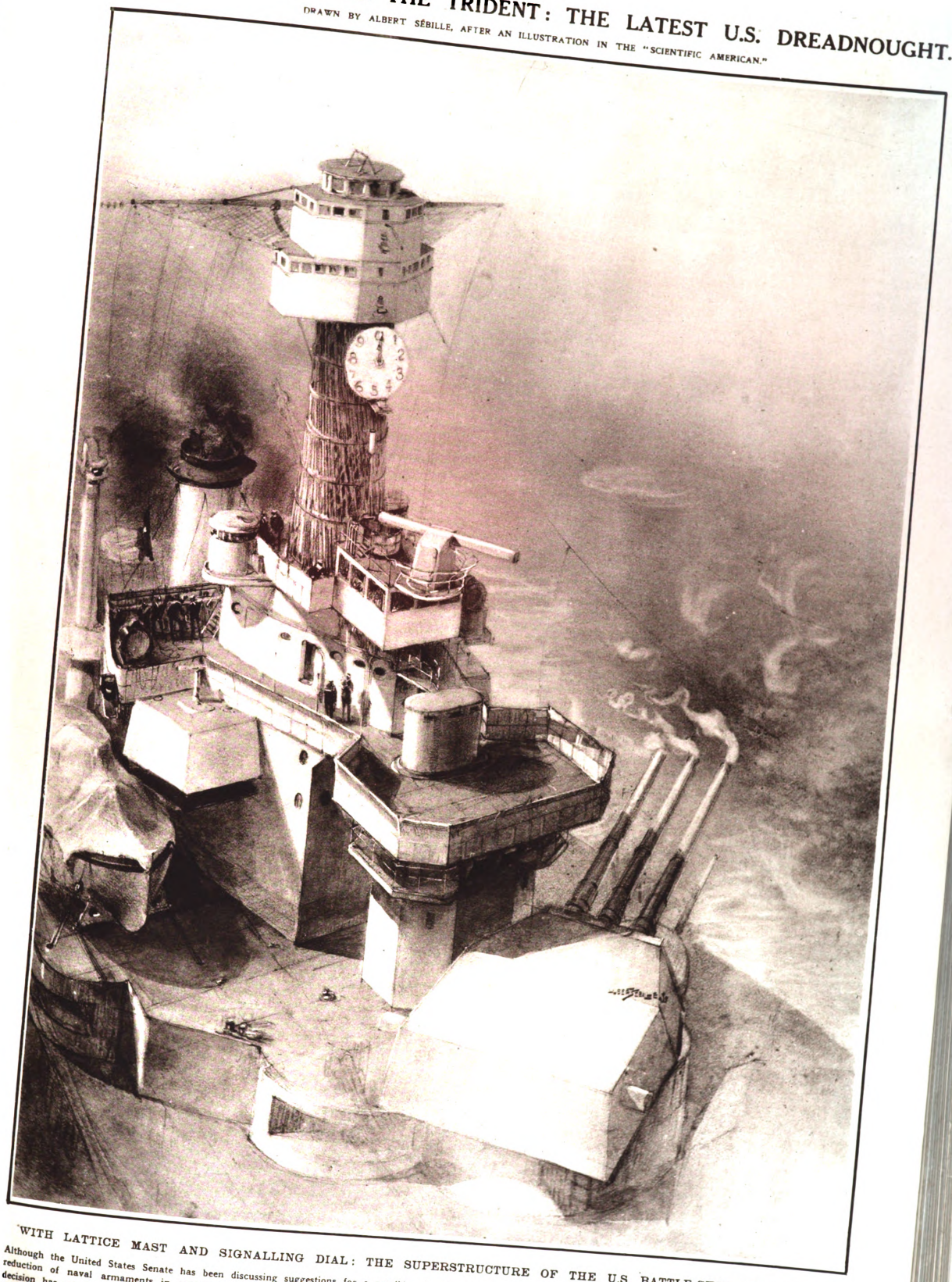


THE GROWING UNITED STATES NAVY: A FORECAST OF THE NEW DREADNOUGHT "INDIANA," ONE OF A SERIES OF SIX BATTLE-SHIPS OF 43,200 TONS PROVIDED FOR IN THE AMERICAN NAVAL PROGRAMME.

The naval programme of the United States includes plans for a class of six Dreadnoughts—the "Indiana," "Massachusetts," "Montana," "North Carolina," "Iowa," and "South Dakota"—with a displacement of 43,200 tons, and carrying, among other armament, twelve 16-inch guns. Their dimensions will just permit of passage through the Panama Canal. They will be 660 ft. long, with a beam of 106 ft. The "Indiana" is being built at the New York Navy Yard.—[*Drawn by Albert Sébille after the "Scientific American."*]

COLUMBIA'S BID FOR THE TRIDENT: THE LATEST U.S. DREADNOUGHT.

DRAWN BY ALBERT SÉBILLE, AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



WITH LATTICE MAST AND SIGNALLING DIAL: THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE U.S. BATTLE-SHIP "TENNESSEE."

Although the United States Senate has been discussing suggestions for a possible reduction of naval armaments in agreement with Great Britain and Japan, no decision has, at the moment of writing, been reached, and meanwhile the U.S. Government is proceeding with an ambitious programme of new naval construction. The 1920-1 edition, just published, of Brassey's "Naval Annual" says: "The United States Navy is in progress of rapid expansion. . . . Under the programme of 1916, sixteen capital ships are under construction. . . . When Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, made his report on the year 1919-20, he spoke in glowing terms of the future. . . . With battle-ships in service equal or superior to any then in commission in any Navy, and twelve battle-ships (including the 'California' and 'Tennessee,' the last-named since commissioned, of the 1915 programme) and six battle-cruisers under construction, the Navy, he said, was pressing forward to greater things." The "Tennessee" was launched at the New York Navy Yard in 1919, and commissioned last June. She burns oil exclusively, has electric drive, and carries twelve 14-inch guns. Her displacement is 32,300 tons, and speed 21 knots.—[Drawing Copyrighted in

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IN the forthcoming, sales there are alluring items which, in the pilgrimage through the never-ending plains of art dispersals, are scattered like oases. In a sale on Jan. 18 at Messrs. Christie's one comes across a small panel of Warwickshire tapestry of the sixteenth century, with the subject Abraham's Sacrifice, in coloured silks and gold and silver thread, inscribed "Have a Stronge Faith in God onely," and "Not this, but my Good Will." In a walnut frame from the same collection is a panel of Charles II. stumpwork with the King and Queen and other figures worked in coloured silks on satin. The long Oriental services of our great-grandmothers are now becoming rapidly scarce, for hard porcelain gets chipped and broken easily. The type is represented in a service, in a sale at Christie's on the 18th, which included one hundred dinner plates, and other component parts less numerical, of Kien-Lung porcelain with enamelled bouquets and baskets of flowers in the European taste. This style was once passed off as "Oriental-Lowestoft," so called, but the little Lowestoft factory neither made nor decorated hard paste china.

In a sale of valuable books and illuminated manuscripts by Messrs. Sotheby on Jan. 17 and two following days, the Governors of Christ's Hospital come into the market as sellers with some two hundred volumes comprised in ninety-seven lots. It is an awkward precedent for a foundation, but no doubt the Governors require funds. We are all penurious. The Dean of St. Paul's may have to barter his deanery to an opulent cinema. The Governors are a century removed from Charles Lamb's record, in his essay on Christ's Hospital, of his boyhood's tortures, and one or two instances of lunacy and attempted suicide by reason of excessive punishment. Presumably nowadays there is no "Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless," and "pease soup of Saturdays, coarse and choking." It is to be hoped that the many volumes, including the Bible, the Rev. John Eliot's Indian translation (Algonquian tongue), 1663, which is a first edition and exceedingly rare, will bring funds to the Governors to expend wisely, so that no new Lamb will arise to complain of regimen. From the collection of the late Baroness Amherst of Hackney comes one of the finest specimens of Wynkyn de Worde's printing on very thick paper made expressly by John Tate, the first paper-maker in England. This volume, "Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum," by De Glanville, in date 1495, was translated into English by John of Treves. Some rhymes at the end of the book state that Caxton first printed this book in Cologne, and the stout paper English edition is, curiously enough, mentioned as *thin*. "John Tate the yonger . . . which late in Englonde doo make this paper thynne, that now in our englyssh this book is printed inne." Which record shows how the competitive trade struggle for supremacy has waged between England and Germany since the days of the Hanseatic League.

A French item of historic interest (illustrated elsewhere) is a set of nine Road Maps made by Tonnet, the Geographer of Louis XV., and enclosed in the original red morocco case tooled with alternate dolphins and fleurs-de-lys, with an achievement of the arms of the Dauphin and Dauphine inscribed "Cartes de la Route de Madame la Dauphine de Strasbourg à Versailles." They were executed for Marie Antoinette for use in the French section of her journey from Vienna when as a girl of fifteen she made her eventful journey to Paris.

Messrs. Sotheby are selling on Feb. 10, the property of Mr. George Edward Monckton, a collection of official correspondence of General Robert Monckton during his service in North America, 1752-1763, as second in command to General Wolfe. The letters from Wolfe to him are of unique interest, and probably form the finest collection of Wolfe letters ever offered at auction. The papers and official documents as a whole, in addition to their interest to the collector, throw a fresh light upon some of the more important events of a very critical period of North American history, and come straight from the companion-in-arms of Wolfe who was wounded on the Heights of Abraham at the taking of Quebec, where Wolfe lost his life.

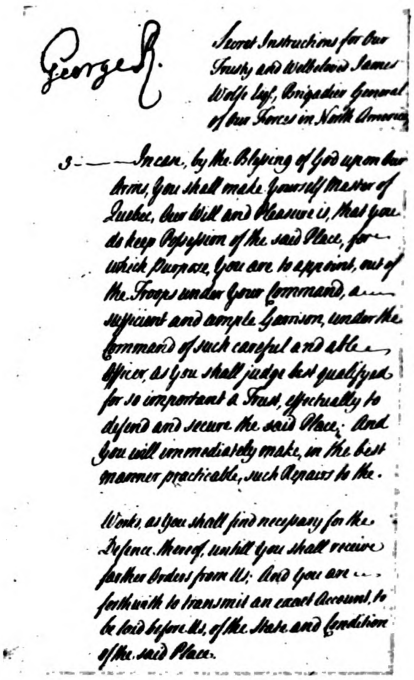
With the exception of the first five lots, which are pictures, the whole of the collection will be offered first as one lot (numbers 6 to 180); but, if the reserve is not realised, each lot is to be sold separately and thus dispersed.

Some of the interesting features comprise "The Unanimous Address of the Merchants and Traders of the City of New York to His Excellency Robert Monckton, congratulating him upon his safe return from the Expedition against Martinique, with fifty-one signatures, New York, 1762," and other similar addresses. There are petitions of French prisoners, instructions relative to transportation of French inhabitants of the districts of Chignecto out of the province of Nova Scotia. Longfellow immortalised the expulsion of the French in his "Evangeline," a tale of Acadie. As these letters show, the French inhabitants refused to take the oath of allegiance to the British Sovereign, and General Braddock had been defeated by the French and had died of his wounds. The country had to be garrisoned and the inhabitants removed. There is evidence that the order was carried out with undue severity, and without due regard to the rights of humanity.

Among the Wolfe documents are many giving directions for the conduct of the campaign, and secret instructions and orders in regard to the embarkation of a brigade in "flat-bottom'd Boats to row along the South Shoar, until you perceive 3 Lanthorns hanging a breast, upon that side of the Sutherland which is opposite to that Shoar." There is a document (here illustrated) being the "Secret Instructions for our Trusty and Welbeloved James Wolfe Esqr, Brigadier-General of our Forces in North America, and Major-General and Commander in chief of a Body of our Land Forces, to be employed on an Expedition against Quebec, by the Way of the River St. Lawrence."

The events of the storming of Quebec are tinged with melancholy. It is recorded that Wolfe, whose spirits had grown pensive, revived as the evening wore on. It is well known how, as they rowed down the river, he read Gray's "Elegy" to his officers, and, coming to the line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," he remarked, "I had rather, gentlemen, have been the author of that line than take Quebec."

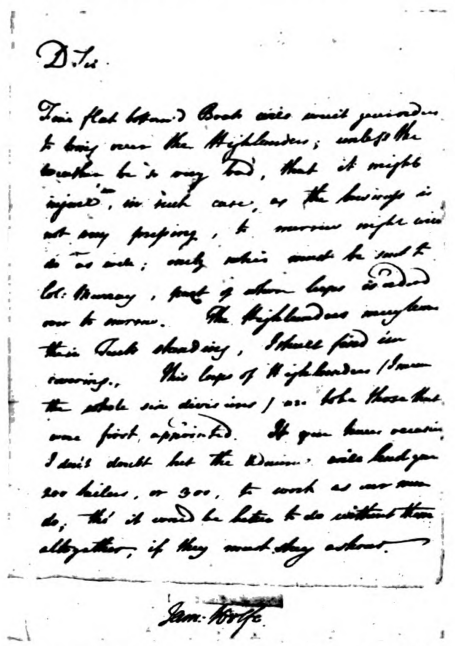
Let no one suppose that the taking of Quebec was a glorious fluke. Wolfe had his orders months before, and the War Office of the eighteenth century planned everything in detail, as these documents show. Quebec was the eighteenth century Zeebrugge. Benjamin West's "Death of Wolfe" comes up for sale, together with William Wollett's engraving. West broke all the canons of historical painting. British Generals had to be in classic attire, as in Westminster Abbey. West was original, and thought otherwise. In vain the Archbishop of York, stepping aside from his ecclesiastical functions, called on Reynolds to expostulate at the "barbarism of boots and buttons and blunderbusses." Sir Joshua came to view "The Death of Wolfe," and marvelled. He exclaimed: "This will occasion a revolution in art." Henceforth Roman togas and Greek costume were thrown to the winds, and historic pictures represented real events as they were. The Indian warrior watching the dying hero to see if he equalled in fortitude his own race is a fine stroke of poetry. "This event happened in 1759," said West to George III., who questioned him, "in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and the Romans . . . the same truth which gives law to the historian should give law to the painter." West won in the controversy, for the King said, "You will make a copy for me." Lord Grosvenor, who believed, held the original, which hangs in his descendants' gallery to-day. Here is another, the Monckton copy, of undoubted authenticity.



ISSUED SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC: "SECRET INSTRUCTIONS FOR OUR TRUSTY AND WELBELOVED JAMES WOLFE"—A DOCUMENT SIGNED BY GEORGE II.

This very interesting historical document is included in the sale at Sotheby's, on Feb. 10 next, of the official correspondence of General Robert Monckton during his service in North America, 1752-1763. It bears date Feb. 5, 1759. Quebec was taken on Sept. 13 following, when Wolfe fell in the hour of victory.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



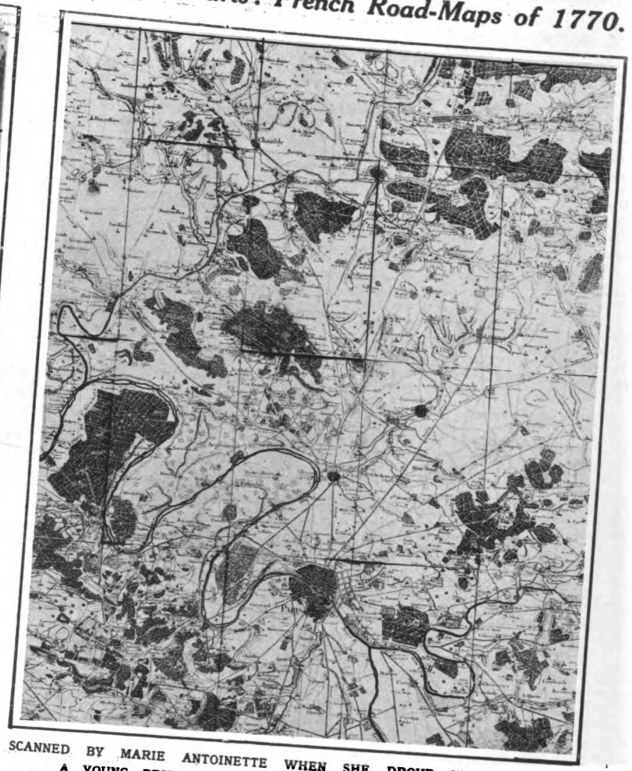
A RELIC OF THE HERO OF QUEBEC: ORDERS FROM GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS SECOND IN COMMAND, BRIG.-GEN. MONCKTON, A FEW WEEKS BEFORE ITS CAPTURE AND WOLFE'S DEATH.

The above is also included in the sale of General Robert Monckton's official correspondence (1752-63), to be held at Sotheby's on Feb. 10 next. It is part of a document of one and a half pages in Wolfe's hand, dated Aug. 17, 1759, from the Camp of Montmorency, giving orders to Brig.-Gen. Monckton regarding the Highland Corps. Wolfe fell at the capture of Quebec on Sept. 13, 1759.—[*By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.*]

Used by Marie Antoinette on Her First Journey to Paris: French Road-Maps of 1770.



BEARING THE ARMS OF THE ILL-FATED DAUPHIN AND DAUPHINE: THE COVER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE'S ROAD-MAP.



SCANNED BY MARIE ANTOINETTE WHEN SHE DROVE INTO FRANCE AS A YOUNG BRIDE: THE PARIS SECTION OF HER ROAD-MAP.

A very interesting and pathetic relic of Marie Antoinette will be offered at Sotheby's on January 19, the third day of a sale of valuable books and MSS. It is a set of nine road-maps prepared for her use on the French section of her journey (in April 1770) from Vienna to Versailles to marry the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.). The maps belong to Lady Bowman, of Shere Rectory. The catalogue says: "They are very beautifully and elaborately executed in pen and ink by Tonnet, Geographer to the King, and coloured by hand. Each section is cut up, like a modern road map, into detached panels for convenience of folding. The maps are enclosed in the original red morocco case. On the front are the arms of the Dauphin and Dauphine. . . . There is little doubt that she had these maps herself in her carriage, when as a girl of fifteen she came for the first time to Paris."—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.]

With a Top-Hat on the Coffin Lid: The "Taugi" of a Maori Chief in New Zealand



GARLANDED MOURNERS, COSTLY MATS, AND FAMILY PORTRAITS: A MAORI "LYING-IN-STATE" (*TAUGI*) WHICH LASTS ABOUT A FORTNIGHT.

Funeral ceremonies among the Maoris of New Zealand are protracted and highly picturesque. Upon the death of a chief or any great person, a *Taugi* is held which lasts about ten to fourteen days. The body is placed in a lead-lined coffin within a Maori hut or tent, the floor of which is strewn with valuable mats; while the walls are hung with photographs and paintings of deceased kinsfolk. Relatives and friends never leave the coffin during the whole *Taugi*. In another meeting-place close by hundreds of friends feast, wail, and amuse themselves. In the photograph a top-hat, evidently an object of honour, is seen on the coffin.

Photograph by Tesla Studios, Wanganui, N.Z.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MAN-HUNTING.

THE sport of man-hunting, as pursued, for example, by the head-hunters of Borneo, or the Thugs of India, was one which demanded very special qualifications to ensure success; and the most essential of these were stealth and cunning. To-day, a new form of man-hunting has come to the fore, and this also demands special qualifications, but of a very different kind. Those who essay its pursuit must be endowed with a patience inexhaustible, and a knowledge of the history of Mother Earth which goes back millions of years as well as of the creatures which live, and have lived, in her secret places. For the quarry now is not creatures of flesh and blood, but the mere fragments of men who hunted, and were hunted, ages and ages before the dawn of "history" in the general sense of the term.

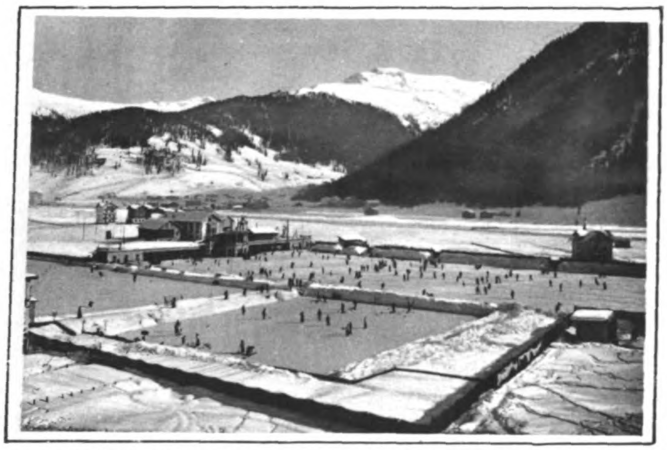
The most ambitious of hunting expeditions of this kind yet planned is that which is just being sent out by the American Museum of Natural History, under the leadership of my friend Mr. Roy C. Andrews. For five years he and his staff are to seek "buried treasure" in remote regions of Central Asia. Fossils of every kind are to be sought, but first and foremost, and all the time, must come fossil man. But among the members of this expedition will be some whose concern will be the living. They are to collect wild animals and plants of every kind. For them, too, the study of man will be of paramount importance. Little is known of the aborigines scattered among the mountains of Yunnan and Kweichow, and along the Thibetan frontier; and it is hoped that, as a result, a rich harvest of information will be gleaned as to ancient tribes such as the Lolos, Mosos, Lisos and others who are rapidly disappearing, and this before we have learned anything, at any rate of importance, of their origin, life or customs.

Just as this expedition is on the point of sailing comes news that will not a little increase the desire of all to get to work, for Professor Dubois has now, at long last, published descriptions of two wonderful skulls of fossil men found by him thirty years ago in Java, an island which is to receive most particular attention in the course of this expedition. Somewhere about the time that Professor Dubois, a Dutch army surgeon, found these skulls, he found also part of a skull, two molar teeth, and a thigh which ever since have been "bones of contention" among anthropologists. The long, low forehead of the skull was unlike anything ever before seen in a human cranium; and discussion, often rancorous, raged for long years. It was suggested that the remains were those of a microcephalic idiot, or of a monster begotten of human and simian parents. Virchow was of opinion that its pecularities were pathological. Huxley regarded them as human, and he was right. There be some, even to-day, however, who incline to the view that these remains are of a gigantic gibbon, that is to say, one of the higher apes. But the brain-cavity renders this view untenable, for its capacity is given as 850 c.c., while that of the highest apes is not known to exceed 600 c.c. That of a healthy human being to-day never falls below 880 c.c. A survey of all the evidence seems to show that we must regard Pithecanthropus as an extremely primitive form of human being, but not entitled to be included within the genus *Homo*.

And now as to the other Javan skulls. About the human character of these there is no question, but they are undoubtedly of a very primitive kind They bear a very close likeness, it would seem, to the now famous Talgai skull of Australia. And if this prove to be the case, the find will have a greatly enhanced value, on account of the light they will throw on the problem of the origin of the aborigines of Australia. The largest of the newly-described Javan skulls is said to be that of a woman, and to have a brain-cavity one-seventh larger than the average Englishwoman of to-day.

In this it recalls the very remarkable calvarium found near Boskop, in the Transvaal, in 1913. Concerning this skull, which has been submitted to me for examination, I hope to have something to say later. For the moment, let me remark that, as Professor Elliot Smith contends, the chief factor which above all others determines brain superiority is not so much mere bulk, as the size of the pre-frontal area. It is certainly remarkable that the brain-cavity of this Boskop skull must have been somewhere about 1900 c.c. — greater than the philosopher Kant's skull, and almost as large as Bismarck's.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE MECCA OF THE WINTER SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN: SWITZERLAND—CURLING AND SKATING AT DAVOS.

Visitors to Switzerland may obtain particulars of railway services and fares, together with maps and illustrated booklets, at the office of the Swiss Federal Railways, Carlton House, 11a, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Photograph by E. Meerkämper.

As the difficulties of travel on the Continent have now so greatly diminished, many more passengers are going abroad by the short sea routes *via* Dover-Calais, Folkestone-Boulogne, Dover-Ostend and Folkestone-Flushing. Motorists for the South of France will find that special arrangements have been made for shipping cars at Folkestone and Dover. The Continental Inquiry Office opened by the S.E. and C. Railway, at Victoria Station, has proved very useful to intending passengers desiring tickets and information about services to the Riviera, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Central Europe.

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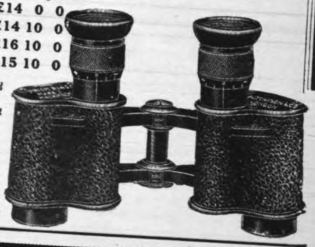
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LADIES' NEWS.

MRS. BRINTON, who is still better known to the general public as Mrs. Willie James, is marrying off her daughters quite quickly. The third, Miss Silvia Helena James, is now Mrs. John Menzies Wilson, and her wedding last week brought us the sight of part of a squadron of 2nd Life Guards in full review order. Princess Christian was present, the bride being her god-daughter. The procession of bridesmaids was very pretty. Two pages carried the train; then came four dear, wee girls, three of them Howards, nieces of the bride, the fourth the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain. Then came the bride's only unmarried sister and the Hon. Doris Harcourt. All were in soft, rich yellow. Behind them came the stalwart Guardsmen. The decorations were standard trees on which were oranges and something white which might pass for orange-blossom if, like "the Marchioness" of Dickens, we made-believe a great deal. On so dark a day, something brighter would have had more effect. However, that is a detail, and the wedding was a really pretty one.

Many people have heard with regret of the death of Blanche Countess of Airlie. For some years past she had not been about a great deal; when one did see her, she was a picturesque and dignified figure, wearing a distinctive dress like that of Quakeresses, with a difference, for she did not belong to the Society of Friends. Her mother, the late Lady Stanley of Alderley, was a pioneer of higher education for girls, and was, in early Victorian days, a friend of Palmerston and of many other celebrities, for she was the holder of a *salon*. Blanche Lady Airlie was a very cultured and clever woman, and knew many of the great people of her day, including Lord Beaconsfield. The late Earl was killed leading a charge of the Queen's Bays which saved the guns at Diamond Hill, in the South African campaign.

The Queen at a Hunt Ball sounds somewhat democratic. It was, I think, rather of a friendly and county *esprit-de-corps* character. The ball, although a subscription one, was held in a private house, and one in which Royalty had often been entertained—Hillington Hall, near King's Lynn, long in the ffolkes family, and now the property of the Hon. Mrs. John Dawnay, who was a ffolkes. The Queen of Norway was there; also the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Princess Mary, and Prince Henry. The Queen danced in a square, and the Princes and Princess hardly missed a dance. It was the most brilliant and successful ball ever held by the West Norfolk Hunt, and now it is hoped to repeat it next season under similarly brilliant conditions. The Prince of Wales was in pink, and the other Princes in evening dress, as they are not yet members of hunt clubs.



THE POPULARITY OF THE CHEMISE FROCK.

A harmonious whole is produced by the alliance of terra-cotta cloth and arabesque embroidery in ribbon and crewel silk. The picture hat is of velvet, and its only ornament is an ostrich-feather in copper and flame.—(*Photograph by L.N.A.*)

Some digestions have "strikitis" after heavy work during holiday time. A "light fare" cookery-book is therefore specially welcome. Brown and Polson have issued a particularly good one, published by them at 6, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, for the modest price of 2s. Cornflour and "Rairley" naturally play a part in the dishes, which are carefully classified, including soups, meat savouries, sweets, cakes, buns and bread. It is easy and simple, and every recipe has been tested. It demonstrates the value of Brown and Polson's cornflour and "Rairley." The blancmanges, jellies, sponges, etc., are specially alluring. The directions are clear and concise, and the volume is one of great value to the cook. Although the price is 2s., a copy will be forwarded for 1s., post paid, to any reader of *The Illustrated London News* who writes for it to the above address. It is a really practical book, and the cookery in it is just right.

A Roman Catholic wedding, where bride and groom are of that faith, is a long affair. That of the Polish Chargé d'Affaires in London, M. Jean Ciechanowski, to Miss Gladys Koch de Gooreynd, at the Brompton Oratory, lasted for over an hour. The wedding itself was quickly over, and was followed by a Low, or Nuptial, Mass, which was said or sung by Monsignor Carton de Wiart, brother of the Belgian General of that name. There was lovely music, and it was very impressive. There were many diplomatists present, including the Spanish Ambassador; the Japanese Ambassador and Baroness Hayashi; the Belgian Ambassador; Mrs. Davis, wife of the American Ambassador, supported by the Councillor and Mrs. Butler Wright, the Secretary and Mrs. Bliss Lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Beale; the Netherlands Minister and handsome Mme. Van Swinderen; and the Italian Chargé d'Affaires. It was really like an international alliance.

Something quite new is the vacancies in rooms at the big West End hotels. Time was, and not long ago, when it was well-nigh impossible to get a single room in which to spend a few nights in London. Lots of people are in the sunny South, lots more are in the snowy mountains for winter sports, others are busy attending hunt balls and staying at country houses; so London is not so full as it was. Constant dances in hotels drive away some of the quiet folk; dances are, however, not so frequent as they were, and are likely to become still less frequent, for the craze is gradually dying out, and the spring, with its outdoor enjoyments, will kill it outright, I think.—A. E. L.





Care in Shopping

You ladies generally take care to get value for your money in questions of dress.

Are you equally careful about your food?

When you buy biscuits, do you take the first that come to hand, or do you insist on getting Huntley & Palmers Biscuits only? Huntley & Palmers cost you no more than others.

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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris, Jan. 3, 1921.

THE adoption of Verdun by the City of London is one of those acts which will stand out when the history of these times comes to be written. Nothing could have pleased the French nation more than this graceful recognition of the valiant city whose heroic stand against the invaders has invested her with the halo of martyrdom.

The association of these two famous towns will forge yet another link in the chain of sympathy and brotherhood which binds the two nations together. There have been many plans discussed for a suitable memorial which should commemorate the heroic sacrifice of the countless French soldiers in that famous sector, and, after months of careful deliberation, it has at last been decided to establish a great cemetery on the slopes of the Douaumont Hill, consisting of forty tombs representing the forty most famous battles of the defence. These will be guarded by four chapels, representing in their turn the Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and Moslem faiths. The committee entrusted with the carrying out of this scheme is headed by M. Poincaré, with whom is associated M. Maginot, and the work is to be put in hand immediately.

For some time past money has been coming in for this purpose, especially from America, whose troops were privileged to play a part in the defence of the famous citadel; while it is proposed to hold a "National Day," some time in the spring, throughout France, in order to secure the funds necessary for the completion of the work. Verdun has become, in a sense, the second capital of France, for, after Paris—whose place must always be first in every true Frenchman's heart—Verdun certainly ranks next in his estimation. He has invested her with an atmosphere which is almost sacred.

The ultimate outcome of the battle now being waged between the adherents of the "Third International" and the anti-Bolshevist Socialists, at Tours, will undoubtedly have an effect in all the countries of Europe. The overwhelming vote at the opening meeting in favour of giving preference to the discussion of the Moscow terms was decidedly disconcerting, but it was only the signal for the battle to commence. M. Cachin led off with a eulogy of Soviet Russia which was too fatuous to be taken seriously—as, for instance, when he told his audience that the Russian people were so happy under the present régime that their only fear was lest it should not continue. He was careful to refrain from mentioning any of the twenty-one conditions (originally eighteen) which Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky seek to impose on their French "Comrades" before allowing them to join the Third International. When these conditions come to be discussed, many of them will be found to be extremely unpalatable to the majority of the Socialist party; but this is, perhaps, anticipating.

In the meanwhile, Messrs. Cachin and Frossard are busy trying to throw dust in the eyes of the French public by means of cleverly written articles, the purpose of which is to prove that the great majority of French peasants are in favour of Bolshevism, pure and undiluted. Unfortunately for this theory, in the course of the first day's debate several delegates rose up and declared their constituents to be strongly anti-Bolshevist, on the ground that Bolshevism meant the abolition of private ownership, and this they would never agree to.

Here, indeed, lies France's greatest safeguard against Bolshevism, no matter what a hall-full of Socialists may decide. The peasant proprietor is a great force in this country, and what he has earned by honest toil he does not intend to give up for a vague promise of future benefits for himself and mankind. He may be a simple creature of little or no education, but he has a well-developed sense of personal property, and is difficult to convince.

It will be extremely interesting to see what kind of a fight the Committee of Resistance, consisting chiefly of the late extremist leaders, will put up, and whether they will succeed in justifying their title. One thing is certain, the Socialist party has been rent in half already, and Lenin's telegram "excommunicating" Messrs. Longuet and Blum will make further divisions in the Socialist house, already divided against itself.

This week has seen the production of a play of unusual interest even for Paris, "Le Simoun," by a young dramatist of great promise. M. Lenormand, a writer whose purity of style and command of the French language have won for him the approbation of so competent a judge as M. Robert de Flers, has chosen a curious theme, which he has handled with consummate skill. The scene is laid on the north coast of Africa, which is depicted in a series of beautiful scenes—fourteen in all—the effect of the constant changing being to retard in some measure the action of the play. M. Gémier has scored yet another personal triumph in the part of the hero, Laurency, who is a European working in a small village in the south of Algeria. There he is joined, on the death of his wife in Europe, by his daughter whom he left in infancy. Her strong resemblance to her dead mother wakes passionate memories, and he bitterly resents the advances of a young native who desires her hand in marriage.



HOISTING THE NEW R.A.F. FLAG OVER THE AIR MINISTRY FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE ENSIGN OF THE BLUE.

The ground colour of the ensign is Air-Force blue. In the left-hand top quarter is the Union Jack, and on the right the round R.A.F. identification mark. The occasion illustrated took place on the roof of the Air Ministry in Kingsway, on January 5.—[*Photograph by Photopress.*]

"Kitchener House" for officers and ex-officers, which has been so much appreciated for the last two years, has been moved from 34, Grosvenor Place to 59, Sloane Street. Here tuition in languages, bookkeeping, typewriting, shorthand, carpentering, and, indeed, anything which might help ex-officers to obtain employment, can be had free. It is hoped that those who have not already visited the house will take an opportunity to call for particulars.

At Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Company's yard at Newcastle-on-Tyne there was launched recently a new geared turbine steamer intended for the Great Eastern Railway Company's Harwich-Antwerp service. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. John Kenneth Foster, who named the vessel *Malines*. The new boat will be divided by water-tight bulkheads into nine water-tight compartments, fitted with Stone Lloyd's mechanically worked water-tight doors, operated from the bridge and controlled by the Captain. She has accommodation, including many single-berth cabins, for over 360 passengers, and is fitted with all modern improvements. The *Malines* is a sister ship of the *Antwerp* and *Bruges*, placed on the service last year, and is expected to be ready for the summer season.

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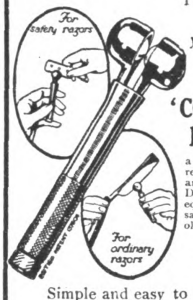
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Try also Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe, sold at 1/- per ½-lb.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Good Light Car.

The weight of the new taxation is naturally turning the thoughts of the motorist towards cars of relatively low horse-power, and consequently light taxation and costs of upkeep. The numerous cars coming within the "eleven-point-nine" class seem to be receiving most attention now — and justly so, because they are, as a rule, very efficient, and in performance are a long way in advance of their nominal rating. Of course, the cars which make up this class vary in merit, though it may be said that I do not know one that I should call bad, or even poor. It is simply that some are better than others. One of which I have had recent experience, the Albert, is certainly to be classed among those which are very good. Thoroughly well designed, built by a firm with many years of engineering experience, and with a real "service" organisation behind it, the Albert is one of those cars which one can purchase without the slightest misgiving. It is, I think, destined to become one of the most popular cars in the class—which is saying a good deal in its favour, because there are so many good ones that the discriminating motorist is at no loss in making his choice. It is a car which one has no hesitation in recommending, not least because the owner is assured that the service organisation at his disposal is second to none. What that means the car-owner who has suffered at the hands of firms possessing no such organisation will be fully able to appreciate.

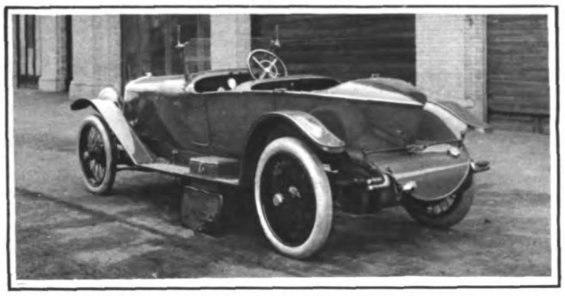
Light-Car Suspension.

One alleged weakness of light-car design is the springing. There are light cars which are better sprung than some others, but the very lightness of the vehicle itself is against the designer who sets out to give the maximum of comfort on bad roads. My own view is that every light car needs some auxiliary device in addition to the springs themselves; but the difficulty is to decide which of the many such devices offered is the right one. At one time and another I have tested most of them, with varying results, but I have now come to something like a definite conclusion as to their merits. Recently I fitted a set of four Gabriel "snubbers" to my car, and I must say I have never experienced anything like the difference these have made. Roads over which it was impossible to travel at more than twenty miles an hour before the "snubbers" were fitted can now be taken with perfect comfort at thirty and over. In fact, the car is a completely different vehicle, and I would not be without them for several times what they cost. Not only is the added comfort almost unbelievable, but it is obvious that the life of the car must be considerably lengthened and the repair bills much lighter. The Gabriel is an American device, which is sold in this country by Messrs. Brown Brothers, of Great Eastern Street, E.C.



BEFORE THE STATUE OF PRESIDENT BRAND AT BLOEMFONTEIN: A 25-30-H.P. R.F.C. CROSSLEY.

Sir Jan Hendrik Brand (1823-88) became President of the late Orange Free State Republic in 1863, and was re-elected four times, in 1869, 1874, 1879, and 1886. He visited England in 1876.



AN ADDITION TO A SPORTING MONARCH'S GARAGE: A NEW PANHARD RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

"Service."

One reason why the American car has made the headway it has in this country is the service which is given to its owner. Invariably, the manufacturer, if he is not operating his own house on this side, insists upon the firm to whom he grants a concession carrying a complete range of spares for every model imported, and furthermore sees, to the best of his ability, that concessionnaires and agents do really give proper service to the purchasers of his cars. Unfortunately, in the case of too many British manufacturers, this quality of "service" has been the last thing to be thought about. Once the car has passed into the hands of a private purchaser, all responsibility for it has seemed to be ignored.

Generally speaking, the British maker has learnt the lesson that if he would hold his market he must give at least the same measure of attention to his customers' cars as is extended by his foreign rival. I know British firms whose service organisation is superior to that of any American of them all. For instance, I broke a front spring on my car a week or two ago, and a telephone message to the works near Oxford brought a new one within six hours. When it was fitted it had more camber than the other, so I thought I had better have another new one to make a pair. The second one was on the car the day after I wrote for it. That is "service" as understood by the Morris-Oxford people.

And Its Absence.

Per contra, I had a lighting set made by one of the best-known firms in the car-lighting and ignition industry. The other day I had my tail-lamp smashed and went to their London show-rooms for a new one. I was told they could not supply because they had none in stock. I asked if I could get one from the provincial works. "I might," was all the answer vouchsafed. People are crying out about unfair competition from abroad, but what, I ask, is to be expected when such casual methods rule in British trade? Particularly is there talk about the dumping of German magnetos. Not long ago I wanted a cover for a contact-

[*Continued overleaf.*

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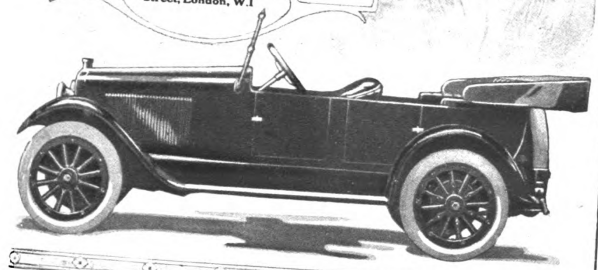
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Continued.)

breaker of a British magneto. The London branch of the manufacturers had not one, so I wrote to the works. In three days I had a letter telling me they hoped to dispatch the cover "in a few days." Three or four days later I received a *pro forma* invoice for five shillings, remitted the money and received a cover of the wrong pattern and size. Then I wrote certain things and got the right cover by return of post. The Bosch people before the war gave "service," and it was not of the kind I have recounted. The moral is too obvious to need stating. W. W.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

J T PALMER (Church).—The Editor, *British Chess Magazine*, 18, Wellderburn Road, London, N.W.3. Subscription: 12s. per annum; or to the *Chess Amateur*, Stroud, Gloucester. Subscription: 8s. per annum.

Mrs. W J BAIRD.—Many thanks for problem. You will see that we have availed ourselves of your contribution.

G T CUTRIS (Peckham).—Apply to the Editor, *British Chess Magazine*, who will probably assist you in the matter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3850 received from Léon Rylski (Belfast), E J Gibbs (East Ham), P W Hunt (Bridgwater) and R J Lonsdale (New Brighton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3851 received from A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), H Grassett Baldwin (Farnham), Stuart Downs (Huyton), J S Forbes (Brighton), George Kendall (Leeds), H W Satow (Bangor), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), Charles H West (Bristol) and Léon Rylski (Belfast).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3850.—BY AHMAD MIRZA.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to B 6th	Any move
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"I must once more emphasise my point that this is evidently a motor-car built by people who drive their own cars and know what a driving judge of a car wants, to feel content. The general lines of the Vauxhall are, to my eye, most artistic and pleasing. The mechanical details are all that the most exacting could demand. And the car as a whole, as a motor-carriage in which to drive or be driven, could not fail to impress the most critical. I should like to offer my sincere congratulations to all concerned in its production. No motor-manufacturer aiming to get into, and remain in, the high-class car market should miss examining and trying the Vauxhall."

S. F. Edge

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1921.

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MUCH CRITICIZED FOR HIS NEW TELEPHONE CHARGES: THE RT. HON. A. H. ILLINGWORTH, M.P., POSTMASTER-GENERAL, AT THE TELEPHONE.

The Postmaster-General, Mr. A. H. Illingworth, who has been M.P. for Heywood since 1915, has had a good deal to say in reply to the criticisms on the new telephone rates, which, it is objected, have not been submitted to Parliament. After receiving a deputation from the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, he sent a statement to Lord Riddell, in which he said: "I was glad to hear that you accepted the principle that any deficit on the telephone service must be made good by increasing the charges to the telephone user and not by recourse to the already heavily overburdened taxpayer. The increase required to meet the present deficit represents an average of 67 per cent., on current rates, or 80 per cent. on the pre-war tariff. Considering that wages have trebled, and the cost of plant more than doubled, this increase can scarcely be considered exorbitant." Answering the argument that the deficit should be met by developing the service instead of increasing the charges, he explained that, with telephones, expenses do not decrease, as in other businesses, with an increase of subscribers.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I have recently read a book on the new fashion of Psycho-Analysis; and my first impression is that, whatever else it is, it is not analysis. It may be suggestion, and even sometimes very suggestive suggestion; though there seems a certain curious blindness to the difference between suggesting a thing and proving it. But it is not analysis; for analysis implies the resolution of something into all its elements. Now this is exactly what these modern scientific fashions never do. At most they extract one element; at best it is a necessary and neglected element. I have seen several of them in my time; and this is true of all of them all the time. The trend of psycho-analysis is to detect in most things the sexual element. But the same was true, for instance, of the Marxian type of Socialism, which was concerned to detect in all things the economic element. I say "was" rather than "is"; for we have already left behind the fashion of Marxism, in spite of the hundred Russian statues of Marx. In Eastern Europe it managed to produce a riot at the very time when in Western Europe it had begun to suffer a rot. Sometimes it is an exceedingly dry rot. But, anyhow, the extreme economic theory of history, the theory that all the past can be explained in terms of the pursuit of food or wealth, had already been modified by all the ablest and most large-minded Socialists; as, for instance, by that great and admirable Socialist, Mr. H. M. Hyndman. Nevertheless, it will serve as a very good working model of what I mean by the analysts who do not analyse.

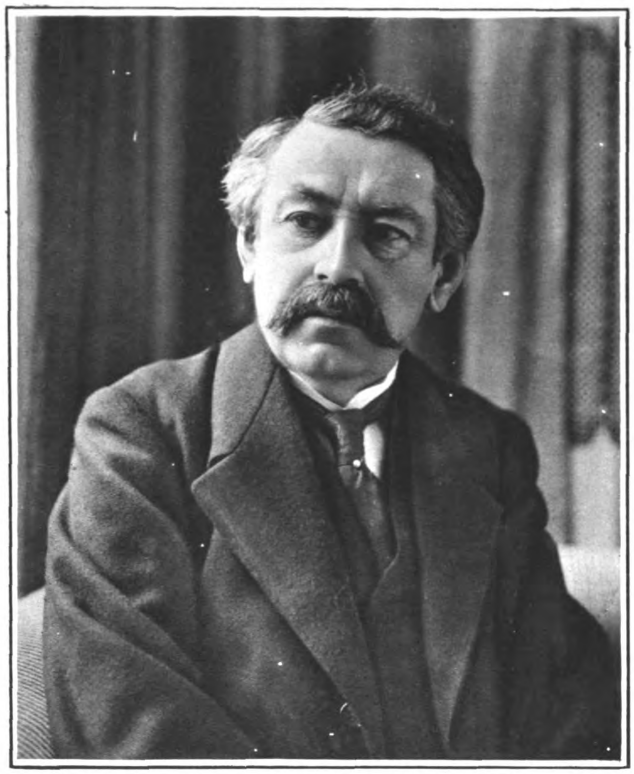
A good and venerable Socialist once propounded to me, with defiant dogmatism, this view that every single historical event had a motive connected with money. By way of beginning with an easy example, I said to him: "Well, for instance, what about the Crusades?" He paused reflectively, as if admitting that this was a problem worthy of grave thought, and then said in a deep voice: "The Crusades were due to the practice of primogeniture in the holding of land." The younger sons, I suppose, were at loose ends; so they started a Crusade. But as the younger sons are often at loose ends now, why do they not start a Crusade now? We still have primogeniture, why do we not still have Crusaders? The obvious answer is, because the other elements are not present; and the analyst has not analysed all the elements, but only suggested the possible existence of one element. Another way of stating the same obvious truth is to say that everything would have been different if everything else had been different. If there had been no such symbol as the Cross, it may be conjectured that the knights would not have taken the Cross. If there had been no such thing as the religion of Mahomet, presumably they would not have attacked the religion of Mahomet. Most probably they would have done nothing; but even if they had done something they would certainly have done something else. And what that something else would have been, no economic theory of history can assist us to form the faintest conjecture. And no economic theory of history can rationally be said to explain a thing, when that thing would have been quite a different thing if the same economic motive had worked with different materials.

What we are by hypothesis asking is, what the unoccupied younger brother will do; and it is evident that we have to know a number of totally different things, before we know whether he will go to Jerusalem or Johannesburg. The common-sense of the thing is, of course, that even when the young knight had an economic motive, it was only one of his motives; and it was generally the other motives that decided whether he should become a Crusader or an outlaw, or a monk or a murderer.

The truth is that this economic theory of the Marxians is peculiarly inapplicable to history, even if it be applicable to biology. History is the history of men, and especially of the variations of men. Biology in that sense is the history of animals, and especially of the uniformity of animals. It is quite true that all animals seek their food, and that men, being to that extent animals, also seek their food. But if men sought for nothing else except their food, they would be like that happy but hypothetical nation that has no history. A herd of cattle goes on grazing; but cattle do not write chronicles, if only because they would have nothing to chronicle. Humanity is like a herd of cattle in which one cow should stand on its head out of a fantastic sense of humour, while another cow should climb a tree in order to hang itself. We have to conceive a cow not only capable of producing a calf, but the image of the golden calf or the parable of the fatted calf.

History actually consists of these almost fantastic departures from the direct line of the search after food, or even of the search after pleasure. For even in pleasure there has always been a certain perversity. There is pathos, for instance, which is the pleasure of pain. Our sort of cattle are perpetually tempting themselves with the dangerous delight of listening to the tune the old cow died of. There is fiction; or the pleasure of realising what we know to be unreal. We love the most minute astronomical and zoological description of how the cow jumped over the moon. These and a thousand other paradoxes so mix with and mislead the mere economic interest of men that the economic motive, taken by itself, would be quite misleading. And so the sexual motive, insisted on by the psycho-analysts, taken by itself, would be quite misleading. In the former case it is really futile to tell us that a man deciding to live in Monte Carlo, and another man dying to discover the North Pole, both have some economic motives, or in other words, both occasionally require something to eat. What we want to know, for the purposes of history, is why one man goes to Monte Carlo and the other to the North Pole. In the latter case of the Freudian theories of sub-conscious sex instinct, it is equally futile to tell us that the sultan in his harem, and the great sculptor carving a statue of Victory may both have some direct or indirect associations of beauty with sex. What we want to know is why one is an artist and the other only a sensualist; or, what comes to the same thing, why the statue of Victory stands in Athens and not in Baghdad.

Sometimes, indeed, the new psychologists seem to be very fanciful even within their own area of fact. In the psychological work I have just read, all sorts of works of art are referred to the sub-consciousness which are no more sub-conscious than works of geometry or engineering. We are informed that Leonardo da Vinci illustrates the dark and shapeless sub-conscious origin of our sense of beauty, because he said, with characteristic common-sense, that an artist can often see suggestive shapes in any mixed and variegated surface, such as an old wall. There is nothing in this that is the least sub-conscious, and certainly nothing that is the least sexual. If ever there was a human being who had a conscious rather than an unconscious mind, and who knew exactly what he was doing, I should say it was Leonardo da Vinci. In that respect the mysticism of the modern psychology would evoke nothing but contempt from the rationalism of the Renaissance. I do not write as one rigidly bound to rationalism, or one necessarily averse from all kinds of mysticism. I do not deny that there is an unconscious mind, nor that sex may be an element in it. I merely repeat that to suggest the possible presence of one psychological element is not psycho-analysis. It is pulling one thread out of the tapestry, as an idle child might do; but there are many richer colours and more intricate imagery embroidered on the curtains of the tabernacle.



FRANCE'S NEW PREMIER AND MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: M. ARISTIDE BRIAND. M. Briand has become France's Prime Minister for the sixth time in the past twelve years, and also holds the Portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs. His first tenure of the high office began in 1909, when he was forty-seven, and lasted fifteen months. During the Great War, he was head of the Government twice—from October 1915 until December 12, 1916; and from the latter day until March 17, 1917. In "Who's Who," he describes himself as barrister and publicist.—[*Photograph by Henri Manuel.*]

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AITKEN, TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, VANDYK, L.N.A., YEVONDE, AND I.B.



COMMANDING U.S. NAVAL FORCES IN EUROPE: VICE-ADM. A. P. NIBLACK.



THE BILLIARDS CHAMPION DEFEATED: SMITH (IN PLAY), THE WINNER, AND INMAN DURING THEIR RECENT MATCH.



ELECTED "ANTI-WASTE" M.P. FOR DOVER: COL. SIR THOMAS POLSON.



TO BE COLONIAL SECRETARY? MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.



MURDERED IN DUBLIN ON JANUARY 14: MR. WILLIAM McGRATH, K.C.



CHAIRMAN OF A BANK THAT "SUSPENDED": THE LATE MR. J. B. MACAFEE.



THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: COUNT DE ST. AULAIRE.



THE RESIGNATION OF A CABINET MINISTER: LORD MILNER, SUCCEEDED AS COLONIAL SECRETARY BY MR. CHURCHILL.



BACK FROM UGANDA: REV. JOHN ROSCOE (LEFT) WITH DR. CHALMERS MITCHELL.



ACCIDENTALLY KILLED: MR. GERVASE ELWES, THE SINGER.



THE NEW MEMBER FOR HEREFORD: MR. SAMUEL ROBERTS.



THE FIRST FOREWOMAN OF A JURY AT THE OLD BAILEY: MRS. TAYLOR BUMSTEAD.

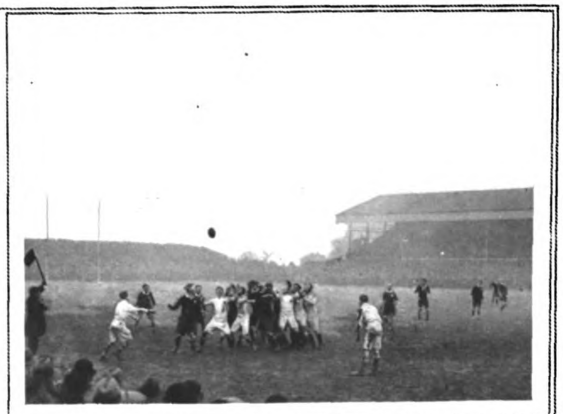
Rear-Admiral A. P. Niblack, Naval Attaché at the U.S. Embassy, was recently promoted to Vice-Admiral and put in command of the U.S. Naval forces in Europe. The U.S.S. "Pittsburg," flying his flag, will leave Gravesend on January 25 for the Mediterranean.——Smith beat Inman (the champion) in the billiard match at Thurston's by 16,000 to 14,139.——Colonel Sir Thomas Polson (Ind.) was elected at Dover by 13,947 votes to 10,817 for Major J. J. Astor (Co.U.).——It was stated on January 17 that Mr. Winston Churchill would succeed Lord Milner (resigned) as Home Secretary.——Mr. William McGrath, K.C., was shot dead by unknown men who broke into his house in Dublin on January 14.——Mr. J. B. Macafee, a well-known Anglo-American business man, who died at Ascot on January 11, was chairman of the British-American Continental Bank, which recently suspended payment.——Count Beaupoil de Saint-Aulaire, the new French Ambassador, has been successively Minister-Resident in Morocco, Minister at Bucharest, and Ambassador at Madrid.——The Rev. John Roscoe, the explorer, recently returned from leading the Mackie Expedition to Uganda.——Mr. Gervase Elwes, the famous English singer, was killed on January 12 by a train at Boston, U.S.A., while on a concert tour.——Mr. Samuel Roberts (Co.U.) won the bye-election at Hereford. His father, Sir Samuel Roberts, is M.P. for a Sheffield Division.——Mrs. Taylor Bumstead was made forewoman of a jury at the Central Criminal Court, on January 11, when women jurors served for the first time.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE LEEKS: ENGLAND BEATS WALES AT "RUGGER."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND G.P.U.



THE BEST PAIR OF HALF-BACKS ENGLAND EVER HAD: LIEUT. C. A. KERSHAW ("SCRUM HALF") PASSING TO LIEUT.-COM. W. J. A. DAVIES.



THE ENGLISH "SCRUM HALF" (LIEUT. C. A. KERSHAW) THROWING-IN FROM TOUCH AT A LINE-OUT: AN INCIDENT OF THE MATCH.



THE RIVAL CAPTAINS: (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-COM. W. J. A. DAVIES (ENGLAND) AND MR. J. WETTER (WALES).



WHAT IT MEANS "TO GRAPPLE WITH THE FIERCE OLD FRIENDS": THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE OF A RUGBY MAUL (UNORGANISED SCRUMMAGE).



SCORING THE FIRST TRY FOR ENGLAND: LIEUT. C. A. KERSHAW (WITH THE BALL, IN LEFT FOREGROUND) OVER THE WELSH LINE.



MR. A. M. SMALLWOOD (WITH THE BALL) NEARLY SCORES FOR ENGLAND: COLLARED ON THE TOUCH-LINE CLOSE TO THE CORNER FLAG.

In the international Rugby football match at Twickenham on January 15, between England and Wales, England won by one goal, one dropped goal, and three tries (18 points) to one try (3 points). The English team's success was largely due to the brilliant play of their outsides, especially the two half-backs, Lieut.-Commander W. J. A. Davies and Lieut. C. A. Kershaw (both Naval officers), who are considered the best pair England ever had, and "one of the really great pairs in Rugby history." The English forwards also played well. The Welsh pack was heavier, but slow. Prince Henry was among the spectators, who numbered about 40,000. The English team may be distinguished by their white jerseys: the Welsh were red. Before the match a Welsh enthusiast climbed one of the goal-posts and placed a bunch of leeks on top, but in sliding down he brought the leeks with him—an evil omen!

A PLAYER FOR EACH CLUB IN THE BAG! "TEAM GOLF."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY S. BEGG.



CONVERTED INTO A "SOCIAL" PASTIME: THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME IN ITS NEWEST FORM.

Golf in its classic form is emphatically not a "social" pastime, but since the English "buddie" has taken to the game he has set out to Brighten it Up. The serious "gowffer" from north of the Tweed may shudder at the idea of a team game, in which each club in the bag is allotted to a special player, but it makes an amusing variant of golf. Six is the usual number for each team, so that there is one driver, one brassie or cleek player, one iron player, one mashie expert, one niblick operator, and one putter. The captain of the side decides which weapon is to be brought into action according to the lie and position of the ball. Mixed teams of three men and three women a side are usually employed, and our artist illustrates a match of this kind in progress at St. Enodoc, North Cornwall, where a series of team games has been played. — [*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

SOMEBODY who knew the two brothers and their works once expressed regret that William James had not been the novelist and Henry James the philosopher. The same thought will inevitably occur to many of the readers of "THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES" (Longmans, Green, and Co. two vols.; 42s. net), which have been selected by his son, Henry James, and strung, so to speak, on a slender thread of biography. Whether or not Henry would have succeeded as a philosopher is a question which need not be answered, fortunately. If he had made the attempt, he would at any rate have been a master of the Hegelian method of approaching a problem in a series of slowly-narrowing circles, and the solution (if any) would have been expounded in endless sentences resembling an apple-pie, with the juice in its egg-cup, in construction. But William James as a novelist would certainly have been a "best seller," for his gift of pithy yet picturesque narrative has never been surpassed, and he could elucidate the most abstruse point of human psychology in an epigram with the glow and glitter of Emerson's jewels of imaginative insight. The difference between William and Henry, between the truth-seeker and the beauty-seeker, was illustrated once for all when the former discovered a story written by the latter at the age of ten, in which, under a picture of a mother and child clinging to a rock in the midst of a stormy ocean, was inscribed the legend: "The thunder roared and the lightning followed"! William tormented the sensitive romancer about this meteorological blunder so unmercifully that punishments had to be awarded and the manuscript placed under a maternal protectorate. One of the most delightful letters in this liberal—yet not too liberal—selection is that in which William, having read the "American Scene," criticises the "third manner" of his brother in a passage that seems to parody the latter's style, italics and all—

You know how opposed your whole "third manner" of execution is to the literary ideals which animate my crude and Orson-like breast, mine being to say a thing in one sentence as straight and explicit as it can be made, and then to drop it for ever; yours being to avoid naming it straight, but by dint of breathing and sighing all round and round it to arouse in the reader who may have had a similar perception already (Heaven help him if he hasn't!) the illusion of a solid object, made (like the "ghost" in the Polytechnic) wholly out of impalpable materials—air, and the prismatic interferences of light, ingeniously focussed by mirrors upon empty space. But you *do* it, that 's the queerness. And the complication of innuendo and associative reference on the enormous scale to which you give way to it does so *build out* the matter for the reader that the result is to solidify, by the mere bulk of the process, the like process from which *he* had to start.

I wish I could quote the whole passage, which seems to have been too much for its subject. For, if the absence of adverbs makes it indifferent parody, it is the most luminous piece of criticism I know of a novelist whose subtlest work seems to me—am I, then, a Philistine?—like a threepenny-bit wrapped up in seven blankets.

. . . .

William James and Henri Bergson are the Dioscuri of Pragmatism, the evilly-named system of thought which insists that philosophy is made for man, not man for philosophy—that the world is not a "block-universe," but a warm and living reality—that truth ceases to be truth when it is no longer a creative boon. Both are masters of the style which is an antiseptic to oblivion, and are secure of immortality as long as the noble languages in which they wrought are remembered by mankind. An American critic described William James as the "Mark Twain of metaphysics," and the Harvard professor's keen sense of humour to some extent justifies the hasty comparison. The story of the student who stemmed the full tide of a lecture one day by exclaiming "But, Doctor, Doctor!—do be serious for a moment," brings home to all who ever sat *over* him or heard him talking at his leisure (as I did twice) the humorous vivacity of his method of discussing the most profound topics. Though he never fell into his anecdotage, he loved an apposite little story, and one of the best in his letters he got from his philosophic friend, M. Emile Boutroux, who told how Renan, when taking his seat in the French Academy, gently observed: "Qu'on est bien dans ce fauteuil!" (the *fauteuil* is but a cushioned bench with no back to it). "Peut-être n'y a-t-il que cela de vrai." He loved England and English life, confessing that everything here was just a little better than the same thing in America. Yet was he an American of the Americans!



AUTHOR OF A NEW NOVEL, "PRIVILEGE": MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR.

Mr. Michael Sadleir's new story, "Privilege," is to appear on or about January 22. His previous novels, "Hyasop" and "The Anchor," had much success. He is on the staff of Messrs. Constable, the well-known publishers.



THE FIRST ENGLISH COMEDY, REVIVED AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: THE O.U.D.S. IN "RALPH ROISTER DOISTER"—THE FAT HERO PREPARING FOR CONQUEST.

Nicholas Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister," the forerunner of English comedy, was given four times at Westminster School recently, in aid of the Abbey restoration fund, by the Oxford University Dramatic Society. Our photograph shows the blustering hero, Ralph (Mr. Eric Bush) having his armour buckled on, much to the amusement of his mischievous instigator, Matthew Merrygreek (Mr. J. C. Ledward, on left). Ralph lays siege to a rich widow, Dame Custance (Miss Kitty Ashton), and is routed by her servants. Udall was Headmaster of Eton in 1534, and his play was first performed by Eton boys before Mary Tudor. In 1554 he became Headmaster of Westminster School, and playwright to the Queen.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

Theodore Roosevelt appears once or twice in these letters, and when there was a chance of his becoming President of Harvard, William James speaks of "the mighty good-will of him . . . the safety of his second thoughts . . . the fact that he is an open, instead of an underground leader." All these and other good qualities are exhibited in "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME; SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS" (Hodder and Stoughton; two vols.; 42s. net), which is a selection from 150,000 letters he wrote by Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, who also provides a biographical thread—a slender clue to the labyrinthine activities of the virile statesman who was so well defined as a combination of St. Paul and St. Vitus. But the man-in-himself does not emerge from this vast *dossier*, and we shall not read him aright till some writer of vision explains him in lightning-flashes, leaving out all the sawdust of circumstance. Far more vital reading is "STEEPLEJACK" (Werner, Laurie; two vols.; 42s. net), in which James Gibbon Huneker, critic of all the arts, unfolds his amazing autobiography. He quotes Walt Whitman: "I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones," on his title-page, and the fluent impudence of his revelations is worthy of the author of "Iconoclasts." As Mr. George Moore has dramatised himself in "Gabrielle," so Mr. Huneker now makes himself the central figure, never off the stage, in a twenty-spool kinema that might be entitled "Criticism for the Critic's Sake." The descriptions (*e.g.*, of Paris forty years ago) are delightful; and, if the author removes the pedestals and comments on the clay feet of all the world's idols of art, he yet shows us their marble thews and bay-crowned brows.

. . . . .

We are in the only aristocratic America remaining when reading "FROM A SOUTHERN PORCH" (Putnams; 10s. 6d. net), by Dorothy Scarborough, who surveys a quiet and considerate world from the verandah of a spacious house in old Virginia. Thus she sits in her rocking-chair and teaches us how to "porch"—for there ought to be, and is, a special word for that happy art, dignified yet curiously inclusive, of loafing amid the amenities of the esoteric South, as yet unspoilt by financial carpet-baggers from the North. She gently chides those who clutter up the world with useless, utilitarian tasks and turn life into a *hortus siccus* of desiccated duties. "Most duties," she avers, "have no real cause to be performed, anyhow, and he who rushes up to do them frenziedly finds out later that he has fashed himself for nothing." So you sit in a rocking-chair beside her and watch a changing-changeless world full of homely sights and sounds and odours. Time passes to the splash-splash-splash of churning. Darkies are singing in the fields, puppies worrying each other on the grass, jays wrangling on the gravel path; there is a hen with her clucking brood in the flower-bed; and a mule ambles along the road in a cart creaking with rheumatism and old age. There is time for everything and anything, and also for nothing at all, and the long-remembered saying of a Western worker at a thinking-bee, "This workin' between meals ain't what 'tis cracked up fer to be," would be meaningless in the sun-drenched spaces of Virginia, where a meal—or even the snack between meals known as a "lunch" in America—is a sacrament. Miss Scarborough's book is thronged with delightful coloured people, many of whose "reels" and "ballets," hitherto unrecorded, she has taken down from their ripe, jocund lips. It is a wise and beautiful book—this message from a land where idleness is a fine art still, and nobody really worries over statesmen, philosophers, or critics.

THE END OF D'ANNUNZIO'S ADVENTURE: FIGHTING AT FIUME.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TRAMPUS AND C.N.



THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD: A FUNERAL CEREMONY IN THE CEMETERY AT FIUME FOR THOSE FALLEN IN THE FIGHTING.



CIVIL WAR AT FIUME BETWEEN D'ANNUNZIO'S FORCES AND GOVERNMENT TROOPS: VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY IN ACTION.



WHERE D'ANNUNZIO LIVED: THE REGENCY PALACE, GUARDED BY PICKED MEN AND A BARRICADE, DURING THE SIEGE.

A "Times" correspondent (the only one in Fiume during the fighting), in a detailed account, says: (December 25) "Three bridges over the river connecting Fiume with Sushak have been blown up. . . . The Palace has been put in a state of defence. A barricade of stone and sandbags has been erected. . . . (December 26) The most dramatic episode of the day was yet to come. In the afternoon a destroyer fired three shells of small calibre on the town. One shell struck the corner of the window of D'Annunzio's room, and the interior was wrecked. D'Annunzio was in an adjoining apartment, and escaped with a slight superficial wound inflicted by a splinter."



BLOWN UP BY D'ANNUNZIO'S MEN TO IMPEDE THE ENTRY OF THE ITALIAN TROOPS: ONE OF THE BRIDGES OVER THE RIVER.

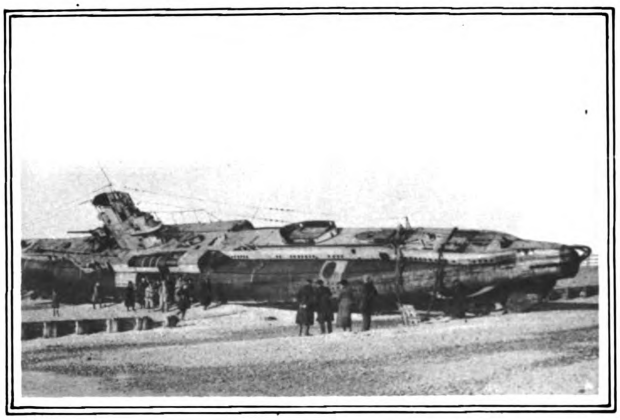


SHOWING THE WINDOW (×) OF D'ANNUNZIO'S ROOM STRUCK BY A NAVAL SHELL: THE REGENCY PALACE AT FIUME.

After a week's siege by Italian Government troops led by General Ferrario, acting under General Caviglia, Fiume was surrendered by the Mayor, to whom D'Annunzio left the negociations when he found it impossible to resist longer, and it was a question between capitulation and destruction of the town by bombardment. The blockade began on December 22, and hostilities continued (with an interval of grace on Christmas Day) until the 28th. D'Annunzio's Legionaries offered a brave resistance, and numbers were killed on both sides. It was stated on the 31st that, in accordance with the treaty of Rapallo, Fiume would be left free to frame its own constitution. The town was tired of D'Annunzio, and apparently did not support him. In a final manifesto he said: "It is not worth while to throw my life away in the service of a people who could not be distracted for a moment from their Christmas greedinesses." He remained for a time at Fiume, writing an account of recent events. It was said that he would then resume literary work at Venice or Rome. His Legionaries were disbanded.

EVENTS OF NOTABLE INTEREST: NEWS OF THE WEEK ILLUSTRATED.

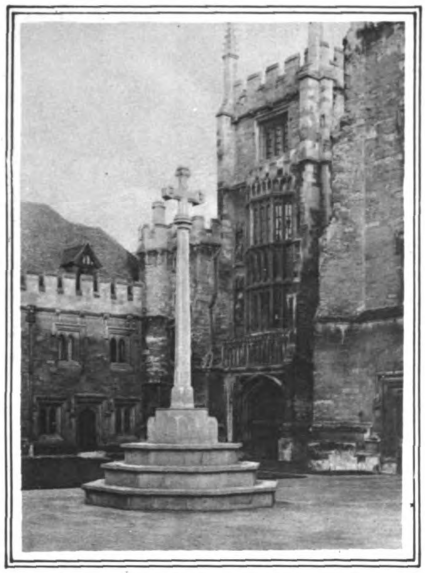
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., PATON (OXFORD), ROL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND I.B.



ANOTHER GERMAN SUBMARINE WASHED ASHORE NEAR HASTINGS: "U.B.131" AS FLOTSAM OF THE WAR, HIGH AND DRY ON THE BEACH.



A NEW USE FOR TANKS: BURSTING OPEN SHOP DOORS IN DUBLIN DURING THE SEARCH FOR ARMS.



TO BE UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE WAR MEMORIAL AT MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S BEQUEST TO PARIS: A SPLENDID JEWEL.



FOR ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN CHIEFS: A NEW MEDAL FOR LOYAL SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE—THE REVERSE.



DOVER'S APPROVAL OF THE "ANTI-WASTE" CAMPAIGN: "CHAIRING" SIR THOMAS POLSON (CENTRE BACKGROUND) AFTER HIS ELECTION AS M.P.



THE FIRST WOMEN JURORS AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT: A MIXED JURY WAITING TO BE SWORN IN ON JANUARY 11.

Another German submarine, a derelict of the war, has been washed ashore near Hastings.——During the search for arms in Dublin, the troops used tanks in breaking open shop doors. A pole was fixed in front and placed against the door: the tank then gently moved forward and the trick was done.——The Prince of Wales has arranged to unveil the War Memorial at Magdalen College, Oxford, on Shrove Tuesday, February 8.——The late Empress Eugénie, fulfilling a promise made when she visited Paris in 1913, has bequeathed to the Carnavalet Museum a magnificent jewel bearing the arms of Paris, presented to her by the city in 1867.——A new medal in silver and silver-gilt, designed by Mr. Carter Preston, has been struck at the Mint for presentation to native chiefs in Africa and the East for loyal service to the Empire. The obverse bears an effigy of the King: the reverse (shown above) a merchant vessel protected by a war-ship.——Colonel Sir Thomas Polson (whose portrait appears on another page) was elected as "anti-waste" candidate at Dover on January 13.——At the January Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, opened on the 11th, women served on juries for the first time.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. IN CAPTIVITY: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. PIERRE GILLIARD. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES.



THE IMPERIAL CAPTIVE LAYING OUT A KITCHEN GARDEN ON A LAWN OF THE ALEXANDER PALACE: THE LATE EMPEROR (THIRD FROM RIGHT IN MIDDLE DISTANCE) AT TSARSKOE-SELO, MAY 1917—(ON LEFT) THE EMPRESS AND TWO DAUGHTERS.

WHEN the Emperor Nicholas and his family were first placed under arrest, on March 21, 1917, and interned at the Alexander Palace at Tsarskoe-Selo, the Emperor was forbidden access to the park, and was only allowed to use, for the purpose of exercise, a small garden close to the palace, surrounded by a cordon of guards. A little later this restriction was removed, and on April 16 we find M. Gilliard recording in his diary: "The weather being very fine, we go out into the park, where they now allow us to take walks, followed by officers of the guard and sentries." An entry in M. Gilliard's diary on April 20, 1917, reads: "We now go for a walk regularly twice a day, in the morning from 11 to noon, and from 2.30 to 5 in the afternoon. We all assemble in the *salle en hémicycle* and there wait for the commander of the guard to open the doors leading to the park. We go out. The officer on duty and the soldiers close up behind us and surround the spot where we stop to work." On Sunday, May 13, 1917, M. Gilliard writes: "This is the second day that we have been occupied in making a kitchen garden on one of the lawns in the park. We began by removing the turf, carrying away the clods on stretchers and piling it up in a heap. Everyone set to work—the family, ourselves (that is, the members of the *entourage*) and the servants. Several soldiers of the guard even lent a hand to help us! During these latter days the Emperor has worn a very preoccupied air. He said to me while returning from an outing: 'It seems that Russky has resigned. He had asked the troops to take the offensive (one has to implore them now, not give orders!): the committees of soldiers refused. If it is true, this is the end. What a disgrace! To stand on the defensive instead of attacking—it is tantamount to suicide! We are going to leave our Allies to be crushed, and then it will be our turn.'" Later he added: "I cannot believe the Army is in the condition reported. It cannot have fallen so low in two months." May 19, 1917, was the Emperor's forty-ninth birthday, and the occasion was observed by a celebration of Mass.

In view of the great interest aroused by the article and illustrations in our issue of January 1, describing the murder of the Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia, with his whole family, by the Bolshevists at Ekaterinburg on July 17, 1918, we have been able to secure the further photographs given in this issue, dealing with the first period of the Imperial Family's captivity, at Tsarskoe-Selo, after the initial Revolution of March 1917. A translation is again given (on two succeeding pages) of the deeply interesting record, based on his elaborate diary and his personal experiences, written by Monsieur Pierre Gilliard, who was French tutor to the young Tsarevitch, and shared intimately the daily life of the Imperial Family up to their removal from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg. M. Gilliard himself is seen in the above photograph, standing in the left centre holding a spade and facing the camera. In the present instalment of his narrative he relates what occurred from the time of the Emperor's visit to the Russian Army's Headquarters at Mohilev, on March 8, 1917, followed shortly by the first Revolution and his abdication, up to the departure of the Imperial Family for their new prison at Tobolsk on August 13 of that year.

THE GREATEST IMPERIAL TRAGEDY:

LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. AND HIS FAMILY.

By PIERRE GILLIARD, Tutor of the late Tsarevitch.*

In consequence of the great interest aroused by the article and illustrations in our issue of Jan. 1, describing the massacre of the Russian Imperial Family by Bolshevists at Ekaterinburg, on July 17, 1918, we have obtained from the same source the following account and photographs of their original arrest and internment at Tsarskoe-Selo in the spring and summer of 1917, after the first Revolution. The author of the narrative, M. Pierre Gilliard, was tutor to the young Tsarevitch, and shared the captivity and daily life of the Imperial prisoners up to their removal from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg, when he was forcibly separated from them against his will. The present portion of his memoirs takes the story up to their departure from Tsarskoe-Selo for Tobolsk on Aug. 14, 1917.

THE Emperor, after many hesitations, decided to leave for Mohilev on March 8, 1917. He was anxious at the state of affairs, but thought it was his duty to rejoin General Headquarters.

His departure caused great anxiety to the Empress, who, moreover, was apprehensive at the state of health of the Grand Duke Alexis Nicolaievitch. The Tsarevitch had the measles, and complications had set in. The Grand Duchesses, too, were ill, and only Marie Nicolaievna could be of any help to her mother. Two days after the Emperor's departure troubles broke out, and on the 11th the situation became critical; there was rioting in the centre of the town, and the attitude of the troops was slack.

The Emperor had sent a ukase ordering the suspension of the Douma, but, owing to the gravity of the situation the Assembly had decided to form an Executive Committee.

The Empress was greatly upset on hearing of the defection of several regiments, and that they had joined the rebels who fought for the possession of the Arsenal. The story of the next few days is well known—the Emperor's abdication at Pskov in favour of his brother, and the latter's decision that the Constitutional Assembly should decide the fate of Russia.

On March 22 the Emperor, accompanied by Prince Dolgorouki, returned to Tsarskoe-Selo. He was profoundly moved at the turn events had taken. He was not permitted outside a small garden, and access to the park was prohibited. He bore all these restrictions with great fortitude, and the Empress was greatly exhausted after the trials of the past week, and spent her time on a couch in the room of the Grand Duchesses or that of Alexis Nicolaievitch. Marie Nicolaievna was still very ill. She had the measles later than her sisters, and pneumonia had developed. She had been her mother's mainstay during the days of the revolution.



FAITHFUL TO THE IMPERIAL FAMILY: THEIR *ENTOURAGE* DURING INTERNMENT AT TSARSKOE-SELO IN THE SUMMER OF 1917.

Seated in front is Countess Benckendorff. Standing, from left to right, are: Prince Dolgorouki, M. Pierre Gilliard, Countess Hendrikov, Baroness Buxhewden, Mlle. Schneider, Count Benckendorff, and Dr. Derevenko.

Photograph Copyright.

The captivity at Tsarskoe-Selo was not supposed to last long, and there was talk of our transfer to England. The days went by, however, and our departure was always delayed; the Provisional Government had to take the advanced political elements into account, and felt that its authority was being gradually undermined. We were but a short distance from the Finnish frontier, and it would not have been difficult to take the Imperial Family to one of the ports of Finland, and from thence abroad. But all feared to take the responsibility, and were afraid of compromising themselves.

FIVE MONTHS' CAPTIVITY.

The Imperial Family remained at Tsarskoe-Selo till August 1917. During this period, which I spent with them, I kept a diary of our life. I can only publish a few extracts here.

Sunday, April 1.—As Alexis Nicolaievitch was feeling much better we went to church this morning. We had been preceded there by their Majesties, the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, and some members of the suite who shared our captivity. When the priest prayed for the success of the Russian Army, the Emperor and Empress knelt, and their example was followed by the whole congregation.

A few days ago, when I came out of the room of Alexis Nicolaievitch I met some soldiers who were lounging about the corridor. I went up to them and asked them what they wanted. "We want to see the Heir." "He is in bed, and you can't see him." "And the others?" "They too are ill." "And where is the Tsar?" "I don't know." "Will he go for a walk?" "I don't know; but you must not stay here and make a noise, on account of the invalids." Thereupon they marched off on tiptoe, talking in low voices. And those were the soldiers who were described as fierce revolutionaries hating their former Emperor!

Tuesday, April 3.—Kerensky came to the Palace to-day for the first time. He went through all the rooms and examined the positions of the sentries, to see whether we were properly guarded. Before leaving, he had a pretty long interview with the Emperor and Empress.

Friday, April 6.—The Emperor told me to-day how sad he felt when he read the papers. The army is ruined; no more hierarchy or discipline. The officers fear their soldiers, who now spy on them. I felt that the Emperor was greatly depressed at the collapse of the army which he so loved.

Sunday, April 8.—After Mass Kerensky informed the Emperor that he must be separated from the Empress, that he will have to live alone, and will only be able to see her Majesty at meal times, and on the condition that only Russian is spoken. They can have tea together too, but in the presence of an officer, as no servants waited. The Empress, greatly moved, came up to me and said: "To behave like that to the Emperor, to insult him like this after he abdicated in order to avoid civil war—how wrong and mean it is!" The Emperor did not want the blood of a single Russian to be shed for him. He was ready to give up everything for the welfare of Russia." After a moment's pause, she added: "This trial must be borne too."

Monday, April 9.—I hear that Kerensky had first intended to isolate the Empress, but it was pointed out to him that it was most inhuman to separate a mother from her sick children; he then decided to isolate the Emperor

April 13, Good Friday.—The whole family confessed in the evening.

Saturday, April 14.—At half-past nine in the morning, Mass and Holy Communion. In the evening, at half-past eleven, we all assembled in church for the night service. Colonel Korovitchenko, commandant of the Palace and Kerensky's friend, and the three officers on guard, were also present. The service lasted until two o'clock, and we then went into the library to exchange the traditional greetings. The Emperor, according to Russian custom, kissed all the men present, including the Commandant of the Palace and the officers on guard. I noticed that they could not hide their emotion at this spontaneous greeting. We then sat down at a table for the Easter night meal. Their Majesties sat facing one another. We were seventeen, including the two officers. The Grand Duchesses Olga and Marie and Alexis Nicolaievitch were absent. The relative animation at the start soon dropped, and the conversation languished. Her Majesty was particularly silent. Was it fatigue or sadness?

Easter Sunday, April 15.—I went out with Alexis Nicolaievitch on the terrace for the first time. A wonderful spring day. At seven in the evening, religious service upstairs in the children's room. There are only about fifteen of us. I noticed that the Emperor crossed himself devoutly when the priest prayed for the Provisional Russian Government.

On the following day, as the weather was very fine, we went into the park, where we are now permitted to walk, followed by the officers and the sentries. Wishing to take some physical exercise, we amused ourselves by freeing the ice from the sluices of the pond. A crowd of soldiers and civilians assembled outside the park railings and looked at us. After a time the officer on guard came up to the Emperor and said that the Commandant of the garrison of Tsarskoe-Selo had warned him that he feared a hostile demonstration, or even an attempt against the Imperial Family, and asked us not to stay there.

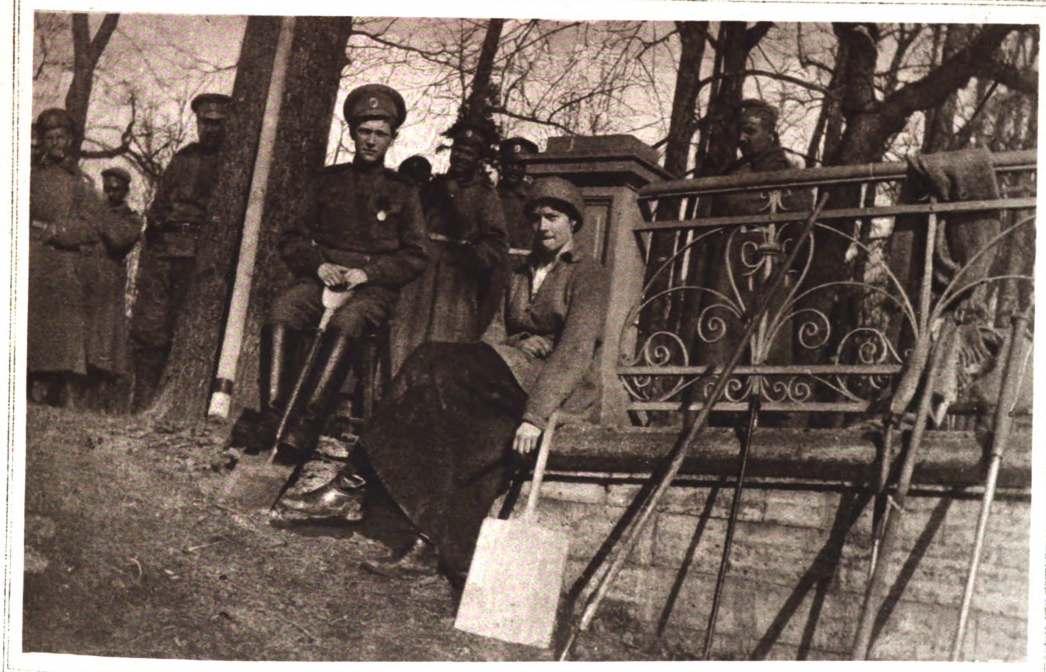
* *Our Extracts from the Article by M. Pierre Gilliard and the accompanying Illustrations are Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*

UNDER MILITARY GUARD: THE TSAREVITCH AND HIS SECOND SISTER.

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MURDERED LATER, WITH HER PARENTS, SISTERS AND BROTHER, BY BOLSHEVISTS AT EKATERINBURG: THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, UNDER GUARD, IN THE GROUNDS OF TSARSKOE-SELO IN 1917.



TAUGHT HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY BY HIS FATHER, THE EMPEROR: THE LATE TSAREVITCH (THEN THIRTEEN) WITH HIS SISTER THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, UNDER GUARD AT TSARSKOE-SELO.

The Grand Duchess Tatiana was the second of the four daughters of the late Emperor and Empress of Russia, and at the time these photographs were taken was aged twenty, while her brother, the Tsarevitch, was thirteen. They were murdered, with the rest of the family, by the Bolshevists at Ekaterinburg in the following year. In the upper photograph the Grand Duchess is seen sitting in the park at Tsarskoe-Selo, at the boundary beyond which the Imperial prisoners were not allowed to go. All the roads and walks were guarded by soldiers. The lower photograph was taken at the same spot, where her brother had joined her. Beside them are spades and various implements used for breaking the ice on the ponds and canals—work in which the prisoners took part, for the sake of exercise. M. Gilliard, who taught the Tsarevitch and his sisters French, records in his diary how the Emperor and Empress were concerned for their son's education during their captivity, and themselves took him in some subjects—the Empress in religious instruction, and the Emperor in history and geography.

The Emperor replied that he was not afraid and that the people did not worry him.

Friday, April 20.—We now take walks regularly twice a day, in the morning from 11 to 12, and in the afternoon 2.30 till 5. We all assemble in the hall and wait till the commandant of the guard comes and opens the doors leading to the park. We go out; the officer on duty and the soldiers follow us and halt at the spot where we wish to work. The Empress and the Grand Duchesses Olga and Marie still keep indoors.



WHERE THE IMPERIAL PRISONERS ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR OUTINGS, AND ON THEIR DEPARTURE FOR TOBOLSK: THE SEMICIRCULAR HALL IN THE ALEXANDER PALACE, TSARSKOE-SELO. —[*Photograph Copyright.*]

Sunday, April 22.—Prohibition to go as far as the pond: we must stay near the Palace and not go beyond the bounds which are permitted. In the distance we see a curious crowd who try to catch a glimpse of us.

Wednesday, April 25.—Kerensky has come back to the Palace. Dr. Botkin seized the opportunity to ask him whether it would not be possible to send the Imperial Family to Livadia (Crimea) on account of the children's health. Kerensky replied that it was impossible at present. He then went to see their Majesties, and stayed some considerable time. The attitude of Kerensky towards the Emperor has altered, and he no longer has the air of a judge. I feel certain he has begun to understand what the Emperor really is, and is beginning to feel his moral superiority, as is the case with all who approach him.

Sunday, April 29.—In the evening a long conversation with their Majesties about the lessons of Alexis Nicolaïevitch. We must find some solution, as we have no professors! The Emperor decided to teach history and geography, and the Empress religion. The other branches will be divided between Baroness Buxhewden (English), Mlle. Schneider (arithmetic), Dr. Botkin (Russian) and I.*

Tuesday, May 1.—It is the first time that Russia celebrates the First of May. We heard the sound of trumpets and we saw long processions pass the park railings.

Thursday, May 3.—The Emperor told me in the evening that the news of the last few days was not good. The extremists insist that France and England shall make peace "without annexation or indemnity." The deserters are more and more numerous and the Army is melting away. Will the Provisional Government have the strength to continue the war?

The Emperor follows the events with painful interest. He is anxious, but he still hopes that the country will pick up and remain faithful to the Allies.

A VEGETABLE GARDEN IN THE PARK.

Sunday, May 13.—It is the second day that we are trying to make a vegetable garden on the lawns of the park. We started by taking the grass away in hand-barrows. Everyone set to work: the family, we, and the servants. Even some of the soldiers on guard came to help us!

The Emperor looked very preoccupied these last days. He said on coming in from his walk: "It appears that Russky has handed in his resignation. He had asked for an offensive to be started (one implores: orders are no longer given): the committees of soldiers have refused. If this is true, it is the end. What a disgrace! To defend oneself and not to attack, it is equivalent to suicide! We shall let our Allies be crushed, and then our turn will come."

Monday, May 14.—The Emperor referred to our conversation of yesterday, and he added: "What gives me a little hope is the fact that we love exaggeration. I can't believe that the Army at the front is in the condition they say: it can't have deteriorated to such an extent in two months."

Saturday, May 19.—Birthday of the Emperor (49 years of age); Mass and congratulations.

Sunday, May 27.—For some time past we get but little wood, and it is extremely cold everywhere. Mme. Narishkin (Grand Mistress of the Court) is ill, and she has been removed to-day; her state of health demanding care which we can't give her here. She is in despair at the thought of leaving us, as she knows that she will not be allowed to return to the Palace.

Saturday, June 2.—We still work daily at the vegetable garden. We water it with a barrel which we drag along turn-and-turn-about.

Friday, June 15.—We have finished the vegetable garden, which is magnificent. We have every kind of vegetable and 500 cabbages. The servants have also made a vegetable garden at the other side of the Palace, where they will be able to grow what they like. We went to help them plough, the Emperor too. In order to occupy our leisure, now that we have finished our gardening, we have asked and obtained permission to cut the dead trees in the park. We move from one spot to another accompanied by our guard. We are becoming quite skilful woodsmen. We shall have a provision of wood for next winter!

Sunday, June 24.—The days follow, one like unto the other. Our time is taken up with lessons and walks. The Emperor told me quite an amusing episode this morning, which broke the monotony of our seclusion. He was reading aloud to the Empress and Grand Duchesses, yesterday evening, in the red room. Suddenly, at eleven o'clock, one of the footmen came in looking very upset, and said that the commandant of the guard wanted to see the Emperor immediately. The latter imagined that something very serious had occurred at Petrograd — a great armed Bolshevist manifestation against the Provisional Government was anticipated — and said that he was to be introduced. The officer came in accompanied by two n.c.o.'s. He explained that he had been called by the firing of one of the sentries, who noticed red and green signals coming from the room occupied by the Imperial Family. General amazement. What signals? What did it all mean? The Empress and the Grand Duchesses greatly moved. The officer ordered the curtains to be drawn: the heat was stifling—and was about to leave, when one of the n.c.o.'s gave the explanation of the mystery. The Grand Duchess Anastasia was sitting on the window-sill working. She occasionally leant forward to get things from the table, and thereby covered and uncovered two lamps with red and green shades. The officer left in confusion.

Monday, July 2.—We hear that an offensive was started in the region of Tarnopol and is developing most successfully.

Tuesday, July 3.—"Te Deum" in honour of the fighting, which seems to portend a great victory. The Emperor, radiant, brought the evening papers to Alexis Nicolaïevitch and read him the bulletins.

Sunday, July 15.—Nothing new in our captivity. Walks are our only distraction. It is very hot, and for several days Alexis Nicolaïevitch has bathed in the pond which surrounds the children's island. He enjoys it very much.

THE DEPARTURE.

Thursday, Aug. 9.—I hear that the Provisional Government has decided to transfer the Imperial Family. The destination is kept secret. We all hope it will be the Crimea.

Saturday, Aug. 11.—We are informed that we must get warm clothing. We are, therefore, not being sent south. Great disappointment.

Sunday, Aug. 12 (*July* 30, *O.S.*).—Birthday of Alexis Nicolaïevitch (13 years old). At the request of the Empress the miraculous ikon of the Virgin of the Znamenia Church has been brought. Mass. Our departure has been fixed for to-morrow. Colonel Kobylinski (who, in June, replaced Colonel Korovitchenko as Commandant of the Palace) told me in secret that we were being transferred to Tobolsk.

Monday, Aug. 13.—We must be ready by midnight, we are told. The train will leave at one o'clock. Final preparations. Farewell visits to the vegetable garden, the children's island, etc. At about one o'clock in the morning we are all assembled with our luggage. The Grand Duke Michael came with Kerensky and had an interview with the Emperor, who was very happy to see his brother before his departure. Our train had not yet arrived. It appeared that difficulties had arisen with the Petrograd railwaymen, who suspected that the train was for the Imperial Family. The hours went by most fatiguingly. Should we be able to leave? We began to doubt. (This incident proves the helplessness of the Government.) At last, at five o'clock, we were told that all was ready. We said good-bye to those of our fellow captives who could not go with us. We felt sad at the thought of leaving Tsarskoe-Selo, and this departure into the unknown filled us with forebodings. When our cars got out of the park gates we were escorted by a detachment of cavalry to the little station of Alexandrovka. We took our seats in the carriages, which were very comfortable. Half an hour went by, then the train moved slowly. It was ten to six.



WITH AN OMINOUS PICTURE — A PORTRAIT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN: THE EMPRESS'S *SALON* IN THE ALEXANDER PALACE, TSARSKOE-SELO. —[*Photograph Copyright.*]

* It is important to note here that the Tsarevitch never had a German lesson in his life.

IMPERIAL DIGNITY IN DURESS: THE CAPTIVE TSAR AND TSARITSA.

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THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA IN CAPTIVITY: THE TSARITSA IN HER WHEELED CHAIR; WITH HER WORK.



RESIGNED TO HIS HUMILIATIONS FOR RUSSIA'S SAKE: THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. SHOVELLING SNOW.



WATCHED BY THE OFFICER OF THE GUARD: THE LATE EMPEROR (ON LEFT) HELPING TO LAY OUT A KITCHEN GARDEN AT TSARSKOE-SELO—(ON RIGHT) THE SAILOR NAGORNY, AFTERWARDS SHOT BY THE BOLSHEVISTS.

The Emperor and Empress displayed wonderful patience and magnanimity during the sixteen months of their captivity. At the time when these photographs were taken (the spring of 1917), the Emperor had just abdicated and rejoined his family at Tsarskoe-Selo, where they were first interned. Of this time M. Gilliard records: "The Emperor accepted all these severities with remarkable serenity and greatness of soul. Never a word of reproach passed his lips. One sentiment dominated his being, stronger even than the bonds of family affection, and that was love of his country. One felt he was ready to forgive all to those who inflicted these humiliations on him, if only they could save Russia. The Empress spent almost all her time resting in a long chair at the bedside of the Grand Duchesses or Alexis (her son). Emotion and anguish had broken her physically, but since the Emperor's return, she felt a great spiritual peace and lived a life of intense introspection, speaking little, and yielding at length to an insistent need of repose." The sailor Nagorny, seen in the lower photograph, was in attendance on the Tsarevitch, for befriending whom he was shot by the Bolshevists at Ekaterinburg in June 1918.

THE GREATEST IMPERIAL TRAGEDY: THE TSAR'S CHILDREN (AL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. PIERRE GILLIAR



THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA HELPING TO TURN A LAWN INTO A KITCHEN GARDEN AT TSARSKOE-SELO: REMOVING TURF WITH A SOLDIER OF THE GUARD.



RESTING FROM THEIR WORK OF LAYING OUT A KITCHEN GARDEN: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, THE TSAREVITCH, AND GRAND DUCHESSES TATIANA AND ANASTASIA.

History holds no parallel, at any rate among modern and civilised communities, to the simultaneous extermination of a whole Imperial Family, as in the crime perpetrated by the Bolshevists at Ekaterinburg on July 17, 1918, when the Tsar and Tsaritsa, their five children, and several of their attendants, were all murdered at once by revolver shots and bayonet thrusts. Such was the awful fate of the four Grand Duchesses and their brother, who in the above photographs are seen gardening at Tsarskoe-Selo during the early months of their captivity in 1917. The eldest, Olga, was then 22; Tatiana was 20; Marie, 18; Anastasia, 16; and Alexis, the Tsarevitch, 13. As mentioned on a previous page, they and their father, the Emperor, took exercise by laying out a vegetable garden on one of the palace lawns. On June 2, 1917, M. Gilliard, the tutor, who

(ALL MURDERED BY BOLSHEVISTS) GARDENING IN CAPTIVITY.

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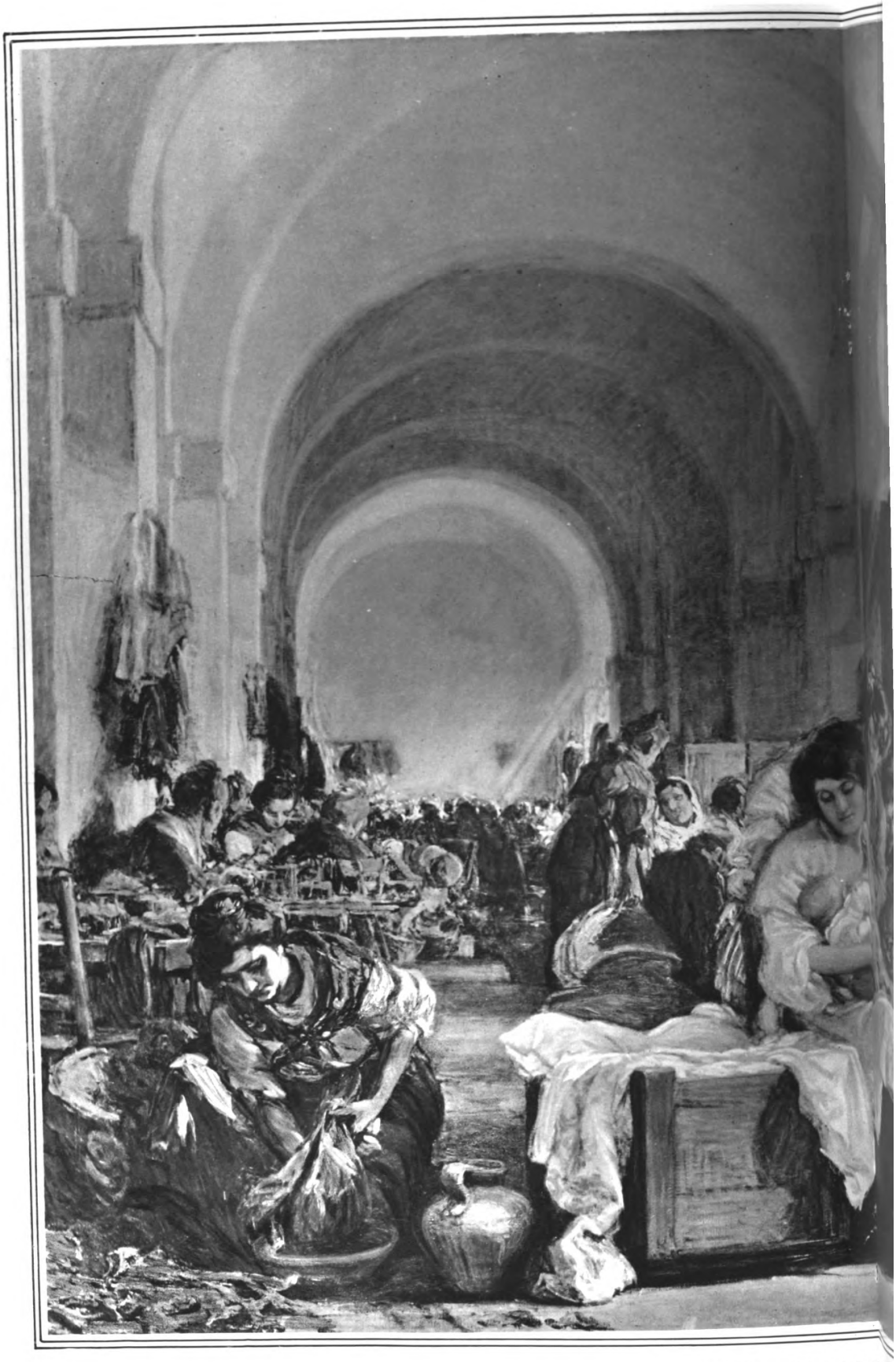


TAKING THEIR TURN AT WATERING THE NEW KITCHEN GARDEN: THE GRAND DUCHESSES TATIANA (LEFT) AND ANASTASIA PUSHING A WHEELED WATER-BUTT INTO POSITION.



WITH HER PET DOG: THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, AND HER SISTER ANASTASIA, IN A FLOWERY CORNER OF THE PARK AT TSARSKOE-SELO IN THE SUMMER OF 1917.

...book these photographs, records in his diary: "We continue to work every day at the kitchen garden. We water it by means of a wheeled butt which we take turns to draw." On June 15 he writes: "We finished our kitchen garden some little time ago. It is grand. We have got every vegetable one can think of, and 500 cabbages. The servants in their turn have made a kitchen garden on the other side of the palace, where they will be able to grow what they want. We went to help them work at it, the Emperor included. To occupy our leisure, now that we have finished our gardening work, we obtained permission to cut down dead trees in the park. We go from place to place, followed by the guard, and we are beginning to be quite efficient wood-cutters. It will provide us with a store of wood for next winter."



"THE CIGARE

BY GON

Although the Spanish Exhibition at the Royal Academy is over, the Spanish vogue is likely to remain with us, and no apology is needed for reproducing Gonzalo Bilbao's picture "The Cigarette-Makers," one of the most attractive exhibits. A certain topical interest also attaches to it from

By Courtesy of the Secretary of the Exhibition of Spanish Paintings Rec



ARETTE-MAKERS."

GONZALO BILBAO.

the fact that it recalls to mind Marion Crawford's well-known novel "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," a dramatised version of which is a popular item in the répertoire of that new knight of the stage, Sir Martin Harvey.

RECENTLY HELD AT BURLINGTON HOUSE. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IN miscellaneous collections of books under the hammer there are always items which prick the conscience of the man of letters as being books which he should have read, but has not. Others awake memories of faithful studies and long vigils in years gone by. There are, too, items which, by reason of their rarity and value, come into the limelight of the auction-room, win a momentary triumph, and pass again into



THE RULER UNDER WHOM PERSIAN ART REACHED ITS ZENITH: SHAH ABBAS—A CONTEMPORARY MINIATURE, OF A.D. 1613.

This portrait of Shah Abbas, signed Riza Abbasi, and dated 1022 A.H. (= 1613 A.D.), is included in M. Léonce Rosenberg's collection of Persian and Indian miniatures to be sold, with others, at Sotheby's on February 8.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

cloistered seclusion. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson dispersed such a collection on Jan. 12. In one lot there was Daniel Defoe's "The Storm," first edition, 1704, and seventeen histories and novels by Mrs. Behn. Defoe, the tile-maker for whom a reward was issued, stood in the pillory at Cheapside; and Mistress Aphra Behn, secret service agent at the Court of Charles II., who gave the unheeded warning of the projected attack of the Dutch Fleet on the Medway, lies buried in the northern ambulatory of Westminster Abbey. A curious volume is the "Letters of Junius," with wood-cuts by Bewick. Here is Johnson's "Journey to the Western Highlands of Scotland," first edition, 1775. Coleridge's "Poems," first edition, 1796, has the bookplate of Charles Lloyd and an inscription by him to Susan Hawker in his autograph. Bernard Barton has a collection of letters addressed from Woodbridge to his friend Wodderspoon at Ipswich. Edward FitzGerald, of Omar fame, is familiarly alluded to as "Teddy," in these unpublished letters. Nor should go unrecorded Miss Braddon's "My Best Story, and why I think it so," holograph MS., with corrected proofs of the story, "His Oldest Friends." Some tracts by Savonarola from a Spanish press at Astorga in 1547 is a volume of the utmost rarity.

At Christie's, on the 14th, among a miscellaneous collection of modern pictures and drawings, Birket Foster claimed attention with drawings, "Campa Santa, Pisa," and "Fountain Square, Seville," from the artist's sale; and four tiny stippled gems, the largest 5¼ by 9¾ in., of Craigmillar Castle, Hythe and Sandgate, and the Bridge of Sighs, Venice. In the same rooms, on the 19th, certain old English plate braved all financial depression.

On the 21st, Messrs. Christie sold modern pictures some items of which drew attention by reason of new standards of value. Alma-Tadema's "An Apodyterium," the ante-chamber of the ladies' bath in the days of the Roman Empire, was painted in 1886. It is only a panel 18 by 24 in. Other days, other views, and, be it said, other prices. Peppercorn was once regarded as the artist's artist. We all love Clovelly. Here was a panel offered of that delectable spot, but Peppercorn, unfortunately, belongs to the 'eighties, just that period which is not old enough to be curiously evasive, and not modern enough to be representative of to-day's outlook. Ospovat brings a Russian version of "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "Old Pictures in Florence": illustrations for Browning's "Men and Women." These pen-and-ink drawings, which come from the collection of Judge Evans, attracted considerable attention a quarter of a century ago. The coarse, almost peasant, vision of Ospovat titillated the palates of late Victorians. Old illustrated magazines contain his decadent work in coarse line, but instantly eclipsed by the *finesse* and subtlety of Aubrey Beardsley.

At Messrs. Sotheby's, the final portion of the Britwell Court library is being sold on Jan. 31, and two following days. Comprising valuable early English works on theology and divinity, this embraces early editions of the Scriptures printed in English in England, with notable works by Miles Coverdale, Erasmus, John Knox, Martin Luther, Sir Thomas More, William Tyndale, and others of the Reformation period. Two of Godfray's (the printer of Chaucer, 1532), the "Boke of Solomon, called Ecclesiastes (which is to say in English a preacher)," and the "Prouerbes of Solomon," have delightful woodcut designs on the title-page of a dragon and monkey, birds and cloves, and are both unrecorded editions.

In a fine collection from various sources of bronzes, armour, and weapons to be sold on Jan. 31 by Messrs. Sotheby, there is a touch of romance in certain items, the property of Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell. A fine Maximilian early sixteenth-century helmet was found in the treasury of the Mahdi at Khartoum after its capture. A sixteenth-century morion in bronze was actually worn by a Dervish Emir at the Battle of Toski on the Nile in 1898. From the same battle and from the Battle of Gemaza were taken three Dervish swords, one Spanish, inscribed "*No me sapues sin razon*," and "*No me enbaines sin honor*." If the helmets of our troops in the Great War went back to days of armour, here is an instance in modern warfare of armour of the old days of chivalry and the Crusades being used against British forces.



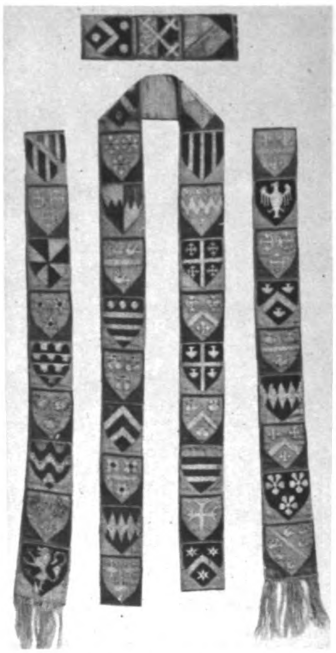
A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF STUART NEEDLEWORK: A BINDING FOR THE 1641 EDITION OF "THE WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS."

The above is also a lot in the sale of textiles at Sotheby's on January 28. On each side is an esquire's coat of arms in silk, with scroll-work in pearls and gold thread and four birds worked in silks. The binding is in small 32mo size, 3¼ in by 2¼ in.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby Wilkinson and Hodge.

Apart from the fine porcelain, the property of Lord Willoughby de Broke, which Messrs. Sotheby are selling on Jan. 27, the textiles at the same sale include some remarkable examples. Needlework pictures, Stuart panels in stump-work, chair seats in Mortlake tapestry, all offer excellent variety. An English late thirteenth or early fourteenth-century stole is of great rarity. It has thirty-eight shields of arms. It is one of the most remarkable and rare examples of English embroideries extant. Another item is a fine Stuart needlework binding to the 1641 issue of the Book of Psalms. It is hoped connoisseurs will realise its artistic excellence.

Persian art is exemplified in a collection of miniatures and lacquer book-covers to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Feb. 8. We know Persian bowls and beakers, we revere Persian tiles. In this connection let us turn to Holland, where



BEARING 38 SHIELDS OF ARMS: A STOLE OF THE LATE 13TH OR EARLY 14TH CENTURY, ONE OF THE RAREST EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

This rare stole, the property of Lord Willoughby de Broke, is included in the sale of valuable textiles at Sotheby's on January 28. It measures 8¼ ft. by 2¼ inches.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

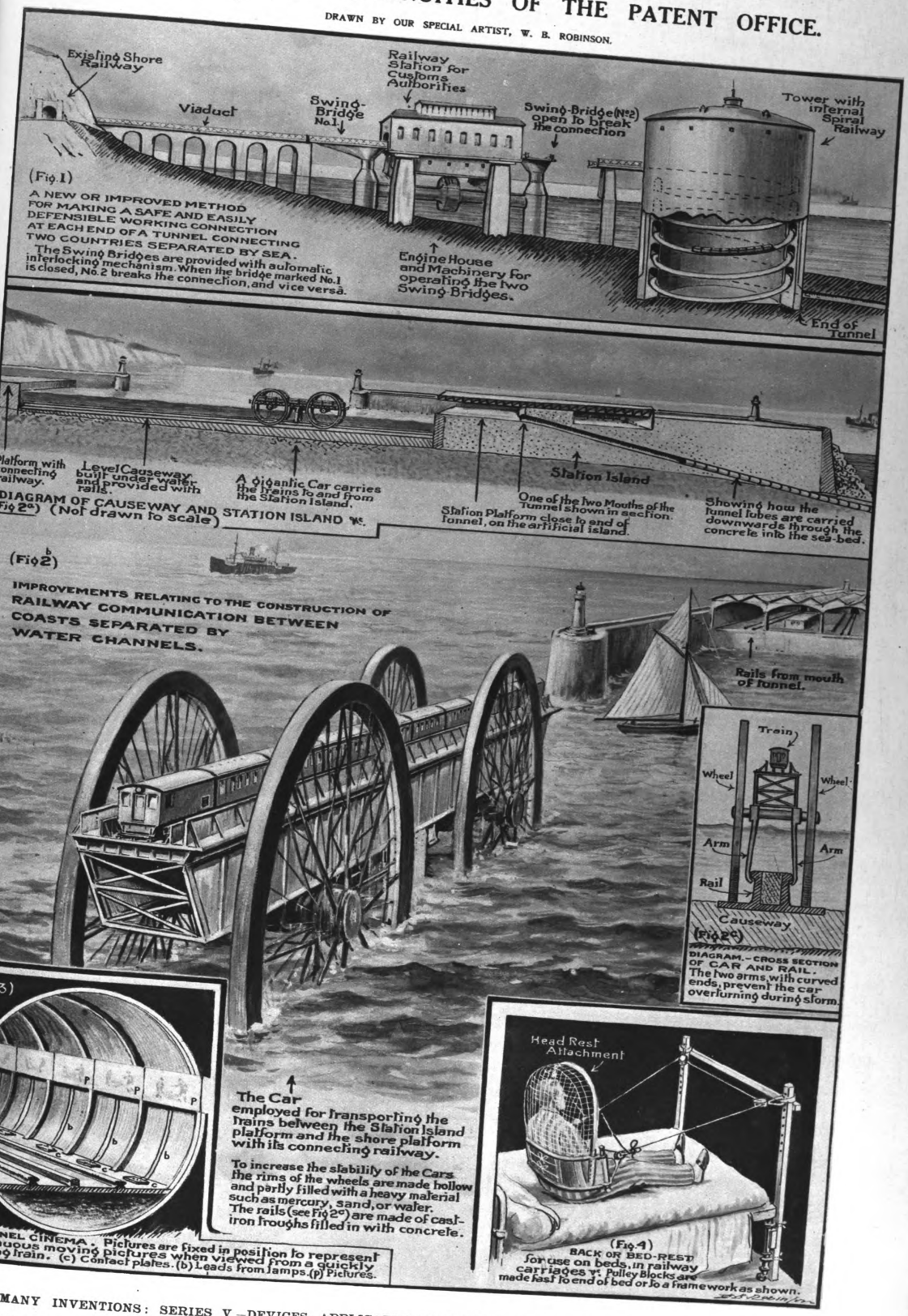
we have, all of us, made a standard mentally. The Dutch potters, in their imitation of fine Chinese porcelain, to which ideal in technique they could not attain, produced their imitative delft. Persian potters did the same. China was the creator, Persia was the absorbent art stratum which arrested and spiritualised Far Eastern art and transmitted it to the West.

In the examination of the collection of Persian miniatures we find an originality and poetry which leave the Far East and approximate to Western ideals. The delicate portrait of Shah Abbas (1587-1628), in whose reign Persian art attained its highest degree of perfection, is a real portrait. East and West commingle in the curious designs embodying the signs of the Zodiac.

In regard to Persian calligraphy, the fine examples now sold were once valued at great price. Nowadays, we buy in the West at ridiculous rates. Sir Joshua's portraits sell for a hundred times his price. Persian MSS. sell for a tenth of their original contemporary estimation. We remember the beauty of calligraphy of Persia, and the colours and the poesie of her art, and in so doing connoisseurs come ripe for eager competition for the beautiful objects which Messrs. Sotheby offer.

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.

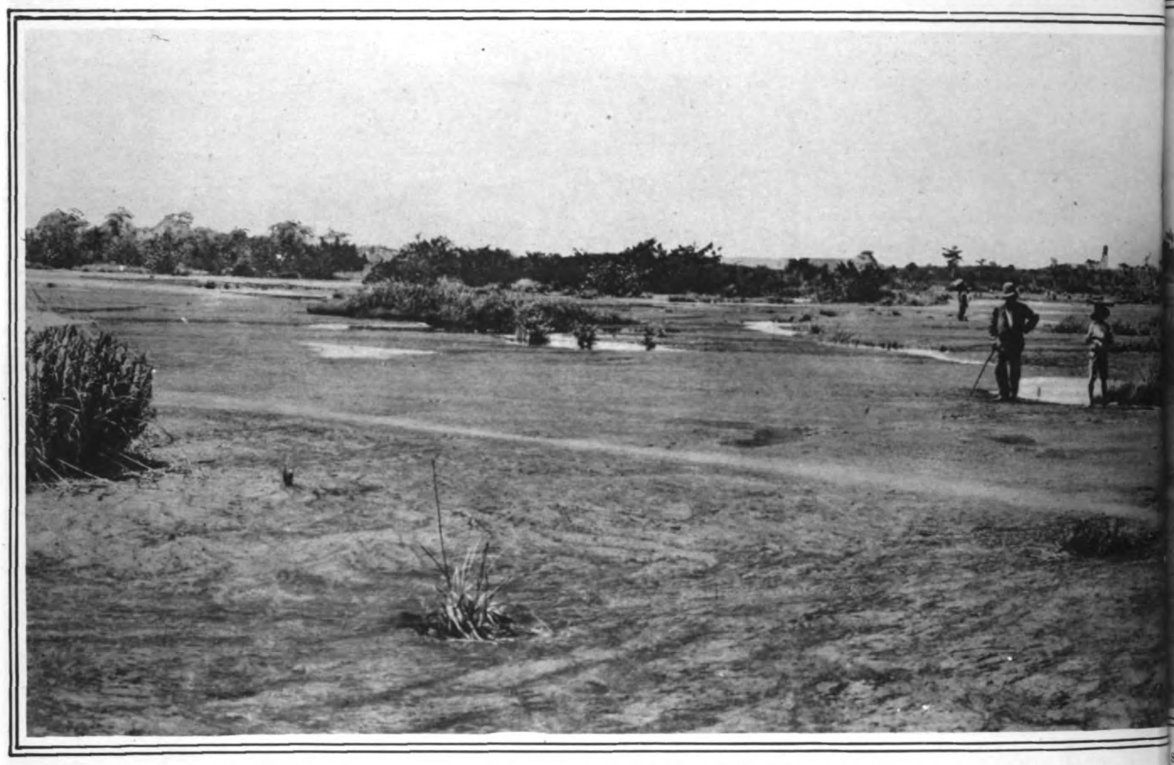


MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES V.—DEVICES APPLICABLE TO THE PROBLEM OF A CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The Channel Tunnel question, like the poor, is always with us, and it is not surprising that the Patent Office holds various schemes for solving such problems. Fig. 1 shows a device emanating from Yorkshire, and Fig. 2 another from Austria: in each case the inventors included a woman. Our artist's diagrams make their proposals abundantly clear. At the foot of the page are some interesting accessories, one of which utilises the walls of a tunnel for advertisements drawn on the "Mutt and Jeff" principle so as to give passengers in the passing trains the impression of moving pictures. Inventors, hitherto regarded as an unbusiness-like and downtrodden race, exploited by others, have now begun to organise in their own interests. The new Institute of Patentees, with 524 members, held its first meeting on January 12, at the offices of the National Union of Manufacturers. An Imperial system of patents was advocated, instead of the present one necessitating a separate patent in each Dominion. At a subsequent dinner, Mr. Ben Tillett said that an inventor of a new Parliament was badly needed. Sir W. Grey-Wilson suggested that no man should enter the Cabinet until he had taken out a patent! [*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

A NATURAL WONDER WHICH SUPPLIED THE VICTORIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE



SOLID ENOUGH TO BEAR A MAN'S WEIGHT, BUT HOT TO THE FEET WHEN STANDING STILL, LIKE AN ASPHAL
WHICH SMOOTHS OVE



SOURCE OF 170,000,000 SQUARE YARDS OF ASPHALT PAVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES ALONE: A GENERA
WHO "MADE TRIAL OF IT

The famous Pitch Lake at La Brea, Trinidad, is one of the natural wonders of the world. It is a great level area of about 114 acres with a dull bluish-grey surface, broken by pools of water. Asphalt is easily dug from it with a pick or mattock, and is then taken by rail to a refinery (where the water is extracted), and shipped in barrels to various parts of the world. Immense quantities have been used for road and pavement surface—170,000,000 square yards in the United States alone. Among many famous streets thus paved are the Victoria Embankment in London and Fifth Avenue, New York. The supply is practically inexhaustible. The most marvellous thing about it is that excavations 3 ft. or more deep are smoothed over again by the settlement of the lake level in a single night. Its depth is unknown. Mr. Algernon Aspinall mentions in his book, "The British West Indies," that "Sir Walter Raleigh is credited with having been the first European to discover the existence of pitch in Trinidad." The pitch lake

HE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT: TRINIDAD'S FAMOUS LAKE OF ASPHALT.

RAPHS BY COURTESY OF TRINIDAD LAKE ASPHALT CO., LTD.



TREET ON A SULTRY DAY: THE WONDERFUL PITCH LAKE AT LA BREA, NEAR SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD, EXCAVATIONS IN A NIGHT.



W OF TRINIDAD'S REMARKABLE PITCH LAKE, DISCOVERED IN 1595 BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH, MMING OUR SHIPPES."

believed to indicate a vast subterranean reservoir of oil, which modern enterprise is developing. Early efforts to market the asphalt were unsuccessful. Sir William ram records that over sixty years ago Lord Dundonald, the celebrated Admiral of the Chilian Fleet, obtained a concession from the Trinidad Government to take away h from the Pitch Lake in Trinidad. A syndicate in London was formed to work this concession, and Herbert Ingram was one of the members. A sailing vessel was sent to the West Indies; when the ship arrived back in the Thames the syndicate tried to dispose of the asphalt, but there was in those days no use for the article; so the r was given to throw overboard the useless cargo. Here the Thames Conservancy intervened, and a plot of land on the adjoining bank had to be purchased on which the was dumped.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

WHEN on Saturday, January 8, I witnessed the triumphant celebration of "The Betrothal," by Maurice Maeterlinck, at the Gaiety, my thoughts wandered back a span of nearly thirty years. For almost on the same spot, where then stood the old Opéra Comique, I, in youthful ardour and foolhardiness, had sponsored the cause of Maeterlinck. His name was then in the ascendant; he was much admired and much derided; Comyns Carr had called him a very Belgian Shakespeare; the younger men at the time, fortified by the publication of "La Princesse Maleine" by Mr. Heinemann, went into raptures. At ladies' clubs, would-be blue stockings whispered the names of Hauptmann—Sudermann—Maeterlinck—oh! the fun and the ignorance of it!—one breath for three men "poles asunder"! So I thought the time ripe to let our earnest students of drama see what Maeterlinck really was on the stage, and I arranged with Lugné Poë, the famous creator of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre in Paris, still the *vedette* of all that is remarkable in international drama, to come over with his company and to produce "La Princesse Maleine" under the joint banners of "l'Œuvre" and the Independent Theatre. Our expectations ran high; we hoped that London would flock to worship the exquisite performance of Suzanne Després and her husband, Lugné Poë.

And this is how London answered the call of Art! In the stalls, seventeen people—mostly Press. In the boxes, one party—mine. In the pit, a fair muster of Independents and habitual first-nighters. In the dress-circle, here and there a face, but mainly grins of vacant seats. In the upper-circle the same void. But the gallery was full—here were the boys and girls who never failed the pioneer, here were many members of the Playgoers' Club, ever welcome guests of the Independent Theatre. But the desert in the house did not damp the ardour of the performers, the audience shouted themselves hoarse and clapped their hands into blisters; the Press, as usual divided in appraisement of merit—there were those who still looked upon Maeterlinck as a *fumiste!*—lauded the performance to the skies. If we had had the money to pursue, if a Mæcenas had been found, which never occurred until Miss Florence Farr captured an anonymous "backer" for her season at the Avenue (it turned out later to be Miss Horniman, the fairy-godmother of the Repertory Movement started at Manchester), we might have gone on. But Poë had no means for London experiments, and the coffers of the Independent Theatre, mainly lined by my personal obligations, were drained beyond drainage—so we had to be content with artistic laurels and financial disaster. And that was that.

But, ever since, Maeterlinck has spread like wildfire, and both Tree and Mrs. Campbell launched the argosy of which we had laid the keel. In 1921 all London was at the Gaiety to pay homage to the great poet. The majority came, I think, with preconceived intentions to praise, for a Barker production, with scenery and costumes by Charles Ricketts, music by a young Englishman, C. Armstrong Gibbs, and the lavish hands of Grossmith and Laurillard granting *carte blanche* to luxury beyond the dreams of avarice—what could it be otherwise than a feast of beauty? And so it was. In fairyland dwelt the vast imagination of Charles Ricketts; in fairyland, the charm of Carlotta Mosetti, our one girl dancer who can vie with men; in fairyland, the music of Armstrong Gibbs, often reminiscent of Debussy's lace-work; in fairyland, the unseen yet ubiquitous guidance of Granville Barker, who succeeded in imbuing all his actors with the spirit of phantasmagoria—all? well, not all, but I would not be ungracious and describe my vision of the fairy Berylune. Still, Miss Stella Campbell's Light was fanciful and inspired; Miss Gladys Cooper's veiled Joy was statuesque and anon a sight for the gods; Ivan Berlyn's Destiny, so weirdly beheld by Tyltyl, was a magnificent *tour de force* in its dwindling from giantdom to a midget; and Bobbie Andrews, in the most difficult, somewhat passive part of the Boy Hero, was all that the poet could desire, because he was all youth and no affectation.



"THE CHARM SCHOOL," AT THE COMEDY: MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS MISS CURTIS, AND MR. OWEN NARES AS PETER.

Peter Bevans inherits a Girls' School from an aunt who dies intestate, and decides to put to the test his belief that the chief aim of the educationist should be to teach girls to be charming. The result is a most amusing play.—[*Photograph by the Stage Photo. Co.*]

So the vision was perfect: there remains the play; and on this point the great reputation of Maeterlinck warrants candour. I have read it in French, in Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, our most distinguished translator's, faceted English, and now I have heard it. The threefold impression unified into the same opinion. It is not a remarkable work; its symbolism is *tour de force*, and often irreconcilable with the simple mind of a Belgian "campine"-boy, most unsophisticated and uneducated of mortals: verily, were it not signed by a world-famous name would it have attracted universal attention? I for one cannot compare it with a fairy-play of home-growth, "The Shepherdess Without a Heart." The one is a painted lily; the other—our own of Bertram Forsyth—a simple flower of the field of intuitive imagination. There are spots of beauty in "The Betrothal": the scene in which the veiled bride clasps to her bosom the child of her dreams reminds one, in flight of fancy and poetry of thought, of the touching episode in "The Miracle" when the Madonna fondles her little God-sent babe. Again, there is true poesy in the boy's perfunctory courting of the six maidens ready to be the elect, while his mind is filled with the blurred picture of the ideal woman, whom he has not seen. But against this, how much there is in the dream which is forced philosophy, "*voulu*," dragged in for want of greater invention; how much there is wholly beyond the crude adolescent mind and inaccessible to the understanding not only of children, but even of grown-ups, unless, in purblind worship of a Master, they seek explanation without consideration of conscience? Thus the ancestral nonsense in the selection of a mate; thus the amusing but also ludicrous dwarfing of Destiny; thus the appearance of the unborn children which, indelicate in "The Blue Bird," becomes a pretty picture, yet an absurd one, in "The Betrothal." A fairy-tale, I take it, has for object to appeal to all sorts and conditions of ages, and primordially it must be seen *à travers le tempérament*—in English, through the eyes of the young generation. It must, therefore, be as clear as crystal and as simple as thought uninfluenced by experience. In a word, the hearer must realise that what is supposed to happen in the boy's dream must be such as is consistent with his immature conception of life. In "The Betrothal" there is but a fragment of this archaic simplicity; there is an almost total absence of humour, and what there is of it seems forced; and there is a great deal of specious philosophy which carries no palpable message at all, except to those "highbrow" Poloniuses who, to please the Hamlet of their worship, would see things against their better belief. Thus, in the case of "The Betrothal," it is the display which enchants us, not the play.

. . . . .

In contrast to Maeterlinck's effort, it is pleasant to turn to an unpretentious play of American origin. "The Charm School," adapted from Alice Duer Miller's book, is a little comedy of no pretence, but undeniable charm. It is also a fairy-tale masquerading in the garb of modern life. In scheme it is all make-belief, moonshine and romance; in action it has an air of comely reality, gently illuminated with the pleasant humour of youthful adventure. A mere boy inherits a girls' school—he is not equipped to lead, but he will undertake the stupendous task. The very notion is comic. What must that boy feel among these wagging tongues and waving skirts of a dozen sweet damsels! The inevitable happens, of course: one of the girls, just on the fringe of romance, sets her cap at him. It is all as light as a feather and as fantastic as if the world were an Eden instead of a vale of tears. But it lays hold of you. And as Owen Nares is an ideal "boy" to play a lover—even from a man's point of view; as Miss Meggie Albanesi, with her dark eyes, her charming face, her winsome, restrained ways, is exactly the girl that would steal a man's heart and turn his head; as Miss Fairbrother's wooed and wooing spinster is second blooming *in excelsis*—there is no more to be said.



"THE CHARM SCHOOL," AT THE COMEDY: MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI AS ELISE CHALLONER, THE HEAD GIRL; AND MR. OWEN NARES AS PETER BEVANS, THE PRINCIPAL.

Photograph by the Stage Photo. Co.

17 ROUNDS BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES: HERMAN BEATS WILDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.



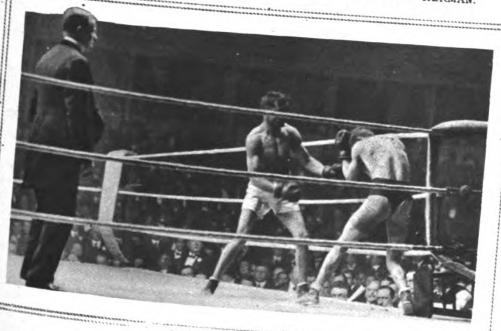
"WE HAVE COME TO SEE A GREAT FIGHT, SO I AM NOT GOING TO MAKE A SPEECH": THE PRINCE OF WALES (WITH CIGAR) AMONG THE SPECTATORS OF THE HERMAN-WILDE BOXING MATCH AT THE ALBERT HALL.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS: JIMMY WILDE (LEFT) AND PETE HERMAN.



THE VICTOR ON THE DEFENSIVE: HERMAN (LEFT, COVERING UP.



THE LOSER ON THE DEFENSIVE: WILDE (RIGHT) COVERING UP.



JUST BEFORE THE REFEREE STOPPED THE FIGHT: WILDE DOWN.

Jimmy Wilde, the popular little Welsh boxer, put up a splendid fight against superior weight when Pete Herman, an American, defeated him at the Albert Hall on January 13. The Prince of Wales was present and received a wonderful ovation. When the cheers died down, he said: "We have come to see a great fight, so I am not going to make a speech. I am sure we wish the men the very best of luck." He then shook hands with them. The fight continued till the seventeenth of the twenty rounds arranged. Wilde then received a hard right and fell through the ropes. He rose and was knocked down again, whereupon the referee, Mr. Smith, stopped the contest. When weighed just before it began, Herman was 1¼ lb. over the regulation bantam-weight (8 st. 6 lb.), so Wilde claims to be still Bantam-Weight Champion of the World. In the afternoon Herman had been within the required limit. Wilde said afterwards that Herman was the cleanest American fighter he had met, and Herman spoke of the sporting welcome he had received from the British public.

LADIES' NEWS.

THE wedding of Miss Gretta Cameron to Captain Theodore Brinckman, 1st Life Guards, was a pretty one, although the day was dull and wet. The playing of the regimental string band is no novelty in All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, the scene of the wedding, where a service is held at 9.30 a.m. every Sunday for the Household Cavalry at Knightsbridge Barracks, conducted by their own padre. There were trumpeters at the entrance to the church, who blew a fanfare as the bride arrived, and the central passage was lined by warriors who crossed their swords over the bridal procession as it passed out. They were all khaki-clad, and the bridegroom had seen active service with them in the Great War. The bride is a very notable horsewoman—there is no animal of the *genus* horse that she cannot get on terms with; and at out-door games she makes an excellent show. She is fairer than her step-sisters, the Ladies Conyngham, all but one of them Lady "Something-else" now, and has not their piquant type of good looks so much as a more regular type. She made a graceful and charming bride, and her two Cameron men in miniature, as pages, were real handsome little fellows in full Cameron Clan dress. Luckily the guests had only to cross the road to Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. John Gretton's house for the reception—and a very fine house it is.

Princess Alice in the middle of a group of fairies: that was what I saw when I arrived at Devonshire House last week. A very nice fairies' Princess, too; albeit she wore an everyday frock of dark-blue charmeuse and silk and a feathered hat to match, and there was no visible sign of wings. A blinding glare from a battery of cameras was the fairy blaze. It was a pretty party, and, seeing that my ideal children's party, at which all "grown-ups" shall be invisible, does not materialise, I don't see how it could be bettered. Princess Christian, Princess Helena Victoria, the Earl of Athlone, the Earl of Denbigh and others, saw the children's ballet, the cotillon, and the *pas seul* by little Miss Mainwaring from special seats. The rest of us saw glimpses over the shoulders, round the heads, and under the arms of other cumbrous adults as best we might. Viscount Trematon and Lady May Cambridge were not in fancy dress, but enjoyed themselves very much, and are apparently as devoid of frills as their popular parents. About nine hundred guests were present, and the affair scored quite a success.

No one seems to know just what is going to happen to Devonshire House, but there is an idea that this



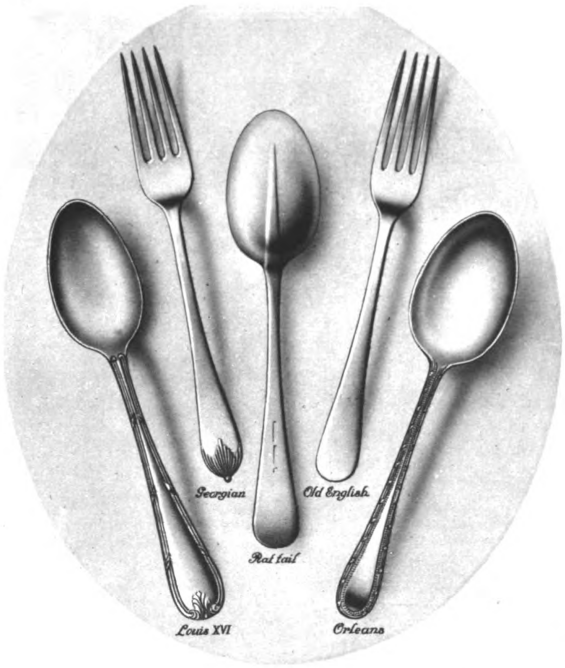
PREPARED TO FACE THE COLD OF THE EARLY MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

To add to the cosiness of her bottle-green velours cloth suit, she has a cloak attached to it. Her hat, with its coque feathers, carries out the general colour-scheme, which is relieved by raccoon at neck and wrists. The Maison Idare is responsible for the costume.—[*Photograph by Blake.*]

was really its last social appearance. I missed the great alabaster vase at the bottom of the stairway, and I am told that the painted ceiling of the saloon, in the design of which the Cavendish "serpent nowed proper" frequently appears, is to be removed to another Cavendish mansion. I wonder what will become of the circular marble stairway with its crystal handrail clasped with engraved silver? I have heard it called the hardest stairway in London to ascend gracefully, and I have seen some of the noblest ladies in the land, including the greatest and the ex-greatest, accomplish the feat with complete success. Mr. William Gillett astonished me very much by telling me that it is taken as true that Mr. Gordon Selfridge has secured the lease of Lansdowne House for five years, and that it is not for use as a private residence, but to be utilised for show-rooms for Mayfair. Mr. Gillett knows, if anyone does, and if Devonshire House is to be a big hotel, why not Lansdowne House as an annexe to a great store? However, changes are always trying, whenever they come about, until time accustoms us to them.

Thousands of people are abroad enjoying winter sports, or southern sunshine, or something different from the very indifferent weather that our meteorological authorities are handing out to us. No one blames them; we would all do it if we could. It makes me think of days gone by when injustices to the Land of Ire were put down to the money made in that distressful country being spent in this opulent one. That is, of course, but a very minute if not vanished part of the injustices complained of now. Still, England is not tearing her hair because her money is being spent abroad; she knows that it must be circulated, and smilingly hopes some of it will return in other ways. An uncle of mine was once held up as a glaring example of an Irish absentee landlord, and he told me that he was actually getting no rents at all, and that how he was spending Irish money was working as a Consul in the South of France to get enough to keep his house in County Clare from falling to pieces. They threatened to shoot him if he ever went back, so he died instead, poor dear man, and the tenants bought up all his ground, and the money went in death duties, and his nephews and nieces have only the most delightful recollections of a wholly lovable man as legacies. Someone suggested, in those days, the taxing of absentees, and someone said the other day that those going abroad for pleasure should be taxed: I imagine one would be about as practical as the other!

What is irritating us all just now is the telephone taxes. It isn't that we don't know everything costs more; we cannot live and not know that! What we do know is that the way adopted to get more revenue from telephones is the wrong one, and that when the deficit comes—as come it will if thousands give up their instruments—we shall have to make it up, in addition to being irritated, overcharged (in some instances), discouraged, and annoyed.—A. E. L.



BY APPOINTMENT

PRINCE'S PLATE

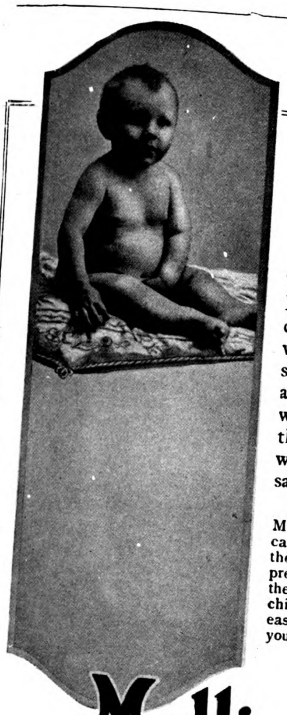
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SHORT HOURS AND OUTPUT.

FROM the scientific point of view, the Government seem, on the whole, to have been well advised in putting State-controlled establishments on short time, and in asking private employers to do the same. Although the ostensible reason is the better distribution of employment, on the basic theory that thereby two men will be employed instead of one, it has already been contended that one of its results may be to reduce the volume of production, which everybody—except certain Trade Unions—is agreed should be increased if the financial situation is to be saved. Is this contention well founded? Looking at it broadly, it is not.

This is the more curious because it really was only the war which finally convinced the employers of labour that too long hours are a mistake. For many centuries it has been considered that when you have once got a man into a factory, the best thing you can do with him is to keep him at work there as long as possible. It was dinned into us that the blameless Oriental was able to turn out manufactured goods at a price which seemed to us trivial, because he was willing to work from sunrise to sunset without the prolonged adjournments for food on which the European was inclined to insist. In this respect, the pre-war Germany, in many respects the most powerful rival of the Oriental, ran him to a short head, and ten, eleven, and even twelve-hour shifts were fairly frequent in German factories. Hence, it was argued, Germany was able, without any very painful effort, to turn out the millions of tons of cheap goods which she annually dumped on our shores.

The war, however, put an end to this reasoning. Under the pressure of the necessity for producing munitions at railroad speed, which our criminally unprepared state had forced upon us, it was discovered that more and better (that is to say, more accurate) work could be turned out by employing two or even three shifts of operatives than by keeping one of them at work during the whole of the working day. Yet it is astonishing that we did not arrive at this result earlier. Nearly everybody must have noticed, from his own experience, that work, whether mental or manual, is more quickly, and on the whole more efficiently, performed when one comes to it fresh from a period of rest than when the nerves are jangled and the attention wearied by a long and monotonous spell. The only instances to the contrary are to be found among a few individuals who, probably owing to a faulty mode of life, require to get, as they say, "into their stride" before they can work at top speed. The case of successful lawyers who in the heyday of their career "get up" their cases at night by a long spell of work after an exciting and busy day in court, is not really in point, because there is here a thorough change of occupation from talking and arguing to reading and noting, which brings a different group of brain centres into play. It may, therefore, be taken as proved that a man can work quicker during the early part of his shift than during the last.



BEATEN BY THE ARMY IN ENGLAND IN A TRIAL MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB ON JANUARY 12: THE ARMY IN IRELAND RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.
Photograph by Sport and General.



VICTORS OVER THE ARMY IN IRELAND BY 2 TRIES (6 POINTS) TO 1 TRY (3 POINTS) AT QUEEN'S CLUB: THE ARMY IN ENGLAND TEAM.
Photograph by Sport and General.

This is, of course, subject to certain deductions. In purely mechanical work, such as the mere repetition of certain movements with machines, the difference in pace due to fatigue does not begin to show itself for some time. The shifts also had been so carefully arranged that even the weakest found the task easily within his or her strength within the time appointed. Finally, there was present in nearly all the workers the spirit of emulation, and in many that of patriotism, which impressed upon the operative the desirability of doing as much work as possible during the shift, and therefore avoiding the sense of boredom inseparable in other cases from a purely mechanical task.

That with work that is less purely mechanical the advantage of short hours is more thoroughly marked is only what is to be expected: but it is conveniently shown in the late Report of the Industrial Fatigue Research Board on the Silk-weaving Trade. In this, the Report states, the work demands special attention on the part of the operative, and is far less mechanical than in some other textile industries; and the Board found that the output was less during the winter than in the summer and during the hours of artificial lighting than in daylight. This is probably due to psychological reasons rather than to any connected with the eyesight, and reminds one of the canon laid down by Dr. Charles Myers in his excellent book on "Mind and Work" (just published by the University of London Press), to the effect that to obtain any large increase of output, the co-operation of the workman must be secured. Given this, there is no reason to fear that short time necessarily means less output.

F. L.



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IF you could look at your own throat through a microscope, and see the malignant germ life teeming there, the sight would at once convince you of the vital necessity of throat cleanliness.

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These pleasant-tasting little tablets are dissolved in the mouth like sweets, and set free in the saliva a powerful antiseptic which thoroughly disinfects the whole mouth and throat, destroying every harmful germ which may be lurking there. So if you suck a few Formamint Tablets every morning and evening, after cleaning your teeth, you will run no risk of catching other peoples' diseases even when you are in actual contact with an infectious case.

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COLONIAL REPRESENTATIVES.—SOUTH AFRICA: G. F. Oldfield, Post Box 816, Cape Town. INDIA: J. L. Holden, Post Box 500, Bombay. AUSTRALIA: A. J. Swirles, Box 2015, G. P. O. Melbourne.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THE French publishers have presented us with a batch of interesting new books as a sort of New Year gift, which is all the more welcome, since there was very little of importance published in the late autumn, owing chiefly to the paper difficulty, which appears to have been, in some measure, overcome for the present.

As to the new books to which I have referred, by far the most interesting, from every point of view, of course, is M. Maurice Barrès' "Chronique de la Grande Guerre," compiled from his own personal diary kept throughout the war. This is no ordinary war diary, such as we have had in too great abundance during the last twelve months, and those who look for petty gossip on piquant "side-lights" will not find them in M. Barrès' book; nor would it be correct to describe it as merely a very full record of the various phases of the great world war. In writing of the events of those fateful years, M. Barrès has set down from day to day his own personal impressions, hopes and fears for the future of his country. He has brought to the task all the clarity of vision, sense of justice, and scrupulous observation of which he is capable, and that is saying a great deal. It is interesting to find such critics as M. Jacques Boulenger writing of M. Barrès' work that it is worthy of Châteaubriand at his best; it is undoubtedly a great and dignified addition to the literature of the war.

"L'Interne" is another interesting book, written with a definite object—that of proving that a woman can remain true to her sex in every respect, even though she chooses to become a medical student. It is a valiant attempt to break down the considerable prejudice which still exists in this country against women entering certain professions, more especially the medical and legal professions. Oddly enough, I believe I am right in saying that both these professions were open to French-women before their English sisters obtained the same privileges; but it has been and is still difficult for them to practise. The book is written by two women, one of whom is herself a qualified doctor, and evidently she speaks with authority when she describes the difficulties of the heroine, who emerges from her course of training as charming and as feminine a creature as the day she entered the medical college.

France has lost a great writer by the death of Mme. Daniel Lesueur, whose works are as well known in England as they are in this country. I remember meeting her years ago and hearing her declare with pride that she was descended from Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator; she described a pilgrimage that she had made to the birthplace of her Irish ancestor, whose name she adopted as her *nom-de-plume*. Mme. Lesueur was a brilliant and versatile writer, and during a long literary career carried off no fewer than six of the great literature prizes offered by her country. When the war cloud burst in 1914, she set to work immediately to organise help of a practical kind for those women who suddenly found themselves left alone to struggle with the problem of existence. The association known as "Aide aux Femmes des Combattants," which helped so many poor women to tide over the first few months of the war, owed its foundation to her prompt action in August 1914. Later she turned her attention to the *poilu*, and, having a great admiration for English ways, she established recreation huts on the English plan and worked amongst the soldiers of General Humbert's army.



LORD READING CONGRATULATED BY THE BAR ON BECOMING VICEROY OF INDIA: THE SCENE IN THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S COURT.

The Lord Chief Justice's Court was crowded with distinguished Judges and Counsel on January 11, when the Attorney-General (Sir Gordon Hewart), as Leader of the Bar, congratulated the Earl of Reading on his appointment as Viceroy of India. The photograph was taken during the speech. On the Bench (seated, from left to right) are Lord Sterndale (Master of the Rolls), Lord Reading (Lord Chief Justice), and Sir Henry Duke (President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division).—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]

PEEPS AT A FAMOUS INDUSTRY.

THERE is more romance in a cup of cocoa or a piece of chocolate than is dreamed of by most consumers of those commodities. Those, however, who read the volume on "Cocoa" by Edith A. Browne, F.R.G.S., in Messrs. A. and C. Black's excellent series, "Peeps at Industries," will have a sense of this romance next time they eat or drink the delicacies in question. For the subject of cocoa—like those of tea, sugar, and rubber, already treated by the same author—takes the student first to picturesque scenes in far lands, and then home again to the mechanical marvels of great factories, as at Bristol and Bournville. Ignorance about such products is very general. Even the explanation that coconuts do not grow on cocoa-trees, and that the real name of the tree that produces the cocoa-bean is the cacao, is probably still desirable. South America, we learn, was the original homeland of the cocoa-tree, and in Mexico "chocolate 'froth' was served in golden goblets at Montezuma's feasts." Cocoa is now grown in many other parts of the tropics. The present book describes in detail a tour of the cocoa plantations of the Gold Coast and Ashanti; but some of the sixteen illustrations show also work in Trinidad and Grenada. The final chapter, "The House that Fry Built," records how that famous firm, founded by a young Quaker doctor in 1728, is "the parent of British cocoa and chocolate factories." Cocoa was first introduced into England in 1656, and had become fashionable, under the name of "chocolata," when Joseph Fry began business at a little factory in Wine Street, Bristol.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BETROTHAL." AT THE GAIETY.

M. MAETERLINCK is not in his happiest vein in this sentimental allegory about sex, with its weird science and its even more dubious philosophy. In sequels authors rarely recapture their original inspiration, and this sequel to "The Blue Bird" is no exception to the rule. Tyltyl, now sixteen, is set searching for his proper mate with the doctrine that there is but one woman in the world predestined for each man, and that any violation of this law involves not only himself, but his progeny, in infinite trouble. Tyltyl, if you please, must consult his ancestors and his unborn children; there is real beauty and tenderness in the latter scene, and M. Maeterlinck should have all credit for that. But if the new Gaiety play has charm and loveliness, this is due less to the author than to Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Charles Ricketts, and M. Laurent Novikoff. They provide in the Fairy Palace Ballroom one of the most enchanting pictures ever seen on the London stage. Equally attractive is the acting of Miss Gladys Cooper as the mysterious bride. The cast includes such well-known players as Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Ivan Berlyn, Mr. William Farren, Mr. Henry Wenman, Mr. Bobbie Andrews (Tyltyl), and Miss Stella Campbell; but Miss Cooper's is the chance, and she takes it.

"DANIEL." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It was difficult on the first night of "Daniel" to think that a young man was the author of this boldly handled thesis-play. With its triangle of sex, its environment of intrigue and lying, its careful preparation, it took us back to the theatre of the 'nineties or 'eighties and the vogue of the problem story. Yet the excitement it produced, the hold it kept on its audience, the obvious intentness with which everybody present waited to see how the playwright would work out his puzzle, proved plainly enough that there were virtues in the drama affected by our fathers. So crisp is the dialogue, so strong is the author's sense of the theatre, that we accepted tamely M. Verneuil's solution. Mr. Lyn Harding's explosions of marital jealousy, Miss Alexandra Carlisle's tense quietness in the rôle of the wife, Mr. Leslie Faber's discreetness in the lover's scenes of courtship, Mr. Aubrey Smith's dry humour in his portrait of a complaisant elderly doctor, and, above all, Mr. Claude Rains' *tour-de-force* in the act in which the morphinomaniac runs through a veritable gamut of emotion—all revealed English stage-art at its best.



1 and 2. Bearing a view of the new temple to the Emperor Meiji: Japanese stamps commemorating its consecration. 3. A new South African 1½d. stamp, now used for ordinary letters. 4. Bearing a portrait of President Masaryk: a high-value stamp of Czecho-Slovakia. 5. Likely to prove scarce: a Czecho-Slovakian provisional stamp, issued at Olmutz, for newspaper postage.

Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

TO celebrate the consecration of the Meijijingu, the temple built in honour of the memory of the great Meiji, the enlightened Emperor of Japan, two stamps were issued on Nov. 1. They are the 1½ sen, violet (right), and 3 sen, carmine (left), delicately engraved with a view of the new temple amid the trees. These stamps are not intended for general use on foreign letters, but are available for use throughout Japan, and throughout the extra-territorial postal services carried on by Japan in China. They will remain in use until the end of March next.

A recent arrival from South Africa is a brown 1½d. stamp; this denomination has become necessary for use on ordinary letters. The Universal Postal Union meeting at Madrid has decided that the international rate of letter postage shall be doubled, and that will mean 5d. for a letter from this country to a foreign country. The international rates of postage are calculated in French francs on a gold basis.

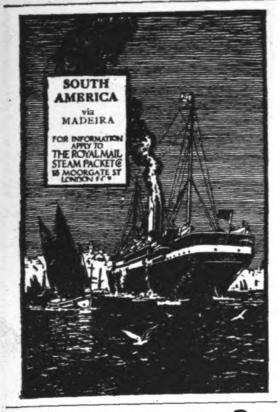
The increased postage rates, which will be brought into force early in the New Year, will necessitate a large number of new stamp issues. Many of our Colonies have no 5d. denomination in current use, and nearly all countries may have to rearrange the colours of their present stamps.

The high value stamps of Czecho-Slovakia bear a portrait of the first President of the Republic, Dr. Thomas Masaryk. He is the hero of Czech independence. Born at Hodonin in Moravia, the son of a coachman, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and subsequently became a lecturer in philosophy, and a professor of Prague University. His portrait figures on the 125, 500 and 1000 heller stamps.

The troubles and tribulations of a new country are reflected in the many "provisional" stamps. Some extremely interesting provisional stamps were issued for the prepayment of postage on newspapers in Czecho-Slovakia during this period, the one I illustrate being issued at Olmutz. Most of these provisional stamps are likely to prove very scarce.

Chocolates are always a welcome gift, whether in winter or summer, and those who have a prejudice in favour of the best of everything always ask for Cadbury Brothers' Bournville chocolates. They are manufactured under clean and healthy conditions, and are delicious examples of what high-class confectionery ought to be.

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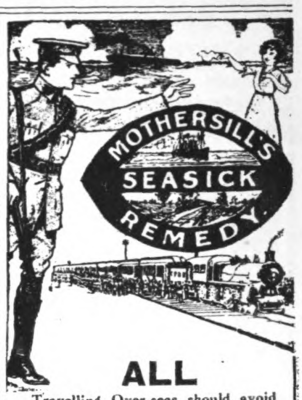
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A New A.A. Policy.

The Dover election marks a new departure in the policy of the A.A., which sent down representatives to call meetings of local motorists and to formulate, in conjunction with them, a list of questions to be submitted to the candidates. These questions were excellent in every way, and it is well worth while quoting them in full—first, in order to show that the A.A. and motorists generally seek nothing but manifest justice, and have no desire to prejudice the interests of the general community; and, second, for the purpose of putting on record the real basis of a future fighting policy. The first question propounded was: "Assuming that, in view of the existing calls on the Imperial Exchequer, no contribution is possible at the present moment from the Imperial funds for the cost of road maintenance and improvement, is it in your view equitable to adjust taxation on the various forms of vehicular traffic proportionate to the extent of road use and road damage?" Both candidates returned an affirmative answer. It is difficult to see how anybody, save on grounds of pure self-interest, can quarrel with the fundamental proposition laid down in this question. Obviously, there is but one equitable basis of taxation of road vehicles, and that is the one set forth



BY A FIRM THAT WON TWO GOLD MEDALS IN A LONDON-EXETER RUN: A BEAN TWO-SEATER.

Two Bean cars competed in the recent London-Exeter run of the Motor-Cycling Club, and both secured gold medals.

The Fuel Tax.

The second and third questions put to the candidates are so interconnected that they may be taken together. What they seek to elicit is whether, in the view of the questioned, a flat-rate duty on motor fuel is the most equitable and practical method of obtaining the greater proportion of the contribution from motor traffic towards road expenses, and whether the candidate, if elected, would support legislation for the reinstatement of taxation on fuel as an alternative to the present inequitable system. Again both replied in the affirmative to the double proposition. The case against the horse-power tax and for the fuel tax has been set forth so fully and often that it seems scarcely necessary again to emphasise the desirability of basing taxation on actual road usage. Obviously, the tax on *use* is right; while that on *possession* is quite wrong and indefensible except from the point of view of bureaucratic convenience. Everything seems nowadays to be subject to this last; and no matter how unjust, how inconvenient to the taxpayer a particular manner of taxation may be, every other consideration has to be waived when a Government Department insists that to do the thing another way will entail work on its officials.

Tax All Road Vehicles.

Not the least important part of the A.A. campaign was that bearing upon the obvious inequity of drawing all road taxation from a single class of traffic. A question was drafted as follows: "Apart from the present financial difficulties of the Government, is it your view that the costs of road maintenance and improvement should in principle be found from—(*a*) The ratepayers and mechanical road traffic; (*b*) The ratepayers and all classes of road traffic; (*c*) The ratepayers, the Imperial Exchequer, and mechanical road traffic; or (*d*) The ratepayers, the Imperial Exchequer, and all classes of road traffic?" The last was the principle favoured by the candidates. Undoubtedly, it embodies the most just basis of contribution to road upkeep. The roads of the country exist for the benefit of the whole community, and it is right that the community as such should contribute. The locality derives direct benefit from the roads within its area, and should pay a special contribution accordingly. Road traffic, irrespective of class, uses and causes damage, greater or less, to those roads, and should be mulcted in proportion to the use it makes of highways and the ratio of damage it causes. This again seems to be a proposition from which no one can dissent, save from a desire to escape the payment which should rightly fall due from him. All things considered, I think the A.A. is to be congratulated upon its efforts, the more so as I have reason to know that these are only the beginnings of a new policy which ought to produce great results.

W. W.



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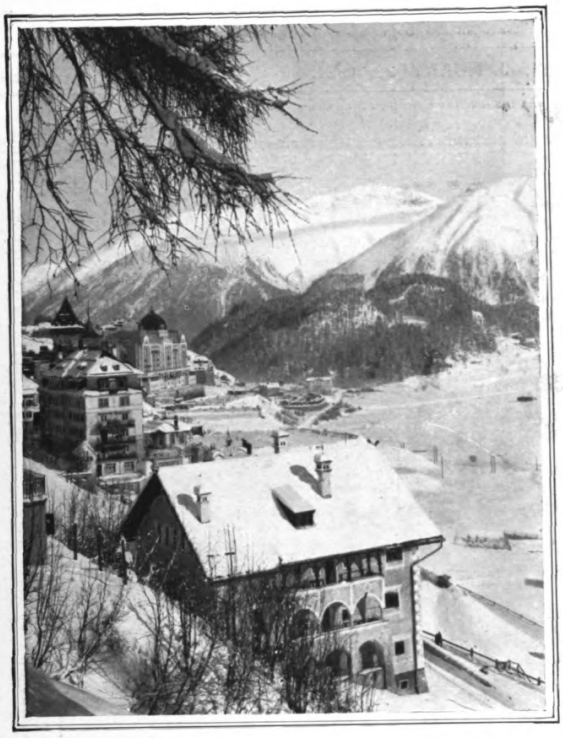
THE UNBORN CHILD DISCOVERS HIS MOTHER, JOY (MISS GLADYS COOPER): THE GREAT MOMENT OF "THE BETROTHAL," AT THE GAIETY.

The most touching scene in Maeterlinck's new play, "The Betrothal," at the Gaiety Theatre, is that in The Abode of the Children, where Tyltyl, in search of a bride, is greeted by his six unborn children. The Smallest of Them All discovers his mother in the silent White Phantom who has followed Tyltyl throughout his quest. She proves to be Joy. Our photograph shows the moment when The Smallest of Them All says: "Don't cover your face; they wouldn't see it and they wouldn't believe me. . . . (*Drawing aside the veils*) Oh, mummy, how lovely you are!" It is the great moment of the play, when Miss Gladys Cooper, after her long muffled silence in the previous scenes, breaks into speech and is revealed a vision of beauty.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO CO.]

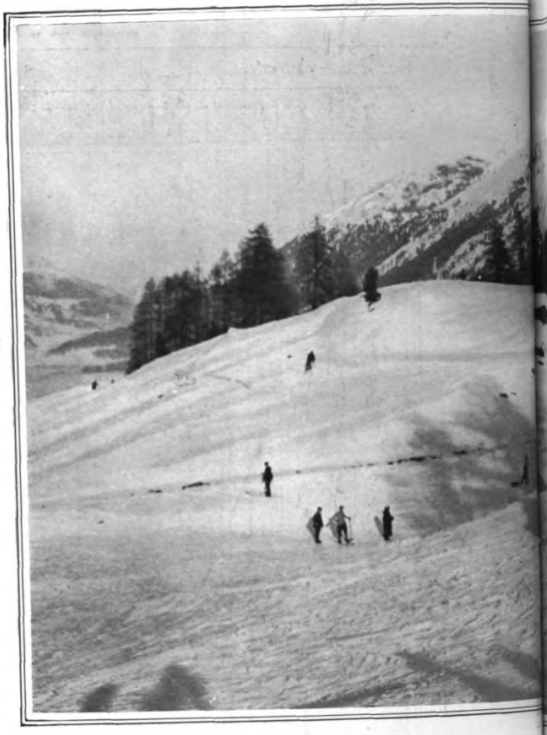
NOTE.—Owing to Mr. G. K. Chesterton's visit to the United States, the publication of "Our Note-Book" will be suspended for a time.

REVELLING IN THE LONG-LOOKED-FOR SNOWFALL: WINTER SPORTS IN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND L



IN IDEAL TRIM FOR WINTER SPORT: ST. MORITZ UNDER SNOW—A GENERAL VIEW.



A CHARMING SKI-RUNNER AT A POPULAR CENTRE

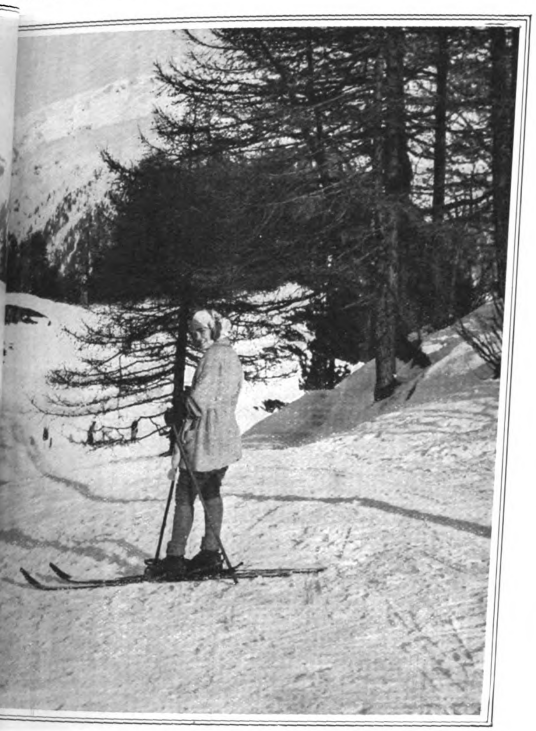


SUNNY CORNER ON THE CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ: A GROUP OF WINTER SPORT ENTHUSIASTS WATCHING A BOBSLEIGH ROUNDING THE CURVE.

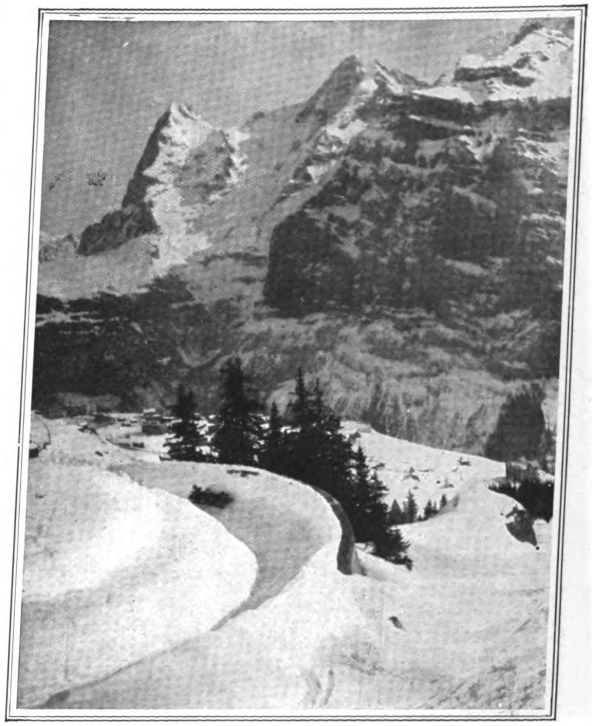
Snow was late in falling in some parts of Switzerland this season, but it came at last, to the great delight of the winter sport devotees, among whom are many British visitors. St. Moritz and Mürren are two of the most popular centres. A message from St. Moritz about a fortnight ago said: "Winter sports are in full swing here. The bob-run is open from Sunny Corner, and the entire run will be open next week. The Cresta Run is open from Stream Corner, and also the Village Run and West-end Run. This is one of the few Swiss resorts where the snow is good for ski-ing. Snow is falling now." From Mürren about the same time came the welcome news that "a heavy fall

'ALL: WIN PORTS IN FULL SWING AT ST. MORITZ AND MÜRREN.

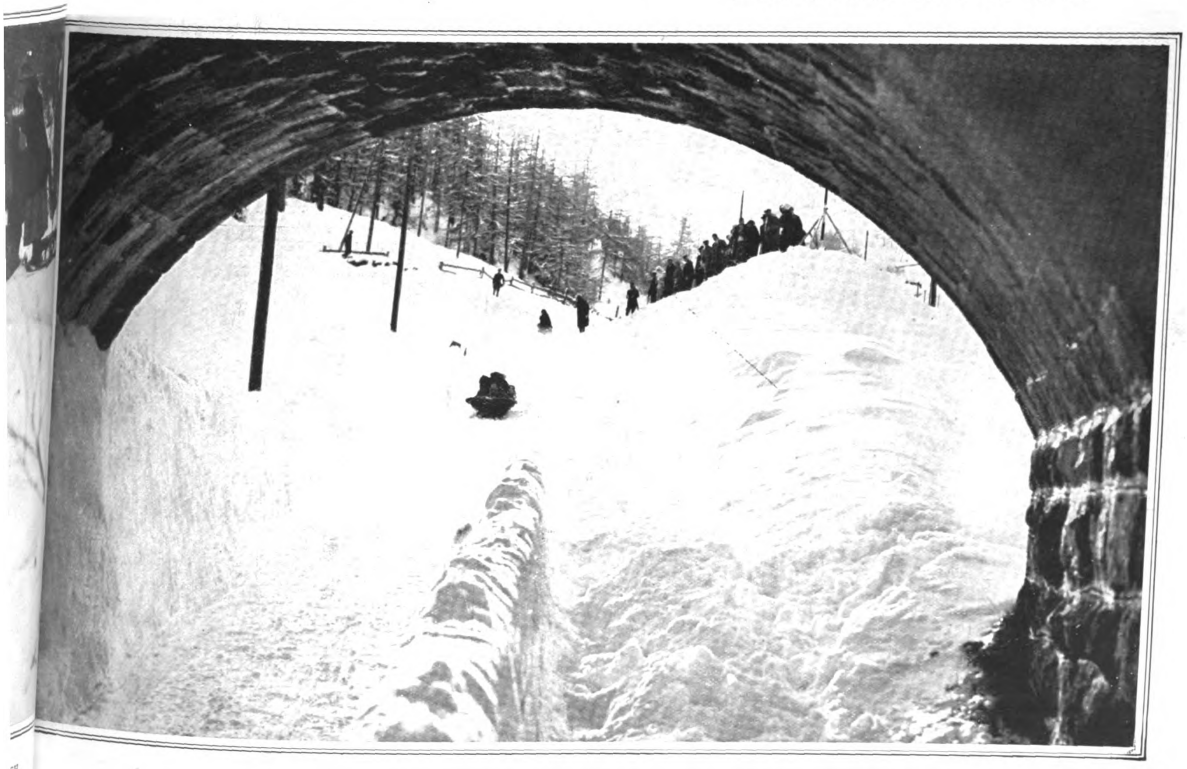
PHOTOGRAPH RT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



T A POPULAR ITER SPORT: MRS. STEWARD LEALOR AT ST. MORITZ.



ROUNDING THE BETON CURVE: THE BOBSLEIGH RUN AT MÜRREN, A FAVOURITE RESORT FOR BRITISH VISITORS.



"BOBBING" ON A FAMOUS RUN AT ST. MORITZ: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UNDER THE ARCH OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGE UNDER WHICH THE TRACK PASSES.

snow followed by a sharp frost has relieved the minds of ski-runners and tobogganing enthusiasts, who, though they have been able to indulge their respective hobbies every y this month, were beginning to feel anxious owing to the abnormal lateness, all over Switzerland, of the January snowfalls this year. The situation is now excellent, and eryone, including the skaters, is content." The fine conditions held, and on January 22 again a Mürren report said: "A heavy snowfall has just ceased here. There is a sing barometer, a keen frost, and a cloudless sky."

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS: MEN, WOMEN, AND WAR MEMORIALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, SOUTHSEA, BERLINER BILD-BERICHT, SPORT AND GENERAL, "DAILY MAIL," ELLIOTT AND FRY, G.P.U., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



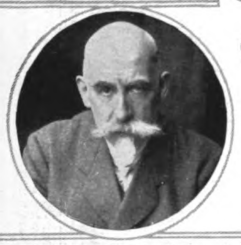
A ROYAL "MIDDY," SERVING IN THE "IRON DUKE": PRINCE GEORGE.



CONTAINING THE "ASHES" OF ENGLISH CRICKET: AN URN IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD DARNLEY.



A POET AS REGISTRAR-GENERAL: MR. S. P. VIVIAN.



INVENTOR OF A NEW PRINCIPLE FOR GIANT SUBMARINES: PROF. O. FLAMM.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF NIGERIA: LT.-COL. H. C. MOORHOUSE, R.A., D.S.O.



GREEK ROYALTIES: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER (MRS. LEEDS), PRINCE CHRISTOPHER, PRINCESS ANDREW, PRINCE ANDREW.



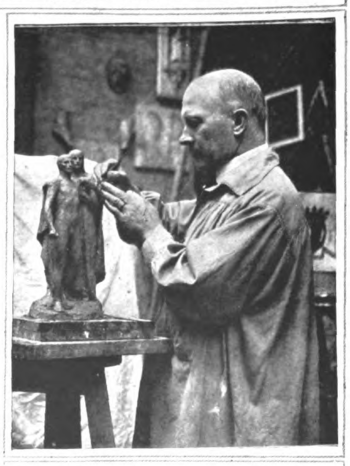
THE PROSPECTIVE COLONIAL SECRETARY AS ARTIST: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL PAINTING ON THE RIVIERA.



THE CITY'S ROLL OF HONOUR: A MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY THE LORD MAYOR AT GUILDHALL.



TO FRENCH STUDENTS FALLEN IN THE WAR: A MONUMENT UNVEILED AT THE SORBONNE.



MAKING A MODEL OF ETON PLAYING FIELDS WAR MEMORIAL: MR. BERTRAM MACKENNAL.

Prince George, who recently became a Midshipman, left Portsmouth on January 24 in the "Vindictive," seaplane-carrier, to join his ship, "The Iron Duke," now flag-ship in the Mediterranean.——Dr. Oswald Flamm, Professor of Marine Architecture at the Technical College, Charlottenburg, Berlin, has patented a new principle of stability which, he claims, will make possible huge and fast submarines. He is designing one of 8400 tons, to carry four 13-in. guns.——The urn containing the historic "ashes" was presented by Australian ladies to the English cricket team which won the "rubber" in Australia in 1882, after having lost the first Test Match.——Mr. S. P. Vivian, the new Registrar-General, now busy "numbering the people" for the Census, was once interested in poetic "numbers."——Lieut.-Col. H. C. Moorhouse, the new Lieutenant-Governor of Nigeria, has been Secretary of the Southern Province since 1914. He served there during the war.——Prince Christopher of Greece recently married a wealthy American widow, Mrs. W. B. Leeds, now popularly known as "the Dollar Princess."——Mr. Winston Churchill's appointment as Colonial Secretary was lately foreshadowed. He makes a hobby of landscape painting.——The tablet in the Guildhall porch, unveiled by the Lord Mayor on January 20, commemorates City Councillors, their sons, and members of the staff, who fell in the war.——The Sorbonne monument, "L'Offrande," is dedicated "Aux Etudiants Français morts pour La Patrie."——Mr. Bertram Mackennal, the well-known sculptor, is at work on a war memorial to stand at the entrance of the Eton playing fields. He is an Australian who "remigrated" to England. He designed our present coinage.

COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: A CELEBRATED DUTCH MASTERPIECE.



"WORLD-FAMED is rather a strong expression," writes a correspondent, "but it is in all fairness due and has often been applied to Jan Vermeer's 'A Street in Delft,' to be sold by public auction on April 12, at the Muller Galleries, in the Doelenstraat, Amsterdam. It comes out of the Six collection in the Heerengracht, Amsterdam, and came into the Six family through marriage with a member of the van Winter family, into whose possession it had passed at the Oosten de Bruyn sale, Amsterdam, April 8, 1800. This, however, was not its first appearance in the auction-room, it having been sold at the great Vermeer sale in Amsterdam, May 19, 1696, being then catalogued as No. 32. It has a rare beauty, unsurpassed in its way, a 'triumph of simplicity in painting,' and besides the Hague picture is the only street scene known to have been painted by Vermeer. Artists have endeavoured to copy it over and over again, but always fail to grasp or, in any case, to render the exquisite beauty, the soul of the original. Dozens of celebrated writers on art have extolled its unique charm, and its forthcoming sale is awaited in art-collecting circles with an almost unprecedented interest."

BY A RARE DUTCH MASTER, OF WHOSE WORKS ONLY THIRTY-THREE ARE KNOWN: "THE LITTLE STREET," BY JAN VERMEER, A FAMOUS PICTURE TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

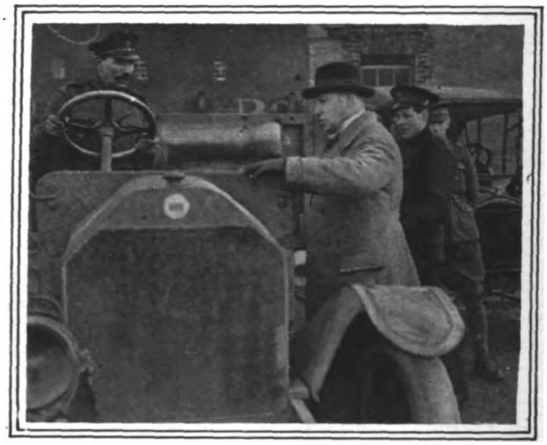
Great interest, not to say excitement, has been aroused among art-collectors by the news that Vermeer's famous picture "The Little Street" is to come under the hammer. It is to be sold by auction on April 12, in Amsterdam, by Messrs. Frederik Muller and Co. Only thirty-three Vermeers are known to exist, most of them being in national collections, and for the last twenty years there has been a growing vogue for his work. In 1870 the Louvre bought his "Lace-maker" for less than £300. To-day it would probably fetch fifty times that amount, if not more. "The Little Street," which measures 21 in. by 17 in., has long been in the Six Collection, one of the very few private galleries retaining pictures painted for the family by the great Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. Professor Six, who recently inherited it, has been compelled by heavy death duties to sell some in order to save the rest. He is forming a trust to preserve the family portraits in Holland. Vermeer was born at Delft in 1632, and died there in 1675. His "View of Delft" is in the Hague Gallery.

"TO RESCUE IRELAND": THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND R.I.C. CADETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND TOPICAL.



SIR HAMAR AND LADY GREENWOOD WITH THE R.I.C. AUXILIARY DIVISION IN DUBLIN: EXAMINING AN ARMOUR-PLATED CAR.



INSPECTING A NEW TYPE OF STEEL-PROTECTED LORRY: SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD AT BEGGAR'S BUSH BARRACKS, DUBLIN.



WITH "HEMCOOP" PROTECTION AGAINST BOMBS: A NEW TYPE OF R.I.C. ARMOURED CAR.



WITH A WINCHESTER BUCKSHOT GUN, THE LATEST WEAPON USED: AN R.I.C. MAN.



THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S WIFE: LADY GREENWOOD TALKING TO R.I.C. MEN AT THE INSPECTION.



CAPTURED BY THE MILITARY IN CORK: PRISONERS INSIDE THE RAILINGS OF THE COURT HOUSE, CORK, BEING QUESTIONED BY AN OFFICER.



THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND INSPECTING R.I.C. AUXILIARIES IN DUBLIN: SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD PASSING DOWN THE LINES.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, inspected the Auxiliary Division of the Royal Irish Constabulary at Beggar's Bush Barracks, their headquarters in Dublin, on January 22. Addressing the men, he said: "However great the provocation, never forget that you are officers of His Majesty's Army, again serving the old flag in this distracted country. You are policemen, whose first duty is to prevent crime and maintain order, and I hope before the last auxiliary man leaves Ireland the people of Ireland will realise, and from your conduct and courage and chivalry will appreciate, that fact. You are here to rescue Ireland from the assassin, to save her from the small misguided minority of her people. You are here to maintain the United Kingdom intact, and to break up that conspiracy which has for its object the smashing of the British Empire." Lady Greenwood was with her husband at the inspection.

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES VI.—A FLYING CAR; A FIRE-ESCAPE BAG; A CLOTHES-BRUSHING MACHINE; A SAFETY SEAT; A MOTOR-SLEIGH; A SNOW-PLOUGH FOR RAILWAY ENGINES.

A time may come, as the top drawing shows, when we may see motor-cars turn into flying machines and rise into the air! Equally thrilling in an emergency would be a kit-bag that turns into a fire-escape. The electrically driven clothes-brushing machine is recommended as useful for barbers' shops, railway stations, and hotels, as well as an ornament in the home. Of the safety device for occupants of vehicles the inventor says: "The object is to prevent such occupants—of a motor vehicle, for example—from being thrown upwards and forwards in the case of a sudden shock and thus injured by falling head downwards. It does not interfere with free movements. . . . The driver or other occupant is elastically held at the shoulders . . . and after the absorption of the momentum of the body is pulled back again in a springy manner to his seat." The motor-sleigh "is caused to travel by a screw-propeller supported from the rear end of the vehicle body between and parallel with the rear runners actuated through a telescopic shaft."—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE Play-Actors, that excellent combination of actors and actresses which, thanks to the energies of Mr. Henry Oscar and Mr. George Lingner, has resumed its promising activities with unabated ardour, did not only begin its season well by the production of the late Harold Chapin's last and ablest work, "The New Morality," but it has added to its reputation and rendered a service to the progressive drama of the country by giving a hearing to Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. In one word, his morality, "The Kingdom, the Power and the Glory," is an achievement of mental nobility. It is original to the degree of boldness; it is timely; it impels introspection; it proclaims without fear or favour the futility of the three fetishes that blind the vision of men; it hallows love as the one and only quality of redemption and reconstruction. In the vein of satire the author divests kings of purple and bares them into mere puppets; in the vein of demonstration that power is but a satellite of circumstances—he proves that war may be caused by an untoward gunshot in a frontier incident; in the vein of tragedy he humbles a great warrior into dotage and ordains the tottering human remnant to be dressed up in his glittering uniform and orders, to be honoured by picture and statue, in order that his outward glory may catch more men for the army of his country, while the poor mannikin has ceased to care for and to understand the lustre of life and meanders about his bodily needs—the caress of his mistress, who is a harridan, and a dish of rabbit pie. *Sic transit!*

This is the theme, but there is much more in this play where we meet all sorts and conditions of rulers—from the vainglorious and the inept, to the Prince who understands both love and life and becomes imbued with the democratic spirit; from the Ministers, the masters of the situation, who govern for the welfare of their country, to those who are mere climbers in the democratic cause and become greedy of titles and honours when *vox populi* has raised them to presidential power. Although Mr. Fyfe has hidden countries and identities under assumed names, there is an imaginary representation of the Concert of Europe, as it played in complete want of harmony before the fateful days of 1914. Those conversant with history and historical figures could easily point to graphic portrayals of Sovereigns and Prime Ministers and Generals—for Mr. Fyfe knows: he has seen and spoken to many who were men of light and leading. He indulges in caricature, but he also maintains veracity: he has peeled his victims for us and shows the often indifferent kernel hidden under a resplendent skin.

Within an ace the morality would have gone home with the power of a shell. During two acts we were deeply impressed; we admired the daring of the thing as well as the kaleidoscopic manysidedness of the execution. Here indeed was the secret revealed that no one is a hero to his valet; and when, in the third act, Mr. Fisher White gave a picture of the crestfallen, benighted General, so pathetic, so true, so painfully exposing the vanity of all human glory, that we felt a lump in our throat—in the third act, the arch-enemy of dramatic effect, anti-climax, suddenly, as it were, cut the current of interest. It was a mere nothing—the iteration of proletarian talk by servants in the midst of a crisis. It was the ominous error frequently committed in a play with a purpose to emphasise a point. A few strokes of the blue pencil could have remedied it. But somehow it passed unobserved at the dress-rehearsal, and the oversight disturbed the balance. Such are the (mis)fortunes of dramatic warfare. But what of it, after all? It does not affect the character of the work, which is full of thought, rich in characterisation, lofty in aim, monumental in design; a work to be seen first, then to be read and pondered over, since its *envoi* bears on the destiny of mankind—kingdom, power, glory, and the super-ruler of them all, the divine omnipotence of love.

In a cast of many, some stood out, all worked with a will. Masterly were the portrayals of Mr. Julius Knight, as close a reincarnation of William II., as well can be imagined; of Mr. Bruce Winston, akin to Francis Joseph; of Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, akin to Count Berchtold; of Mr. James Dale, as the prince who understood his people as King Albert understands his; of Mr. D. Lewin Mannering, the most distinguished ambassadorial type conceivable, a Paul Cambon both in physique and grandeur of manners. Withal, an impressive performance of an impressive play; caviare, I fear, in the regular routine of a London theatre, but destined to further the cause of our drama in many lands across the Channel.

. . . . .

Ian Hay makes his sunshine where he finds it, *à la Molière*. If you would pick his "Safety Match" to pieces, you would find bits of Robertson, of Dickens, of Thackeray, eke of the Irish of the Abbey and G. B. S. You would also find a strange "change of tenses," now comedy, now wild farce, now melodrama, now fairy-tale. But why be so cruel when you have a fair entertainment by an author out to amuse you? There is no pretence in this little story of the Juggernaut of forty-five who wedded his early autumn to flaming June and found the truth that there are no roses without thorns. That he afterwards made the conquest of his wife by heroism and self-sacrifice was all to his credit, and to Mr. Bourchier's, who was admirable.

. . . . .

Brisson, the critic of the Paris *Temps*, has spoken a word in season. He has admitted the insularity of the French stage, where foreign plays, except in theatres *à côté*, rarely obtain a hearing. And he has advocated the establishment of an International Theatre in order to make the Parisians better acquainted with the trend of modern drama abroad. *Comœdia*, the daily organ of the theatre in Paris, has turned the question into a symposium, and, if a vote were taken, the odds are that such an institution as proposed by Brisson would have had a lukewarm reception. The general consensus is—it might be tried, but is it worth trying when all is well in the best of all worlds—when our own playwrights are turning out plays as swiftly as the Bolshevists print bank-notes, and when a long file of the young generation is knocking vainly at stage-doors?



A POPULAR RUSSIAN TENOR: M. VLADIMIR ROSING.

It was arranged that M. Rosing should give a recital at the Aeolian Hall to-day (January 29). His programme consists of Russian songs, in which he is very much at his best.—[*Photograph by Lassalle.*]

Of course, some of the men of the hour, who are ever in demand, in order not to appear too rapacious of royalties, extend a lame welcoming hand to the idea. They seem to say: "*Pourquoi pas?*—it is no concern of ours, we shouldn't worry." Never seems there to be a necessity for seeking abroad what is grown at home in abundance. When one thinks of a Sacha Guitry, who at thirty-five has already written seventy-three plays; or of Verneuil, the author of "Daniel," who at twenty-seven confesses to twenty-three plays, one can but conjecture what the annual output may be in a country where every self-respecting *collégien* begins at sixteen with a tragedy in five acts and in verse!

Still, the outside observer, who contemplates the French stage in a less chauvinistic spirit than those who rule it, would not be slow to admit that a little fresh international air, a little less triangle, sex, and sordidness would raise the standard. As a London critic who recently made the run of Parisian theatres remarked: "Of course the French theatre is always amusing, but it does seem to stand still." The bill changes, but the nature of the play does not. It seems to turn in the vicious circle of adultery and eroticism; it is fragrant with perfume, and it would be all the better for a blast from the north and the north-west—from Scandinavia, Holland, Germany, where there is at least an effort to get away from the rut and the groove. Even from England the French drama might take a lesson: a few Galsworthy plays would be a tonic and a revelation to the Parisians.

But I believe that an International Theatre would have in London ten chances to succeed against one in Paris, and that is—the main chance. In other words, if the International Theatre of Paris is to come, it must pin its faith to Mæcenas and his money, not to the man in the street, who is content with what is French in the spirit of Victor Hugo, who would have the world believe that every man has two countries—his own and then "la France."



A DISTINGUISHED POLISH VIOLINIST: M. PAUL KOCHANSKI.

Previous to his departure for America, M. Kochanski gave several recitals at the Wigmore Hall. He is a musician of rare distinction, and to Londoners who have heard him the news that his American tour will be but of short duration is very welcome.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

"RUGGER": INTERNATIONAL AND INTER-UNIVERSITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS, IAN SMITH, AND S. AND G.



FRANCE MAKING RUGBY-FOOTBALL HISTORY: THE FRENCH FIFTEEN, WHO DEFEATED SCOTLAND AT INVERLEITH



BEATEN BY FRANCE BY A TRY TO NOTHING: THE SCOTTISH FIFTEEN FOR THE MATCH AT INVERLEITH.



WITH THE FRENCH PRESSING: A THROW-IN IN THE SCOTTISH TWENTY-FIVE LINE.



DURING THE SCOTLAND v. FRANCE MATCH: A TUSSLE AT A LINE-OUT.



DEFEATERS OF BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY BY ELEVEN POINTS: THE LONDON UNIVERSITY FIFTEEN.

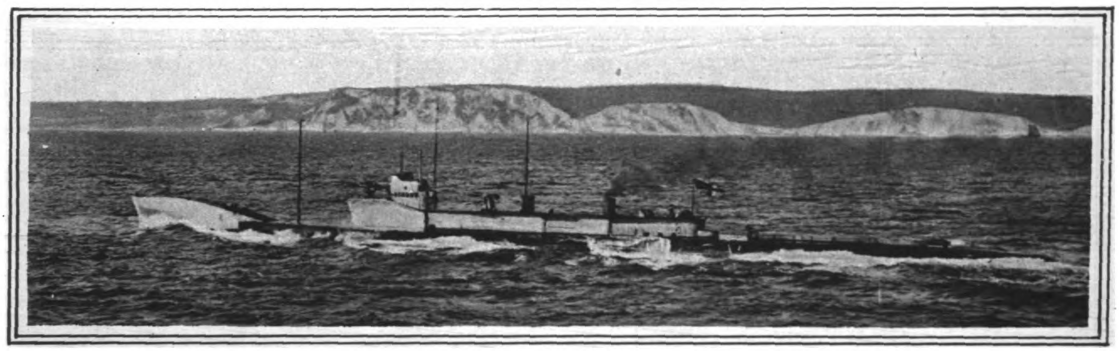


BEATEN BY THE LONDON UNIVERSITY FIFTEEN: THE BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY TEAM AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

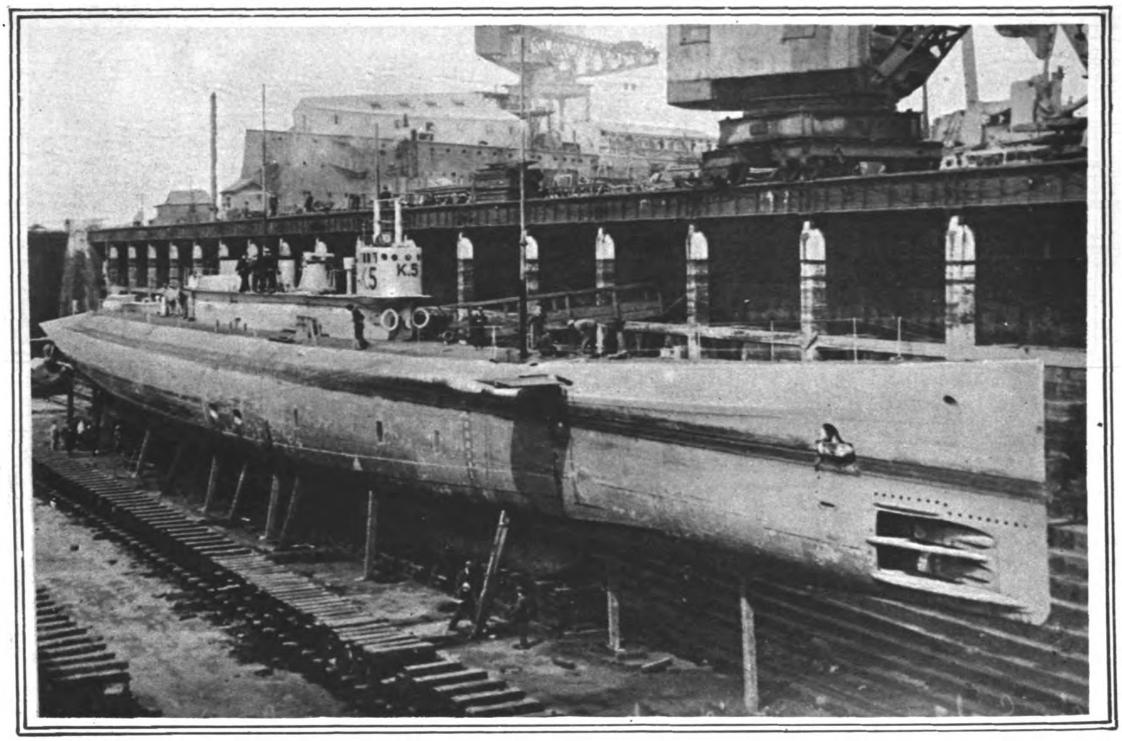
The Rugby football match between Scotland and France, at Inverleith, on Saturday, January 22, resulted in a win for France by one try (three points) to nothing. It is true that Scotland's backs were somewhat experimental; but, on the other hand, France played no fewer than five reserves, and there is no doubt that the winners secured their victory by superiority in speed of foot and brain. Some five-and-twenty thousand people were present. Scotland played in white, lest the similarity of their jerseys to those of France should cause confusion.——On the same day London University and Birmingham University met at Queen's Club. The home team won by a goal and three tries (fourteen points) to a try (three points). For three parts of the game the Londoners did most of the attacking, and would have scored heavily but for the fine tackling of the Birmingham backs, who frequently saved the situation.

THE SUBMARINE DISASTER: "K 5," LOST WITH ALL HANDS.

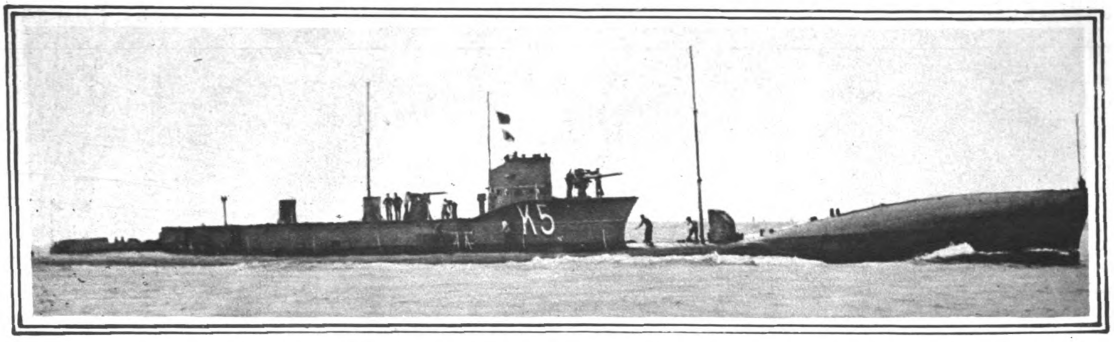
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., AND BRITISH ILLUS.



SUNK "AT THE APPROACHES TO THE CHANNEL" ON JANUARY 20, WITH 6 OFFICERS AND 51 MEN: SUBMARINE "K 5" (COMMANDER JOHN A. GAIMES, D.S.O.) AT SEA.



BEFORE THE FITTING OF THE RAISED BOWS (SEEN IN THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS) FOR PROTECTING MEN ON DECK FROM THE BOW-WAVES WHILE STEAMING AT CONSIDERABLE SPEED: THE "K 5" IN DRY DOCK.



ONE OF A CLASS DESCRIBED AS "THE LARGEST AND FASTEST SUBMARINES IN EXISTENCE; CERTAINLY BY FAR THE MOST COMPLICATED": THE "K 5"—STARBOARD SIDE.

Submarine "K 5" (Commander John A. Gaimes, R.N., D.S.O.) was lost with all hands on Thursday, January 20, about 120 miles south-west of the Scilly Islands. She had left Torbay with the Atlantic Fleet on the previous day, in company with four other boats of the "K" class. Wreckage was found which undoubtedly belonged to her. Rear-Admiral S. S. Hall writes: "The 'K' class submarines are the largest and fastest in existence, certainly by far the most complicated. . . . Probably the loss of the vessel was due to some delay in checking the downward momentum in diving. . . . The water was so deep that the submarine would inevitably be crushed and prevent control being regained. . . . . The 'K' boats could dive from 20 knots on the surface in about four minutes, but with anything but a perfectly trained crew any attempt to do this would be highly dangerous in deep water." "K" boats have a length of 334 ft., and displacement, (surface) 1880 tons, (submerged) 2650 tons. Their special feature is that they are steam-driven on the surface: the funnels are hinged down for diving.

AS IT WAS IN THE LOST "K 5": LIFE IN A LARGE SUBMARINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



ON BOARD A SISTER SHIP TO THE ILL-FATED "K 5": OFFICERS IN THE WARD-ROOM OF THE "K 6," A BRITISH SUBMARINE OF THE LATEST TYPE, ONE OF THE LARGEST AND FASTEST AFLOAT.



TYPICAL OF THE WELL-APPOINTED FURNITURE AND ROOMY CONDITIONS IN SUBMARINES OF THE "K" CLASS: THE COMMANDER OF A "K" BOAT AT HIS DESK IN HIS CABIN.

These photographs taken in a sister ship of the same class show the conditions of life on board the lost submarine "K 5," and the type of officers who served in her. There went down in the "K 5" six officers and 51 men. The officers were: Lieut.-Commander John A. Gaimes, D.S.O. (the captain), Lieut. Frederick W. F. Cuddeford, Engineer-Lieutenant Edward J. Bowles, Acting Engineer-Lieutenant George W. Baker, Lieut. Benjamin J. Clarke, and Acting Lieut. Robert J. M. Middlemist. Lieut.-Commander Gaimes, who won his D.S.O. in the war, was one of the most experienced of British submarine-commanders, having volunteered for that branch of the Service as long ago as 1908. He was writing a book on the work of submarines during the war. As our photographs show, the living accommodation in a large modern submarine is much roomier and better appointed than in the older and smaller boats.

An Entente Cordiale in Education.

ENGLISH parents are beginning to realise at last that a knowledge of French is not only an important, but an indispensable, factor of every child's education. In the case of their sons little is left in their hands, for the British Public School is a necessity. With daughters it is different, and Paris now contains a large number of *pensions* where they may have the best chance in the world of acquiring this immense benefit. Indeed, an English girl in Paris is much to be envied, and happier still she who arrives with a sufficient knowledge of the language to be able to dispense with the drudgery of grammar lessons and avail herself immediately of her great opportunities. In this new atmosphere, so different from that of England—an atmosphere that arouses every ounce of energy, for everything in Paris is perpetually in movement — she lives a new life, and when it is over she will return, very appreciative of her home, with new ideas and memories for which she will ever be thankful.



AFTER A SPILL IN THE KITCHEN: ONE OF THE ENGLISH SOCIETY GIRL PUPILS OF A LYCÉE COOKERY CLASS SWABBING THE FLOOR.

Drawn by J. Simont specially for "The Illustrated London News."

Of course, I am only able to speak of my personal experience, which, I imagine, differs to a certain degree from that of the majority of English girls in Paris, although in many details it is necessarily the same. For instance, I believe that in a great many *pensions* (I must needs retain the French word, as they cannot be called schools—least of all the one where I am staying at present) most of the work is done at the house; whereas in the delightful flats in the Champ de Mars, my present home, there are given only a very few private lessons, such as music, Italian, and sewing, although all "preparation" is done there. For all other subjects, at eight o'clock in the morning we daily wend our way, passing the Eiffel Tower and the Ecole Militaire, along the dreary Champ de Mars to the Lycée Victor Duruy. This Lycée, formerly the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, was originally intended for a considerably smaller number of pupils than it now contains. So it was not with enthusiasm that the Directress received nearly a score of English girls.

At first we attended certain classes as listeners only; although later, to the delight and interest of the French girls, we attempted to do the "preparation." Later, as a supplement to these classes, a special one was started to help us to a better understanding of the lessons, to extend our knowledge of French literature, and to correct the grammatical mistakes which were far too frequent in our compositions. This class was so successful in our case that before long we were joined by girls of all nationalities—Australians, Americans, Greeks, Alsatians, and Chinese, boarders at the Lycée; and the "Cours des Etrangères" soon became official.

At length, after a short apprenticeship at the Cours des Etrangères, we gradually began to attend more classes with the French girls. Instead of all of us doing the same work, each took her own subjects independently of the others, and some became regular pupils of the Lycée, subject to its rules and receiving marks like any other member of the class. Our studies now include a large range of subjects, varying from the lives and works of the ancient Greek dramatists to modern languages and cooking. The cookery class does not include any French girls—and, indeed, they were much surprised to learn that we did not already know how to cook. We take our lesson on alternate weeks with the foreign boarders; while at the end of the term we all combine to give an exhibition of our skill at a tea-party to which the Directress and other mistresses are invited. At each lesson we are taught to cook a complete meal, two of us working on each course. Failures are practically unheard-of, but I doubt whether, in every case, we should be able to repeat the experiment if left to our own devices.

In addition to these classes, every girl is free to take up any subject she pleases, outside the Lycée. Thus several go three times a week to the Atelier Julien, others fence at a *salle d'armes*, and riding is also a popular form of exercise. Then there are two of the best professors of the Conservatoire for piano and elocution; while any modern language may also be studied.

Every moment of the week is carefully planned out, and we each possess a minute note-book in which are written the time-tables for every day. Each book is arranged in such a manner as to allow the owner one free afternoon a week in which to visit the various monuments and museums of Paris, and occasionally to do any shopping that may be necessary. On Thursday the Lycée gives a whole holiday, and the morning is taken up by a lecture at the Louvre, while the afternoon is reserved for matinées at a theatre. These, for pupils who are more advanced in French, consist of performances at either of the national theatres—the Comédie Française and the Odéon—undoubtedly the pleasantest part of our French education. For those whose French is insufficient there is the Opéra Comique; while parties of five go to the Opéra, on an average, once a week.

Sunday is really the only day on which time has a remote chance to hang heavy on our hands; although to those who have work to do for the Lycée, to be given in the next day, a long free afternoon is very welcome. It is in every sense a day of rest, and we take full advantage of it in the morning, as the Lycée necessitates breakfast at 7.30 on weekdays. After church we are free to do what we like, and this is our chief day for going out with friends; while there is also a possibility of going to a concert or a theatre, but it has to be a classic one.



DURING A COOKERY CLASS AT A LYCÉE IN PARIS. BEATING UP EGGS.

Drawn by J. Simont specially for "The Illustrated London News."

On weekdays it is only after dinner that we are all united, without being on the point of rushing off somewhere. This time is passed either in reading the paper or conversation, or listening to the reading aloud of some poem, play, or book that may be of particular interest.

AVERIL INGRAM.



AFTER COOKING A COMPLETE MEAL (AND EATING IT): WASHING UP.

Drawn by J. Simont specially for "The Illustrated London News."

AFTER GREEK DRAMATISTS, COOKERY: FROM EURIPIDES TO EGGS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. SIMONT.



SEEKING WISDOM FROM A FRENCH EQUIVALENT OF MRS. BEETON: ENGLISH GIRLS IN THE COOKERY CLASS COPYING OUT RECIPES FOR DISHES.



UNPLEASANT, BUT NECESSARY: "DRAWING" FISH FOR COOKING.



PREPARING THE SWEETS: CUTTING UP APPLES FOR A TART.



THE DELICATE ART OF EGG-BREAKING: AN OBJECT-LESSON IN SEPARATING THE YOLK FROM THE WHITE.

In the article on another page describing the educational experiences of an English girl in Paris, we read: "Our studies now include a large range of subjects, varying from the lives and works of the ancient Greek dramatists to modern languages and cooking." The cookery course for girls attending a *lycée* is very thorough, as our illustrations show. They do not shirk any of the more disagreeable preliminaries, such as cleaning out fish and mopping up spills on the floor, or the equally uninspiring sequel of washing-up, as shown in drawings given with the article.—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

A CAUSE OF SURPRISE TO THEIR FRENCH FELLOW-STUDENTS: E

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED



QUALIFYING TO BE PRACTICAL RULERS OF HOUSEHOLDS: ENGLISH GIRLS STUDY

The education of the modern English girl of good family is practical as well as intellectual. Though she may not have to do her own cooking when she comes to rule a household, it is felt that she will at any rate need to know how such things ought to be done. As the article on another page explains, the *lycées* in Paris have a domestic side to their curriculum for foreign students. "The cookery class," it is pointed out, "does not include any French girls—and, indeed, they were much surprised to learn that we did not already know how to cook. We take our lesson on alternate weeks with the foreign boarders; while at

...LLOWSENTS: ENGLISH GIRLS AT A COOKERY-CLASS IN PARIS.

...ALLY FOR "THE LONDON NEWS" BY J. SIMONT.



...NG COOKERY AT A PARIS LYCEE—A DEMONSTRATION IN PASTRY-MAKING.

the end of the term we all combine to give an exhibition of our skill at a tea-party, to which the Directress and other mistresses are invited. At each lesson we are taught to cook a complete meal, two of us working on each course. Failures are practically unheard of, but I doubt whether, in every case, we should be able to repeat the experiment if left to our own devices." The above drawing shows a group of English girls attending a cookery class, and watching the operations of an instructress giving a demonstration of pastry-making.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ADVENTURES IN COOKERY: ENGLISH GIRLS AT A PARIS LYCÉE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. SIMONT.



A SUDDEN SHOWER! A LIGHTER INTERLUDE IN THE PURSUIT OF THE CULINARY ART BY ENGLISH GIRLS ATTENDING A COOKERY CLASS IN PARIS.



"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING": ENGLISH GIRLS LEARNING COOKERY AT A PARIS LYCÉE ENJOYING THE MEAL WHICH THEY HAVE ALL HAD A HAND IN PREPARING.

Cookery has its lighter side, as the upper drawing on this page shows. Elsewhere in the number are further illustrations of the subject and an article describing an English girl's course of studies in Paris, of which this weekly class in cookery, at the Lycée Victor Duruy, forms a part. At every lesson the girls are taught to cook a complete meal, two of them working on each course. When it is ready, they eat it. Cookery has that advantage over most subjects—it is easy to test results, and to bring home mistakes (if any) to the perpetrator in a very practical manner.—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

A SALE of old English pottery always has an atmosphere of allurement. There is a homeliness and robust character in our native faïence. Worcester and Derby and Bristol porcelain make their appeal with brilliant colours, an echo of the cosmopolitan world of ceramics. To oak dressers filled with old Staffordshire ware, a Chelsea or a Bow figure comes with as perturbing an influence as did the two town ladies who burst in in upon the quiet drawing-room of the Vicar of Wakefield and his family, and who "talked nothing but high life, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses."

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 21st sold the interesting collection of Staffordshire pottery formed by Mr. Frank Falkner, which was exhibited at the Salford Museum in 1906. Mr. Falkner is remembered by his monograph of "The Wood Family of Burslem," and there were some fine examples by the Ralph Woods, father and son. There was the well-known group, the "Vicar and Moses," in translucent colours. Modelled about 1750, it represents Sunday morning in church with the Vicar, in wig and cassock, asleep in a two-decker pulpit, and the clerk at the desk below with uplifted hands. This humorous piece has been copied down to the present day, but the copies lack the sharpness of outline and the delicacy of the glazes of the Ralph Wood original.

Other Ralph Wood pieces were "Minerva," standing figure, 12 in. high; a bust of Milton in white; and "Cupid," seated on a panther, 8¼ in. high, which realised 85 guineas. Of Enoch Wood, nephew to Ralph Wood senior, there were figures of "Diana" and "Fortune," 11¼ in. and 10 in. high respectively; "St. Peter," a large standing figure with pedestal at side, 18½ in. high; and busts of Whitfield and Wesley—the latter gave sittings to Enoch Wood in 1781, when on one of his preaching tours. There was a Wood and Caldwell bust of "Alexander the Great of Russia." On some of the models from this factory is the inscription on a tablet at the back: "Alexander. Act. 35. Moscow burnt. Europe preserved. 1812."

Wedgwood figures, decorated in colours, of "Apollo and Jupiter," "Charity and Peace," and "Fortitude," and a large standing female figure in white, 21½ in. high, with impressed mark, indicated that Josiah Wedgwood made large quantities of earthenware figures prior to embarking on his busts and cameos in jasper and black basalt. The earlier Whieldon school, wherein native characters are portrayed with a fine mastery of potting, included the "Market Woman," the standing figure of a soldier with a raised glass, a seated figure of an old woman smoking a pipe, a child with chicken, a hawk, and other homely subjects in mottled brown and green and tortoiseshell glazes. These tiny figures, with an artistic blending of colours and glazes, indicate a refinement of taste, even though they were hawked from fair to fair in the country and adorned the cottager's mantelshelf. Connoisseurs who treasure the technical triumphs of Thomas Whieldon and the Whieldon school often have the lingering thought as to what might have been had not his pupil Josiah Wedgwood brought about the invasion of Staffordshire by the gods and goddesses of Olympia, who swept aside the record of English country life, "the simple annals of the poor."

At Christie's on the 26th, old English silver-plate came up for sale from various sources. A sugar basin and cover, and a pair of tea-caddies, chased with flowers and foliage, by Samuel Taylor, 1748 and 1749, in mahogany case, were noticeable. A curious example was a spoon, early English, surmounted by the figure of Buddha, and the bowl pricked with the date 1658. We know that the raising of the price of pepper by the Dutch in 1599 was the immediate cause of the foundation of the English East India Company, which received its Charter in 1600, and that Fort St. George (Madras) was founded in 1639. The dilettante collector found much in this sale to awaken his interest. An oblong, fluted tea-pot, with gadroon and shell borders and claw feet, Edinburgh, 1808, belongs to Sir Walter Scott's day, when the ladies of Edinburgh, after the tea-pot was emptied, ate the tea-leaves between slices of bread with sugar, as a delicacy.



POLO IN ANCIENT PERSIA: AN OFFENDED MONARCH USES HIS SWORD—A LEAF FROM A PERSIAN MS.

This leaf from a MS. of the Shah Abbas School is included in the sale at Sotheby's, on February 8, of Persian and Indian Miniatures formerly in the Rosenberg Collection. The description says: "Siawush, displaying his skill at polo before Afrasiab and the Turks, offends Afrasiab, who attacks him with a sword. The scene is laid in a walled court; above the wall in the central arch are musicians, and on either side in two tiers a large company of grandees looking down into the court below."

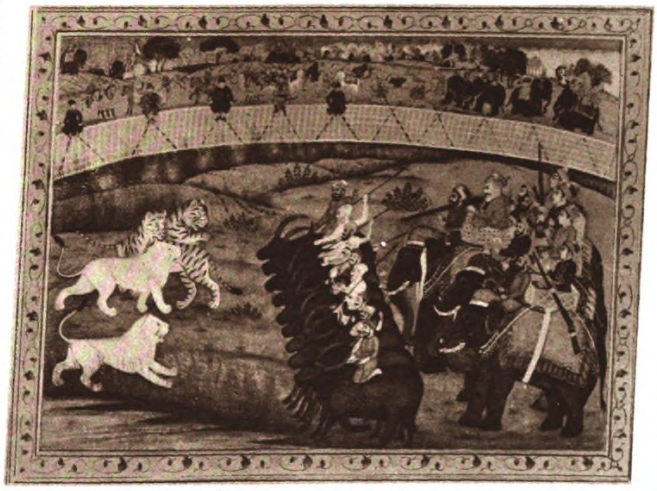
By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

The collection of British and foreign orders and war-medals of the late Colonel Knox, of Londonderry, is to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Feb. 3 and 4. It comprises medals of the East India Company, and includes one for the action between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. Waterloo, 1815: William Ayre, 2nd Batt. Coldstream Guards; Samuel Gillespie, 3rd Batt. 1st Foot; Serjt. William Shannon, 1st Batt. 4th Foot. Crimea: Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, Sebastopol—W. Elliss, R.H.A. Relief of Lucknow: J. Dowd, 60th Royal Rifles—these and many others stretch across the gamut of the Empire's wars. The descriptions run, "extra fine," "rare," "scarce"—and some are "without name." One is reminded of the nameless grave of a British Warrior in Westminster Abbey, and the silent Cenotaph in memory of the fallen. Be it remembered that collectors are not buying medals — to quote "Caller Herrin"—"Call them lives o' men."

On Feb. 11, Messrs. Sotheby are selling an important collection of old English and French furniture and fine tapestries, including two unique specimens of Elizabethan needlework, being the properties of Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. George E. Monckton, Lord St. John of Bletso, and Mme. Negrel.

A series of Georgian wall-mirrors of mid-eighteenth-century period display the evolution of various types, culminating in a pair of Chippendale carved wood and gilded mirrors in the Chinese taste, with scrolls, birds and foliage, and two Chinese figures. These are 7 ft. 3 in. high, and are remarkable examples. They belong to the period when Sir William Chambers erected the Chinese pagoda at Kew Gardens, and resemble designs shown in Chippendale's *Director*. Other fine Chippendale examples include a state bed (exhibiting individuality in carving), a fine commode, and a table with shaped top with spindle gallery border, on ball-and-claw feet. A fine early-Georgian three-back settee is of walnut, in date about 1720. The heavy Dutch splats to the backs and the claw-and-ball feet betray its Batavian origin in regard to design. To what *finesse* the settee could be brought is exhibited in a pair of Hepplewhite four-back examples, with honeysuckle pattern carved in mahogany, and of the same design is a superb set of six Hepplewhite chairs.

Lacquer has its votaries nowadays; in consequence, the Charles II. lacquer cabinet, in black and gold, with folding doors enclosing eleven drawers, is a *pièce de résistance* to collectors. The tapestry offers glorious opportunities. A large panel, 16 ft. by 12 ft., is early eighteenth-century Brussels work by Jos. de Voss, and represents a Teniers subject of a village fête, with boors carousing in front of an inn. This is in fine condition and is in brilliant colours; the borders imitate a carved and gilt frame. In examples at the Victoria and Albert Museum of similar work termed "Les Tenières," the borders have been cut off. So this example comes into the market as being exceptionally fine, and will realise a big price. A unique panel of Elizabethan needlework is the finest of its kind ever offered for sale. It is an example of old English *petit-point* or tent stitch-work, and is 18 ft. long by 4 ft. wide. Another magnificent panel of old English needlework was made to commemorate the marriage of Oliver St. John, first Earl of Bolingbroke, to Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of William Poulet, in 1602. The borders are worked with twenty shields of arms displaying the various alliances of the noble family of St. John, descended in male line from one of the great tenants *in capite* mentioned in Domesday Book.



BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN ANCIENT INDIA: SHAH JAHAN, BEHIND A LINE OF CATTLE, ATTACKING LIONS AND TIGERS IN AN ENCLOSURE.

The catalogue of the sale of Persian and Indian Miniatures at Sotheby's on February 8 says of this hunting scene: "Shah Jahan, armed with a gun, seated on an elephant, following a line of nine long-horned cattle, each with a spearman on his back, advancing to attack two lions and two tigers within the enclosure of a stockade." (Moghul School.)

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

THE MODERN TOUCH IN PORTRAITURE: SOCIETY WHEN ON

REPRODUCED FROM PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT TH



"THE HON. PAMELA BOSCAWEN"; A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY R. G. EVES.



"EVELYN, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. SIR EDGAR WALTON, K.C.M.G."; BY G. ENGLISH.



"MRS. R. GUINNESS"; A WATER-COLOUR BY AMBROSE McEVOY.



"MRS. FREDERICK MENZIES"; AN OIL-PAINTING BY HARRINGTON MANN.



"MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS"; A WATER-COLOUR BY AMBROSE McEVOY.

THE tenth Annual Exhibition of the National Portrait Society, at the Grafton Galleries, is something more than a show of modern art—and yet it is something less. It is more, in that it tells a tale of social life; of modern tendencies in fashion and in pose; and unfolds a curiously fascinating panoramic view of modern Society as it really is, for the benefit of those who have eyes to see. It is less, in that it hardly accentuates the genuine achievements of modern art, for to judge the artist by his portraits alone is not to give him a fair hearing. There is no doubt that the imaginative work of a painter nearly always represents the high-water mark of achievement, in contrast to the portraits which have been ordered and are not necessarily inspired work.

ONE of the features of this year's Exhibition of the National Portrait Society is the number of Society women who appear both as "subjects" and artists also. The Hon. Lois Sturt, daughter of Lady Alington, exhibits an oil, "Portrait of a Girl," and is the subject of one portrait by Gerald F. Kelly; two by Ambrose McEvoy; and four studies by Drian; while Miss d'Erlanger, who exhibits a water-colour drawing, is portrayed by her mother, the Baroness d'Erlanger, in a water-colour.



"LADY SWAYTHLING"; AN OIL-PAINTING BY FLORA LION.

The modern manner in portrait-painting can be studied at large in the Exhibition of the National Portrait Society, which was recently opened at the Grafton Galleries, and will remain open until March. The portraits here reproduced have a double interest: artistically, as examples of the work of well-known living painters; and socially, as a group of modern women of Society. Every age has its own ideals, concerning both art and womanhood, and it will be natural to compare these, and other portraits in the

SOCIE WOMEN ON CANVAS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

EXHIBITION AT GRAFTON GALLERIES, BY COURTESY OF THE ARTISTS, WHOSE COPYRIGHT IS RESERVED.



"MRS. MONCKTON HOFFE"; AN OIL-PAINTING BY CHARLES BUCHEL.



"MRS. RAPHAEL"; A WATER-COLOUR BY F. KATHERINE MAYER.



"MISS MARGARET LINDSAY"; AN OIL-PAINTING BY FLORA LION.

THOSE who visit the Grafton Galleries in the guise of art critics only, miss a good deal of the flavour with which the National Portrait Society tickles the palates of more frivolous visitors, for the change in dress, general style, and outlook of the modern Society woman is delightfully italicised by the juxtaposition of such pictures as Winterhalter's portrait of Queen Alexandra (which was lent by her Majesty from Marlborough House) and the beauties of the twentieth century as limned by Ambrose McEvoy, Gerald F. Kelly, R. G. Eves, P. A. de Laszlo, and other well-known artists of the day. The moderns seek to catch an evanescent moment; to put down a fleeting mood of their sitter rather than paint her in the calm, everyday style of the Victorians.



"MISS JULIA JAMES"; A WATER-COLOUR BY AMBROSE McEVOY.



"VISCOUNTESS GRIMSTON"; AN OIL-PAINTING BY P. A. DE LASZLO.



"MRS. ROMER-WILLIAMS"; AN OIL-PAINTING BY AMBROSE McEVOY.

THE work of Mr. Ambrose McEvoy affords one of the most interesting features of the National Portrait Society's Exhibition, as he is perhaps the most successful painter of the modern Society woman, and he is exhibiting no less than fifteen pictures at the Grafton Gallery. A selection of his portraits is reproduced on this page, including that of Miss Julia James, the well-known actress; Mrs. R. Guinness; and Mrs. Romer Williams, which illustrate his style both in oils and water-colours. Mr. McEvoy came into prominence as a portrait-painter just before the war, and now has an international reputation: some of his works having been acquired by the Luxembourg and other foreign galleries.

Exhibition, with the work of former periods. The modern painter, it may be considered, seeks to portray the personality of the sitter, with less attention than the Old Masters gave to detail and finish. Perhaps it is that the modern woman has more personality than those who sat to Reynolds or Gainsborough. Taking the above as a typical group, both of pictures and people, they certainly give the impression of more soul and more intellect than women's portraits of earlier days.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THERE is nothing new under the moon, not even Spiritualism. Indeed, the tambourines which were formerly so often used in its obscure ritual (to-day trumpets are preferred) serve to remind us that it came to Imperial Rome from the East when, in the similitude of the satirist, the Orontes had become the tributary of the Tiber. Also Dean Inge reminds us, in his monumental treatise on Plotinus and his philosophy, that it was a widely current craze in the exhausted Third Century, when the Roman Empire had ceased to be a progressive power, partly because of the extinction by over-taxing of the middle-class or practical "intelligentsia," members of which would take refuge in mines (as some Welsh parsons are doing to-day) or among charcoal-burners, in order to escape the deadly burden of their responsibilities. In the Middle Ages, again, all the phenomena of modern Spiritualism were widely known under other names—thus the "control" of to-day was then called a "familiar"; a "medium" would be described as the victim of "possession by a demon"; and what is now known as "materialisation," etc., would be condemned as "black magic"—so also, to be quite fair, would have been the results of our power to control electricity and other natural forces! I can but regret, for literary reasons, the colourless respectability of the names of the modern medium's familiars—Rector, Feda, and Phinuit are far less alluring appellations than Sack-and-Sugar, Peck-in-the-Crown, and Grizell Greedygut, whom one meets in the record of a famous Scottish witchcraft trial. It is a curious fact that psychic evidence was much more carefully scrutinised in mediæval times than is the case to-day with such zealots as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Thus, in the amazing Gauffridi case (see Michelet's "La Sorcière" for a most intriguing description) a medium of genius actually appeared in court, the familiar spirits giving evidence through her lips, which was honestly weighed by trained lawyers in accordance with the rules of criticism then accepted.

. . . .

In "THE EARTHEN VESSEL" (John Lane; 6s. net), by Pamela Glenconner, we have what seems to be an unusually straightforward and uncoloured account of certain spiritualistic experiments carried out with the help of a fashionable medium, Mrs. Osborne Leonard, under the "control" of Feda, a Hindu girl, who is said to have been one of her foremothers, if I may coin a term. Lady Glenconner believes that by means of "book-tests" it has been clearly proved that she is in communication with her son, Edward Wyndham Tennant, who fell in action on the Somme in 1916. A keen love of literature was one of the innumerable links of sympathy between Lady Glenconner (the late George Wyndham's sister) and her son during his lifetime on earth. The love uniting this mother and son was of a singular and touching intensity. Is it not sad and strange to think—if, indeed, it be so—that such a mother and such a son must have the help of a professional medium and a familiar spirit before they can communicate with one another! However, let us look at a specimen of these "book-tests" which, as Sir Oliver Lodge tells us in a short "Prefatory and Explanatory Note," came into vogue during the war-years. Feda is supposed to be speaking through Mrs. Leonard, after some time given to communication through trance utterances—

> Now Bim [the son's pet-name] says he is sending a message; a Book-Test for his Mother. He says it is in the drawing-room, on the side of the book-shelf near the door. You must look in the third shelf and take the fifth book counting from left to right; turn to page 83. He says the passage alludes to his present life, and to what you feel about it. He says: "Tell her that her love for me has bridged the gulf, and love has shown the way." He repeats that "*love has shown the way.*"

Lady Glenconner found that the book in the place mentioned was "The World We Live In," written by Brackett and published at Boston in 1909, and that the following passage occurred on page 83—

> The pathway to the Unseen World
> Is full of joy and hope untold,
> With Love's rich bloom and fragrant air,



HEREDITARY EARL MARSHAL: "THE DUKE OF NORFOLK"—A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY R. G. EVES.

The young Duke of Norfolk, now twelve years of age, is Premier Duke, Hereditary Earl Marshal, and Chief Butler of England.

From the Drawing in the National Portrait Society's Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. By Courtesy of the Artist. Copyright Reserved.

> Unselfish deeds and silent prayer.
> Who seeks to climb some other way
> Will tarry long, will go astray,
> For Love alone can point the way.

I can see no evidence for collusion, conscious or unconscious. This and other results of these "book-tests" cannot, so far as I can see, be explained on any theory of thought-transference. But, looking at the facts already known about the phenomena of trance-mediumship, the crucial question to my mind is: "Is it a spirit in the hereafter or a simulacrum, so to speak, in the mother's subconsciousness which is at work in these supposed communications? We know how such simulacra, wraiths of the living and the dead, present themselves in dreams (in which the occluded things of the under-mind appear) and both talk and act in character. After all, every person survives death in the memory of those who loved, and were loved by, him during his lifetime.

. . . .

The study of trance-mediumship by scientific experts is still in its beginnings, for the "under-man" or unconscious mind is still largely an unexplored oubliette. It is not, perhaps, quite true to say, as a Cambridge psychologist said the other evening over a glass of College port, that we know rather less about the older and deeper strata of human mentality (remember, all this is only a metaphor) than we do of the interior of the earth. After all, the phenomena of dreams, when elucidated by the Freudian theory or "working hypothesis" of the suppressed wish, provide us with a number of clues to the mystery within ourselves. "THE LOGIC OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND" (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s. net), by M. K. Bradby, is an excellent guide to this branch of psychology. The two chapters (XV. and XVI.) touching on the phenomena of Spiritualism form the best bird's-eye view, from the scientist's standpoint, of the subject that has yet appeared. Science, whether pursuing the historical method (as Sir James Frazer and his disciples do) or placing the individual under observation, will have nothing to say to the theory that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living through go-betweens. It is only in a primitive stage of human progress that the spirit-theory is generally accepted—as it is with certain savage tribes with whom every person is a medium on occasion. Mediums belong to every age and clime; the historic list includes the saint Theresa, the adventurer Cellini, the prophet Wesley, and the scoundrel Rasputin. They are as distinct and easily recognisable as a class as, for example, poets are. The same distinctive character and the same limited range are noticeable in all their so-called spirit-communications, whether these come by spirit "raps," trance utterance, automatic writing, or the visions of clairvoyance. They never enlighten us on any point of practical interest, nor do they ever forestall the scientific discoveries of the morrow; they have added nothing to the world's treasury of literature. All their activities are subjective; these are set a-foot either by hidden traits of the ego, demanding expression, or by the influence of sitters in the circle. The mind at primitive levels is suggestible in the extreme; so the medium accepts whatever explanations of her doings and sayings is suggested by sitters, and does and says, as far as possible, whatever is expected of her. Moreover, it is demonstrable that the strangest of their activities are but extreme examples of what ordinary people, such as you and I, constantly do and experience. For example, I myself when very tired have written gibberish automatically, and Miss Bradby tells the story of an educated woman who suddenly found she had written the strange sentence: "*A mastermaniac withdrawal from the scheme of revolutionary progress with Empedocles glorified at the outset.*" Had she been a gullible person at a séance, she might have believed the spirit of George Meredith was guiding her pen! Lady Glenconner's "book-tests" are a complicated example of suggestion and counter-suggestion, and belong to a category of problems which can only be completely solved when persons with mediumistic gifts submit their dreams to psycho-analysis—an exacting experience, for they will have to doff habits of the mind and live, like Marcus Aurelius, for a time "without walls or curtains."

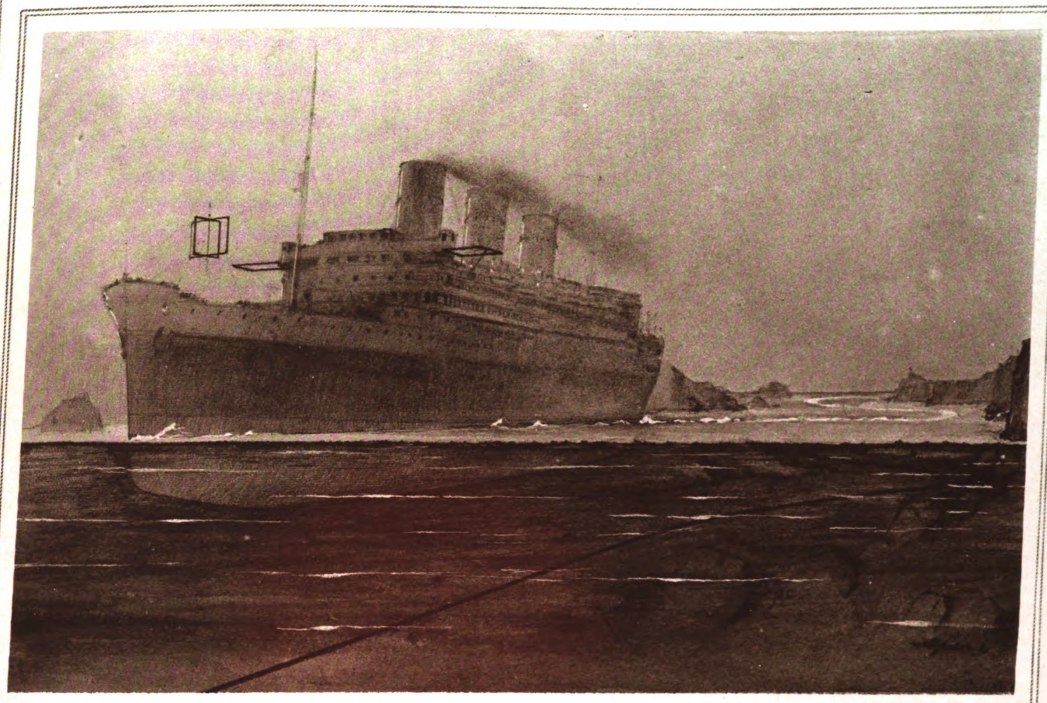


THE GRAND OLD MAN OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: "THOMAS HARDY, ESQ., O.M."—AN OIL PAINTING BY JACQUES BLANCHE.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the veteran novelist and poet, kept his eightieth birthday on June 2 last year. The Hardy Players arranged to give "The Return of the Native" (dramatised from his novel) at the Guildhall School of Music Theatre on January 27.

From the Picture in the National Portrait Society's Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. By Courtesy of the Artist. Copyright Reserved.

SUBMARINE CABLES AS PILOTS: SOUND-SIGNALS BRING SHIPS TO PORT.



PILOTED THROUGH A ROCKY CHANNEL BY SOUND-SIGNALS FROM A SUBMERGED CABLE OPERATED FROM THE SHORE: A STEAMER (WITH THE RECEIVING APPARATUS INDICATED) MAKING A DIFFICULT PASSAGE, ITS WAKE SHOWING THE WINDINGS OF THE CABLE.

THE apparatus on board ship consists of two rectangular frames on which are wound isolated copper wires to receive currents from the magnetic field. The frames are placed vertically, one lengthways with the ship, the other in a crosswise direction. They can be separated or joined as required. Their wires are connected to telephone receivers on the bridge. The musical resonance is so intense that it dominates all other noises. The frames are seen near the bows of the ship in the upper illustration.



IN order to complete the system, two other frames of the same dimensions as the preceding ones, and supplied with a coil of insulated copper wire, are put up horizontally — one on the starboard side, and the other on the port side, as shown in the upper illustration. These frames, which also receive the inducted current, whose musical sounds can be easily heard, are intended to indicate on which side of the cable the ship is. The frame nearer to the cable, when the ship's course is parallel to it, sounds louder than the other.

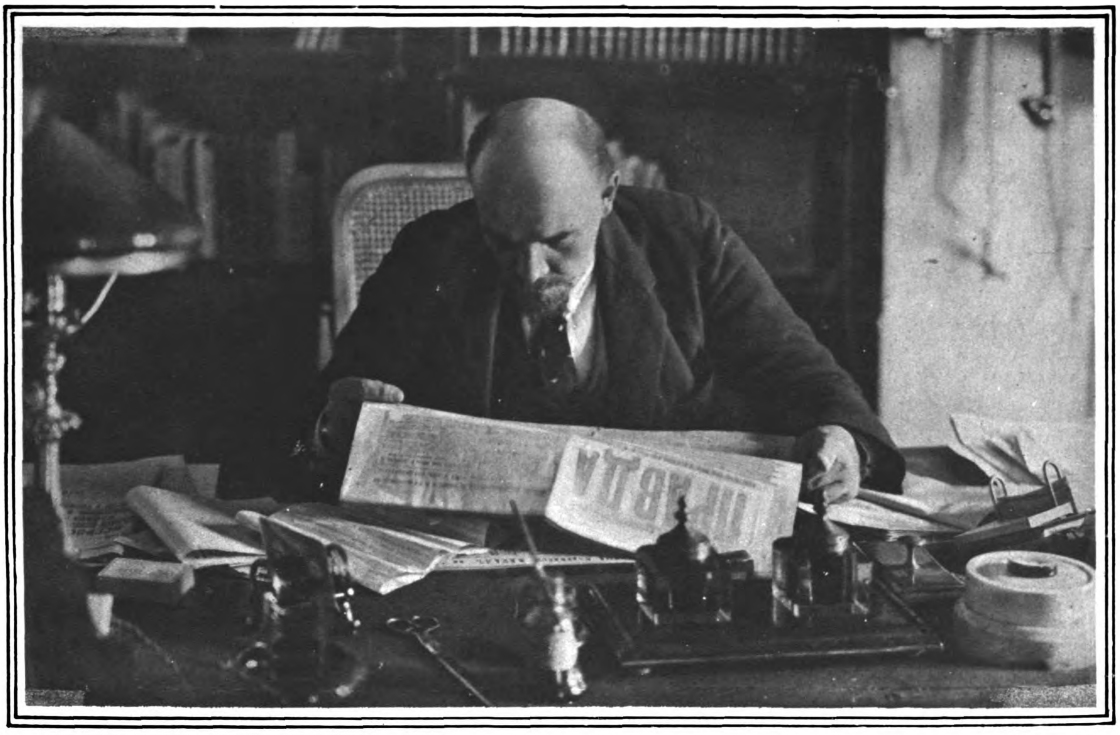
RECEIVING SIGNALS FROM A SUBMARINE "PILOT" CABLE: (L. TO R.) M. W. A. LOTH (THE INVENTOR), CAPTAIN AUDOUARD, AND CAPTAIN FLOCH, OF THE FRENCH NAVY, ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GUN-BOAT "BELLIQUEUSE."

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science, Admiral Fournier announced the discovery of a new process in navigation by means of which ships will be able to make land in a fog and come safely into port. This, the invention of a young physicist, M. W. A. Loth, has given such satisfactory results that the French Navy has adopted it after trials made on board the gun-boat "Belliqueuse" and the armed cruiser "Gloire," at Brest. It consists chiefly of a conducting cable laid at the bottom of the sea in a given direction, traversed by an electric current in musical frequency, which can be interrupted in order to vary the duration of the messages and indicate them by a signal or recognised note. The current passes into the heart of the cable, and, returning through the armature and the sea, creates in the surrounding liquid mass a magnetic field of the same frequency, which passes into the air above and transmits easily perceptible currents into a special receiving apparatus placed on board ships. A similar system has been invented by the British Navy, and a demonstration of its use took place at Portsmouth on Jan. 4. It was used successfully in the war, but has hitherto been kept secret. The Portsmouth cable has become a permanent addition to the navigating facilities of the port, and all large war-ships are being fitted with the receiving apparatus. The cable gives out a musical note audible 300 yards on each side of it. A "leader cable" has also been laid in the Ambrose Channel, New York Harbour.

THE "RED TSAR'S" NEW FOES: A RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT IN PARIS.



RUSSIAN CADETS AND SOCIALISTS IN EXILE SINK PARTY DIFFERENCES TO COMBINE AGAINST BOLSHEVISM, AT THE SUGGESTION OF KERENSKY: THE NEW RUSSIAN CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY SITTING IN PARIS.



MORE JEALOUSLY GUARDED THAN THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II.: LENIN, THE "RED TSAR" OF THE BOLSHEVIST TYRANNY, READING THE "PRAVDA" AT HIS DESK IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

Russian history is repeating itself, so to speak, upside down. Just as exiled opponents of Tsardom formerly assembled abroad, so now do exiled opponents of Bolshevism. Paris has become the headquarters of the new Russian Constituent Assembly, which met for the first time recently in an old hotel in the rue de Poitiers, a quiet street of the *rive gauche*. It represents a reunion of the Cadets and the Socialist Revolutionary Party, who have agreed to sink their differences. So long as the Wrangel Government existed, it was impossible for them to combine, because some supported armed intervention against the Bolshevists, and others opposed it. The idea of forming this new Assembly, it is said, originated with M. Kerensky, who was present on the occasion illustrated above, but is not seen in the photograph, as he was sitting at one end of the horse-shoe table. Kerensky is still the moving spirit of the Social Revolutionary Party. The second figure on the extreme left in the background is M. Miliukoff, Chief of the Cadets. Further to the right is the white-bearded M. Tchaikovsky, head of the Socialist patriots and formerly President of the temporary Archangel Government. The three central figures at the far end are (from left to right): M. Konovalof (a Moscow industrial magnate), M. Avksentief (presiding; a Social Revolutionary), and M. Minor. There are four or five million non-Bolshevist Russian exiles scattered about the world. The photograph of Lenin was brought from Russia by M. Ludovic Naudeau, author of "In Prison under the Russian Terror," who says of the Bolshevist leader: "Under his autocratic tyranny a whole people trembles. He rules by terror. He is the Red Tsar." Lenin's room in the Kremlin is plainly furnished, its only ornament being a huge portrait of Karl Marx. Lenin himself is described as "an enigmatic personage with a bald head and little narrow slanting eyes, pale and emaciated, with the red nose of one suffering from a cold." He wore a woollen sweater.

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LADIES' NEWS.

PRINCESS MARY has won the "Brush." If anyone says she was given it because she is the King's daughter, put it down to envy, for it was truly and well won by a girl who in a long run, part of it very fast, and over none too easy country, kept her place, rode straight and with judgment, and, be it said, with evident keen enjoyment. This is not my verdict, but that of a middle-aged man who knows all about hunting and who was in the run too, although, as he says, "not level with the Princess by a long chalk." We all know the men who put D.S.O.'s won by other men down to smoking cigars with the General! Well, whoever says Princess Mary did not fairly win her "Brush" belongs to that species, and it is, happily, as rare as it is unpleasant.

Two very eligible men are about to "range" themselves—the Earl of Dalkeith and Lord Somers. Lord Dalkeith was a brother officer during the war, and is an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, who was one of the first to congratulate him. He is a fine man, minus frills, and greatly liked; quiet, like his father, but sincere and thorough—what men call "one of the best." He is heir to a great Dukedom—one that, curiously enough, was created on the wedding-day of an ancestress, Anne Countess of Buccleuch, said to have been a singularly able and fine woman. She married the Duke of Monmouth, and they were, on their wedding-day, created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Earl and Countess of Dalkeith. The Duke, poor dear, lost his head; but the Duchess kept her honours, which descended to her son.

Miss Mollie Lascelles, who is to be Countess of Dalkeith, is a charming girl. In 1913 her father died, and her mother had died three years before, so she has been long an orphan. She was much with her grandfather, the late Sir Frank Lascelles, and her great-aunt, the late Lady Edward Cavendish, mother of the Duke of Devonshire, who died some months ago. Between them, the young people are related to many families whose names are known in the history of the country. Miss Mollie Lascelles will be one of the five bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Helen Cecil to Captain the Hon. Alexander Hardinge on Feb. 8. I believe that the date of her own wedding will not be long deferred.

The Duchess of Sutherland, being in the Sudan with the Duke, and having the Queen's permission to be absent until Easter, it is stated—although not officially—that the Duchess of Buccleuch will take her place as deputy Mistress of the Robes. The late Duchess of Buccleuch held that office for an unusually long period, and was one of the most dignified and stately holders of it also. Her Grace was a great favourite with the Royal Family and in the Queen's Household—things which do not always go together. Her present Grace of Buccleuch, who is a sister of the Earl of Bradford, is not tall and stately, but is sweet-looking and dignified, and is a great favourite with all who know her. She looks less like a grandmother than anything, but her little grand-daughter was christened quite recently.

A. E. L.



AN EVENING DRESS AND CLOAK FROM PARIS.
The filmy softness of the tucked chiffon of the dress, with its embroidered flower scroll-work of floss silk, and an osprey tufted waistband garlanded with roses, is further enhanced by the deep-blue velvet of the cloak.—[*Photograph by Talbot.*]

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

THE revival of Wagner at the Opéra has produced a controversy in the Press as to whether or not it is too soon to allow the works of the great German composer to be heard in the French capital. The public have shown their appreciation by filling the Opéra House night after night, and by according an almost frenzied reception to the "Valkyrie" at each successive performance. No concert programme is complete without at least one item of the great master's work, and a series of Wagnerian concerts given recently had to be repeated, so great was the demand for seats. It is absurd to pretend that a city as cultivated as Paris can continue to hold her place in the musical world without Wagner. Why should it be more unpatriotic to listen to the music of this great composer than to listen, for instance, to Beethoven or Schumann, both natives of the same country? Thanks to Wagner, the National Opera House, which has been through a bad financial crisis, is rapidly recovering, and the crowds that flock to hear the great German masterpieces are not only enjoying themselves, but helping to pay off a large debt as well.

Paris is always ready to listen to anyone who has anything of interest to say, whether in the world of art, literature, or music. Thus it comes about that a young Russian sculptor, Prince Troubetskoy, entirely self-taught, but with an amazing power of expression, has created something of a sensation by his exhibition of sculpture, chiefly in bronze and plaster. A head of Tolstoy, which he has managed to invest with something of the mysticism of the great thinker, is perhaps the most remarkable thing in the exhibition. It is difficult to believe that the same hands could have modelled the little dancer whose lithe form is the very incarnation of movement and grace, depicted in the act of springing into the air. There is some talk of acquiring some of Prince Troubetskoy's work for the French nation; if so, it will be the first time on record that an amateur has been so honoured. Prince Troubetskoy's style is decidedly original, and his bold conceptions are very striking; since he has so much talent, it seems a pity that he should not perfect his technique by a little study, which would remove all traces of amateurishness in his otherwise very fine work.

Clubland is a large and important realm, worthy of a book of reference all its own. The 1921 edition of "Clubs," edited by Mr. E. C. Austen-Leigh (1, New Street Square, E.C.4), gives particulars of 3850 such institutions. They include not only London clubs, but those in the provinces, Europe, Australasia, America, the West Indies, Asia, Africa, and Malaysia.



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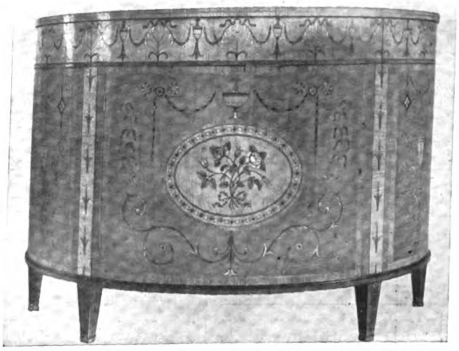
***FEB. 10.** THE OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF LIEUT.-GEN. ROBERT MONCKTON, 1726-82, Wolfe's Second-in-Command in 1759, with Benjamin West's Famous Picture of the Death of Wolfe, etc., the property of G. E. Monckton, Esq., Fineshade Abbey, Stamford, Northants.

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In the Sale of February 11.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A SAFETY MATCH." AT THE STRAND.

THE strength of "Ian Hay," as those will know who laughed over "Tilly of Bloomsbury," is his realistic humour, and though there is no such quaint character as the bailiff's man for Mr. Bourchier to impersonate in "A Safety Match," its studies of modern undisciplined youth provide refreshment enough to excuse the weaknesses inherent in almost any adaptation of a novel. The play proves a series of episodes in which at least three strands of interest are but loosely associated. First we meet a family of rowdy, incorrigible youngsters, who would be insufferable as housemates, but are most amusing to watch. Next, married into this family is your strong man of commerce, whose will-power does not extend to control of his wife. Finally, there is trouble with his collier employees and a serious mine accident. Now, here are three plays spatchcocked into one, and "Ian Hay" pulls first one string and then another according to whim. Needless to say, in the matter of construction, his drama is past praying for, but it has its thrills, and Miss Ena Grossmith, that promising young comédienne, is constantly delightful as the flapper who is leader in naughtiness of the family of *enfants terribles*. Mr. Bourchier plays the strong man rôle on familiar lines.

TWO NOVELTIES AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Comment is due at least to one of the two novelties just added to the programme of London's Grand Guignol. This is "The Shortest Story of All," an "episode" written by Mr. G. E. Morrison, which lasts in performance but seven minutes, but throbs throughout its brief length with pathos and tenderness. It is just a picture of a father soothing the last moments of his dying girl-child, avoiding her questions about her divorced mother, starting to tell fairy-tales that are too long, and at last dramatising his own future loneliness as she sinks out of life. A beautiful little piece beautifully acted by Mr. S. Hawkins and Miss E. Arkell in the right vein of simplicity. Mr. Maltby's attempt at nerve-racking horror, "The Person Unknown," though Miss Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Lewis Casson do their best for its interpretation, somehow creates resentment rather than a thrill.

The Aeolian Company has just entered the field as a manufacturer of gramophone records, and is more than keeping up the standard of excellence launched by its "Vocalion." The list of records already on the market ranges over every field of music, and includes such interesting items as Rosing's rendering of the famous "Pagliacci" song; Miss Destournelles' "Musetta's Song" from "La Bohème"; and Lenghi-Cellini's "Celeste Aïda" among the vocal records. These are veritable masterpieces of clarity and beauty of tone, and the orchestral records are also remarkable. Mr. Felix Salmond's 'cello solos of Popper's Gavotte (No. 2), and Saint-Saëns' "Le Cygne" are worthy of special attention; and the Hungarian March from "La Damnation de Faust" and the Intermezzo and Valse Lente from "Sylvia" given by the Aeolian Orchestra are exceptionally successful gramophone renderings of orchestral music.

To all members of the Roman Church, and those interested therein, "The Catholic Directory" (Burns and Oates) is a recognised source of information. It is published with the sanction of the Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales; and, besides giving full details regarding this country, contains also facts about the Catholic Hierarchy in general, its establishments in the British Empire, and statistics of Catholic populations throughout the world.

Writers and those associated with them will welcome the 1921 edition of the "Literary Year Book," issued by its new proprietor and editor, Mr. Mark Meredith, from the Year Book Offices, 67, Dale Street, Liverpool. It runs to over six hundred pages, and is more useful than ever. The price remains at 8s. 6d. net. A unique feature is the establishment of a Literary Information Bureau.

In the new "Hazell Annual and Almanack" for 1921 (Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net), there is the customary wealth of useful information. Special articles explain the remarkable rise in local rates and the finances of the United Kingdom. The text of the League of Nations has been retained, and a short account of the position up to date is given. To the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force thirty-three pages are devoted, and tables show the post-war strength of the navies of Britain, the United States, and Japan.

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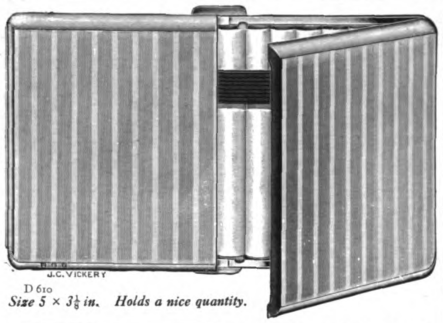
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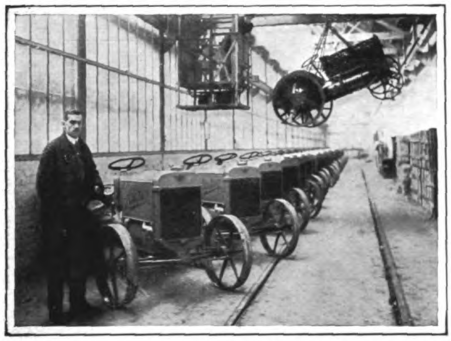


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Rating Concession.

The R.A.C has recently been in communication with the Ministry of Transport and the Treasury with regard to the calculation of horse-power for taxation purposes. Under the regulations as they now stand, a part of a unit of power counts as a whole unit; but the Club has received from the Ministry of Transport a letter stating that it has been decided that in the calculation of horse-power for motor-tax purposes, it is not necessary to carry such calculation beyond one place of decimals, and that it is proposed to provide accordingly in the forthcoming regulations. This is quite a useful concession, and will save many owners £1 a year on their tax. For example, if we take a very popular size of engine of the four-cylinder type having a bore of 90 mm., we find that, working out the Treasury horse-power by the formula $\frac{D^2 \times N}{1613}$, which is the one usually employed, we get a horse-power of 20·1, the tax on which would be £21. This formula, however, is not exactly correct, and is employed to give an approximation which is near enough for practical purposes. If we want to be quite correct, however, we substitute for the factor 1613 the figure 1612·9, and by employing this we arrive at a taxable horse-power of 20·08, on which the tax is only £20. True, the difference is not much, but it is enough to cause the motorist to be a little more careful in the calculation of his horse-power than he might otherwise be.



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Private Bills to be Watched.

The motorist seems to be fair game for everybody nowadays, and, following the example of the Government, the Corporations of certain of the cities and boroughs of the country seem to be casting about for ways and means of getting money out of him, or subjecting him to more and more vexations and disabilities. I have just received from the R.A.C. a list of certain clauses extracted from private Bills now before Parliament to which the Club's legal department is raising opposition. They make very interesting reading. For instance, the Liverpool Corporation asks power to charge whatever it likes for water used for washing cars when a hose-pipe is employed. Also, it is sought to prohibit cars from being allowed to stand or remain in any street at night; to make it compulsory for the driver of a car to stop when passengers are alighting from or boarding a tram-car; and to obtain powers to make bye-laws prescribing the line to be kept by persons driving and the distances to be preserved between vehicles whilst traversing any crossing. Manchester only desires to usurp the functions of the Ministry of Transport and to be given power to make its own regulations as to speed-limits, etc.! Hoylake and West Kirby District Council wants power to make it obligatory on drivers of motor-cars not to drive at a greater speed than five miles an hour while passing any church, chapel, or other place of worship during the hours of Divine Service on Sunday, Christmas Day, or Good Friday. If every district body had its way, this would indeed be a happy land in which to motor.

A Citroen Reduction.

Every drop in car prices, if based on sound reasons, is a step in the right direction, and Gaston's, the concessionnaires, are to be commended on their latest achievement in reducing the Citroen by £100. The present increased purchasing power of sterling in France has had not a little to do with this cut, and the new price makes the Citroen more attractive than ever. It certainly places it outside price competition, since there is no other car of its standard offered at anything like the Citroen price of £395 for the four-seater. W. W.



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1921.

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POET; NOVELIST; DRAMATIST: MR. JOHN MASEFIELD, AUTHOR OF "RIGHT ROYAL" AND "REYNARD THE FOX."

Sport has inspired much occasional verse and a good deal of doggerel, but it has hitherto lacked a real and representative poet. That position Mr. John Masefield bids fair to fill. He has already sung the Turf and the hunting-field, in "Right Royal" and "Reynard the Fox." The field of fresh subjects in the world of sport is practically unlimited, and it will be interesting to see what will next claim Mr. Masefield's muse.

FROM THE DRAWING BY THE HON. NEVILLE LYTTON, NOW IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

A VITAL chapter of the history of the Great War is to be read in "THE FIFTH ARMY IN MARCH, 1918" (John Lane; 21s. net), by W. Shaw Sparrow, which has an Introduction by General Sir Hubert Gough and is equipped with nineteen excellent maps. Even those with dim memories of the earlier phases of the world-wide struggle have not forgotten the impression of the last great German offensive, when it seemed possible that Germany, thanks to the men and guns released by the Russian collapse and Ludendorff's long-premeditated and well-devised plan, might greatly prolong the war, or at any rate create among the Allied nations a strong faction in favour of a temporary peace. As regards the purely military aspects of the March thrust, Mr. Shaw Sparrow rightly confutes two fallacies that were, and still are, widely current in this country, though not in France or even in America. In the first place, it is absurd to underrate the strategical ability of Ludendorff. His preparations and general plan could not have been improved on, and it was clear to the Allied Generals—the only competent authorities on the subject—that the great mind which had achieved so many successes in the Eastern theatres of war had conceived and was controlling the colossal effort to take Amiens and Abbeville (in order to pin the British forces against the sea) and also to capture Paris. Just as Napoleon was underrated by the historians before Napier, so the historiographers or *ersatz* chroniclers of yesterday have written down this arch-strategist, who will certainly rank in times to come as at least the equal of the greater Moltke. Indeed, in the further future, his may be regarded as one of the famous lost causes (as Hannibal's was), and moralists may suggest that, though it was well for the civilised world that he failed, yet his personal genius and capacity for detail (comparable with Napoleon's) and sleepless industry deserved success. Secondly, there were no signs that the *moral* of the German troops was failing during the arduous days of their great push. Haig speaks of the enemy's admirable offensive training, and Ludendorff had good reason for hoping that this thorough preparation would keep its main characteristics throughout the impact—above all, that disciplined initiative, "team-play" as it were, which was until the very end a conspicuous feature of the German method of warfare. It is high time people stopped writing of the German soldier's lack of initiative, as though he was a mechanical figure with feet of pipeclay. Such attempts to belittle a most formidable antagonist merely serve to depreciate our hard-earned victory at the long last.

. . . . . .

What, then, was the *causa causans* of the German failure to achieve any of the vital ends Ludendorff had in view? The answer is clear—the heroic resistance of the Fifth and Third Armies under Generals who had always had the confidence of their own men and the respect of the enemy. It was the Fifth Army in particular, which had to sacrifice itself in order to break the strategic plan of Ludendorff. It was a terrible duty, for the over-confidence of the men at the back, the old British fault of squandering force in what Napoleon called "small packets," and the failure to appreciate the significance of the Russian collapse, had left it far below the minimum strength necessary. When he was first asked to contribute an Introduction to Mr. Shaw Sparrow's history, Sir Hubert Gough refused, on the score that the subject was too personal to himself. But, reading an "In Memoriam" tribute in a daily paper to the "Heroes of the Fifth Army who gave their lives for Britain, March 21-22, 1918," he changed his mind. "I felt," he writes, "that my personal inclinations did not count, and that I owed it 'to the glorious and undying memory' of my comrades of the Fifth Army, living as well as dead, to help to throw on their heroism the light which has been so long withheld." Later, he continues: "We have been brought up to admire and praise the 'thin Red Line' which so often stayed the foe. Never was the Red Line so thin as the Khaki Line which manned the long front of forty-two miles for which the Fifth Army was responsible on March 21, 1918." Yet it was never so large in the minds of the politicians (the civilian always commits this blunder) was of no military consequence. In point of fact, the successful retreat of the Fifth Army was one of the most glorious achievements of the whole war.

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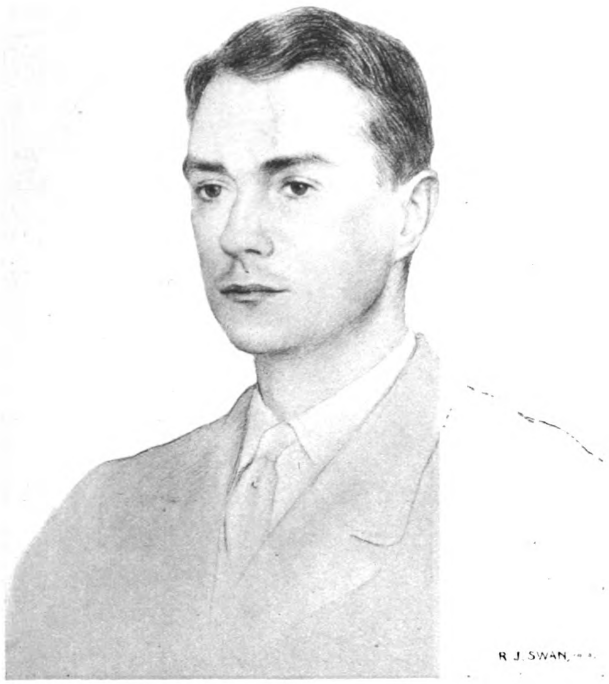
The war has given a great impulse not only to the study of the French language and literature, but also to that of the life and letters of the peoples dwelling in the minor theatres of warfare. One of the abiding results of the presence of great numbers of educated young men in Palestine, Mesopotamia, and the regions adjoining (where it was necessary to watch the intention of the natives) is a vastly increased interest in the soul of Islam at the Universities. The faith which broods over the Near and much of the Far East is a reality to many undergraduates — veterans in war, if novices in the pursuit of knowledge — who, but for serving in the "small packets" mentioned above, might never have understood the strange and various significance of the fact that we, after all, are the greatest Mohammedan Power in the world. It follows that there is a demand for such works as "STUDIES IN ISLAMIC POETRY" (Cambridge University Press; 26s. net), by R. A. Nicholson, Lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge, which certainly did not exist in pre-war days. Persian poetry is one of the gateways into the city of the Islamic soul, and Mr. Nicholson's translations of some of its minor celebrities, together with his learned commentary, will provide a new background of philosophy for more practical researches. It is true, of course, that Omar Khayyam and the other major poets give us the quintessence of such key-literature. But, though we prefer their attar of roses, yet the mere roses of the minor poets in the *Lubab*, the oldest of Persian anthologies, is often enlightening—just as Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" is a better index to the average Briton's workaday mentality than the crimson ecstasies of the plenarily inspired, from Shelley to Swinburne.

. . . . . .

Mr. Charles M. Doughty is best known to-day as an innovator in epic which has a certain architectural magnificence and many noble passages, but does not seem to most critics to be either English or poetry. But the appearance of a new edition of his "TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA" (P. L. Warner; 2 vols.; £9 9s. net) will, I hope, convince a larger circle of readers that he was not only our greatest authority on Arabia Deserta and its people, but also one of our very greatest prose-writers. This vast and wonderful book was first published in 1888, and it has been unknown even to some of the keenest students of English literature—men who knew the life and works of Richard Burton by heart, and will be vastly surprised to find Mr. Doughty his equal as a traveller in the perilous, purple shadow of Islam and as an interpreter of the Oriental mind. In the war this wondrous picture-book of nomad life became a military text-book (so says Colonel T. E. Lawrence, now a Fellow of All Souls, in his Introduction) and helped us to victory in the East. To read this priceless record, to visit in its author's company Petra—

A rose-red city half as old as Time,

and many other places of immemorial renown, far antedating our civilisation, is to be a Bedouin!



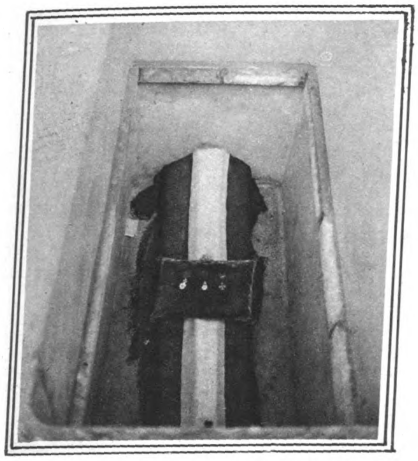
IN THE STATES TO SEE HIS NEW PLAYS PRODUCED, LECTURE, AND HELP TO CEMENT ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP: MR. JOHN DRINKWATER, AUTHOR OF "ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Mr. John Drinkwater sailed for New York on January 17 for another lecturing tour, on the place of poetry and drama in international affairs. He desires deeply to cement the understanding between England and America, which he considers of the utmost importance in world-politics. One of his new plays, "Mary Stuart," will shortly be produced in New York. Next autumn it will probably be given in London by Mr. James Hackett; and the other, "Oliver Cromwell," by Mr. Henry Ainley. Mr. Drinkwater also has in view a play on Garibaldi.

From the Portrait by R. J. Swan, shown at the National Portrait Society's Exhibition, at the Grafton Galleries.

EVENTS OF NOTABLE INTEREST: NEWS OF THE WEEK ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, TRAVERS, C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND G.P.U.



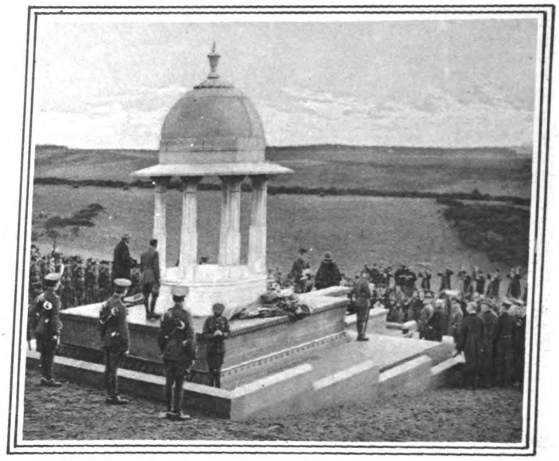
WITH THE LEGION OF HONOUR, MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE, AND CROIX DE GUERRE: THE FRENCH UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S COFFIN.



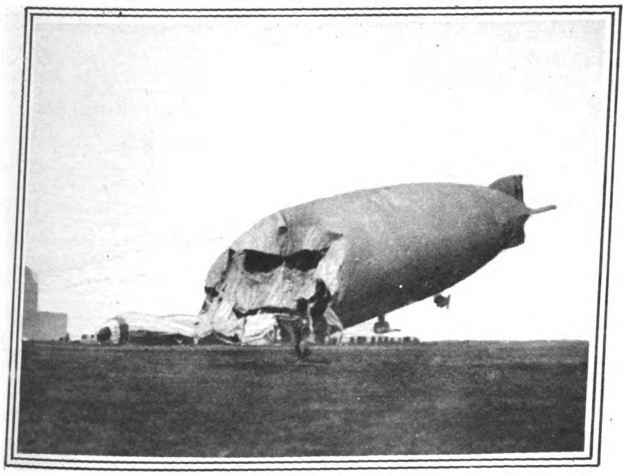
THE LAST TRIBUTE TO FRANCE'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER: THE BURIAL AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE SHOWING MR. LLOYD GEORGE (RIGHT BACKGROUND) AMONG THE MOURNERS.



A WAR MEMORIAL TO FALLEN FOOTBALLERS: MR. W. E. MACLAGAN UNVEILING THE LONDON SCOTTISH AND RICHMOND CLUBS' TRIBUTE.



JUST AFTER BEING UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE MEMORIAL TO INDIAN SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN THE WAR, AT PATCHAM, NEAR BRIGHTON.



BRITAIN'S FAMOUS TRANSATLANTIC AIRSHIP WRECKED: THE "R 34" COLLAPSED AND BROKEN IN TWO AT HOWDEN AERODROME, YORKSHIRE.



METROPOLITAN "SPECIALS" AT OLYMPIA: SIR EDWARD WARD, THEIR CHIEF, INSPECTING THEM BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVED.

The French Unknown Soldier, whose coffin had remained in the Arc de Triomphe in Paris since the ceremony on Armistice Day (Nov. 11), was buried with all honours in a tomb under the Arch on January 28. M. Barthou, Minister of War, placed on the coffin, which was draped with a gold-fringed Tricolour, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Médaille Militaire, and the Croix de Guerre. Mr. Lloyd George (seen in our photograph) deposited a wreath inscribed: "Hommage personnel au héros français inconnu." —— A memorial to members of the London Scottish and Richmond Rugby Football Clubs who fell in the war was unveiled on January 29 at Richmond Athletic Ground.—The Prince of Wales went to Brighton on February 1 to unveil the Indian War Memorial there. On the previous day he inspected a large contingent of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary Reserve, and presented 46 medals of the Order of the British Empire for gallantry in air raids. The medal is illustrated on another page.—The "R 34," which crossed the Atlantic and back in the summer of 1919, struck a Yorkshire hill during an instructional cruise, at 1 a.m. on January 28, and after being blown out to sea returned to Howden. Later she collapsed. There were no casualties.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., VANDYK, LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, CHARLOTTE ROCHE (THAT OF PRINCE KROPOTKIN), AND BASSANO.



AUTHOR OF "THE FIFTH ARMY IN MARCH 1918": W. S. SPARROW.



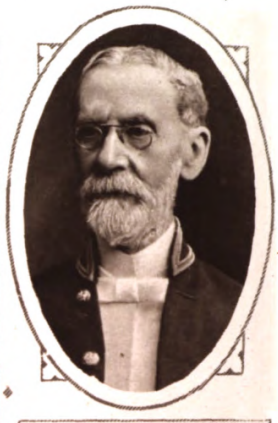
LLOYD'S NEW CHAIRMAN: SIR JOHN H. LUSCOMBE.



A LEADER OF WOMEN: MARGARET BONDFIELD.



A NEW CITY CHAIRMAN: SIR BANISTER FLETCHER.



BOURNEMOUTH'S BENEFACTOR: THE LATE SIR MERTON RUSSELL COTES.



THE ALLIED CONFERENCE IN PARIS: (LEFT TO RIGHT, SEATED) COUNT SFORZA (SECOND FIGURE), LORD CURZON, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, M. BRIAND, M. BARTHOU, M. BERTHELOT, AND M. JASPAR (BELGIUM).



THE PROSPECTIVE NEW LEADER OF THE ULSTER UNIONISTS: SIR JAMES CRAIG, M.P.



A FAMOUS RUSSIAN ANARCHIST WHO DENOUNCED BOLSHEVISM: THE LATE PRINCE KROPOTKIN IN HIS STUDY AT BROMLEY.



KILLED IN THE ABERMULE DISASTER: THE LATE LORD HERBERT VANE-TEMPEST.

Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow's book, "The Fifth Army in March 1918," is reviewed on our "Books of the Day" page in this number.——Sir John Luscombe, a well-known underwriter at Lloyd's, has been elected Chairman of Lloyd's Register of Shipping.——Miss Margaret Bondfield succeeds the late Miss Mary MacArthur (Mrs. W. C. Anderson) as Secretary of the Women's Section of the National Federation of General Workers. She was one of the British Labour Delegation to Russia, and brought a message from the late Prince Kropotkin criticising Bolshevism. He died at Moscow on January 28, aged seventy-nine. After escaping from prison in Russia in 1873, he lived nearly thirty years quietly in London.—Sir Banister Fletcher has been elected Chairman of the City Lands Committee, Corporation of London.——Sir Merton Russell Cotes died at Bournemouth, aged eighty-five, on January 27. He was twice Mayor of the town, and gave it his famous art collection, besides many other benefactions.——Sir James Craig, M.P., was recently invited to stand for election as Leader of the Unionist Party in the new Ulster Parliament.——Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, who was killed in the Abermule disaster on the Cambrian railway, was a Director of the line. He was a son of the fifth Marquess of Londonderry, and uncle of the present Peer. In 1911 he was host of the King and Queen at Plâs Machynlleth for the Investiture of the Prince of Wales.

PARIS IN WINTER: SOCIAL LIFE; AND A THEATRICAL SUCCESS.



MADAME IN HER WINTER WRAPS, AND WITH BORZOI IN ATTENDANCE: PARISIENNES OUT WALKING IN THE PARK OF ST. CLOUD.



THE GREAT SCENE IN M. G. LENÔTRE'S "LES GROGNARDS": NAPOLEON (M. DAMORÈS) ON ELBA, WITH THE PROCUREUR BOIS D'ARCY (M. BELIÈRES), MARION (MADAME AUGUSTINE LERICHE), AND MARUCHE (M. FAVIÈRES).

The Parisienne is fond of walking exercise, and our upper picture illustrates the charm of the Park of St. Cloud in winter, as a background for Madame in fur wraps, accompanied by her Borzoi.——Our lower illustration shows the great scene in the fifth act of "Les Grognards," M. G. Lenôtre's historical play, just produced at the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt, where it is meeting with universal approval. It deals with Napoleon's escape from Elba and return to France. The moment of the picture on this page is that when Marion, the ex-cantinière and devoted Imperialist, arrives on Elba with the Procureur-General of Louis XVIII., to deliver letters from Napoleon's supporters. Marion has a hold over the Court officia., as she is his legal wife. He married her in 1793, when he joined the Revolutionary Army to save his skin, and fell in love with the girl who sold food to the troops. He then disappeared and married again, so when Marion finds him he is completely in her power, and obliged to come to Elba when she orders him to do so. Napoleon, who always loved to play tricks on people, pretends to be ill and enfeebled, though in reality he is preparing to embark for France. The subsequent acts of the play deal with his triumphant return to his country.

MEDALS FOR "SPECIALS"; A KING'S LYNN MEMORIAL; ROYAL VISITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND C.N.



AS PRESENTED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES TO "SPECIALS," FOR GALLANTRY IN AIR-RAIDS: THE MEDAL OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.



"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE—GRANDE GUERRE, 1914-1918": THE CHOSEN DESIGN (BY M. ALEXANDRE MORLON) FOR THE FRENCH WAR MEDAL.



BEFORE UNVEILING A MEMORIAL "TO THE BRAVE MEN OF KING'S LYNN": PRINCESS MARY INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR.



PRINCESS MARY AT KING'S LYNN: INTERESTED IN A GROUP OF LITTLE ORPHANS WHO LAID WREATHS ON THE WAR MEMORIAL.



IN GENERAL'S UNIFORM: KING CONSTANTINE (LEFT) WITH HIS DAUGHTER PRINCESS HELEN, AND HER FIANCÉ, PRINCE CAROL OF ROUMANIA.

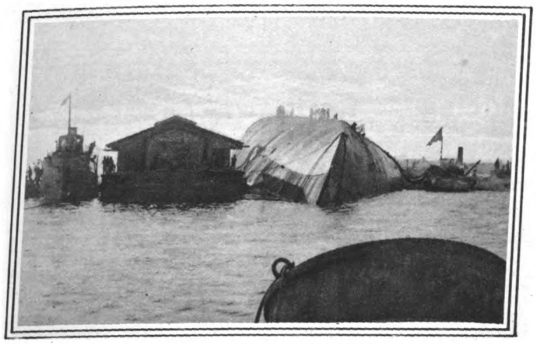


SEEING HER SON OFF TO ROUMANIA TO VISIT HIS FUTURE BRIDE: QUEEN SOPHIE OF GREECE (LEFT) WITH HER DAUGHTERS HELEN AND IRENE (RIGHT).

At Olympia on January 31 the Prince of Wales presented decorations and medals of the Order of the British Empire to officers and men of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary, of whom there were 1200 on parade, including two V.C.'s. Forty-six members of the force received the medal (illustrated above), for conspicuous gallantry during air-raids. The Prince said that the great voluntary work of the "Specials" would never be forgotten; during the air-raids they more than did their duty on the home front. He congratulated all the 60,000 who had passed through the ranks, and trusted the Reserve (already numbering 10,000) would be kept up to strength.——At King's Lynn on January 26 Princess Mary unveiled a memorial to the men of that town who fell in the war. Before doing so, she inspected a Guard of Honour of Norfolk Territorials and the Lynn companies of Girl Guides. The Princess said: "I unveil this monument to the brave men of King's Lynn who gave their lives in the Great War. May all who see it be inspired thereby to endeavour to follow their example of unselfish devotion."—— The Crown Prince George of Greece is betrothed to Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, and his sister Princess Helen to the Crown Prince Carol of Roumania.

SITS.

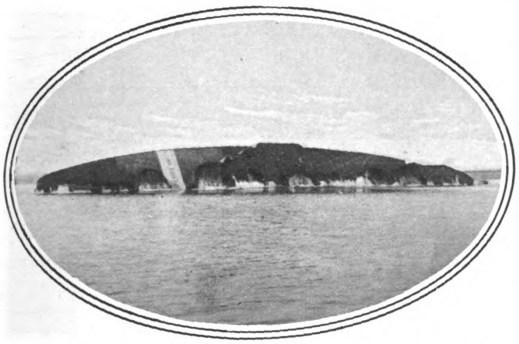
Finally Righting a Battle-ship "Turned Turtle": The "Leonardo da Vinci" Salved.



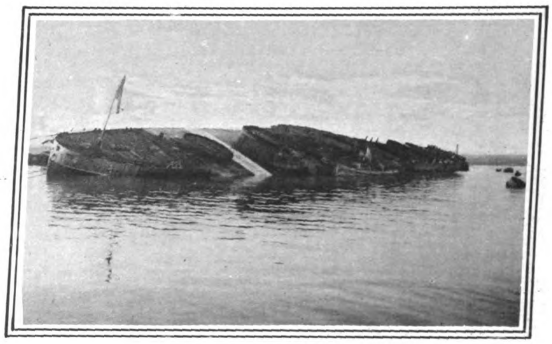
WORKED BY ELECTRIC POWER FROM A SUBMARINE: PUMPING 8000 TONS OF WATER INTO THE OVERTURNED BATTLE-SHIP'S COMPARTMENTS.



FOREIGN WITNESSES OF AN ITALIAN SALVAGE TRIUMPH: BRITISH, FRENCH, AMERICAN, AND JAPANESE NAVAL ATTACHÉS IN TARANTO HARBOUR.



AFTER HER COMPARTMENTS ON ONE SIDE HAD BEEN FLOODED: THE "LEONARDO DA VINCI" RIGHTING HERSELF—WATER POURING OFF THE DECKS.



THE FINAL STAGE OF THE OPERATION: THE "LEONARDO DA VINCI" NEARLY RESTORED TO AN EVEN KEEL IN TARANTO HARBOUR.

A wonderful feat of salvage was successfully concluded by Italian naval engineers on January 24 at Taranto, where the 22,000-ton battle-ship "Leonardo da Vinci" was restored to an even keel. She was blown up in Taranto Harbour in August 1916, and in sinking turned turtle, embedding her funnels, turrets, masts, and bridge in the mud at the bottom. A space was dug round her by divers, holes in her hull were cemented, and a mile-long trench was made, along which she was drawn into dock. Later, she was towed out again to open water, and on January 24 she was finally righted by the flooding of certain compartments. All the high officers of the Italian Navy, and the foreign Attachés, witnessed the proceedings.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY AGENZIA FOTOGRAFICA ITALIANA.]

Fiume's Farewell to her Fallen Poet-Dictator: the Departure of Gabriele d'Annunzio.

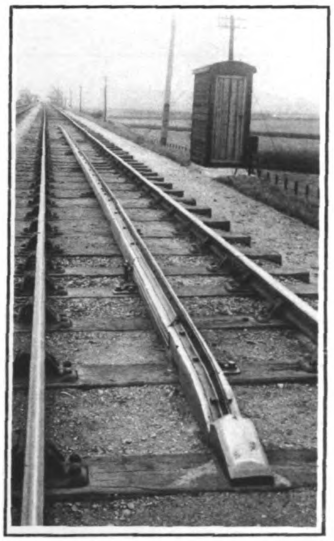


IN A LAUREL-DECKED CAR AND SURROUNDED BY AN ADMIRING CROWD: GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO (BAREHEADED, TO RIGHT OF PILLAR) LEAVING FIUME AFTER THE FAILURE OF HIS RÉGIME.

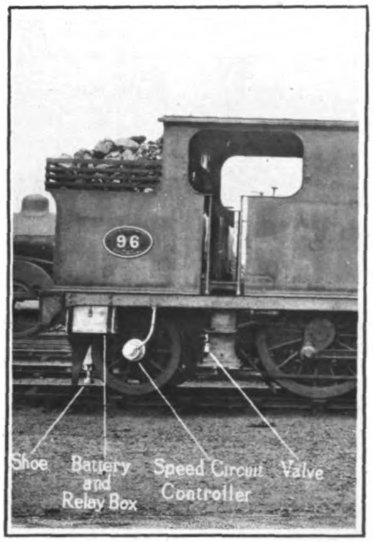
Since the occupation of Fiume by Italian troops shortly after Christmas, and the downfall of his régime, Gabriele d'Annunzio, the "poet-dictator," was allowed to remain there for some weeks, writing a record of the last days of his resistance. He lived in the villa of the Hungarian ex-Governor, guarded by ten of his legionaries, the rest of whom had been disbanded and had almost all left the city. He himself left at noon on January 18, in a motor-car decked with laurel and flowers, amid popular acclamation. He had obtained a passport for France, Switzerland, Spain, and Greece, and it was said that he was going first to stay with friends in a village near Paris. D'Annunzio had not left Fiume since he seized it on September 12, 1919. Before going, he handed to the publishers his history of recent events there, and it was arranged that the book should appear on January 26.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.]

THE "TABLET" AND OTHER RAILWAY DEVICES; AND NAVAL OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



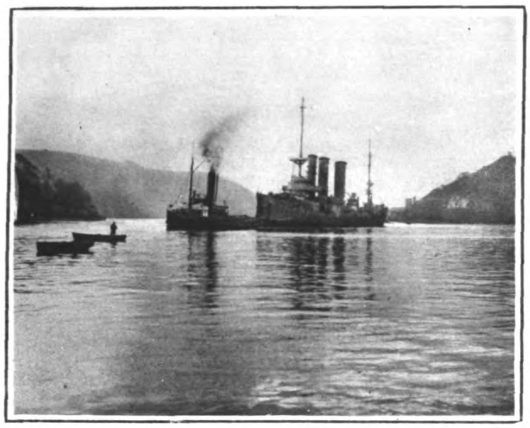
TO STOP A TRAIN EVEN IF THE DRIVER WERE "DRUNK OR DEAD": THE REGAN DEVICE.



FITTED WITH THE REGAN AUTOMATIC STOPPING DEVICE: A G.E.R. ENGINE.



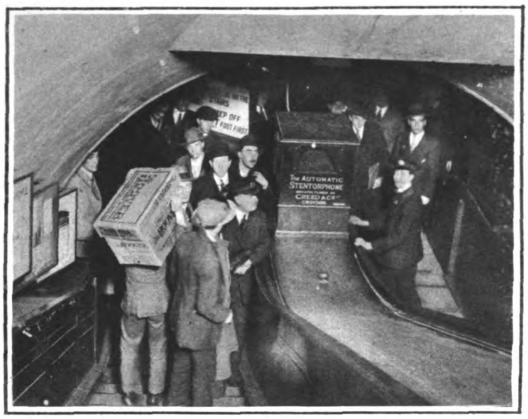
NEAR THE SCENE OF THE WELSH DISASTER: AN ENGINE-DRIVER AT ABERMULE RECEIVING A TABLET.



ARRIVING AT DARTMOUTH TO BE BROKEN UP: THE EX-GERMAN CRUISER "STUTTGART," WHICH HAD COME OVER FROM CHERBOURG.

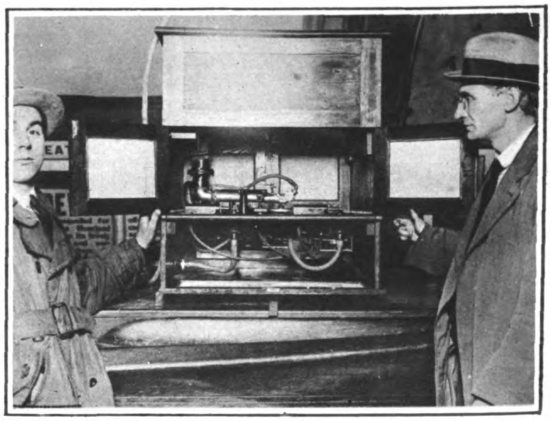


A SUBMARINE WASHED ASHORE ON THE CORNISH COAST: THE "E 43," WHICH BROKE LOOSE WHILE BEING TOWED TO WALES.



ORDERING PASSENGERS ABOUT BY GRAMOPHONE: A NEW AUTOMATIC "STENTOR" AT A TUBE ESCALATOR SHOUTS "KEEP MOVING, PLEASE!"

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., the railway leader, is reported to have said after seeing the Regan train-stopping device tested: "If the engine-driver of an express were dead drunk—if even he were dead; if both driver and signalman were dead—the passengers would be as safe as houses." The left-hand photograph shows the ramp (on the track) which, if there is an obstruction ahead, automatically engages the shoe (seen in the adjoining photograph) on the engine, and pulls up the train until released automatically by the removal of the obstruction.——The electric train tablet system is used on the line where the Abermule disaster occurred.

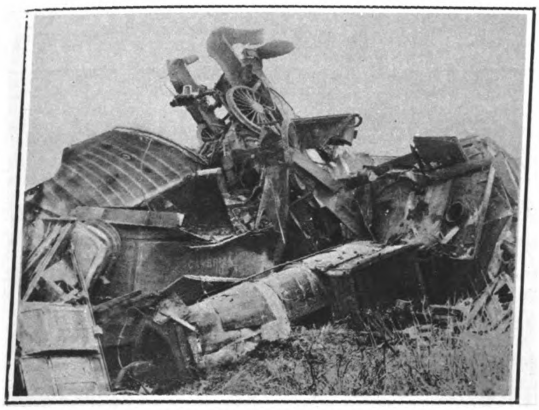


COMPRESSED AIR FOR SHOUTING ORDERS TO TUBE PASSENGERS: THE INTERIOR MECHANISM OF THE NEW AUTOMATIC STENTORPHONE.

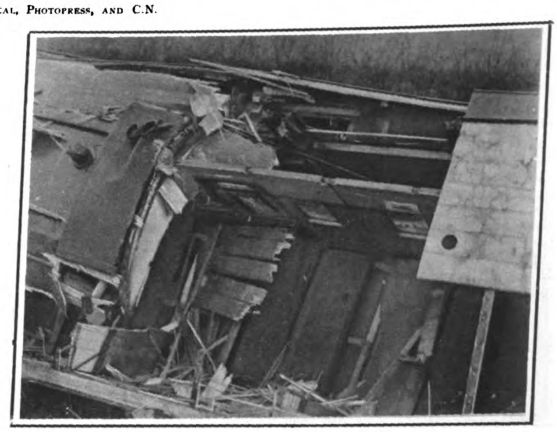
Every engine-driver has to receive a tablet before proceeding. The tablets are round metal discs about five inches in diameter and half-an-inch thick, carried in a leather pouch with a stiff loop.——Submarine "E 43" broke loose while being towed from Devonport to salvage works in Wales, and struck the rocks at Chapel Porth near St. Agnes Head, North Cornwall.——The ex-German cruiser "Stuttgart" was recently brought across from Cherbourg to Dartmouth to be broken up.——An automatic "Stentorphone" (shade of Homer!) has been installed at Oxford Circus Tube Station, to shout at dilatory passengers.

THE WELSH "HEAD-ON" RAILWAY COLLISION NEAR ABERMULE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND C.N.



AFTER A HEAD-ON IMPACT ON A SINGLE LINE: THE TWO ENGINES "A DERELICT MASS OF TWISTED IRON."



THE LONDON COACH OF THE EXPRESS: THE SMASHED ROOF THROUGH WHICH SURVIVORS WERE RESCUED.



A DISASTER WHICH KILLED SIXTEEN PEOPLE, INCLUDING LORD HERBERT VANE-TEMPEST AND TWO HARROW BOYS RETURNING TO SCHOOL: THE WRECKED ENGINE OF THE EXPRESS, WHOSE BOILER WAS FORCED CLEAN OUT OF ITS CASING, AND SOME OF THE COACHES.

A terrible collision took place on the Cambrian Railway, between Newtown and Abermule, in Wales, on January 26, when sixteen people were killed and fifteen were injured. The dead included Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, uncle of the Marquess of Londonderry. Two trains—the 10.25 a.m. express from Aberystwith to Shrewsbury, and the 11.30 local train from Welshpool to Aberystwith—met with a terrific head-on impact on a single line. The express was going at about thirty miles an hour. Its engine, whose boiler was torn from its casing, mounted over the other and crashed on to the roof of a carriage, but the express itself, it appears, suffered more than the slow train. Such a collision was believed to be practically impossible owing to the electric train tablet system, by which no driver leaves a station until he has received the proper tablet, and, when a tablet has been withdrawn from the instrument at either end of a section, another cannot be taken out until the first has been replaced. The official enquiry was held *in camera*, and it was stated that the matter would later come into court.

The "Unliftable" Man: His Mystery Solved.

BY COURTESY OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."

MAN craves for mystery. A new, uncommon fact arises, and at once his imagination is at work, he invokes supernatural powers, he believes in miracles. Thus from time to time arise in human communities great waves of mystical enthusiasm.

In 1778 Mesmer, with his magnetic bucket, pretended to cure humanity of all its miseries with his new method; again, in 1852, people in their frenzy for turning tables thought they could, by their use, converse with the dead. And to-day another mystic wave is passing over us. As usual, it comes from America. This time the phenomenon took the form of Johnny Coulon, the man who cannot be lifted—that little, well-built boxer, weighing undressed hardly eight stone, whom, unless he condescends to it, the strongest heavy-weight champions, in spite of their exertions, cannot lift up from the soil to which he seems to be screwed.

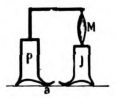


FIG. 1.—MAN-LIFTING MECHANICS: A DIAGRAM (EXPLAINED IN THE ARTICLE) ILLUSTRATING THE TOP PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

To make himself "unliftable," Coulon insisted upon being held only in a particular way. Facing him, the would-be lifter, taking the classical position of a man about to lift heavy dumb-bells, would hold him at his sides, between the ribs and the hips, seizing round the body being forbidden.

To become at will a dead weight, it was sufficient for Coulon slightly to rub the neck of his opponent under the left part of the jaw, and then place there one or two fingers of his right hand, whilst touching his opponent's wrist with his left. According to his explanation, having thus established contact, the fluid was passing. In fact, in the position shown in Fig. 5 the midget was "ineradicable."

Coulon pretended to demonstrate that it was really the effect of a fluid or current, as, by putting a cigarette-paper between his finger and his opponent's neck, the circuit was interrupted and it was easy to lift him. The same result happened if his finger was wet. However, sceptical people thought all this to be bluff. Wishing to obtain an indisputable demonstration, investigators altered the conditions of the test, and invented the chain, which was formed by several people holding one another by the hand. Coulon entered the chain, making contact with his neighbours by touching the neck of one and the wrist of the other, whilst facing his would-be lifter. When the last persons forming the chain were touching the latter, Coulon was immovable. He also introduced a variation which he termed "The Remanent," producing the same result when standing upright, his arms stretched, one slightly upwards and the other slightly downwards. This lasted but a few seconds, and he used to say, "Do it quickly."

Soon competitors, even children, appeared on the scene from all parts.



FIG. 2.—THE FULCRUM ADVANCED BY WEARING EXTENDED WOODEN SOLES: A DEVICE THAT MAKES LIFTING POSSIBLE.

A human being able at his own will to increase or decrease his weight is an important phenomenon. Mystics proclaimed their belief in the manifestation of a new psychical force. Spiritists thought to find the still undiscovered proof of the psychical forces in Coulon, whom they considered as a medium, explaining thus the mystery of the chain and the paper device.

Leaving aside the propounders of more or less ingenious theories, Mr. Noguès found a mechanical explanation, which he communicated to the Académie des Sciences de Paris. We give below an abridged translation of this explanation.

. . .

Peter is a powerful man, and proposes to lift John, who is lighter than himself. They place themselves erect, facing one another in the identical position contrived by Johnny Coulon, and which is represented in Fig. 5. The vertical lines of both men passing through their centre of gravity reach the ground near their ankles.

When Peter wishes to lift John, the latter's weight is added to that of his opponent. Peter's centre of gravity is displaced and passes in front of his feet; therefore his equilibrium becomes unstable. Whatever may be his muscular strength, his feet not being riveted to the ground he is carried forward and loses his balance. His only means of re-establishing it is to advance his feet, and instinctively he assumes the position shown in Fig. 6. This new position is favourable to lifting, since the length of the resistance lever, or distance from the fulcrum to the weight to be lifted, is decreased. A simple diagram (Fig. 1) will give a good idea of the unbalanced position.

If we represent the weight of Peter by P, his muscles by M, and the weight of John by J, we immediately see that, however great the strength of the muscles M, their contraction may cause two very different results: either John will be lifted up or Peter will fall on John, the weight of the former pivoting round the fulcrum (*a*) placed somewhat forward. If the desired effect is to lift John, Peter must be either fairly heavy or furnish his shoes with long, rigid soles, the effect of which will be to place the fulcrum (*a*) nearer John, the distance from Peter to John remaining the same.



FIG. 3.—ANOTHER METHOD OF ADVANCING THE FULCRUM: THE LIFTER RESTING AGAINST A STOOL.

Diagrams by Courtesy of "L'Illustration."

Thus, the first condition required for lifting a man, or any weight whatever, is to obtain a favourable fulcrum, giving at once and the same time a potential lever sufficiently long and a resisting lever correspondingly short. In the present case the fulcrum is situated at the extremity of Peter's metatarsus. If the tips of the opponents' shoes are touching, this fulcrum is placed in such a way that the potential lever is three times shorter than the resisting one. Under these conditions it is necessary that Peter, if he wishes to lift John, should weigh three times as much as the latter—that is, about 24 st. if John weighs 8 st.

Now that you know the principles of the problem, you may, as well as Coulon, make yourself "unliftable."

Are you a feather-weight? Never allow your opponent to come nearer you than the end of your shoes; if, on the contrary you are a heavy-weight, you may let him approach nearer.

In any circumstances, stand vertically upright. If your opponent tries to "uproot" you with a violent jerk backwards, be ready to counteract same by placing your hand on his neck. You will thus prevent him from tipping you forward, and will keep your upright position.

Suppose your opponent to be afflicted with a prominent abdomen, like a Japanese wrestler (Fig. 4), you may laugh at his double muscles; his obesity will never allow him to come close enough to lift you. If, on the contrary, your adversary is very strong and not handicapped by such corpulence, make your leverage longer by bending backwards and supporting yourself on the end of your feet; at the same time, as a supreme guarantee, be ready to pull your opponent's right wrist upwards, thus weakening the lifting-power of his arm. Some method and a quick decision are necessary.

Now, should you, on the contrary, wish to lift an "unliftable" man, supposing the latter to have no notion of mechanics, ask him to allow you to tie tightly to your feet two pieces of wood, which will give you a supporting base sufficient in all circumstances to keep your equilibrium by simply contracting your legs. Wooden soles protruding from 4 in. to 5 in. beyond the tips of the shoes would suffice if placed by the side of your opponent's feet on a level with his heels (Fig. 2).

Or, again, you may ask him to allow you to rest your back on a fairly high stool, keeping your feet at each side and on a level with his own (Fig. 3). In this position your equilibrium is stabilised by the stool on which you rest, preventing you from falling backwards. In both these positions you will lift the "unliftable" man, unless he practises on you the trick already mentioned—that is to say, pulling your wrist upwards.



FIG. 4.—CORPULENCE FORBIDS! A FAT JAPANESE WRESTLER UNABLE TO GET NEAR ENOUGH TO LIFT.

. . .

A very interesting problem of muscular physiology is the outcome of these experiments. The feeling of the impossibliity of lifting these immovable weights is the result of the inability of our muscular sense to appreciate the efforts made.

Not only are the muscles best adapted for lifting weights, such as the deltoid and the biceps, strongly contracted and project prominently, but the antagonist muscles, such as the triceps, at the back of the arm, are also contracted and protrude. Whilst the contraction of the first group of lifting muscles is voluntary and gives to the lifter a painful feeling of effort, the contraction of the second group of antagonist muscles is of reflex origin, and prevents the lifter from falling, which would unavoidably occur as a result of his powerless efforts, if the same muscles did not intervene to counteract the effort produced.

The lifter perceives only the voluntary effort, remaining unaware of the reflex contraction, and thus forming a wrong idea of the intensity of the vertical effort he is producing.



A MYSTERY NOW SOLVED: JOHNNY COULON, THE "UNLIFTABLE" BANTAM-WEIGHT, DEFIES THE EFFORTS OF A FAMOUS STRONG MAN.

Johnny Coulon, an American bantam-weight boxer, recently puzzled all Paris with his ability to make himself "unliftable," even by the famous strong man, Yves le Boulanger (seen above). Coulon put one hand on his opponent's neck and the fingers of the other on his pulse. This was supposed to bring into force some strange physical faculty. Our article explains the secret, which lay in keeping at a sufficient distance from the would-be lifter's *point d'appui*, or fulcrum.

Photograph by I.B.

THE "UNLIFTABLE" MAN: EXPLODING THE "MYSTIC FLUID" THEORY.

BY COURTESY OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."

THE two top photographs on this page are explained in the article opposite. The left-hand one shows a strong man (Peter) unable to lift a light man (John) because he is standing too far back, and the leverage support, or fulcrum, cannot bear John's weight added to his own. The right-hand photograph shows the position in which Peter can lift John, by standing close to him and thus shortening the leverage arm.

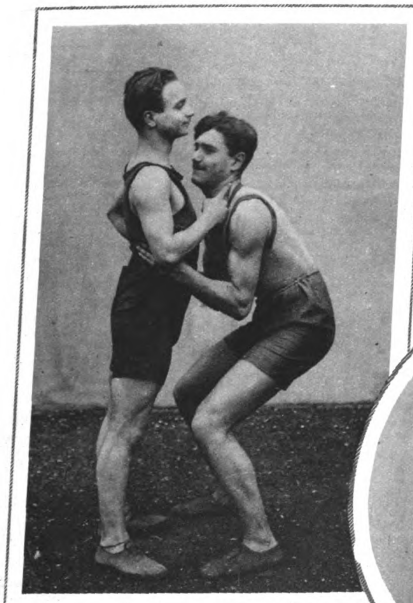


FIG. 5.—WITH HIS STANCE FULCRUM TOO FAR BACK: A STRONG MAN (PETER) CANNOT LIFT A LIGHT MAN.



FIG. 7.—UNABLE TO LIFT THE CHAIR: THE EFFECT OF TOO-DISTANT STANCE.

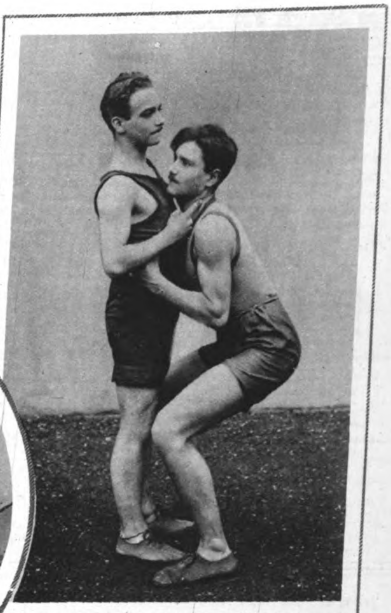


FIG. 6.—ENABLED TO LIFT BY ADVANCING: PETER STANDING WITH HIS FEET WELL UNDER JOHN'S WEIGHT.

TWO very simple experiments, which any reader may attempt successfully, without any outside help, will demonstrate the importance of the length of the leverage arm. Place yourself in front of a wall, your body bent forward as shown in Fig. 7, rest your head on the said wall, supporting yourself against it, then remove your feet as far away as

[Continued opposite

Continued.]

you can, still being able to rise again when resting on the tip of your toes. Having thus found a favourable position, take a fairly heavy chair, such as a dining-room chair, and lift it with your hands. Before holding this chair you could rise without difficulty, but now this is impossible, whatever may be the efforts of your legs and your back. The cause

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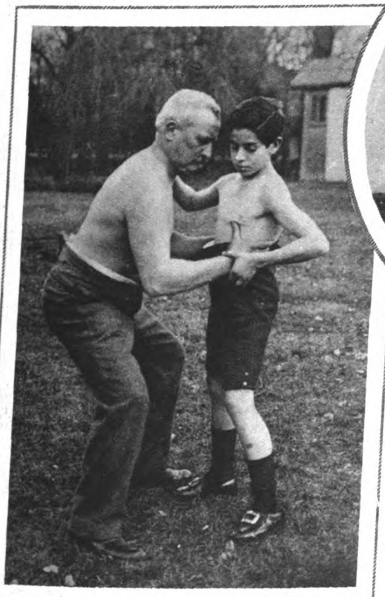


FIG. 9.—A CHILD RIVAL TO COULON: A LITTLE BOY WHOM HIS GYMNASTIC MASTER FAILS TO LIFT.



FIG. 8.—UNABLE TO LIFT THE WEIGHT: ANOTHER CASE OF TOO-REMOTE FULCRUM.

Continued.]

of this impossibility is that the centre of gravity of the man and chair passes beyond the supporting base represented by your feet. The only way of returning to the erect position is to bring your feet forward until the centre of gravity lies vertically above the said base. Another experiment consists in taking a weight of a few pounds that you can easily lift with outstretched arm. Place it on a stool,

[Continued below.



FIG. 10.—LEANING TO THE LEFT, DISPLACING THE LIFTER'S RIGHT HAND AND SPOILING HIS BALANCE.

Continued]

yourself standing erect at arm's length from the stool, your feet sufficiently apart to give you a normal supporting base; then stoop to place your shoulder at the height of the weight and try to lift it. If it weighs from 10 to 13 lb., it cannot be lifted by a man of average weight. As in the preceding case, the vertical line through the centre of gravity of the man and weight falls outside the supporting base or fulcrum of the man (See Fig. 8). Some of Coulon's competitors make themselves "unliftable" by more conspicuous means. One of them, Pierre Kahn, a boy 12½ years old, a young well-developed athlete, weighing fully dressed about 5½ stone, uses a movement *en vrille*, as he calls it, by contracting and bringing backwards his left side, thus displacing the right hand of his adversary and unbalancing his effort. Even his gymnastic instructor, Professor Pagès, a well-known physiologist, does not succeed in lifting him, although himself weighing over 12 stone. This subterfuge is easily perceived in Figs. 9 and 10, the two photographs at the foot of this page.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

AT the Haymarket Theatre on Jan. 24, where we foregathered by invitation of the Drama League, the withering eloquence of "G. B. S." annihilated the arguments in favour of a seven-days' theatre—in other words, Sunday performances, as on the Continent, and no rest for the actor. The cause had able defendants in Mr. Arthur Bourchier—prime mover of the pro-opening party—and a distinguished cleric, whose name escapes me, but who very broad-mindedly averred that the question hinged, not on religion, but on economics. Mr. Bourchier—who, if I remember well, was once the fierce opponent of the theatre on Sundays—now painted the enfranchisement of the holiday in glowing colours. Happiness of the people—no more "pub." and hanging about; happiness of the actors, for there would be liberal extra pay on the Sabbath. "Would there?" rustled a murmur through the serried ranks of the actors in the auditorium, for by this time they are as wary as the raven in La Fontaine's fable: *jura mais un peu tard*, etc. They know these glowing managerial promises; it was thus that matinées began, and ended in fragmentary half-pay and much more work. So when Shaw rode in with his common-sense and his sarcasm, a speech as brilliant as ever poured from his lips, and when a workman (one of the stage-hands) somewhat too vehemently, but not without conviction, declared that during the week he saw practically nothing of his people, it was a foregone conclusion that the motion "against" would be carried by a sweeping majority. And so it happened.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier took his defeat with good grace like a man; and, resourceful as he is, it may have occurred to him on the way home that, if in one way he was a loser, in another he might be a winner and gather laurels for his thistles. We all remember that lately he wanted to give Shakespearean Sunday performances in aid of charity. Why does he not persevere and widen this idea for the benefit of the people? Why does he not endow London with a Sunday Theatre of good English plays at prices accessible to all persons? It would be not only a boon and a blessing for the masses, but it would be hailed as a haven and a stepping-stone by the unemployed actors thirsting for glory and clamouring for work. The capital outlay would be comparatively small; it could be simplified by co-operation. Most of the Sunday theatres on the Continent work on sharing terms, and, if the actors were engaged for a series of Sundays during the year, it would mean a nice little certainty to those who are all too often unemployed, and a welcome strengthening of funds for those who are greedy for more work beyond the daily routine—which, after all, is an individual question. Of the success of such performances, from Shakespeare to Pinero, Shaw, and all the rest of the modern men of mark, there could be no doubt. And, since we have heard that the Church is no longer an antagonist, but an ally, the patronage would be swelled by a good many who hitherto would not have dared to enter a theatre on Sunday, lest it should have reflected on their reputation as good Christians. Moreover, if Mr. Bourchier could see his way to set the project on a business footing, and appeal for the cause of the people to start the enterprise with a fund, I believe that men in the City, besides well-to-do people in the West End and suburbs, would gladly help with donations whereby both actors and playgoers would benefit in many ways.



THEOCRITUS DRAMATISED AT BEDFORD COLLEGE: A GREEK THRONG ON THEIR WAY TO THE TEMPLE OF ADONIS.

Performances in ancient Greek took place at Bedford College for Women, in Regent's Park, on January 27. The above photograph shows a scene from the 15th Idyll of Theocritus.

Photograph by Sport and General.

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At our Grand Guignol Mr. José Levy has added a remarkable little play by Mr. Maltby to his sextuple programme. At the first glance, "The Person Unknown" is a crude little effort. The soldier who was lured to arms by Rubens' recruiting song under promise of hugs and kisses on his home-coming, penetrates late at night into the flat of the fair ballet-girl who enraptured him with the vision splendid. He now is disfigured and hideous to behold, "with a caricature of a face," and he comes to exact the ransom. There is intense contrast in the picture: the glad home-coming of the girl and her comrades from a masked ball; the increased joy in the small hours by the flowing cup; then, as the day faintly breaks, the encounter between the bedizened girl and the lovelorn man. The struggle is awful and painful; at first I found it repellent, but when I saw the play again I felt the meaning of it. The world easily promises, easily forgets. The hero of yesterday has lost his halo: he is a mere reminiscence. The feeling of intense pity, the feeling of enthusiasm, the feeling of interest in the fate of the men who fought and bled for us, has faded fast. The women who yesterday would have given body and soul to the soldier following the drum, look to-day upon the obligation as upon the tradesman's bill that is scrapped into the waste-paper basket until the pressure and the writ come, and the rest is silence. It is this that Mr. Maltby wishes to drive home. He does it relentlessly, with needless emphasis, with a certain rawness of manner, as is his wont, and open to chastening. But, for all that, the little work grafts itself on memory and conscience, like that other poignant episode, "Eight o'Clock," by Reginald Berkeley, the more appreciated the more it is seen. It causes one to pause and think. Rightly understood, it makes for good, and kindles our feeling for those whom war has victimised for their lifetime. Miss Sybil Thorndike's transition from the gaiety of a happy evening to the awe of the early hours once more impressed us by her great versatility and power; Mr. Russell Thorndike's discreet rendering of the mutilated maniac intensified the horror, but also the sad veracity of the thing.

. . . .

At the Garrick Mr. Leon M. Lion continues his long-headed policy of fighting the heavy economic conditions of the theatre by running two daily bills in tandem. While "Brown Sugar" is still doing well, he has now found another trump card in the revival of Brieux's famous "Three Daughters of M. Dupont," that powerful indictment of the bourgeois marriage of convenience in which the dowries are the goods and the woman merely a chattel. Although even in France the cause of Feminism has advanced since the play was written, the main theme remains of intense interest. The outstanding figure, now as before, remains the married daughter of Miss Ethel Irving. In the great scene when the woman aching for a child, and denied her vocation by her husband's egotism (and economic considerations), breaks out in fury, invective, and searing denunciations, she carried us away as in a torrent. Breathless she screamed out her accusations; breathless we listened and felt the repercussion of her agony. It was intensely exciting, intensely painful, and the fall of the curtain came as a relief. Then, after a moment's hush to return to reality, there was an explosion of such applause, so prolonged, so genuine in its ring of admiration and release, as is only created by temperamental power and magnetism of oratory. We were under the spell of an actress who rises to great heights when emotion overwhelms her own being. Mr. Leon M. Lion's father Dupont was also a remarkable creation. He adapted the part to his personality. For there are two ways of conceiving Dupont. Brieux probably intended him to be a big and burly person with all the attributes of a *faux bonhomme*. That would have befitted neither the stature nor the nature of Mr. Lion. So he represented him as a little man of nerves, a Micawber, as minute and restless as a squirrel, and as wayward as quarrelsome—a humorous figure, in fine, with an undercurrent of sadness and despair. It illuminates the play and the surprising many-sidedness of Mr. Lion's talent. Miss Edith Evans' picture of the ascetic daughter was pathetic in its wonderful self-effacement; and Mr. Charles Kenyon pleaded the husband's defence, in a great scene of the play, with such natural conviction that for a moment the unsympathetic character tipped the scales.

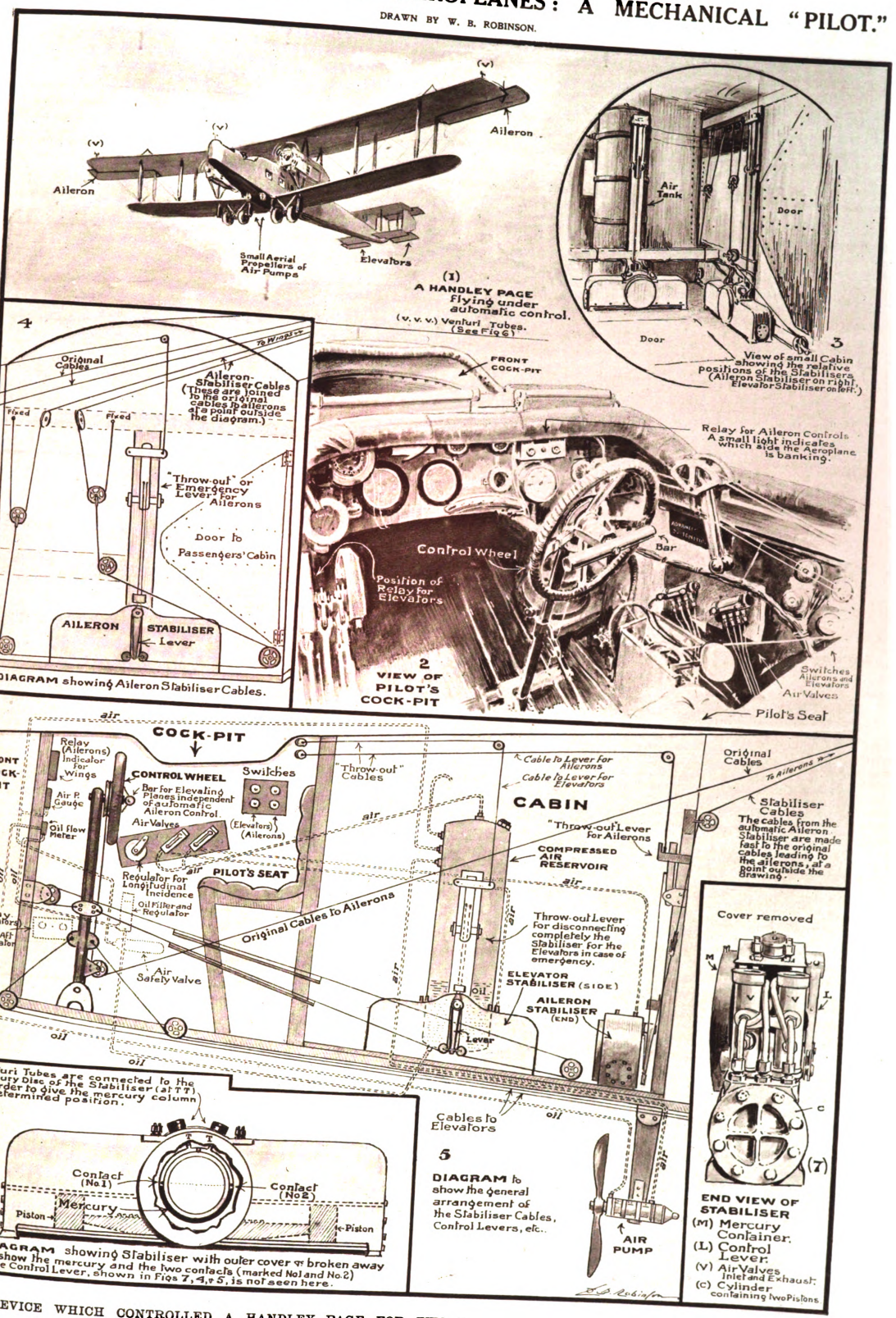


ARISTOPHANES REVIVED AT BEDFORD COLLEGE: MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY WHO GAVE THE TRIAL SCENE FROM "THE FROGS."

Aristophanes (444 to 380 B.C.) might be called the father of comedy. The Trial Scene from his play "The Frogs" was given at Bedford College on January 27.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

AUTOMATIC STABILITY FOR AEROPLANES: A MECHANICAL "PILOT."

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



A DEVICE WHICH CONTROLLED A HANDLEY-PAGE FOR TWO HOURS: A FRENCH INVENTOR'S STABILISER.

It was recently announced that the British Government had adopted the invention of M. Georges Aveline for ensuring the automatic stability of aeroplanes whilst flying on long journeys, or travelling through clouds, fogs, or at night. The apparatus has proved successful in use, and during a journey to Paris and back, a Handley Page aeroplane was allowed to fly for two hours solely—except steering—under the control of the Stabiliser, details of which are shown in our illustrations by courtesy of M. Aveline and Messrs. Handley Page, Ltd. The principle on which the Stabiliser works is partly shown in Fig. 6. Venturi tubes convey atmospheric depression to a circular tube containing some mercury. Whenever the aeroplane shifts its normal flying level, one end of the mercury engages with an electrical contact and other mechanism, which allows compressed air (pumped as in Fig. 5) to drive a piston attached to the Stabiliser lever. The lever pulls control cables attached to the aileron elevators. Two Stabilisers are used, one for correcting banks to left or right, the other ascent or descent.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE EFUNDURA: A SOUTH-WEST AFRICAN 'MARRIAGE MARKET.'

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. E. FAIRLIE, M.C.

THE *Efundura* are dances and marriage customs of the Konyama people, a section of the Ovambo nation, and until quite recently the most powerful. They live in the flat, wooded country in the south of Angola and north of the South-West African Protectorate, a part of Africa hardly known to civilisation. The marriage ceremonies may be said to be divided into three periods, one taking place in the spring, and the other two after the crops have been reaped.

Early in the spring, before the seed is planted, which is woman's work, the girls who are of marriageable age collect together in bands of about twenty, of whom one is elected as "captain." They decorate themselves with the young and nearly-white fronds of the ivory palm, which, in contrast with their black bodies, is very effective. They carry long white wands of peeled branches, some of which are decorated with strips of fur round the top, giving somewhat the appearance of bullrushes.

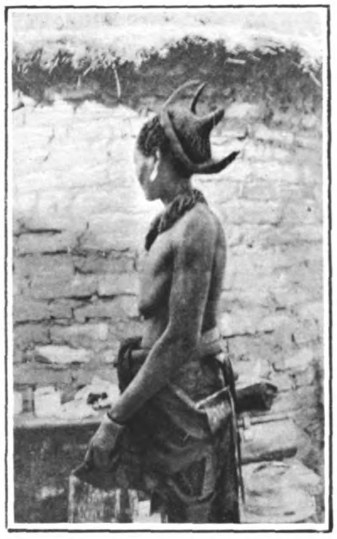
These bands go round the country singing and dancing. One or two of the girls carry springbok horns, on which they blow a few notes, and in the distance these, blending with their voices, sound very melodious. The songs are usually set in a minor key, with solos taken up by the chorus.

During the time, about fourteen days, that these girls are banded together, as a sign that they are, as it were, in the marriage market, they are viewed at their best by the men in search of a wife, or one to add to those they already possess. It is probable that they already have sweethearts: these and others give them presents of beads, bangles, and various other things.

They then, after fourteen days or more, disband and proceed with the hoeing and planting of the crops.

The second period or phase takes place in the autumn after the crops are reaped. Permission to hold this particular portion of the Efundura must be obtained from the chief, who thus has control over the number of marriages to some extent. This stage is a great occasion for feasting and drinking, and it is only the better-off native who is able to afford it. He is in some measure assisted by the parents of the girls who are to take part in this particular Efundura dance.

Only these girls dance, the music being supplied by drums, or tom-toms, made from hollowed trees covered with parchment, toned from a deep bass to a high tenor, all in harmony, the tone being obtained by a ring of beeswax on the parchment, which is made larger or smaller as the tone may require. These tom-toms are played by men with both hands, being held between the knees and beaten in about double time.



WITH THE HEAD-DRESS WORN BY A MARRIED WOMAN: A SPECIMEN OF KONYAMA COIFFURE.

There is no singing at all during the dances, which last for three days and two nights, the people as a rule resting during the heat of the day and at odd intervals, but never for very long at a time. The function is under the control of a master of the ceremonies, usually an old man, who is absolute, and directs when the girls are to dance. The girls are dressed in a sort of petticoat of skin, covered again with another of beads, decorated with ivory ornaments and carrying valderbeeste tails like "choweries." There is no twisting or twirling in this dance. The girls stand in a line opposite the drums (tom-toms), and cover their faces with the tails they carry, appearing to be bashful; the master of the ceremonies then capers up to them and, by gesture, invites them to dance; he is sometimes assisted by other men. A girl, on receiving the invitation, begins to shuffle forward towards the tom-toms, and gradually starts stamping her feet in time to the music, which becomes louder and louder as all the girls line up in front of the drums, and the dance becomes faster as they throw up their arms alternately. When they are exhausted, the attendants, of whom each girl has one or more, go forward, and slowly draw them from the throng until all are back in the original line again. The music ceases for a time, and the girls have the perspiration wiped from their bodies and faces by their attendants, and such portions of their dress as may have become disarranged put in order.

This is repeated at intervals of about half-an-hour and lasting about the same time, until the girls are more or less exhausted, when they retire for a few hours to a special kraal which has been built for them, and then come out again in single file, as they always go at this time, and the whole performance is repeated again and again until the evening of the third day.

On the third day, in the afternoon, the dancing stage has reached a climax, and the girls, after the last dance, each have a piece of palm-leaf tied round their wrist by the prospective husband, who then hoists his bride on his shoulders, and carries her away about two hundred yards. Then he puts her down and she is given one or two light sticks by her female attendants, and she chases the bridegroom back to the kraal in the vicinity of the place where the dance is held, hitting him whenever she can get near enough.

As far as this, the dance and ceremony are open to public gaze, but on the third night, the finale of this phase is enacted. This initiation ceremony cannot well be described in these pages.

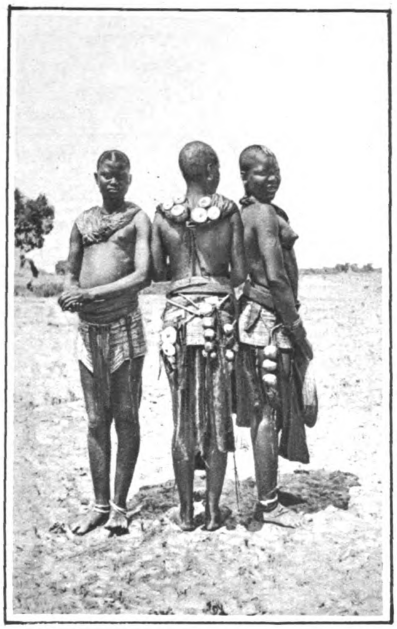
On the fourth day, the brides, who are still separated from their husbands, return to their own kraals, but after a few days they band together again as in the first phase, and elect a "captain."

They now cover themselves with white ashes until they are white all over, except their hair and lips, and they wear petticoats of string made from the white fibre of the ivory palm tree, and have very much the appearance of a *corps de ballet*; their eyes appear very sparkling and their lips very red. These bands go all over the country, and are well entertained wherever they go. (Further details are given on the last page of illustrations of the subject.)

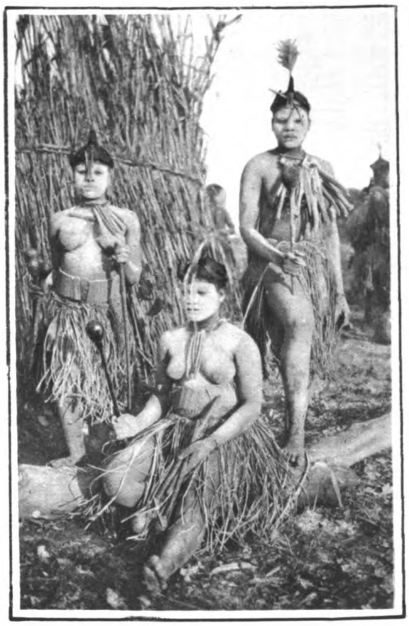
After about ten to fourteen days, they go to their husbands at their kraals, and the ceremony is completed, except for a small family feast. The girls, during the time they are painted white, have "the time of their lives," for, unless particularly favoured, they now become the slaves of their husbands.

The royal, or chiefs', females are exempt from certain portions of the ceremony; moreover, they have the right to order any man to become their husband. There is no instance, as far as can be ascertained, of the selected man having refused, and one is inclined to remember similar selections by one Catherine.

Inheritance is carried through the female line: thus, for instance, the son of a chief's sister inherits on his death. Generally speaking, the women-folk of these people are held in higher esteem than in most other Bantu races, though their morale is not of so high a standard.



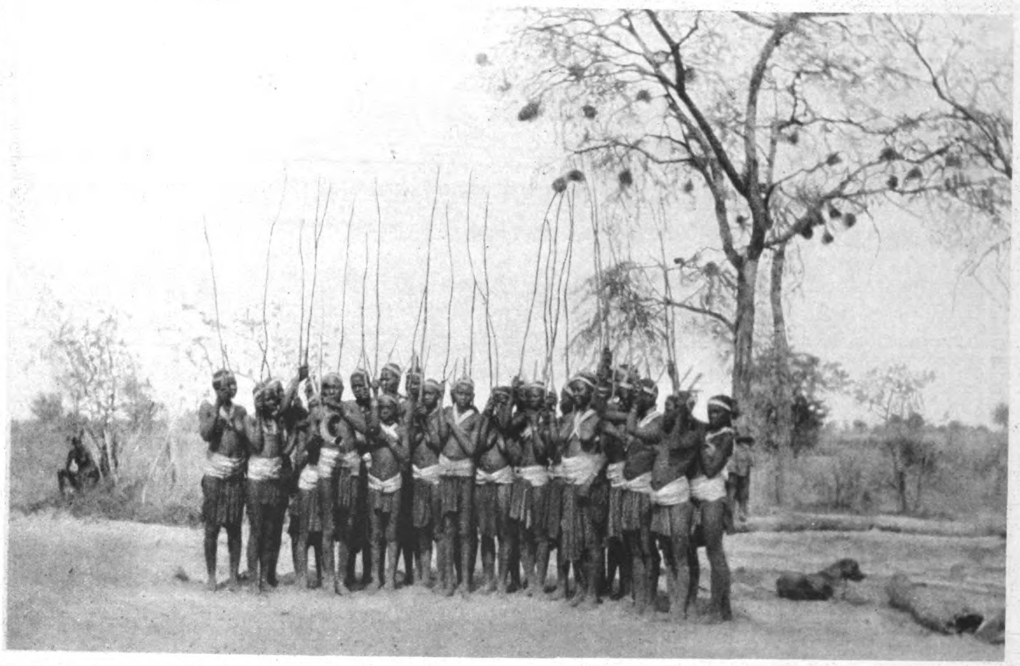
WEARING IVORY BUTTONS WORTH A COW EACH: THREE PROSPECTIVE BRIDES OF THE KONYAMA TRIBE.



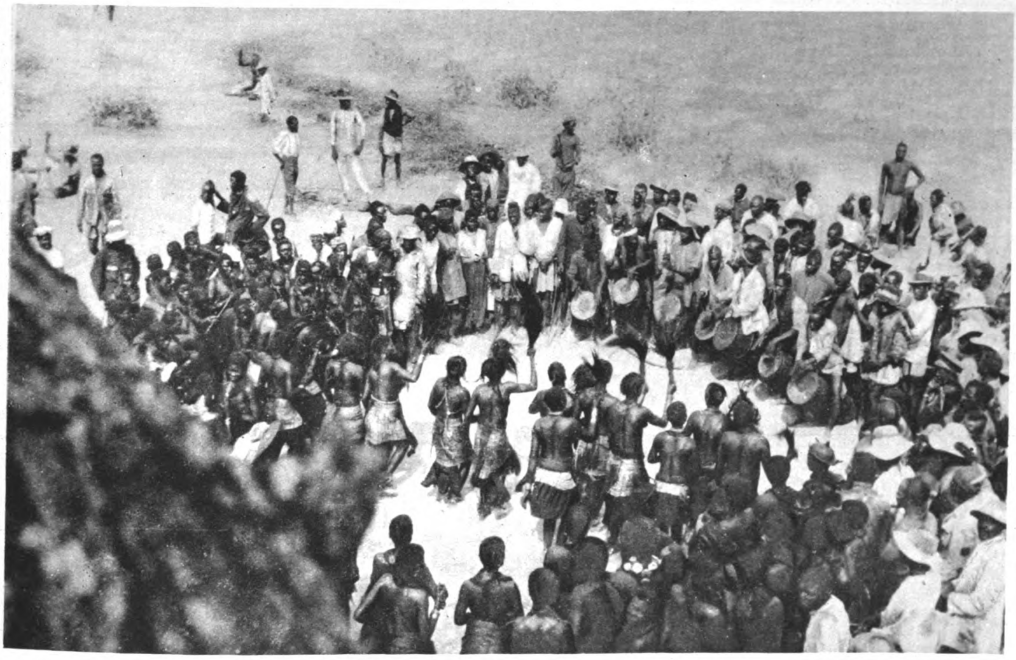
PAINTED WHITE AND CARRYING KNOBKERRIES FOR BEATING MEN: THE "CAPTAIN" OF A BAND OF BRIDES AND HER TWO "LIEUTENANTS."

THE KONYAMA "MARRIAGE MARKET": A CHORIC PROTHALAMION.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. E. FAIRLIE, M.C.



DECORATED WITH IVORY PALM FRONDS AND CARRYING LONG WHITE WANDS OF PEELED BRANCHES: A BAND OF MARRIAGEABLE KONYAMA GIRLS DURING THE FIRST STAGE OF THE EFUNDURA, IN SPRINGTIME.

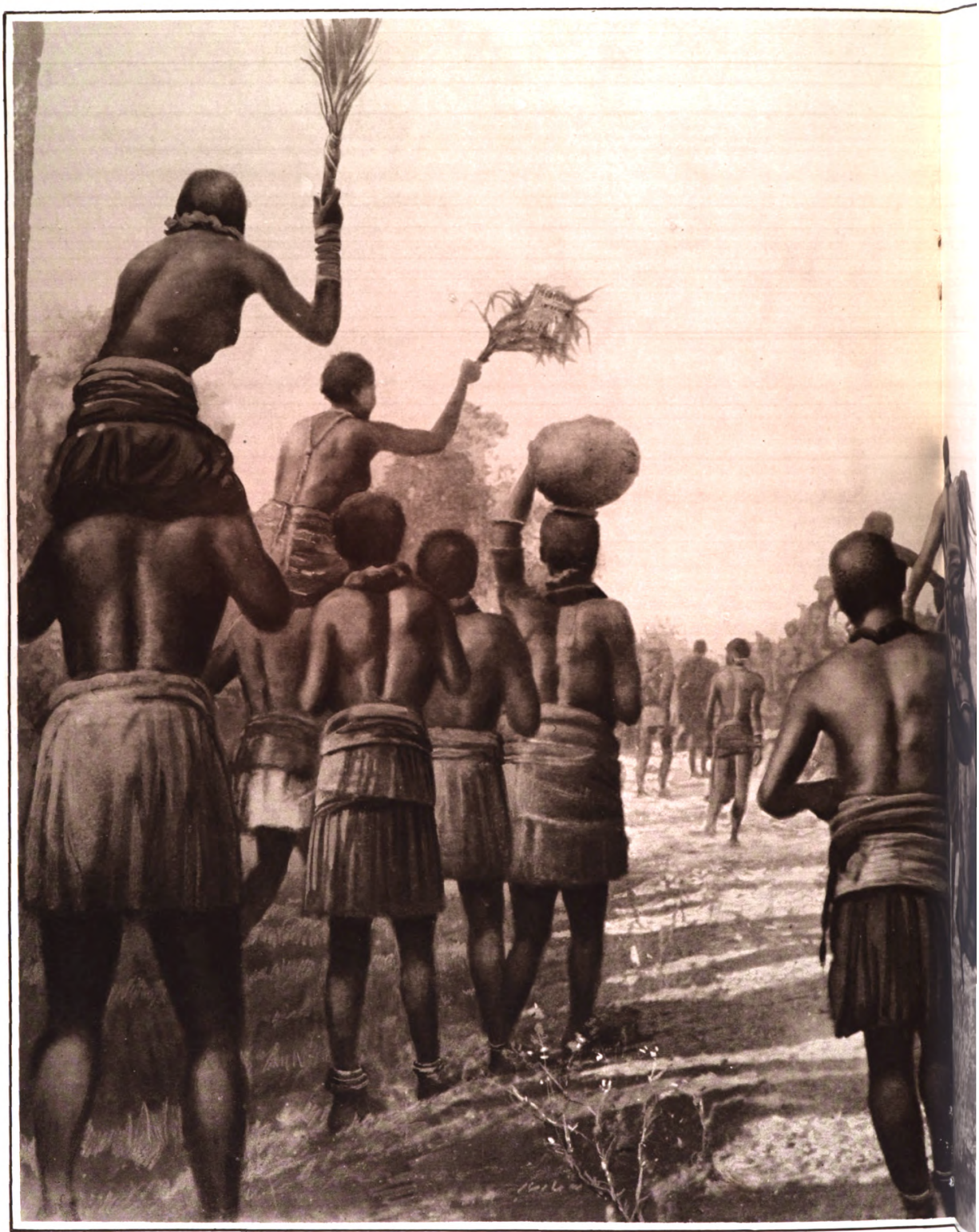


DANCING, IN DECORATED PETTICOATS, TO THE MUSIC OF DRUMS (OR TOM-TOMS) PLAYED BY MEN: PROSPECTIVE KONYAMA BRIDES DURING THE SECOND (AUTUMN) STAGE OF THE EFUNDURA, OR MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

The marriage market, which in more civilised communities is conducted on more or less surreptitious lines, is a recognised institution among the Konyama people. It is a public and organised festival, affording young men an open chance to see and select a suitable mate. As Lieut.-Colonel Fairlie tells us in his remarkably interesting article opposite, the Konyama belong to the Bantu race, and the Ovambo tribe, inhabiting a little-known district of South Angola (Portuguese West Africa), just north of the South-West African Protectorate, formed since the war under the mandate of South Africa. Their marriage festivities, called "Efundura," are divided into three stages, the first taking place in the spring, at sowing time; the second and third at the autumn harvest season. The scenes represented by the above two photographs, which illustrate the first two stages, are fully described by Colonel Fairlie. Further photographs appear on the pages following.

A SURVIVAL OF MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE? KONYAMA BRID

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY LIEUT.-COL. E.

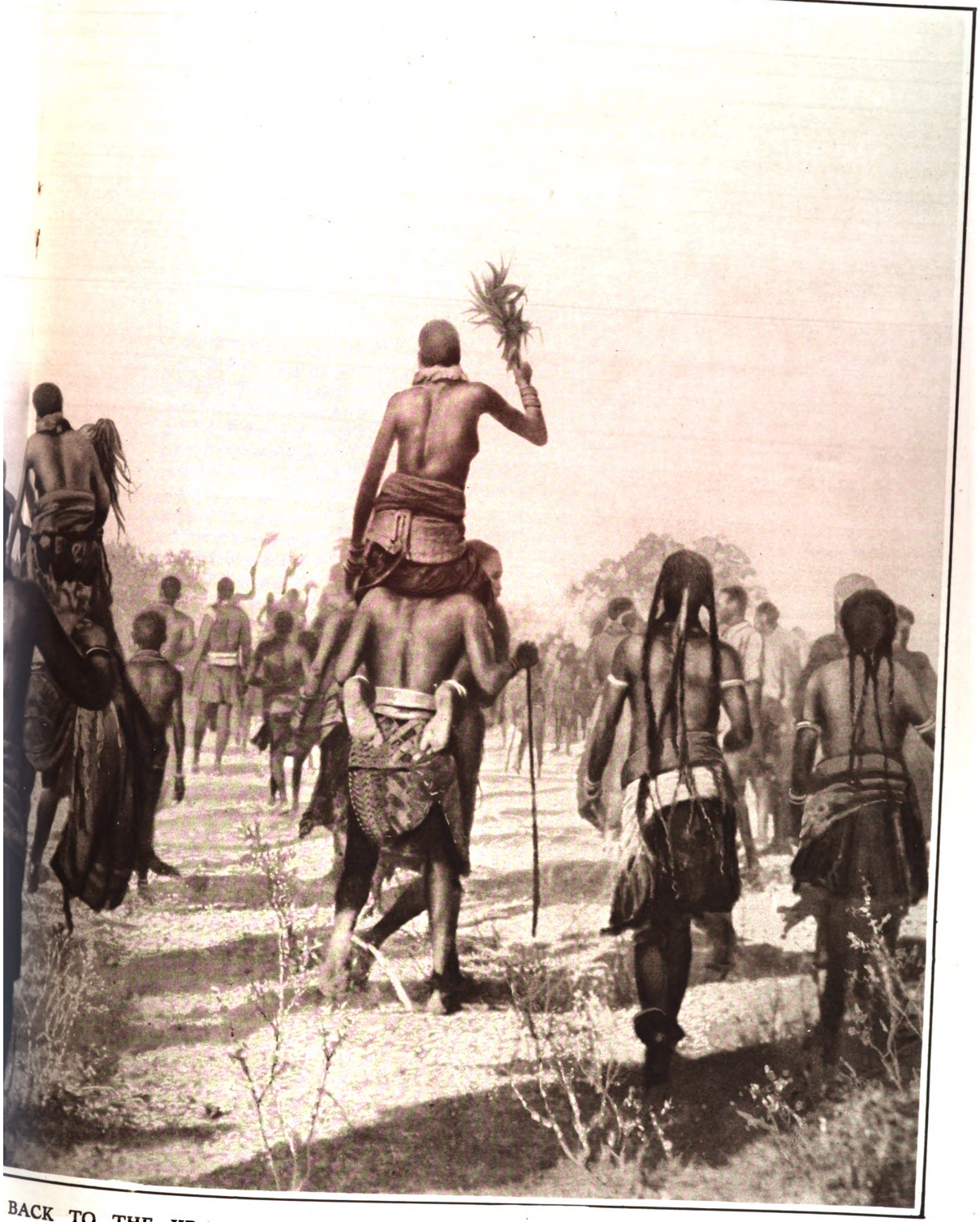


BEFORE BEING ARMED WITH LIGHT STICKS AND CHASING THEIR HUSBANDS

Rollicking fun and good-humoured horse-play mark the proceedings towards the end of the second stage of the Efundura, or marriage festival, among the Konyama people, as described by Lieut.-Colonel Fairlie in his article earlier in this number. Explaining this part of the ceremony, which takes place after the marriageable girls have danced at intervals before the assembled company for two days and nights, he says: "On the third day in the afternoon the dancing stage has reached a climax, and the girls, after the last dance, each have a piece of palm leaf tied round their wrist by the prospective husband, who then hoists his bride on his

KONYAMA BRIDES BEING CARRIED OFF BY THEIR HUSBANDS.

APH SUPPLIED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. E. FAIRLIE, M.C.



BACK TO THE KRAAL: KONYAMA BRIDES SHOULDERED BY THEIR "GROOMS."

shoulders and carries her away about two hundred yards. Then he puts her down, and she is given one or two light sticks by her female attendants, and she chases the bridegroom back to the kraal in the vicinity of the place where the dance is held, hitting him whenever she can get near enough. . . . On the fourth day the brides, who are still separated from their husbands, return to their own kraals." The third and last stage of the Efundura, as described in the article, is illustrated on the page following. Probably the incident illustrated above is a survival of the old custom of marriage by capture.

WHITENED FOR A "FLING" BEFORE "SLAVERY": KONYAMA BRIDES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. E. FAIRLIE, M.C.



"THE DANCES NOW ARE ALL TURNS AND TWISTS, AS A RULE ONE OR TWO GIRLS DANCING TOGETHER": A GROUP OF KONYAMA BRIDES ON THEIR LAST "JOY TRIP" BEFORE SETTLING DOWN TO MARRIED LIFE.

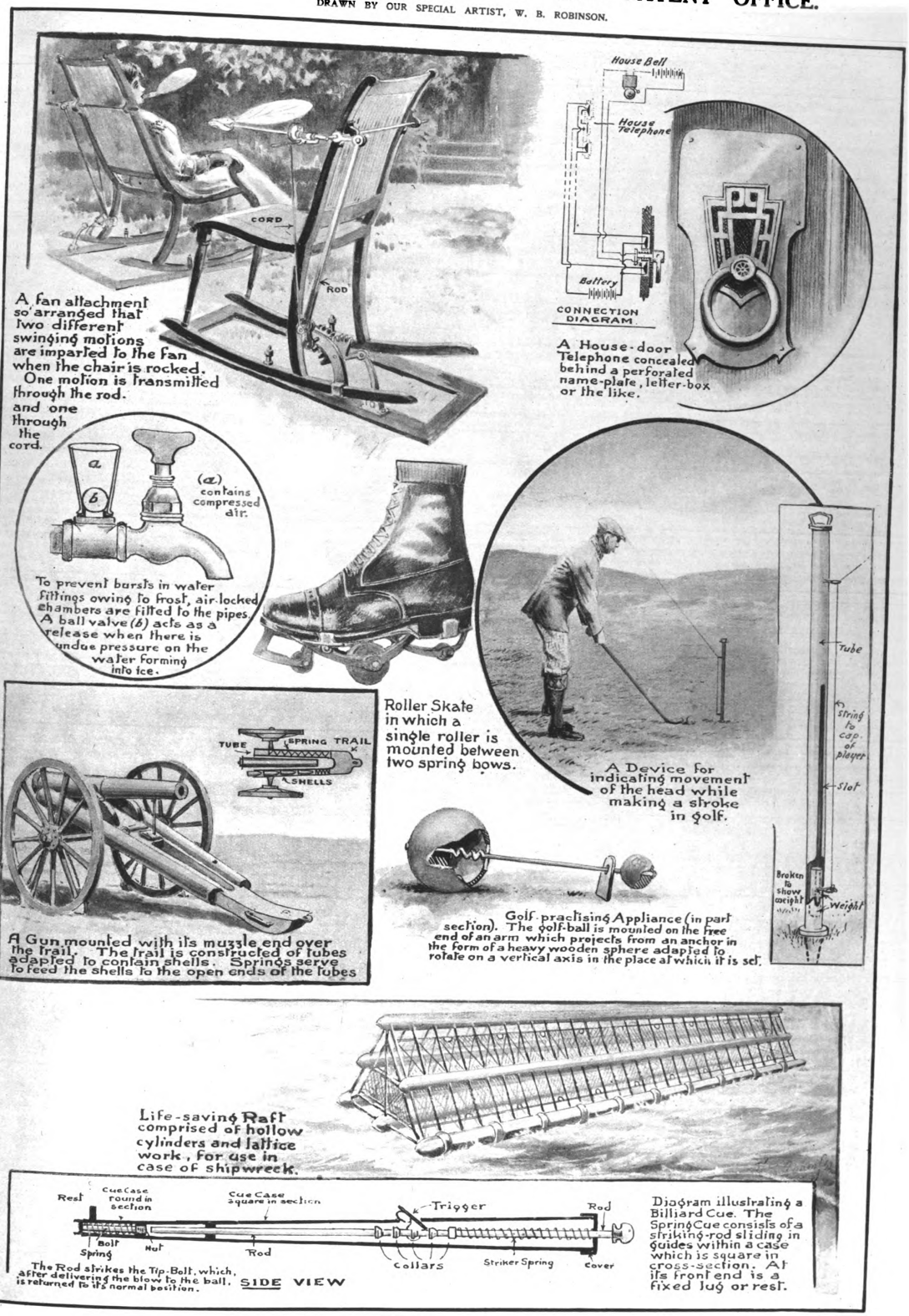


COVERED WITH WHITE ASHES AND WEARING STRING SKIRTS OF IVORY PALM FIBRE: A BAND OF BRIDES, WITH THEIR "CAPTAIN" (ARMED WITH A KNOBKERRY FOR BEATING MEN), LOOKING LIKE A *CORPS DE BALLET*.

Describing the third and last phase of the Efundura (Konyama marriage festival) Lieut.-Colonel Fairlie writes: "The brides . . . return to their own kraals, but after a few days they band together again, and elect a 'captain.' They now cover themselves with white ashes . . . and have very much the appearance of a *corps de ballet*. These bands go all over the country. . . . They carry sticks and small knobkerries with which they beat any man who tries to molest them. As they travel they sing, and very harmonious their voices sound through the trees, against which their white bodies look very effective. Wherever they are entertained they dance to their singing, and the hitting together of pieces of hollow reeds. The dances now are all turns and twists, as a rule, one or two girls dancing together or alone, singing the air to be taken up by the chorus, who all, like a *corps de ballet*, keep time with their feet in a long line in the background. At this time, these girls practically do what they like and go where they like, demanding presents from any man who may have courted them."

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES VII.—CHAIR-FANS, DOOR-TELEPHONES, TAPS, ROLLER-SKATES, FIELD-GUNS, GOLF-PRACTICE DEVICES, LIFE-SAVING RAFTS, AND SPRING BILLIARD CUES.

We have nothing to add, by way of further explanation, to the details given above in diagram and type regarding the various inventions here illustrated. The fan rocking-chair might be useful during heated debates, as well as for mere lounging in hot weather. House-door telephones would save much treading of "another's stairs" to those who dwell in "upper parts." Frozen pipes may be with us yet this winter, and we may sigh for air-locked chambers on our taps. Single roller-skates would be to the ordinary kind as bicycles to tricycles. The inverted field-gun is for artillery experts to appraise. It might have a camouflage value, but what about the recoil? The golf appliances will appeal to the scientific enthusiast with ground to practise on. The life-saving raft looks simple and business-like, but hardly one for an exhausted person to lie down on. A spring billiard-cue suggests bagatelle.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IT is difficult to say whether the greater pleasure attends the connoisseur when, at the dispersal of a great collection, he is a silent spectator and exults at the great prices for great works of art, or whether he does not revel in smaller sales on a somewhat lower plane where he may take a hand and be a bidder himself. It may be that the auctioneer of a fashionable London auction-room may catch himself exclaiming, "*Odi profanum vulgus!*" but, for all that, he dearly loves a crowd of the right kind, and never is there a more decorous human collection (we adhere to art terms) than assembles in a fashionable gallery when objects of art worth thousands change hands without much comment. Art notabilities and cosmopolitan dealers spell plutocracy in art, and so the modest connoisseur likes stealthily to pass into art solitudes where there is no formidable competition. He has a power which is only bounded by the limitations of his slender purse. He slips into little-known sales on off-days, so to speak, or he haunts unadvertised auctions. Like the punters at the tables of the Casino at Monte Carlo, he has a system. He is always waiting for something to turn up. He is silent and unobtrusive—but he sometimes gets there.

At Christie's, on Jan. 27, with decorative furniture and objects of art, and porcelain, scattered promiscuously, the wandering connoisseur must have had many delightful moments. From Chinese *famille-verte* beakers to Bow candlesticks, from diminutive Whieldon groups to Hispano-Moresque dishes, he could take his choice. An Adam mahogany sideboard with pair of urns on pedestals, and an octagonal wine-cooler inlaid with satinwood lines, must have seized his fancy. A score of satinwood tables and settees and armchairs may have bewildered him, but surely an old English clock by George Conibeere, of Gloucester, with brass dial chased with scrolls, in case carved in Chippendale manner, fascinated him. At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on the same date he strolled in and found George II. tablespoons with shell ornament by Richard Rugg, 1757. Had nobody been there before him who counted, he would have bought the William and Mary plain tankard with dome cover, with coat-of-arms in a foliage cartouche, the lower part with reeded band, by Samuel Dell, 1691. Another item marked in his catalogue was a pair of Charles II. oblong tea-caddies, about 1683, with maker's mark, "P * K," the same as on the celebrated Berners toilet-set. He knew this piece of information, but somehow somebody forestalled him.

It is to be presumed that the bargain-hunter intent on outwitting the trade and the outer world came along to Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on Jan. 28, to win glorious objects of Chinese art in porcelain. Had he known it, he would have procured at once the libation cup of rhinoceros horn, only 3¼ in. high, carved in high relief with fir-trees. He may not have known its import—how, with its protective charm against poison, it was emulated by the Fo Kien porcelain in white, beloved by collectors. He missed that, as he missed a wonderful bottle-shaped vase of opaque white glass, carved with birds, prunus branches, and bamboo, in pink and green. The wonderful carvings in glass by the Chinese (how small does the hobnail English "red-haired devil" variety seem in comparison!), inspired by the glyptic work of the jade and hard-stone carvers, has, under the hand of the Chinese lapidary, no equal. It was easy to carve glass in comparison with rock crystal and nephrite and jade and other hard stones, not to mention precious stones like the ruby and the emerald, which were sculptured into small images of Buddha by the Chinese. These Chinese bottles and their like exhibit an art unequalled by the Westerns, and so, connoisseurs and Philistines alike, we pass by such objects as of little value because not understanded, although the Salting Collection might have taught us. Some day Chinese old glass will be worth its weight in gold.



BY THE GREAT FLEMISH PAINTER WHOSE "ADORATION OF THE MAGI" HAS BEEN OFFERED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY FOR £15,000: A VILLAGE SCENE, BY PETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER (IN PEN AND BISTRE, 1559).

On the opposite page we reproduce Brueghel's "Adoration," with a note upon it and his career. The sale of Old Master Drawings at Sotheby's on February 15 and 16 will include on the second day that shown above. It is described in the catalogue as "Village Scene: with numerous grotesque figures of peasants, representing an allegory of human life; signed and dated 1559; pen and bistre. 10 3-8 in. by 15½ in." Brueghel used to attend village feasts disguised as a peasant, in order to observe types of character.—[*By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.*]

On Jan. 28, at Messrs. Christie's, the esoteric lore of connoisseurship was tried by the litmus paper of £ s. d. The "Woody Landscape" of the Norwich school might be bought as speculative by him who had the hope that he knew something more than others. He might taboo some of the Gainsboroughs, the Morlands, and the Wouvermans, but "Three Children" by Hogarth should have appealed to him, and "The Follies," a little Goya, should have arrested his attention. But even connoisseurship grows jaded with an *embarras de richesse*, and bargains come and go, and it is always after the event—what might have been, the same plaint of the punter on the Turf. In the great auction-rooms connoisseurs should be strong enough to back their fancy. Herein lies success. But it must be premissed, as an axiom—know your subject.

Choice engravings, framed and in the portfolio, the properties of Countess Cowley, Mr. F. Capel Cure, and of the late Sir Philip Duncombe, come up at Sotheby's on Feb. 9. The French school of colour prints is amply represented, and in regard to the English we take three items—"Cupid," by T. Burke after Angelica Kauffman, "Mrs. Jackson" and "Mrs. Tickell," both by J. Condé after Cosway. These works exhibit that particular phase of stipple engraving when the printer with superimposed colours stood on a plane apart and claimed recognition for a delicate craft, isolated, and, be it said, competitive with black-and-white engraving and etching, and coming into relationship with water-colour drawing and oil-painting in its note of colour as apart from line.

Lovers of colour toe the line from these eighteenth-century stipple subjects to Baxter early Victorian colour-prints. But nobody can advance that they are anything else than fine printing in colours. Those gifted in art perspicuity see otherwise. Rembrandt's strong-bitten etchings (imagine the "Three Trees" printed in colours!), Whistler's fugitive lines, and Anders Zorn's virile work are all incapable of being printed in colours. But lovers of colour must be catered for. They are nowadays, in the coloured etching, a contradiction in terms. It is not given to everyone to transmute engraved lines into poesie and colour. To some Beethoven and Chopin, to others the revue and the musical comedy (so called); it is a matter of temperament—and training.

There are some collectors who value the initial red-hot thought as it flashed from the brain of the artist (it was Mrs. Rudyard Kipling who rescued "Lest We Forget" from her husband's waste-paper basket). The perfected conclusion grows colder and colder with each addition, as genius approaches a symmetrical ideal. Second thoughts are not always best; often the second thought is the second-hand thought. The brilliant effulgence of the first inspiration, the master's fleeting outlook into futurity, is whittled down to mediocrity, and so what at first was a brilliant lightning flash becomes a subdued afterglow. The collection of Old Master drawings to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Feb. 15 and 16 includes work attributed to Claude, Fragonard, Poussin, Watteau, Van Dyck, Van Goyen, Hobbema, Rembrandt, Teniers, Van de Velde, and others, among them Peter Brueghel, the Flemish sixteenth-century painter whose "Adoration of the Magi" has been offered to the National Gallery for £15,000, of which £11,500 is forthcoming. The drawing, in pen and bistre, is a Village Scene, with numerous figures of peasants. It represents an allegory of human life, and is signed and dated 1559. It has the detailed outlook of Hogarth without his brutality, and the sweet complacence of John Bunyan, the inspired dreamer. A Terbosch drawing of a youth asleep in a rush-seated chair, late seventeenth century, is a pretty conceit.

In a sale by Sotheby's of old silver on Feb. 14 a wonderful Paul de Lamerie soup-tureen comes to hand, in date 1738, with scroll handles, lion masks, and the sides having a cartouche with design in the great silversmith's bold manner. Other fine examples to be offered are a Charles II. tankard with crossed dolphin handle, a Queen Anne porringer, 1708, by Job Banks, with fine chasing; and a George II. coffee-pot by Wm. Shaw and Wm. Priest, 1758, of rococo design—the year, by the way, when the Hanoverian army was paid by the English, and a yearly subsidy granted to Frederick the Great of Prussia. Here it is that articles of "bigotry and virtue," to quote Mrs. Malaprop, especially in dated silver, annotate the pages of history.

SOUGHT FOR THE NATION'S ART TREASURY: A £15,000 MASTERPIECE.

BY COURTESY OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



BY A GREAT FLEMISH PAINTER, WHO HOB-NOBBED WITH RUSTICS FOR LOCAL COLOUR: "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," BY PETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER, OFFERED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY FOR £15,000.

For the first time for nine years the National Art-Collections Fund has appealed to private munificence to help in acquiring a great picture for the nation's art treasury. "The Adoration of the Magi," by Peter Brueghel the Elder (*c.* 1525-1569), was offered to the National Gallery for £15,000. The Trustees found half the amount, the Fund contributed £1000, and £3000 was subscribed privately by its members, leaving £3500 still to be raised. The work, they point out, would fill "the most important remaining gap among the masters represented in the National Gallery," and is probably the finest picture by Brueghel left in private hands. Formerly in the Vienna Gallery, it was bought, after the war, for a Swiss collection. It is painted on panel, measuring 43 in. by 32½ in., signed and dated 1564, and in splendid preservation. "It is a representative work by the master, combining his . . . dramatic variety, and an intensity amounting almost to grotesqueness in facial types and expression, with richness and beauty of colouring and mastery of the technique of oil-painting."

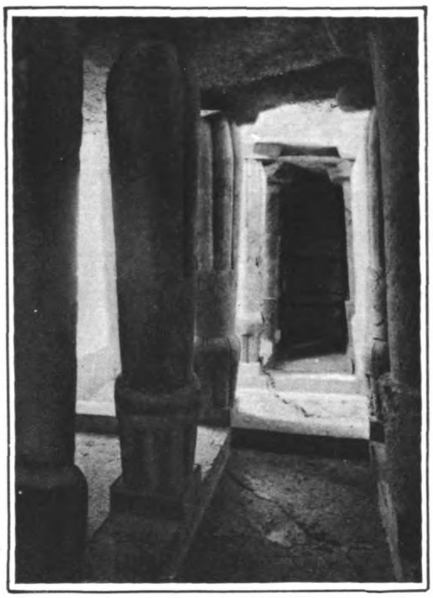
The Wonder City of the "Heretic Pharaoh":

TELL EL-AMARNA.

By D. G. HOGARTH, C.M.G.

THE site of the capital of the "Heretic Pharaoh," Amenhotp IV., has been famous so long under a name firmly established in tourist usage that it is hardly worth while to insist on its proper designation: but the people of Middle Egypt, who do not usually, like the Delta folk, speak of "Tells," even where true mounds exist, know it as "El-Amarna" simply. In point of fact, there is no considerable mound there, but only the buried ruins of a very extensive city, whose palaces and houses were built up from the natural surfaces of undulating slopes rising from the east bank of the Nile towards the "Arabian Desert." Ancient cities of Egypt seldom or never clustered round anything like an acropolis, and rarely were fortified at all. If one does find works of city defence, they are usually on the eastern bank, as at El-Kab. Amarna, being also on that bank, which was anciently, as now, the least settled and the most open to Bedawin raids, had forts towards the desert, but without any strong curtain of circumvallation.

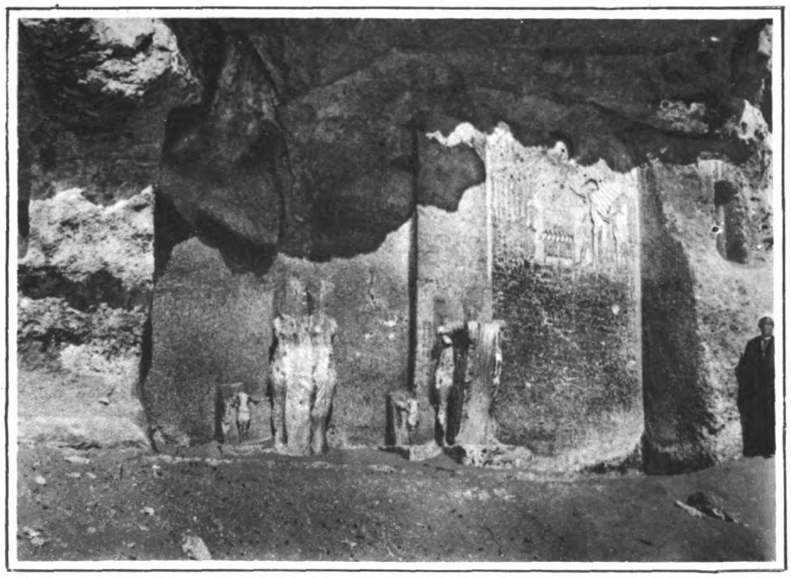
The history and the remains of the place are equally singular. Its greatness lasted but a moment, and everything important found on the site was made, or at least brought there, during that moment. Its period is one of exceptional interest to historians and archæologists, falling as it does just after the zenith of the imperial Eighteenth Dynasty, which extended Egyptian dominion more widely over the Near East than any before or after. It was a time of much splendour and great art, to whose inspiration influences of practically all the lands then civilised contributed. Relations with other Mediterranean peoples — for example, the Cretans in their "Late Minoan" age — and with Western Asia from Mesopotamia to Asia Minor, were frequent and close. Egypt was for the moment the leading State in the world; and not only Kings of Knossos, but of Hittite Cappadocia, of Assyria, of the Mitannian State in northern Mesopotamia, and of the Kassite dynasty in Babylonia, courted it and were wary of provoking its wrath. The evidence of these wide relations which the soil of Amarna has yielded up already is the most interesting that, perhaps, has come from any ancient site. So long ago as the 'eighties of the last century, cuneiform tablets, said to have been found somewhere on the Nile, began to come into the hands of Cairene dealers; and, on examination, some of them were found to be letters to and from the two Pharaohs, Amenhotp III. and IV. Their correspondents were contemporary princes of Western Asia, or governors and officials acting for Egypt in Palestine and Syria. The tablets were traced to Amarna, and it was found that native diggers had stumbled on part of the royal archives. Some three hundred and fifty documents have been recovered and now are preserved in several museums. They allow us, as records of the past seldom do, to look right into the minds of men long dead—to learn their hopes, their fears, and their meaner motives—as well as to follow the course of great events and small, year by year in a prehistoric age. Thanks to them, not only are the reigns of those two Pharaohs the most surely and intimately known to us of all in the long dynastic record of Egypt, but the existence and fortunes of many other States have been revealed for the first time.



BUILT WHEN EGYPT WAS THE LEADING STATE IN THE WORLD: THE FORE-HALL OF A TOMB AT TELL EL-AMARNA.
From "El-Amarna," by N. de G. Davies.

The art of Amarna, also, when Flinders Petrie brought its first examples to light some thirty years ago, was not less surprising than its archives. Nothing found previously in Egypt prepared us for its combination of naturalism with preciosities of style. More than any other Nilotic work, it represents an opposition to secular conventions and an effort to pierce through them to realism. Since its first revelation, similar characteristics of style have been noted in other remains of Middle Egypt; and Maspero was doubtless right in contending that its local origins go back behind the Amarna period. But neither he nor anyone else has explained satisfactorily how at the first it came to be developed between the two great provinces of conventional art over which Thebes and Memphis presided. Even if Syrian or Cretan influence in the imperial period of the later Eighteenth Dynasty was not responsible for its singular stylistic features, one still suspects that either one of those arts at an earlier time, or some other exotic influence, inspired them. No one familiar with the art of other Egyptian sites could help feeling so, when he looked round the extraordinary Amarna exhibition which was on view in the Berlin Museum just before the war. The German excavators had come upon a sculptor's workshop, and recovered a most arresting series of his trial pieces, models, and complete and incomplete statuary. Speaking portraits of the weak, fanatic visionary who was Amenhotp IV. looked at one from all sides of the hall.

If objects of art of such singularity and value as these, and records at once so precious and so fragile as unbaked cuneiform tablets, may be found any day by native diggers on a remote site peculiarly difficult to guard, it is imperative for scientific excavators to get to work again there without further delay. For this reason the British Egypt Exploration Society has applied for and received the concession, which, first given many years ago to Professor Petrie, devolved subsequently upon the Berlin Academy. In view of what has happened generally since 1914, and in particular of what has happened in Egypt, the resumption of German activities on the Nile cannot but be deferred for some time yet—even in the field of archæological excavation. Knowing this, and aware that other organisations were pressing to step in if it did not, the British Society, believing itself the best qualified of those to whom it is open to resume the German work, arranged to attack Amarna at the beginning of this year. It proposes to respect all German property. Professor T. E. Peet of Liverpool, well known for his work at Abydos, has been put in command of a competent scientific staff; and, if all goes well with Egypt, he cannot fail to enrich knowledge. We may hope for both another sculptor's shop and another chamber of archives. But all such work is now far more costly than of old; and if the Society is to deal adequately with so large a site, it must have generous support from the public.



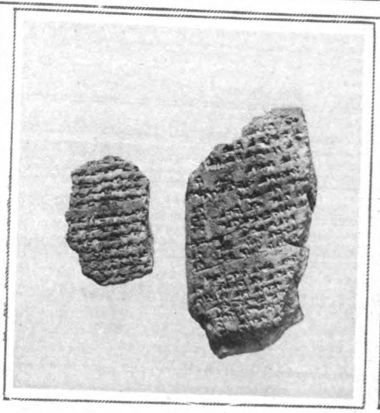
MARKING THE BOUNDARY OF THE CITY OF TELL EL-AMARNA TOWARDS THE EASTERN DESERT: A GREAT ROCK-CUT STELA (PILLAR).—[*Photograph supplied by Dr. D. G. Hogarth.*]

FOUND IN A WONDER CITY OF EGYPT: TELL EL-AMARNA RELICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. D. G. HOGARTH, KEEPER OF THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM (OXFORD); DR. H. R. HALL, OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, HON. SECRETARY OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY; AND DR. ALAN H. GARDINER, EDITOR OF THE "JOURNAL OF EGYPTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY."



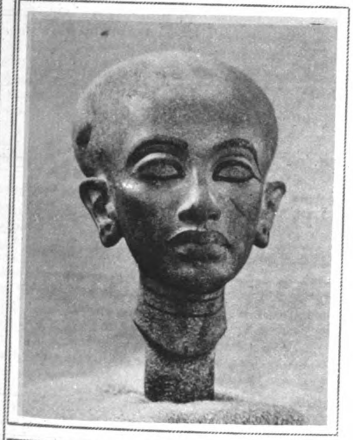
THE ROYAL SCRIBE ANI AND HIS CHARIOTEER, ZAI: A PAINTED MEMORIAL STELA.



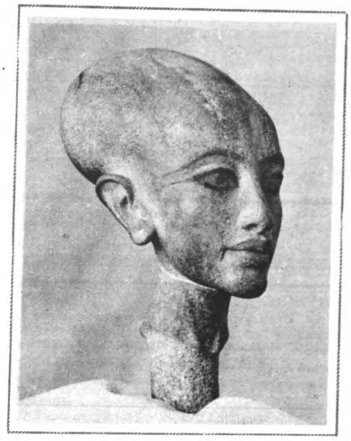
HISTORICAL RECORDS OVER 3000 YEARS OLD: TWO OF THE 350 TABLETS FROM THE ROYAL ARCHIVES.



WORSHIP INTRODUCED BY AKHENETAN: QUEEN TYI OFFERING A VASE TO THE SUN-GOD.



WHEN BEAUTY WAS "LENGTHY AND LANKY": A DAUGHTER OF THE "HERETIC PHARAOH."



SHOWING "ARTIFICIAL DEFORMATION OF SKULL": A SEMI-PROFILE VIEW OF THE SAME HEAD.



THE "HERETIC PHARAOH": AKHENETAN (AMENHOTP IV.)—A SUPPOSED DEATH-MASK.



BELIEVED TO BE AKHENETAN'S DAUGHTERS AT PLAY: THE "FRESCO OF THE PRINCESSES" FOUND BY PROF. FLINDERS PETRIE.



REALISM IN EGYPTIAN ART FIRST FOUND AT TELL EL-AMARNA: A BEGGAR MAN ON A SUNK RELIEF, NOW IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.

The ruins of Tell el-Amarna in Middle Egypt, on the right bank of the Nile some 160 miles above Cairo, belong, as Dr. Hogarth mentions in his article opposite, to a single reign, that of Amenhotp IV., who built the city about 1375 B.C. He broke away from the orthodox religion to found a new monotheistic faith, the worship of the Sun-God, and, to mark his severance from the Amen priesthood, changed his name from Amenhotp to Akhenetan. Later, when the old creed was restored, he became known as the "Heretic Pharaoh." He also introduced monogamy. Egypt in his day had reached the zenith of her power. The numerous clay tablets with cuneiform inscriptions, of which some 350 have been found at Tell el-Amarna, record diplomatic correspondence with Asian rulers. Describing the bust of Akhenetan's daughter (shown above), Dr. H. R. Hall writes: "It is a very fine specimen of the delicate and refined art of that time in Egypt. The artificial deformation of the skull should be noticed. As in most over-refined and decadent periods of culture and art, lengthy and lanky faces and forms were considered beautiful: everything had to be long, thin and slender, even the skull! The hand is at Berlin."

LADIES' NEWS.

IT seems to me rather a shame to publish the names of women jurors. I cannot remember that the names of men jurors are ever published. Possibly the new jurors have offered no objection. There are many, however, who will be called upon to serve who would greatly object to it. It would add another disagreeable feature to what we all regard as a very trying duty. I cannot think that many women will like to be jurors; most of us will go to the task from a stern sense of duty, feeling that, having attained a responsible position, we must fill it properly. No doubt it is only the novelty which causes the publicity; also the dullness of the times—for the jury-women are quite ordinary, non-exciting people.

When I read of the death of Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest in last week's terrible railway accident, I thought of several kindnesses he had shown me when I was at Machynlleth—pronounced "Mahuntleth"—in July 1911, when the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary were his guests at the Plâs, a really comfortable, well-equipped, and lovely, but by no means imposing, country house. The late Marchioness of Londonderry acted as hostess, and the late Marquess sent his state carriages and horses. The late Lady Londonderry, always extremely kind to me, asked Lord Herbert to be nice to me—and nice he was and no mistake. Few men will ever have been missed so much as genial, kindly Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest.

There are to be no Courts before Easter, which would seem to predict rather a dull Lent. Dull only because some of the best-known people will be in no hurry to return to town, and Lenten weddings are always rare. The Lords and Commons promise "a certain liveliness," and the ladies connected therewith must be kept lively too. So far no plans have been fixed by the Court, but I shall not be surprised if their Majesties do not settle in town until after Easter.

The new poor are putting a brave face on their position. Several ladies are working together for a well-known firm, and each earning from £2 10s. a week. They are knitting jumpers and skirts, and have between them taken a room to work in, so that the domestic detectives may not publish abroad what they are doing. In three instances the money earned is for the education of boys, in others for the actual help to live. They have quite good times over their work, these ladies, but are haunted by the threat of a decline in favour for their wares.

Countess Curzon of Kedleston is going on from Paris with her husband to grace the Riviera with her handsome presence, but her visit will not be a long one. Early in the season she will have a reception at Carlton House Terrace



AN EVENING GOWN ON GREEK LINES.

Draped ivory velvet and a long train give this dress all the elegant simplicity of the classic line. It is a creation of Redfern.

Photograph by Talbot.

such as she had last year for members of the Diplomatic Corps. Lady Curzon is a perfect hostess, and her residence in Carlton House Terrace is a capital one for a big entertainment. The staircase is wide and handsome, and hung with superb tapestries, and the fine first-floor rooms open one from another.

A. E. L.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

SOMEBODY once said that a Municipal Council was a body without a soul: certainly the Parisian municipal authorities have proved the truth of this statement by their decision to demolish the old ramparts of the city and replace them by public gardens. In the present state of the public finances, and with the urgent demands being made on the Exchequer from all quarters, it is a little difficult to justify the enormous expenditure which a work of this kind involves. True, the scheme was first mooted some time before the war, but was shelved year after year on the grounds of expense; what, therefore, can have been the reason for suddenly putting this gigantic work in hand so soon after the Armistice, and when so much of the war-damaged area is still awaiting restoration?

Since last May the work has been steadily progressing, and I was astonished to see how much had been accomplished in the time, especially in the Auteuil section, where the wall has completely disappeared and the levelling process has already begun. In the gate itself, as many as forty shells fired by the Germans in 1870 were discovered firmly embedded in the masonry. I believe that it has been decided to leave two of the bastions standing, and probably the gate through which the victorious Army of Versailles entered the city and brought the Commune to an end.

During the last war, the walls were a great moral asset to the inhabitants of Paris, giving them a not altogether false sense of security, and I well remember, at the time when the German Army was too near the capital for our peace of mind, it was decidedly reassuring to go out to the city walls and see their elaborate superstructure of barbed wire and sandbags, which gave one the feeling that nothing short of an earthquake could demolish them. In contrast to the war-like aspect of the walls and the heavily-guarded gates, the wide ditch surrounding them, divided into flourishing little allotments, looked extraordinarily peaceful; mostly managed by women, who, in the quiet evening hours, after a long day's work, could be seen digging and tending their vegetables. These small gardens produced an astonishing amount of wholesome food for the Parisians, who will not see them disappear without a pang of regret.

Large as the Bois de Boulogne already is, it would seem that there is room, and indeed need, for the public gardens and playgrounds which are to replace the picturesque old city walls, for the erection of

[*Continued overleaf.*

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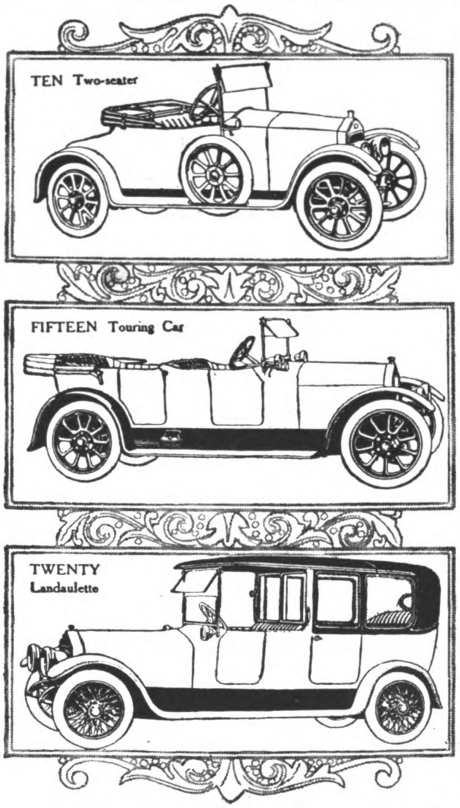
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Continued.]

which M. Thiers was so violently criticised in 1840. But, although they are not to be suffered to complete their century of existence, they will have lived long enough to figure in some of the most stirring pages of the history of France, and from a picturesque point of view they will certainly be missed.

Admirers of George Sand will be glad to learn that a room is to be set aside in the Musée Carnavalet and consecrated to the memory of the great writer. Here will be gathered together a large collection of souvenirs of all kinds, now in the possession of her grand-daughter, who has generously offered to hand them over to the Museum authorities. The author of "François le Champi" has no need of a museum to keep her memory green, for her works are as popular to-day, perhaps even more so, than when they were first given to the world; but, nevertheless, it is fitting that she should have her memorial and take her place among the immortals of Paris.

The Ukrainian Choral Singers have taken Paris by storm, and the Théâtre des Champs Elysées is filled every night to listen to their strange and haunting music, with its wonderful harmonies. The singers, of whom sixteen are women, supported by about thirty men, make an extraordinarily pretty picture as they stand grouped on the stage in their gay-coloured national costumes against an effective background of dull silver. The thing that strikes one most about their singing is the wonderful precision of their "attack," and the closeness with which they follow the curious beat of the conductor, who has a wealth of original gestures at his command, with which to produce the desired effect.

A Russian friend with whom I went to hear these remarkable singers from his country tells me that the peasants, especially in South Russia, have a passion for part singing; the children are trained to it from an early age until it becomes almost second nature to them. Apparently no Ukrainian peasant can work unless he is singing: the rhythm of the song is necessary to the peculiar Slav temperament, and acts as an incentive to work, much in the same way, probably, as sailors always haul better on a rope to the accompaniment of a swinging song.

Dancing at the Grafton Galleries is more attractive than ever just now, when the National Portrait Society's Exhibition is on view there. Well-known people are to be seen both on the floor in the flesh, and on the walls in portraiture, and it is interesting to look for chances of comparing a picture with the original. The dancing club is deservedly one of the most popular in London. Often the proceeds are devoted to charity, such as the Red Cross and the Fresh Air Fund.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

O H LABONE (Blackpool).—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and hope to make use of the games at no distant date.

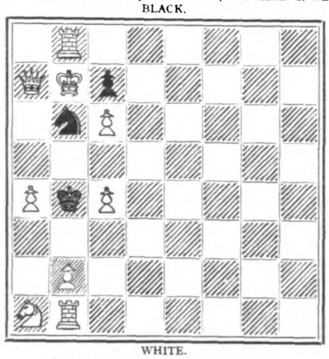
A M SPARKE (Lincoln).—Thanks for post-card. You are quite right.

HENRY JACKSON (Wanstead).—We admit the error. There are many pitfalls in that particular class of work, and none of us is safe, any more than in the examination of problems.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3851.—BY H. J. M.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to K Kt 8th	R takes B
2. Q to Q B 4th	R to K B 5th
3. Q to Q B 8th, mate.	

PROBLEM NO. 3853.—BY D. J. DENSMORE.
(FROM "A MEMORIAL TO D. J. DENSMORE.")—BY ALAIN C. WHITE.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3847 received from H F Marker (Porbandar, India) and P N Banerji (Benares); of No. 3848 from W W M (Philadelphia); of No. 3849 from J B Camara (Madeira), and K M Winslow (Winnipeg); of No. 3850 from Albert Taylor (Sheffield); of No. 3851 from J W Sefton (Bolton), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill), J Graham (Wokingham), W H Statham (Blackheath), J M K Lupton (Richmond), Edward Bygott (Middlewich), C H Watson (Masham), Albert Taylor, and Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3852 received from H W Satow (Bangor), J S Forbes (Brighton), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill), P Cooper (Clapham), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), J S Grant (Lewes), J M K Lupton (Richmond), A E Hutchinson (Liverpool), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), A H H (Bath), and C H Watson (Masham).

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Fifty-seven (from July 3 to Dec. 25, 1920) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS *can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.2*

CHESS IN SWEDEN.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament at Göteborg, Sweden, between Mr. RETI and Dr. TARRASCH.
(*Falkbeer Counter Gambit.*)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	

It is quite refreshing to see a King's Gambit offered in a modern tourney game.

2.	P to Q 4th
3. P takes Q P	P to K 5th
4. P to Q 3rd	Q takes P

Blackburne here played Kt to K B 3rd at once, and it would seem Black gains by delaying the capture of the Pawn for a move or so.

5. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th
7. B to Q 2nd	B takes Kt
8. B takes B	B to Kt 5th
9. P takes P	

Developing a charming "chessy" position, full of possibilities on both sides. Black's reply, on the whole, seems the best available.

9.	Q takes P
10. Q takes Q (ch)	Kt takes Q
11. B takes Kt P	

This slight gain in material turns the struggle in White's favour. With the Queen off the board and White not yet Castled, the open Knight's file is not of so much consequence.

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
11.	R to Kt sq
12. B to K 5th	Kt to Q B 3rd
13. B to Q 3rd	

Now B takes P would be fatal.

13.	Kt takes B
14. B takes Kt	Kt to B 5th
15. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd
16. B takes K P	R to Kt 2nd
17. B to Q 3rd	Castles
18. K to B 2nd	P to K B 4th
19. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 5th (ch)
20. K to K 3rd	R to K 2nd
21. Kt to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd
22. K to B 2nd	

White has very skilfully guarded himself against the pressure of Black's Rooks, and has here the road to victory fairly well open before him. It is perhaps made the easier by the despairing effort Black makes to avert defeat. The game is a most attractive one, and will repay careful study.

22.	R to Q 5th
23. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 5th (ch)
24. B takes Kt	R to Q 7th (ch)
25. K to Kt sq	R takes Kt
26. P takes R	P takes B
27. P to K R 3rd	B to B 6th
28. R to R 2nd	R to Q 4th
29. R to K sq	R takes P
30. K to B 2nd	K to Q 2nd
31. K to K 3rd	Resigns.

We have received from Mr. Alain C. White his annual Christmas volume in the form of a biographical sketch of Mr. D. J. Densmore, a number of his problems, and a selection of the problems contributed to the Densmore Memorial Tourney in the *Pittsburgh Gazette and Times*. The subject of this book, who was a son-in-law of the ever-famous Sam Loyd, developed marked genius as a composer, and acquired considerable celebrity in America; although little known on this side of the water. His death at the comparatively early age of fifty was the cause of general regret, and the esteem in which he was held was demonstrated by the success of the Tourney devoted to his memory.

The death is announced of Sir John Thursby, who for many years was the President of the British Chess Association, and a warm supporter of the game. Although taking no part in actual play, he was a regular visitor to all the important tournaments of his day, and he could hold his own over the board with most amateurs. He had, of course, other and greater interests in life than chess; but he was a loyal friend to the game whose loss will be keenly felt and not easily replaced.

"Who's Who" for 1921 (A. and C. Black) contains 2936 pages of biographies, as against 2847 in last year's edition, while there are six pages of obituary in each of these two volumes. It would seem that the birth rate of notabilities exceeds the death rate. This year's "Who's Who" contains 30,000 biographies. Its bulk is about the same; but what will happen "when Labour rules," and we reach the social period adumbrated by the Grand Inquisitor, "when everyone is somebody," it is hard to imagine. Even then the corollary—"and no one's anybody"—will not cause us to dispense with "Who's Who." Now, as ever, our literary Valhalla remains indispensable.



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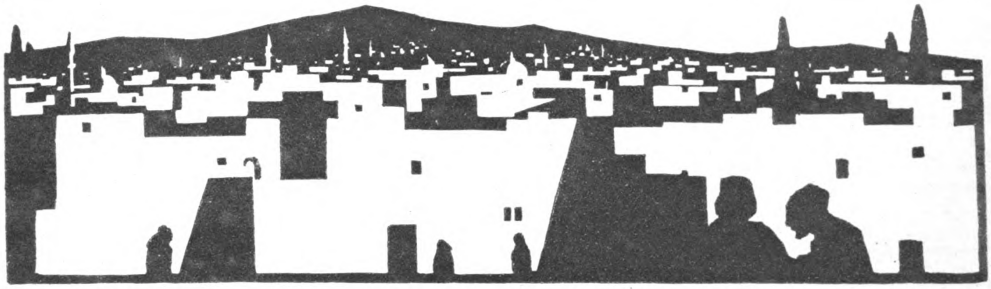
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

AN EPIDEMIC OF HICCOUGHS.

THERE can be little doubt that our old foe, the influenza, has developed a new method of attack. From several parts of England come reports of patients contracting what at first appears to be a slight chill, which is followed a few days later by fits of hiccoughing. The hiccough is not continuous, but generally takes the shape of from six or seven spasms in succession, with a pause of a few seconds, followed by another half-dozen. In bad cases, these have sometimes lasted all night, depriving the patient of sleep, and naturally leaving him or her much exhausted. A case reported in the *Lancet* of last month is so typical that it deserves to be quoted, and is vouched for by Mr. Malcolm Sarkies, a well-known practitioner at St. John's Wood. The patient in question was a medical man of nearly fifty, and of rheumatic habit. Attacked by what is described as an "explosive" cough following on a chill, he neglected it for three days. On the fourth night, he awoke at 2 a.m. with a fit of hiccoughs, which lasted until breakfast time, after which meal it stopped, to be resumed soon after, and to continue until food was again taken. This he endured for three days, when, under medical advice, he took to his bed and a milk diet, with inhalation of benzoin vapour and other medicaments for what was supposed to be a merely local inflammation of the throat. He became much worse, and developed a spasm of the larynx, until the treatment was changed to alkaline medicines, ammonium bromide, and a saline draught of mornings, while boiled fish, chicken broth, and one ounce of whisky a day were substituted for the milk. Under this he recovered quickly, and made a rapid convalescence with apparently no ill results. The temperature was throughout about 101 degrees.

All people have not been so lucky; and stories have been told of the fits of hiccoughs being followed by extreme drowsiness, turning later into the supposed new disease of *encephalitis lethargica*, which is always serious and sometimes fatal. No well-authenticated account of these has been published, and they should be received with extreme caution. Every new disease appeals with fresh force to neurasthenics and malingerers, and the power of the mind over the body is so enormous that the characteristic symptoms are easily produced, not always with the conscious will of the patient. If, however, there should appear to be any real connection between the attacks of hiccoughs and encephalitis, it might be necessary to make both complaints notifiable, and this would be a golden opportunity for the newly formed Ministry of Health to win its spurs. Up till now it seems—to change the metaphor a little abruptly—to have given us all the powder and none of the jam.



THE ROLL OF HONOUR OF THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS: PREPARING THE MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

On the pedestal seen in the centre will stand a figure of an angel. The dedication is: "To the Members and Officers of both Houses of Parliament and the Sons and Grandsons of Members who in the Great War consummated with their lives the tradition of public service in the cause of right and liberty This Memorial is dedicated in homage and affection."—[*Photograph by C.P.*]

What now is the connection between the new hiccough and the old influenza? Dr. C. E. Jenkins, Pathologist to the Salford Royal Hospital, who has studied the matter, is of opinion that the first-named disease started in Austria, where the general low level of nutrition and sanitation (including in this last the heating of houses) is enough to account for anything. Thence it travelled to Switzerland, and from there to Paris, whereifrom it reached our own shores. It begins, according to him, with what he calls "mild catarrhal symptoms," and a thin yellow discharge from the nose. Analysing this last, he has succeeded in isolating an excessively minute organism which he declares to be indistinguishable from the influenza bacillus. He admits that his investigations, which are continuing, are by no means complete; and there seems to be some need of control experiments. On the whole, however, the balance of probability seems to be on his side, and it is likely that in time the new hiccough will be shown to be the forerunner of a fresh epidemic of influenza, which is, from its observed periodicity, about due. The moral is that attacks of hiccoughing should not be neglected. As a rule, the sufferer is apt to regard them as due to what are euphemistically called errors of diet. That they are generally and in normal times to be put down to some form of indigestion, is true enough; but if they are accompanied by any serious rise in temperature, a medical man should be at once called in. It is not a good time of year for anyone—particularly for those of middle age and a rheumatic habit—to take any risks; and influenza is a complaint so easily communicated, and so serious in its effects on the community, that it should be given as few chances as possible. Finally, the treatment indicated in Mr. Sarkies' communication is not painful, and might even be looked on as pleasant—by a good many people.

F. L.

It is announced by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway that the night service between London, Rouen, and Paris, **via** Newhaven and Dieppe, will be resumed on and from March 21. The service will be first, second, and third class, the train leaving Victoria at 8.20 p.m., arriving at Dieppe 2.0 a.m., and Paris (St. Lazare) 6.0 a.m. The return train will leave Paris (St. Lazare), on and after Tuesday, March 22, at 9.0 p.m., arriving Victoria 7.55 a.m.



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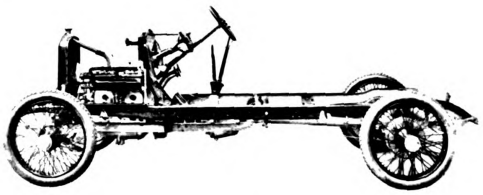
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Speed-Limit. In view of the fact that early in the year the Government intends to bring forward a Bill to amend existing motor legislation, the A.A. is taking a referendum vote of its members on the question of the speed-limit. The question they are asked to answer is whether it would be better to abolish the limit altogether or to increase it to thirty miles an hour, bearing in mind that any such increased limit would be, in all probability, strictly enforced.

The speed-limit as such does not assist to make the roads safe, since speed in relation to danger is entirely a question of the conditions existing at a given moment. Moreover, speed-limits are disregarded, as we know, by every driver, and all experience goes to show that there is really one measure of offence only, and that is driving to the common danger. If the matter were to be decided on these grounds only, I should say that it would be best to abolish the limit, and make the penalties for really dangerous driving much heavier than they are. But there are other considerations. We do not want to see a revival of the police-trapping activities of ten years ago, as we probably should if the limit were increased. Nor do we want to be trapped in certain notoriously anti-motor districts, and every excess of speed over the present limit of twenty miles an hour treated as dangerous driving. That is what would most probably happen if the limit were abolished altogether. However, it seems that some alteration is to be made to the existing law, and, although I am still of opinion that speed-limits fail of their purpose, I personally am inclined to vote for an increase to thirty miles an hour rather than for total abolition.



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Belt-Driven Dynamos. To judge by certain correspondence which has been taking place in the *Autocar*, a great many people seem to have trouble with belt drives to fan and lighting dynamo. I confess I do not quite understand why, because, after owning several cars fitted with this type of drive, I cannot recall any case of what I should call trouble. My present car has two belts, one driving the fan pulley, and the other the lighting dynamo. Both of these are of the leather-link type—the "Whittle"—and I have not touched either since last summer (when I took a link out of the dynamo drive), except that once a month or so I wipe them over with petrol and then give them a light rub with the special dressing recommended by the belt-makers. They never slip, and I do not know what a breakage is. I should say that any owner who has trouble with this type of drive has mainly his own neglect to blame for it. As to

[Continued overleaf.

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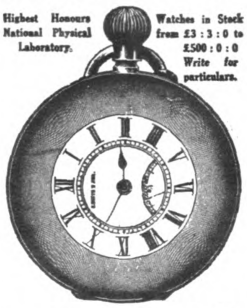


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PAINTING materials and labour are more plentiful—therefore cheaper—than they're likely to be in Spring. Decorators have more time *now* to study your needs and personally supervise your work. So it is sound economy to spend *now* what you would have to spend anyway on painting—especially as experience has proved Winter decoration to be as good and durable as that done in Spring. Winter is a good painting time because there are no flies and dust to spoil the paint before it dries, and no hot sun to blister it.

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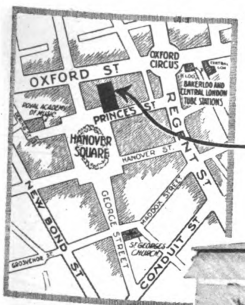
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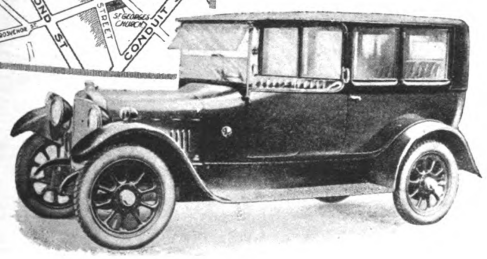
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Continued.

gear-driven fans and dynamos, I may be behind the times, but I don't want them. I prefer the flexibility and ease of adjustment of the belt every time.

Dunlop 1921 Calendar. This is something unique in advertising. Produced by Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., in conjunction with the Dunlop Company's Advertising Department, it depicts a typical London night scene in the vicinity of Piccadilly Circus, and is produced in oil facsimile of such high excellence that it will undoubtedly be mistaken by many for an original. The general effect from a distance is one of indefinable attraction, the background being extremely dark, and the attention focussed on the figure of a beautiful woman illumined by the lights of a standing car. The calendar is well worth framing. I understand that the accompanying date-pad has been produced in practically every language, not excepting Chinese, for world-wide distribution to all the customers upon the company's register.

Chauffeurs and Unemployment Insurance. So many employers are uncertain as to whether they are liable to contribute in respect of their chauffeurs under the Unemployment Insurance Act, 1920, that the R.A.C. has obtained a decision from the Minister of Labour to the effect that the employment of a chauffeur in private service is not employment within the meaning of the Act. No contributions for unemployment insurance are, therefore, payable in respect of motor drivers in private service.

The Position of the License. The Ministry of Transport has now clarified its regulations relating to the position in which the new license "card"—which *is in reality* nothing but a flimsy slip of paper—may be carried. It is now laid down that it may be affixed to the wind-screen, in the bottom left-hand corner, provided a space of at least an inch of clear glass be left between the edge of the holder and the upright of the screen. I suppose this is to be regarded as a concession, but it will be surprising if those who elect to affix the card in this position are not harried by policemen with measuring tapes, anxious to see if the clear inch is there or not. If the campaign against irregular number-plates is anything to go by, a similar set against screen-carried licenses is practically certain. W. W.

Home billiards goes far to solve the parental problem, how to keep the boys out of mischief. The girls can join them, and the long winter evenings are



A HANDSOME SEVEN-SEATER: A 40-H.P., SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER.

a pleasure instead of a bore. It costs very little to purchase a *removable* table to go in any ordinary room. Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., Hamilton Works, Accrington, have made a speciality of these tables, and supply them on the easy payment system. They will send an illustrated price-list post free of either their "Home" billiard tables or "Combine" billiard and dining tables on receipt of a postcard.

"THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF M. DUPONT," AT THE GARRICK.

IN these days of frankness it seems almost ludicrous that the censorship should ever have placed its ban on "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont." Indeed, one can imagine the younger generation of playgoers marvelling why such a fuss was made about a play which we can easily better in its kind at home in England. But in its day it marked something of an advance. M. Brieux presented here effectively, if mechanically, the problems of the revolting daughter, the spinster who seeks her consolations in religion, the wife who is refused her claim to have children. He gave us the didactic drama almost at its best; but there is nothing here to shock modern youth, which is more likely to complain that the dramatist's methods are those of the special pleader, that he did less than justice to the French parent, the French husband, and French customs. Still, it is a good acting play, and Miss Ethel Irving has already made famous in this country its rôle of Julie, the exasperated wife, and its study of baulked maternity. It is pleasant to renew acquaintance at Garrick matinées with her impassioned, though perhaps almost over-realistic, performance; hers is a wonderful piece of virtuosity, and she carries it through with all her original disturbing intensity. A companion piece of acting in quieter vein—that of Miss Edith Evans as the plaintive, self-immolating elder sister—deserves unstinted praise.

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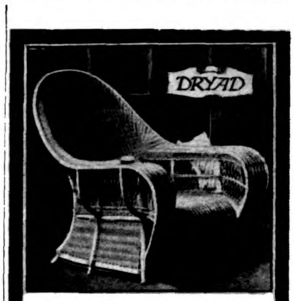


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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1921.

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THE LATEST PHASE IN ARTISTIC APPRECIATION: THE FASHIONABLE WOMAN ADMIRES THE "AESTHETIC REALISATIONS" OF NEGRO ART, AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

For years past, artists, amateurs, and directors of museums have taken an interest in the idols of Africa from a purely artistic point of view, but the recently opened exhibition of Negro Art at the Goupil Gallery represents the first attempt to convince the public in general that the idols, fetishes, and statuettes from Nigeria, the Congo, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, and New Guinea are "æsthetic realisations which lose nothing, by their anonymity, of their intensity, their grandeur, their genuine and simple beauty"—to quote the words of the late Guillaume Apollinaire. None will deny that the examples of antique negro art now on view at the Goupil possess a certain naïve charm, but modern Intellectuals see in them far more than this. Smart women admire their "beauty and distinction," and it is a sign of modernity to adorn one's house with gods of wood before which the "heathen in his blindness" bows down.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



WHEN a new Thackeray sits down to write "The English Humourists of the Twentieth Century," he will have to explore an avenue that the previous age would have considered the least promising in the whole range of literature. Purists, perhaps, may object that with literature it has nothing at all to do; and the purists may be right within the limits of their own private mole-hill; but that will not justify the historian in ignoring this particular contributory to the gaiety of nations. It is so characteristic a sign of the times—as appropriate, in fact, as this journal's venerable sign of St. Paul's—that it will merit at least a paragraph, and that not the dullest in the book. Great names will not appear there, for the writings in question are for the most part the work of journeymen who are not concerned with the finer technique of the pen. But technique of a kind is theirs, that which arises out of knowledge, vigour, sincerity, and a great mobility. Therefore are they technicians. There, the murder is out at last! For this spring of new humour bubbles and sparkles in writings primarily technical.

Once upon a time, treatises on mechanics held no place for the jester. They were concerned entirely with grave discussions and formidable diagrams, with sines and cosines, tangents and the strange hieroglyphic of algebraic formulæ. But here, as everywhere, the war made a difference, and gave free scope to a tendency already apparent. It was a mechanics' war, and it sent back to civil life a crowd of young experts who had learned in the imminent deadly breach to joke with their machine and with science as lightly as they joked with Death. That was a trick Macandrew had not learned. He left such vain things to the skipper "on his way to jock wi' the saloon." The skipper met the due reward of frivolity. Was he not "scoughed" by a typhoon as he went about his giddy social pleasures, little approved by the auld Scots engineer? But the engineer of to-day, with the tang of campaigning in his blood and the racy slang of the trenches lingering on his tongue, is a creature of infinite jest, to judge by his written word. Even before 1914 this technical humourist had certain forerunners who risked their bread-and-butter for the sake of a lively pen, and came perilously near dismissal by serious-minded proprietors. Now emancipated, he has evolved a distinctive type of sly, pungent wit and pleasant humour. He is not afraid to be young. We like him the better for that. He has evolved a poetry of the air and of the road both in prose and in verse. If he speaks very much like a schoolboy still, it is the voice of a schoolboy with a man's experience. This paradox of the new age finds its freest expression in the literature of transport, aerial or earth-bound. Its exponent is a modern jester who believes, with Jack Point, that the world is a huge butt of humour into which whosoever will may drive a gimlet. He believes also in ginger, hot in the mouth.

Perhaps he is not exactly a stylist, except in so far as the style is the man (Peace, Pedant! I know quite as well as your worship that Buffon did not say "*Le style, c'est l'homme même*" in these very words), but the threadbare travesty is useful and true for all that, and our scribe mechanical is not to be omitted from literary history on that score. He is a man who has seen his chance and has used it royally. The dry bones of his subject are very dry, but he is not dry; therefore he has infused into them his own sappy personality. And the result? A modern comic Press worthy of serious men's attention. Although the main theme is grave, founded on inexorable physical laws, the treatment is light. The machine is inhuman, but our new mechanical essayist always keeps an eye on the human comedy, thereby getting over the dead-centres gaily. He is at war with the pure pedant, whom he guys without mercy as the "slide-rule" expert. But his own measurements are none the less exact and punctilious, when he has to describe some new gadget or contrivance. To be accurate, he holds, one need not be dull. If there is anything at all which he considers past a joke, perhaps because it is too colossally shambling and indeterminate, it is the Ministry of Transport.

But, if it has no efficient spear-head, the Department bristles with innumerable pegs (mostly square in round holes) on which jests may be hung. Chief of these is the machinery of motor licenses, and the rules for the proper exhibition of the same—rules so obscure that they had to be explained officially, and the explanation again explained. Yet Authority did its gallant little bit to make the Form of Application for License really light and entertaining reading. It japed genially about "conveyances for invalids not exceeding 5 cwt. in weight" (*sic*), and with crushing candour it decreed that "this Registration Book must be kept in a SAFE PLACE, not on the car." As yet we await our witty modern Athenian mechanicals' comments on these Whitehall *jeux d'esprit*, but on the general trend of Control they are sufficiently rewarding. Some of them foresee a Health Certificate for car-owners, with a solemn schedule granting license to use a hearse—"as passenger only." To this favour of burlesque has grandmotherly government come! Surely the time is ripe for its Aristophanes. The stage must not leave the whole duty of politico-social criticism to lively engineers. It would be fitting if from their ranks a great dramatic satirist of official foibles should arise. Long ago, the theatre and rude mechanicals found an everlasting link in Bully Bottom.

This blending of Attic salt with mechanic exercise recalls, on a side issue, a whimsical association of handicraft with polite letters. During the past week Oxford men the world over have noted with regret the passing of a humourist who was to many generations of undergraduates the British Workman *par excellence*. A later abbreviating brood called him "the Britter," a nick-name older men hardly recognised in an obituary head-line. The bearer of that title, Mr. Herbert Jackson, was one of those eccentric figures that only a university can produce. He was legendary, even as Walter Pater was legendary, although men knew him far better by sight than the great master of fastidious prose. His extraordinary ease, amplitude and negligence of figure and costume, his utter negation of the academic in appearance, led some prehistoric wag to hail him as the archetype of British Labour, and the nickname became popular. It was the thing to point him out to freshmen as part of their initiation. His pupils, many and distinguished, held him in affectionate regard, and in the days of his activity as a private coach he was a centre of hospitality. He had the reputation of a good sportsman in his time, but later Oxford knew him best as a man somewhat retired, a constant haunter of the Union. One saw him oftenest in the Cornmarket as he went and came to and from his daily session in the reading-room. A romantic stranger, noting Mr. Jackson in his last phase, might have been tempted to imagine him a second Anthony à Wood, secretly gathering precious materials for a new *Athenæ Oxonienses*. But that is not likely, although he must have felt the drowsy spell of the place, for he went up, as first of the non-collegiate students (irreverently called "toshers") as far back as 1869, and remained "up" ever after, holding no university office. For half a century he lingered amid the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, himself a survival, a landmark, a monument, but of what it would be difficult to say. His fame reached to the far north of these islands. Rude Caledonian youths, meditating a southern foray, heard of him long before they had seen Magdalen Tower or the High, and it was a great day when they first set eyes on Mr. Jackson in the flesh. But there was a surer proof of his celebrity—the portrait to the life that hung in Shrimpton's window. That, too, is now only a memory. Here, then, let this page of the Note-Book, devoted to-day to the humours of British Workmen, record a *Requiescat* for their eponymous hero.

J. D. S.



THE SON OF A FORMER GOVERNOR-GENERAL MARRIED IN CANADA: THE EARL OF MINTO'S WEDDING—A BRIDAL GROUP.

The wedding of the Earl of Minto (whose father was Governor-General of Canada, and, later, Viceroy of India) and Miss Marion Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook, of Montreal, took place there on January 19. There were eight bridesmaids. Our photograph shows, from left to right (top row), Lady Rachel Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire; Miss Sheila McEacharn; the Earl of Minto; Miss Dorothy Cook; Lady Margaret Scott. (Middle row) Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy; Miss Audrey Cook; the Countess of Minto (the bride); Miss Sarah Cook. (Lower row) Masters Gerald and Desmond Farrell (pages), Miss Adelaide Beardmore, and Masters Charles and Mark Farrell (pages).—[*Photograph by the Millar Studio, Montreal.*]

A NEW LONDON INTEREST: NEGRO FETISHES AS ART TREASURES.

By Courtesy of Messrs. William Marchant and Co., the Goupil Gallery: also of Mr. Charles Shannon, R.A. (Owner of No. 12) and Mr. Thomas Lowinsky (Owner of No. 3).



OF "DATELESS ANONYMITY," BUT BELIEVED (IN THE AFRICAN EXAMPLES) TO HAVE AFFINITIES WITH THE ART OF EGYPT: NEGRO SCULPTURE AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

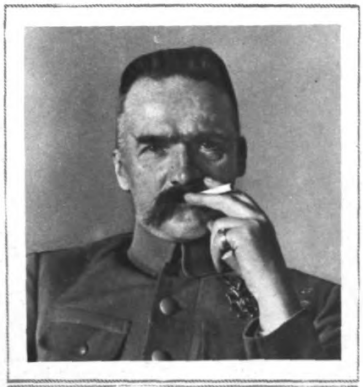
As recorded on our front page, the Exhibition of Negro Art at the Goupil Gallery has provided the intellectual with a new subject of discussion in artistic matters. In a preface to the catalogue by the late M. Guillaume Apollinaire, it is pointed out that the artists who wrought these fetishes from Africa and Oceania are all unknown, but that (in the African specimens) there is "an indubitable relationship with the art of Egypt from which they are descended." Those illustrated above are described as follows: (1) Idol (Ivory Coast); (2) Statuette (Ivory Coast); (3) Bronze head of a warrior (Benin); (4) Idol (Ivory Coast); (5) Idol (Ivory Coast); (6) Mask (Ivory Coast); (7) Mask (Baule Tribe); (8) Double-headed Vase (Nigeria); (9) Sacred head (Ba Huana); (10) Mask (Baule Tribe); (11) Mask (Caledonia); (12) Ritual mask (Nigeria); (13) Mask (Ivory Coast); (14) Mask (Nigeria). These works are undated as well as anonymous.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., POLISH PRESS BUREAU, TOPICAL, FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO., AND VANDYK.



WINNER OF AN AMERICAN £1000 PRIZE FOR AN ESSAY ON EINSTEIN: MR. L. BOLTON.



RECENTLY IN FRANCE: MARSHAL PILSUDSKI, CHIEF OF THE POLISH STATE.



THE FIRST WOMAN SPEAKER OF A PARLIAMENT: MRS. RALPH SMITH, OF VANCOUVER.



"IF GERMANY IS PROSPEROUS SHE CAN PAY, AND SHE MUST PAY": MR. LLOYD GEORGE MAKING HIS SPEECH ON REPARATION IN THE TOWN HALL AT BIRMINGHAM.



APPOINTED DEPUTY MASTER OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD: CAPTAIN LORD CLAUD NIGEL HAMILTON, D.S.O.



A WOMAN WHO CHANGED IRISH HISTORY: THE LATE MRS. PARNELL.

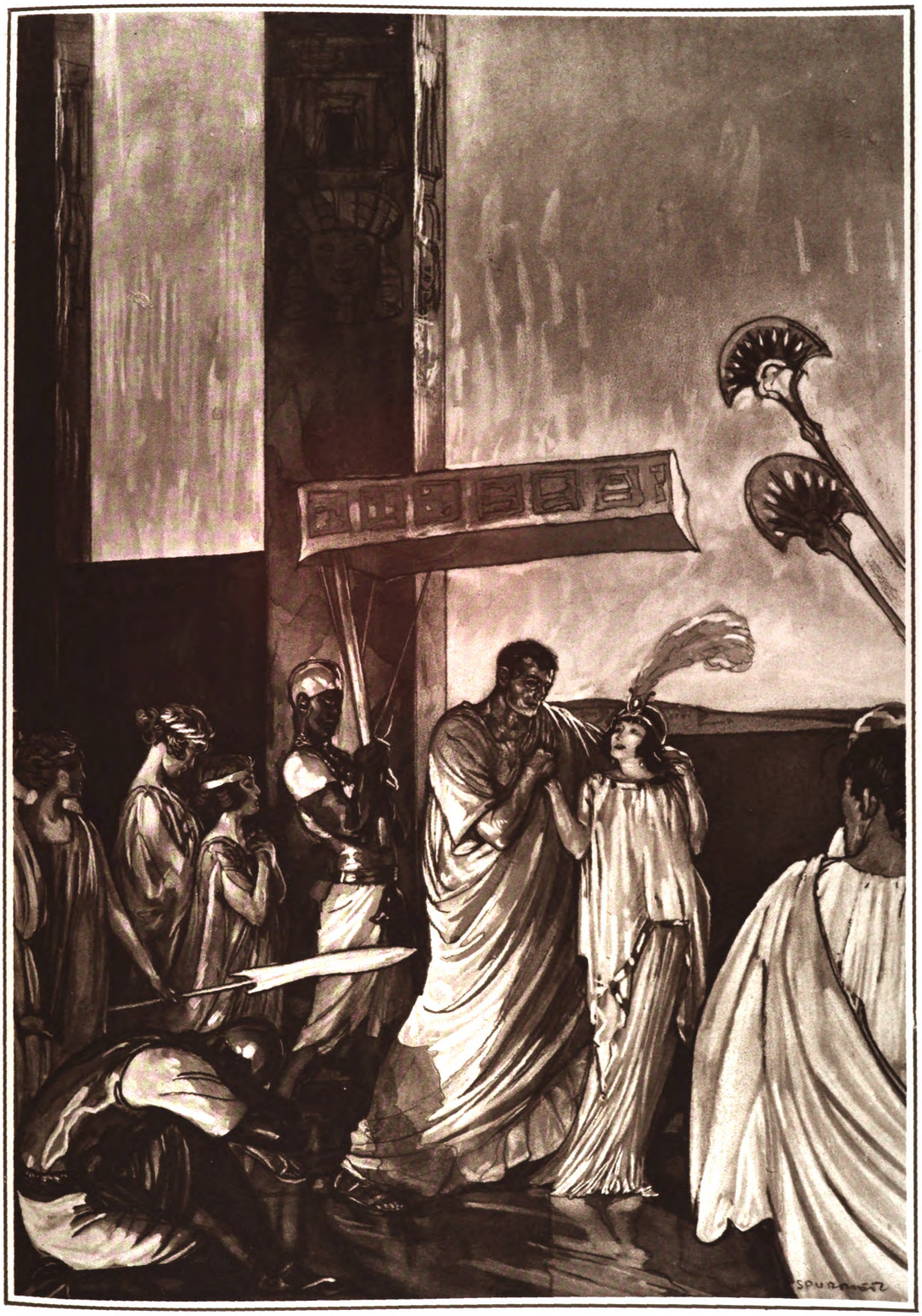


APPOINTED BATH KING OF ARMS: GENERAL SIR CHARLES CARMICHAEL MONRO, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.

Mr. L. Bolton, an examiner at the Patent Office, London, and a Wrangler of Cambridge University, has won the £1000 prize offered by the "Scientific American," of New York, for the best essay on Professor Einstein's Theory of Relativity.——Marshal Pilsudski's visit to France has greatly strengthened the "Entente" with Poland. He reached Paris on February 3, and on the 6th visited Verdun on his way back to Warsaw.——Mrs. Mary Ellen Smith, M.P. for Vancouver in the British Columbia Parliament, has been elected Speaker, being the first woman in history to hold such a position, and the first woman to be a Canadian M.P. She is the widow of the Hon. Ralph Smith (formerly Minister of Labour).——The Premier spoke at Birmingham on February 5 on the Allied Conference and reparations. The war Bill, he said, was scaled according to German prosperity. "If Germany is prosperous, she can pay, and she must pay."——Captain Lord Claud Nigel Hamilton is a brother of the Duke of Abercorn. He accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour, as Equerry.——Mrs. Parnell, widow of Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, died at Brighton on February 5. As Mrs. O'Shea, she was respondent in the famous divorce case which ruined Parnell's career.——Sir Charles Monro commanded at the Dardanelles and in France. Later he was Commander-in-Chief in India.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA": A SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL AT OXFORD.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"THE TRIPLE PILLAR OF THE WORLD TRANSFORMED INTO A STRUMPET'S FOOL": ANTONY (MR. C. E. RAMAGE) AND CLEOPATRA (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT) IN THE O.U.D.S. REVIVAL AT OXFORD (ACT 1. SCENE 1).

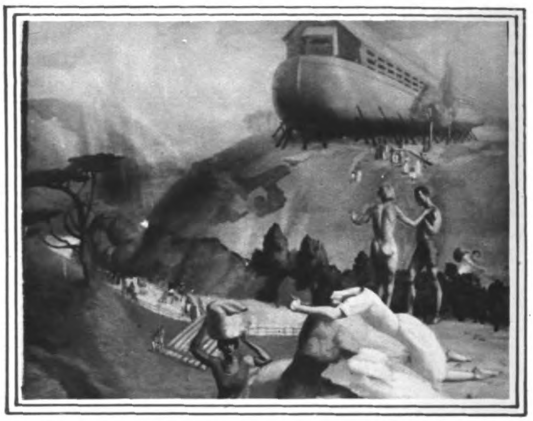
The Oxford University Dramatic Society produced their interesting revival of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," at the New Theatre, Oxford, on February 8, and it was arranged to give it also on the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, with matinées also on each of those days except the 11th. That clever actress Miss Cathleen Nesbitt took the part of Cleopatra. Antony was played by Mr. C. E. Ramage, of Pembroke, who has personality and a fine voice. The Iras (seen kneeling just to the left of the black attendant) was Miss Paulise de Bush, who spoke the prologue in "Ralph Roister Doister" recently at Westminster School. Next to her, to the left, is Mrs. Donald Calthrop (Miss Margaret Ledward) as Charmian. The scenery was designed by Mr. E. St. Leger Hill, of Keble. The music was arranged by Mr. A. L. B. Ashton, of Balliol, from Purcell's "Dido and Æneas." [*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE ROME ART SCHOLARSHIPS: EXHIBITS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

By Courtesy of the British School at Rome.



AWARDED A SCHOLARSHIP FOR PAINTING: "THE DELUGE," BY WINIFRED M. KNIGHTS (SLADE SCHOOL).



BY A CANDIDATE IN THE PAINTING COMPETITION: "THE DELUGE," BY A. OUTLAW (SLADE SCHOOL).



A SCULPTURE EXHIBIT: "SACRIFICE," BY ALEXANDER STYLES (ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS).



AN EXHIBIT IN THE SCULPTURE COMPETITION: "SACRIFICE," BY C. W. DYSON SMITH (ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART).

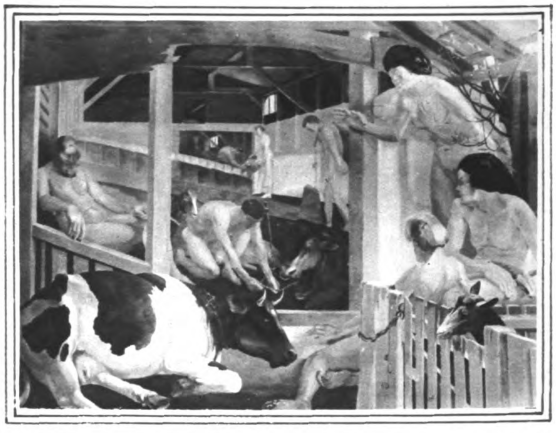
THE British School at Rome was founded in 1901 for the benefit of British students pursuing serious studies in Italy. It was reorganised and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1912. The management is in the hands of a Council and an Executive Committee, and its technical work is supervised by Faculties representing (1) Archæology, History and Letters, (2) Architecture, (3) Painting, (4) Sculpture, and (5) Engraving. The School's London address is 1, Lowther Gardens, Exhibition Road, S.W.7.



AWARDED A SCHOLARSHIP: "SACRIFICE," BY A. F. HARDIMAN (COLLEGE OF ART AND ACADEMY SCHOOLS).



AWARDED A PREMIUM IN THE PAINTING COMPETITION: "THE DELUGE," BY G. C. L. UNDERWOOD (SLADE SCHOOL).



ONE OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE PAINTING COMPETITION FOR ROME SCHOLARSHIPS: "THE DELUGE," BY J. WILKIE (SLADE SCHOOL).

The British School at Rome is now holding an interesting Exhibition in the Royal Academy Galleries, at Burlington House, of works submitted in the Open Examinations for the Rome Scholarships in architecture, sculpture, decorative painting, and engraving, and for the Henry Jarvis Studentship in architecture, together with works executed in the Final Competitions for the Rome Scholarships awarded in 1920. It is to this latter group (the 1920 competitions) that the works above illustrated belong. The subject for painting was "The Deluge" in oil or tempera, together with a cartoon, and the time allowed was eight weeks. The winner of the scholarship was Miss Winifred M. Knights, and a premium was awarded to Mr. G. C. L. Underwood. Both were students at the Slade School. The subject for sculpture was a group, symbolical of Sacrifice, of two figures on a pedestal, and a sketch model of the group and pedestal. The competitors, working *en loge*, were allowed one week for the sketch models and seven weeks for the completed groups. Each scholarship is worth £250 per annum for three years.

Where He Once had "an Even Warmer Reception": The Prime Minister at Birmingham.



IN THE CIVIC PROCESSION: (L. TO R.) MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, THE LORD MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND MISS LLOYD GEORGE.



AFTER RECEIVING AN HONORARY LL.D. AT BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY: MR. LLOYD GEORGE, WITH THE PRINCIPAL, DR. GRANT ROBERTSON, AND WOMEN MEMBERS.

In his speech at Birmingham Town Hall on February 7, Mr. Lloyd George playfully recalled his former visit to the city during the Boer War, when he had to disguise himself as a policeman to escape the mob. "I have some recollection," he said, "of an even warmer reception than you have been kind enough to accord me now." After his speech at the Town Hall on German reparation, the Premier and his party walked in procession to the Council House, where the Lord Mayor entertained them to luncheon. Later, Mr. Lloyd George visited the University, and received an honorary LL.D. He paid a tribute to the late Mr. Chamberlain, and said it was a source of joy to him that they had been reconciled before Mr. Chamberlain retired.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. AND C.N.]

"Rugger"—International and Inter-Services: Teams; and a Royal Spectator.



WINNERS AGAINST WALES AT SWANSEA BY FOURTEEN POINTS TO EIGHT: THE SCOTTISH TEAM.



DEFEATED BY SCOTLAND IN A MATCH MARRED BY AN UNRULY CROWD: THE WELSH TEAM.



GREETING THE AIR FORCE TEAM (V. THE NAVY): THE DUKE OF YORK (ON THE EXTREME LEFT, SIR HUGH TRENCHARD).



VICTORIOUS OVER THE AIR FORCE: THE NAVY TEAM INTRODUCED TO THE DUKE OF YORK AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

In the thirty-first international match between Scotland and Wales, played at Swansea on February 5, Scotland won by one goal, one penalty goal, and two tries (14 points) to two dropped goals (8 points). It was the first match Scotland had won on the St. Helen's ground for twenty-nine years. The game was marred by repeated invasions of the field by a refractory crowd, and play had to be stopped several times. There were 40,000 spectators, and the arrangements for their accommodation were inadequate. At Queen's Club on the same day the Navy beat the Air Force by four goals, one dropped goal, and three tries (33 points) to one try (3 points). The Air Force team was not up to strength. The Duke of York watched the match, and shook hands with both teams.

Still a Mystery? The "Unliftable" Man.

BY COURTESY OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."

IN our issue of Feb. 5 we published an abridged translation of an article whose writer, M. Pierre Noguès, claimed to have found a mechanical explanation of the mystery of the unliftable man.

To-day we publish below, also by courtesy of *L'Illustration*, a translated refutation of these assertions, from the pen of M. Charles Nordmann, a well-known scientist, who was the first man in France to put forward the problem of Johnny Coulon.

From experiments made a few days ago at the laboratory of the Institut Général Psychologique, we shall prove that M. Noguès' explanation has no foundation.

Before describing the experiments conducted at the Institut, we think it necessary to give a short account of M. Noguès' explanations, which were communicated by their author to the Académie des Sciences. That learned body, however, did not insert them in their official bulletin.

According to M. Noguès, if Johnny Coulon is "unliftable" in the position which has been described a thousand times, it is because the vertical line passing through the centre of gravity of the whole mass formed by Johnny Coulon and his



ALTHOUGH SUPPORTED BY A STOOL AT HIS BACK, ACCORDING TO M. NOGUÈS' THEORY: M. RENAUD STILL UNABLE TO LIFT COULON.

would-be lifter passes beyond the feet of the latter—*i.e.*, outside his supporting base. In other words, all the scientists who had found mystery in the phenomenon offered by Coulon had forgotten an elementary theorem of mechanics.

This would have been very humiliating for the said scientists if, in fact, this theorem had not been simply inoperative in Coulon's case. It is, indeed, childish to compare a man to a weight fixed to rigid levers, forgetting that, in his case, the levers are articulated, and controlled by muscles capable of resistance, and that these muscles are themselves put in motion by nervous influx, a thing that M. Noguès seems to forget.

If his explanation were correct, all things being equal, the greater the weight of a man, the greater would be his weight-lifting power. Thus Fatty would be champion of the world!

Those experiments we are about to describe took place in the laboratory of the Institut Général Psychologique under the presidency and control of Professor d'Arsonval, the eminent successor of Claude Bernard, surrounded by notabilities in the world of science and sport.

We shall limit ourselves to giving only a few of them, which will suffice to-day for corroborating our explanation,

(1) M. Noguès said, in his article, that for easily lifting the "unliftable" it suffices to tie tightly to the feet of the would-be lifter two wooden soles protruding from four to five inches beyond the tips of his shoes, so that their extreme ends should be placed by the side of his opponent's feet. Now, one would have thought that M. Noguès would have taken the trouble to verify this affirmation before launching it; unfortunately for its author, it is absolutely contrary to what actually takes place. The experiment made by M. J. J. Renaud, an athlete of extraordinary strength, using wooden soles much longer than those specified, gave an absolutely negative result—namely, the total impossibility of lifting Coulon when the latter placed his hands in the well-known



COULON STILL UNLIFTABLE (BY M. RENAUD), DESPITE "FOOT-BOARDS" TO ADVANCE THE LIFTER'S FULCRUM: EVIDENCE AGAINST M. NOGUÈS' THEORY.

In our last issue (February 5) we gave an illustrated article explaining M. Noguès' theory regarding the "unliftable" boxer, Johnny Coulon, who has puzzled the scientific world of Paris. M. Noguès ascribed the phenomenon merely to mechanical principles of weight, fulcrum (supporting base), and leverage. On this page M. Charles Nordmann disputes M. Noguès' conclusions, and shows by illustrations that Coulon can still make himself unliftable even under the conditions which M. Noguès said would render the task easy. The lifter here is M. J. J. Renaud, a well-known sportsman and writer.

position, although the centre of gravity of the system formed by the two men passed very much "inside" the supporting base of the lifter. Moreover, it is noticed that, at every attempt at lifting,



ACCORDING TO M. NOGUÈS, IN AN EASY LIFTING POSITION: M. LÉON SÉE FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO LIFT COULON.

the tips of the feet, far from tending to rest on the ground, have rather a tendency to rise, which suffices to prove that M. Noguès' demonstration reposes also very lightly on its "supporting base." The top photograph given here shows exactly the experiment represented by Fig. 2 in our last issue.

(2) The experiment indicated by Fig. 3 (in the same issue) has also been made by several of us, especially by M. J. J. Renaud, as shown in the left-hand photograph on this page. Here again the result was entirely negative, and, whilst one of us was firmly holding the stool, it was noticed that the would-be lifter did not support himself on the stool in his attempts at lifting, but actually left it spontaneously while exerting his effort.

(3) When Coulon does not lay his hands on his opponent, he is easily liftable (as in the right-hand photograph here), even if his opponent's toes are four inches—or, in the case of a strong-enough athlete, eight inches—away from Coulon's. On the contrary, when he lays his hands on his opponent, it is quite impossible to lift him when their toes are on the same straight line, or even if the toes of one are at the same level as the heels of the other. Yet, in the first case, the vertical line passing through the centre of gravity of the mass formed by both men was evidently passing further in front of the lifter than in the second case.

(4) To conclude, the experiment shown in the lower photograph completes our demonstration: not only is the lifter advancing his feet to place them on a level with Coulon's, but he bends backwards as much as possible, thus the verticals passing through his centre of gravity and that of both



M. LÉON SÉE LIFTING COULON THOUGH STANDING WELL AWAY FROM HIM: A POSITION M. NOGUÈS SAID WOULD PREVENT IT.

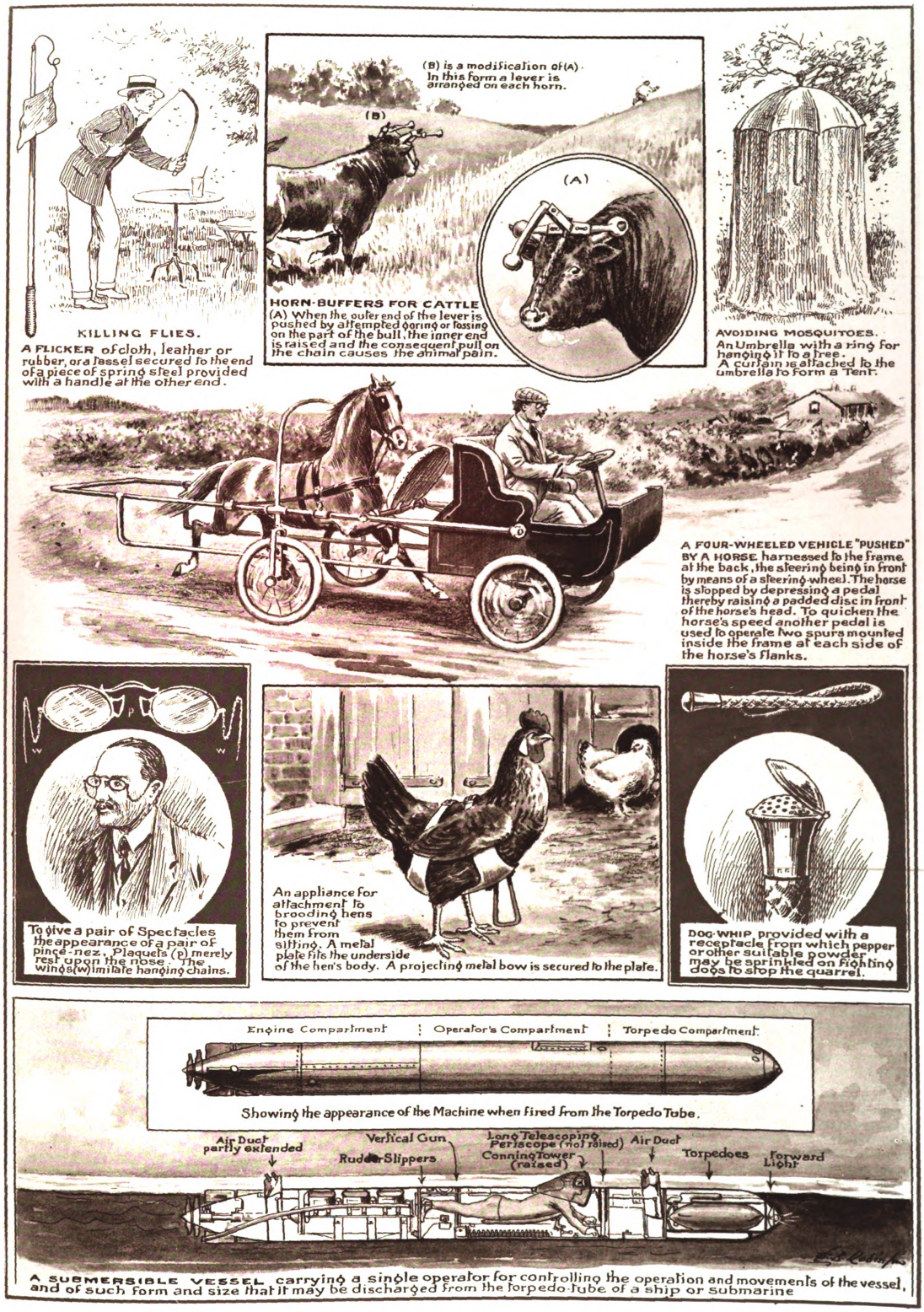
men together reach the ground well behind his heels. In that position the lifter would fall backwards, bringing down Coulon with him, if he were not supported by the arm of a helper. In this paradoxical position the result is—impossibility of lifting Coulon when he lays his hands on his opponent!

To sum up, we maintain that the mystery of the "Unliftable Man" remains in its entirety, and cannot be explained by our actual knowledge of physiology and of animal or even human mechanism. Moreover, as this phenomenon is not peculiar to Johny Coulon, but is shared by many others, even children, the interest attached to it is all the more general and places it among "scientific" phenomena. Sarcasms may be heaped by incredulous or ironical people on scientists great and small, but the fact remains that the general phenomenon discovered and exhibited for the first time by Johnny Coulon the boxer is actually inexplicable in the light of our limited knowledge.

Since the above was written, news comes from Geneva that the Swiss champion wrestler, Maurice Deriaz, succeeded in lifting Coulon twice at the Apollo Theatre there on Feb. 6. Deriaz, who had failed at three previous attempts, was to forfeit £40 if unsuccessful. He is reported to have said that the mystery consisted in Coulon pressing his fingers deeply into his adversary's throat. Coulon's contact with the wrist, he said, was to keep his opponent far enough away to prevent a favourable grip. Coulon is said to have accused Deriaz of shifting from the position imposed on him. Paris scientists were reported to have found that no pressure on the throat was needed on Coulon's part, but merely contact.

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES VIII.—FLY FLICKERS; BULL'S HORN-BUFFERS; UMBRELLA MOSQUITO TENTS; HORSE-PUSHED CARS; PINCE-NEZ SPECTACLES; BROODY-HEN PREVENTERS; "PEPPERY" DOG-WHIPS; MANNED TORPEDOES.

In the specifications of the man-controlled torpedo, we read: "The position of the operator is the same as the position of his body when in swimming; . . . therefore a nautical man would feel perfectly at home. . . . If he cannot start his engine, he may still get back to his base by paddling or sculling—that is, by moving his feet up and down with long strokes he will move his horizontal rudders up and down and push the vessel forward. . . . When he sees aircraft directly over him, he presses a button which pulls the muzzle shield (of the vertical gun) away, which act energises the magnet which pulls the trigger . . . it will be in the nature of a comfort to the operator. . . . Should a submarine not be able to rise to the surface, this vessel may be expelled from its tube with its operator and speed away for help. . . . The last man would set a time fuse to fire the charge that expels him." [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

MR. HARRY WALL'S second appearance as a playwright—this time under the wing of Mr. Arthur Wontner, and in token of a benefit for the Actors' Benevolent Fund—reminds me of the play competition of which some five years ago he was the winner. We were then in the midst of the turmoil, and, as the dramatic vein of the nation was almost sterile for a while, I suggested to Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard that a prize and a production would perhaps reveal a "mute inglorious" new man. The proposal was accepted; the prize was to be a hundred pounds, and the play was to be given a trial at the Court Theatre. Among the judges were men well known in stageland: Henry Ainley, Frederick Whelan, H. A. Hertz; and the crop was a nice one—in quantity.

There rushed in no fewer than 264 plays, all anonymously under a motto; and, of these, twelve were to be delegated, on the selection of the experienced chief readers, Miss Emily Stone and Miss Agnes Platt, to the judges. Of the twelve the competition was narrowed down to three; and it was my duty, as umpire, to select the winner after having considered the report on each play by my distinguished fellow-sifters. Of the bulk the least said the soonest mended. I employed my leisure from time to time in perusing manuscripts at random after the readers had done with them, and, when I look back on the arid stuff that had to be waded through, I regard it as a providential ordainment that the two ladies who so valiantly laboured in the cause of our drama were not bereft of their reason. Of all the rubbish! Well, that is done with, and, although none of the twelve plays of the narrower competition revealed inordinate talent, we were at least glad to be able to arrive at unanimity in awarding the prize to "Ruts," by a young and hitherto unknown author, Mr. Harry Wall.

The play was duly produced, and, mainly thanks to the perfect performance of Miss Hilda Trevelyan as a young woman who has decided to defy the ruts of village conventions and to test life for herself, it was a *succès d'estime*. It was not taken up by Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard; it was not heard of again; but to a certain extent the aim was achieved. Critics and spectators agreed that here was a new man of promise, who would redeem it when he had learnt his *métier*—had mastered technique and the wisdom that too much palaver spoils a conversation. For that Mr. Wall had original ideas, a nimble wit, a certain gift of drawing characters akin to life, was apparent enough in his firstling. But it was clumsy of structure, and so long that the interest flagged and the unquenched desire for five o'clock tea damped the ardour of the audience.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wall joined the Army, and his second effort, "A Lady Calls on Peter," proves that we were not so far wrong in predicting a future for him. The new comedy is an elaboration of a well-worn theme. When a fairly young author is in quest of a typist to dictate a new book; when he is pursued by a much-widowed widow whom he does not want; when by the long arm of coincidence a little country maiden from the Land of Cakes wafts into his solitude and takes on the typewriting job—a blind horse can see the inevitable. So the plot does not matter; nor is it of much importance that the author wobbles between comedy and farce. He will learn the difference, as he will learn to contrive the stories that are not quite so banal as this one. His two paramount qualities remain, characterisation and dialogue. His every character is not only deftly drawn, but it is a type; and one of them, the unimaginative suburban shorthand-writer who is matter-of-fact and *noli me tangere* in her narrow little way, is a masterly miniature played to life-like perfection by Miss Laura Lydia. She is but a collateral figure, for Miss Hilda Trevelyan is the heroine, yet from the critic's point of view hers is the happiest creation of the author. True to her colours and her belief in Mr. Wall, Miss Hilda Trevelyan became the good fairy of his second venture. Capitally supported by Mr. Arthur Wontner, she is the life and soul of the play. She spreads charm. She is womanly, in all the various meanings of that significant word. Now arch, now wily, now capricious, but always winsome, she conquers hero and audience alike. She has but one little fault—and that is, no doubt, due to her provincial experiences, where the audiences are wont to be "played at"—she sometimes underlines and emphasises her words and gestures too much. It is an exuberance of zeal, but she should not cultivate it. Her sweet self, unforced, unaffected, makes for complete easiness on both sides of the footlights.

. . . .

I have paid my tribute of valediction to Galsworthy's masterly "Skin Game," and its two chief equally masterly exponents, Mr. Dawson Milward and Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and once more I came away so deeply impressed that for a good long while after the curtain's fall my mind was occupied with the aspects of the play and the achievements of the actors. As an *ensemble*, the performance is so fine that it may well be held up as an example of English histrionic art of to-day. As a play, "The Skin Game" is a human document of rare value because, in spite of its inconclusive end, which the author chose designedly, it leaves us in sympathy with both enemies—the man of birth and the man of his own making. There is no author of to-day who fathoms English life so deeply, who is so wholly English in his aspect of life in general, with its traditions and its strife, as Galsworthy. What a mission it would be for a rich man who loved his England to man a company exclusively for the production of Galsworthy's plays abroad! It would do more for amity towards this Empire than all political efforts. And I would head my company with the two actors named, Milward and Gwenn: the one the incarnation of the gentleman, the other of the man of the people, as hard and as true as steel. With such exponents and their retinue, we could convince a doubting world that in art and in thought the British stage and the British drama at their best are second to none.

. . . .

I often wish that life were not so terribly short and full, with ever so much to learn to keep abreast; that I could oftener take a "busman's holiday" in order to discern new talent, and perhaps new plays, among the amateurs from whom so many of our well-known actors have sprung. A recent visit to the old-established Bancroft Company kindled these inclinations, for I saw a capital performance of an original, untried play by that witty and deft amateur dramatist—*i.e.*, a real dramatist who is at the same time an amateur actor of mark—Mr. Herbert Swears. "Captain X." is a crook play in the vein of "Arsène Lupin," and I should not be at all astonished if after the trial trip it found its way to the regular stage. For there were several managers present, and the reception was not merely a tribute to a fellow-worker in the twofold part of playwright and player, but the outcome of genuine amusement. The whole thing is a practical joke played by a swell mobsman on a *nouveau riche*. From beginning to end the farce is well knit, the excitement maintained with the observance of Sarcey's dictum: "The drama is the art of preparation." The acting was in some instances of first-rate West End order—indeed, Mr. Swears himself as Captain X would make a hit in an evening bill; and it was pleasant to find among the cast the promising daughter of an actress well beloved by playgoers and students—Miss Kate Rorke. Miss Zoe Cree—that is young Miss Rorke's *nom-de-guerre*—has the voice of her mother. With experience, she will uphold the family standard.



IN A RÔLE "CREATED" BY SARAH BERNHARDT: MR. CLAUDE RAINS AS THE OPIUM-SMOKER HERO OF "DANIEL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Mr. Claude Rains gives a powerful performance as the opium-smoking "wreck" in the name-part of Louis Verneuil's play "Daniel," now running at the St. James's Theatre in a version adapted from the French by Sibyl Harris. The rôle of Daniel, who does not appear till the third act, was "created" by Sarah Bernhardt. As she could not move about the stage, the character was represented sitting with legs enveloped in rugs.—[*Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*]



AN IDEAL "MINX" AND A "MOTHERING" ELDEST SISTER: (L. TO R.) MISS ENA GROSSMITH AS VERONICA AND MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS DAPHNE VEREKER, IN "A SAFETY MATCH," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

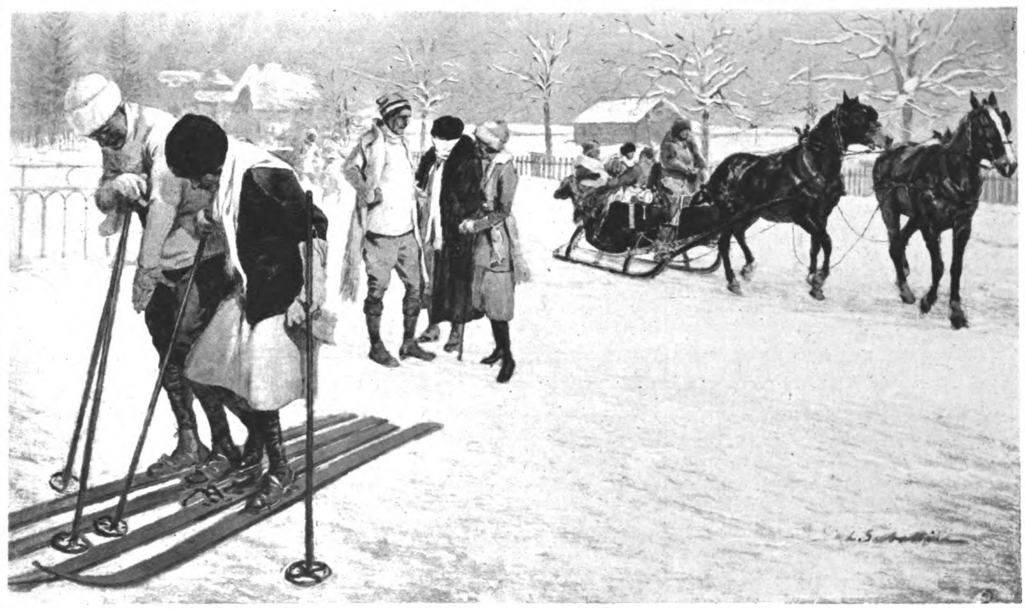
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



THE "STRONG MAN" CAPTIVATED BY THE PARSON'S SOCK-DARNING DAUGHTER: MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS DAPHNE VEREKER, AND MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS "JUGGERNAUT" CARR, IN "A SAFETY MATCH," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]

WINTER PASTIMES IN THE ALPS: SKI-ING, SLEIGHING, AND "TAILING."

FROM WATER-COLOURS BY L. SABATTIER.



PLEASURES OF A WINTER HOLIDAY IN THE FRENCH ALPS: A SKI LESSON BESIDE THE PATINOIRE (SKATING RINK) AT CHAMONIX; AND THE START OF A SLEIGHING EXPEDITION.

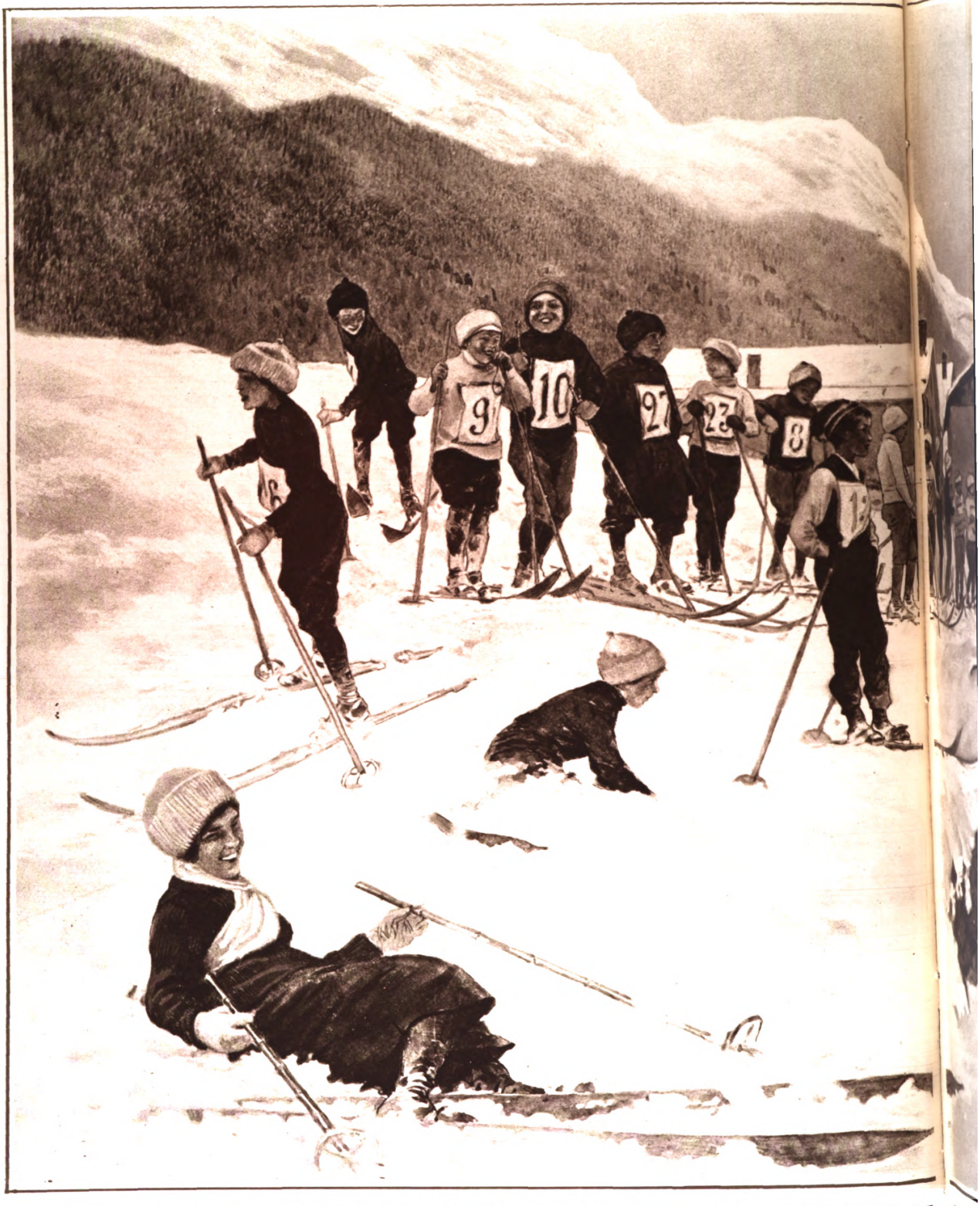


"TAILING" BACK TO THE TOP OF A BOBSLEIGH RUN: A STRING OF "BOBBERS" RETURNING SLOWLY TO THE STARTING-POINT *A LA QUEUE LEU LEU*, AFTER THEIR SWIFT DESCENT.

A distinction is to be drawn, as M. Sabattier points out in a note to his charming drawings of life at Chamonix, reproduced above and on succeeding pages, between serious winter sport as practised by experts for competition purposes, and the pursuit thereof merely as a healthy and pleasurable pastime. It is this latter phase which he has here set out to illustrate. "I do not mean to imply," he writes, "that the purely sporting side of Chamonix is negligible. I leave to better-qualified pens the task of celebrating the cosmopolitan meetings of the Patinoire, the thrills of international contests, the prowess of champions, and the delights of the festivals held during the season in this glorious Alpine setting. My aim has been to show that, in this hospitable and wondrous corner of France, the tastes of the simplest as well as the most skilled can find satisfaction, and that the pleasant winter sun shines as beneficently on the harmless 'spills' of the girl novice ski-runner as on the giddy acrobatics of the expert skater. . . . When the luges reach the foot of the slope, and are drawn up again, *à la queue leu leu*, by a vehicle with one or two horses, that is called 'tailing.'"—*[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

A CRADLE OF RECRUITS FOR THE FRENCH CHASSEURS ALPINS: A

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY J. SABATTIER.



YOUNG FRANCE COMBINING PLEASURE AND PATRIOTISM: A JOYOUS GATHERING OE

"The ski," writes M. Sabattier, *à propos* his illustrations, "is a very practical implement: it bears a Scandinavian name, but this name is peculiarly its own, and has no equivalent either in French or English, any more than the thing it represents. Its introduction among us is of comparatively recent date; it replaced, to our great advantage, the snow-shoes on which, not so long ago, people used to drag themselves laboriously over the snow. Everyone uses ski—the postman, the gendarme, the *curé*, all do their rounds upon them. Children delight in ski-running, and the municipality, aided by the *Syndicat d'Initiative* of Chamonix, frequently organises for them sports and contests to encourage them and perfect them in the practice of this mode of locomotion. A great number of tourists, constant visitors to Chamonix in winter, take an interest in this

CHASSEURS ALPINS: A MEETING OF YOUNG SKI-RUNNERS AT CHAMONIX.

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY L. SABATTIER.



FRENCH BOYS FOR A SPORT VALUABLE IN MOUNTAIN WARFARE—A SKI MEETING.

patriotic work, the chief aim of which is to supply our corps of Chasseurs Alpins with skilful and well-trained recruits. Gifts in kind and in money, due to the generosity of visitors wintering at Chamonix, foster among these hardy little Savoyards an enthusiasm which no desire for gain could well increase, so keen is it already, and so great is the attraction which this form of exercise already has for them." It will never be forgotten what splendid work the French Chasseurs Alpins did in the late war. In M. Sabattier's picture the note of patriotism is struck by the small tricolour planted in the snow, just beside the figure of a girl in the right foreground. The joyous expression on the boys' faces is evidence of their enthusiasm.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE YOUNG SKI-JÖRERS: A WINTER DONKEY-RIDE AT CHAMONIX.

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY L. SABATTIER.



WINTER PASTIMES FOR THE YOUNGEST GENERATION: A PARTY OF LITTLE "SKI-JÖRERS" AT CHAMONIX MORE JOYOUS THAN THE WINNER OF THE ARAVIS CHALLENGE CUP.

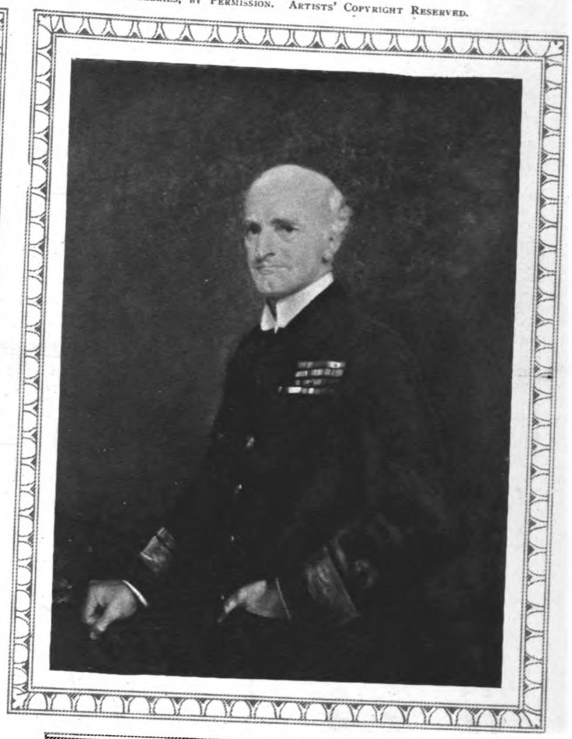
Children get as much fun out of winter sports as the most brilliant of champions, and, as M. Sabattier explains, this and his other drawings which we reproduce in this number deal with the subject rather as a "pastime" pursued for pure enjoyment, than as winter "sport" in the serious sense of the word. "'Sport,'" he writes, "has become synonymous with intense toil, sustained and systematic effort, accompanied by a severe regimen, excluding everything with the slightest suggestion of merriment. Sportsmen display in their pursuits a ferocious energy; they are highly serious; if they do experience any pleasure, they do not show it. They are worthy successors of the old Greek athletes and Roman gladiators; like them, they lead a life of laborious toil not exempt from danger. The games of the circus were mainly amusing for the spectators. The people whom I have depicted do not belong, then, to the world of sport; they amuse themselves without any regard for the austere rules which govern the proceedings of sportsmen properly so called. These children, whom a debonair donkey has taken in tow in the streets of Chamonix, are more joyous than the winner of the Aravis Challenge Cup, and they have the air of being quite sure that they are out on a regular ski-jöring expedition." Real ski-jöring consists in being drawn along on ski by a horse.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

SERVICE PORTRAITS; WITH AN ARTIST SELF-PORTRAYED: A NEW SHOW.

FROM THE MODERN SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS' EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES, BY PERMISSION. ARTISTS' COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



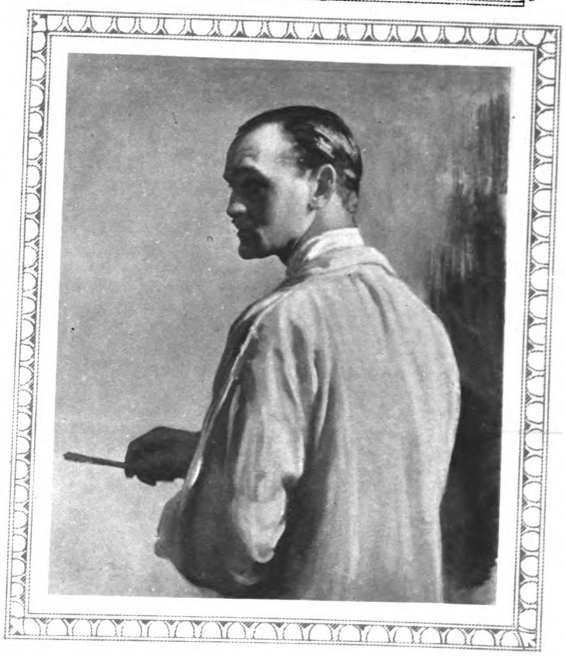
THE AIR FORCE: "COLONEL SIR PIERRIE VAN RYNEVELD, K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C."—BY OSWALD BIRLEY.



THE NAVY: "REAR-ADMIRAL SIR W. R. HALL, K.C.M.G., M.P."—BY GERALD KELLY



THE ARMY: "MAJOR EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE, D.S.O., WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY."—BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.



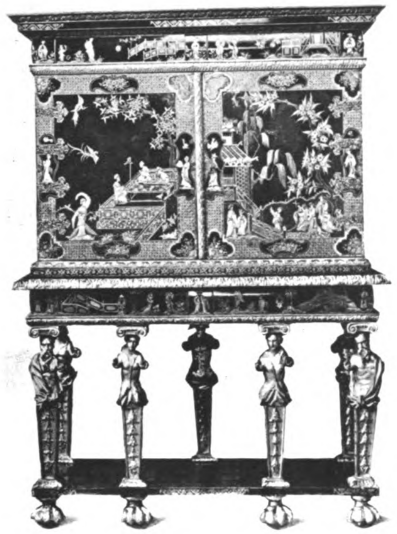
ART—AND THE ARMY: "PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER."—BY OSWALD BIRLEY.

The eleventh Exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters opened at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly on February 5, and remains open until the 26th. The notable portraits here reproduced represent the three fighting services, with one of the artists, portrayed by himself. Colonel Sir Pierrie Van Ryneveld was the pilot of the famous Cairo to the Cape flight last March, and is now Director of the South African Air Service. He did distinguished work in the war. Admiral Sir William Reginald Hall is M.P. (Coalition Unionist) for West Derby. Throughout the war he was Director of the Intelligence Division of the Admiralty War Staff. Major Edward Chamberlayne, D.S.O., is an officer in the Warwickshire Yeomanry. The motto on the coat-of-arms seen in the right-hand top corner of the portrait is "Prodesse quam conspici" (to do good service rather than be conspicuous). Mr. Oswald Birley served in the war with the 10th Royal Fusiliers in 1914 and 1915, and became a Captain the next year, when he was attached to the Intelligence Corps in France till 1919. He was born at Auckland, in New Zealand, in 1880. One of his pictures has been bought for the Luxembourg.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

"SOLD by order of the Judge of His Britannic Majesty's Provincial Court at Hankow," gave an added Eastern atmosphere to the Chinese porcelain at Christie's on the 3rd. The whole-coloured porcelain comprised a fine range of crackle vases, and bottles and jars of apple-green, mustard-yellow, turquoise, sage-green, lavender, and celadon. Among the enamelled porcelain two tea-pots claimed the collector's interest: one, square, was decorated with flowers emblematic of the seasons; the other, formed as a hexagonal ewer enamelled with ladies in colours on a black ground, had a handle in the form of a kylin. On the 2nd inst. at Christie's a necklace of eighty-seven well-matched and graduated Orient pearls, the property of a lady, realised £7000.



WITH GILT CARYATID SUPPORTS AND DECORATED WITH CHINESE LANDSCAPES: AN OLD ENGLISH LACQUER CABINET COMING UNDER THE HAMMER.

This fine cabinet is included in the sale of French furniture, decorative objects, and porcelain to be held at Christie's on February 17. It is 6 ft. 7 in. high by 5 ft. 8 in. wide. Further details of it are given in the article on this page.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods.

Lovers of Rowlandson's drawings found over a hundred representative examples, the property of the late Mr. Edward Thomas, which were sold by Messrs. Christie on the 4th. The subjects exhibited Rowlandson in his best vein, and included such varied items as "The Market Place, Düsseldorf," "An Owner and Jockey," "The Bellman's Clapper Stopp'd," "The Launching of a Battleship," "Glastonbury," "A Dog Fight," "Charles James Fox," "Travelling in the Prussian Dominions," "Highland Beggar," and illustrations to "Dr. Syntax." At the same sale were a number of drawings by E. M. Wimperis, including "The Village on the Marsh," "Tossing the Hay," "The Marsh, Llanbedr," and "Moorland Stream," all of which had been exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Another property included a David Cox, "The Gorge," exhibited at the David Cox exhibition at Birmingham in 1890; and an Albert Moore, "Lightning and Light" (with a pedigree from the Royal Academy, 1892; Grafton Gallery, 1894; Birmingham, 1904; and the Coronation Exhibition, 1911), found itself side by side in the catalogue with "The Cigarette," a red-chalk drawing by Mr. Augustus E. John. As to prices, old and new, the older masters claim their toll before modernity. Messrs. Robinson, Fisher, and Harding recently sold J. Van Goyen's "Mouth of a River," for £451.

At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, on the 4th, engravings, furniture, porcelain, and tapestries were sold. There was a General Wolfe portrait in mezzotint by Houston, and the rare "Death of General Wolfe at Quebec," printed in colours. Two little drawings in sepia, "Views of Paris," by Thomas Girtin, the friend of Turner, had sad memories. In ill-health and harassed by the strict rules against sketching in Paris, although the Peace Treaty had been signed at Amiens a few months before in 1802, Girtin hired a coach and sketched from the windows. He shortly returned to England to die in his twenty-eighth year, while finishing his Paris sketches, and he lies buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Two Brussels tapestry panels and two Flemish panels, sold separately, brought 680 guineas; and a Mortlake panel was disposed of for 290 guineas—all were of the seventeenth century.

Objects of art and porcelain, the property of the late Mr. David Martin Currie, the well-known connoisseur, were sold on Feb. 9 and following day by Messrs. Christie. "Objects of art and vertu" is a generic term including the jewelled knick-knacks of the boudoir which have been ingeniously invented to please great ladies from Catherine de' Medici to Madame la Pompadour. Some of the notable articles in this collection comprise a Louis XV. watch by Baillon, *à Paris*, in gold case, the back enamelled with shepherd and shepherdess; a snuff-box with piqué leather sides and miniature of a lady, by S. Cooper; another gold snuff-box by C. Schultz, *à Moscow*, with a miniature of a lady; and a Louis XVI. octagonal gold box with Sèvres plaques painted with pastoral scenes. On the second day's sale Limoges enamel was evident. A fine enamel Limoges casket had plaques with figures in *grisaille* on dark blue ground; another fine Limoges enamel *châsse* with sloping top had plaques attributed to Couly Noilier. There were altar candlesticks, bronze inkstands, bronze table bells, Venetian glass beakers, and rock-crystal vases, to say nothing of Sèvres porcelain coffee-cups and saucers made for Catherine II. of Russia, and a plate painted with Bacchantes and subjects from Roman history by Dodin, part of the service now in the Royal Collection at Windsor. These are a few items from the wonderful array exhibiting fine connoisseurship by the late owner extending over a great number of years.

In another room at Christie's on the 10th a sale of fine English and Brussels tapestry was being conducted, the property of Lieut.-Colonel Noel Baxendale and others. Tapestries are to the fore just now, in the remarkable collection at the Franco-British Exhibition of Textiles opened on the 12th at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where so many examples of Gobelins and other work have been lent by the French Government from the Mobilier National and from celebrated French private collections. In addition, the Duke of Portland is sending a set of tapestries with subjects after Boucher, and furniture *en suite*. The King is lending a fine Flemish tapestry panel of the sixteenth century, and the Duke of Rutland a panel from the celebrated Don Quixote series woven at the Gobelins factory. It was natural, therefore, that considerable interest was shown at Christie's on the 10th in regard to four panels of Soho tapestry attributed to J. Morris, 1730, with figures of Juno, Euterpe, Diana, and Flora, surrounded by arabesques, fruit, animals, and birds. Another set of four Soho panels, presumably by John Vanderbank, in 1722-25, according to certain account-book notes by a former owner, Sir William Heathcote, were woven with subjects after Lebrun allegorical of the elements—Ceres in a chariot, Juno on clouds, Mars and Venus with Vulcan's forge, and Neptune and Amphitrite. A Brussels oblong panel (14 ft. high, 18 ft. wide), of middle sixteenth century, represents Noah and his family after the Deluge; three other Brussels panels are woven with Teniers subjects, with scene on quay, peasants carousing outside an inn, and a winter scene on a canal, late seventeenth century.

In French furniture and porcelain to be sold by Messrs. Christie on the 17th inst., much of the Dresden porcelain to be offered was in the Massey-Mainwaring Collection, and was exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum. In the furniture section seven tapestry fauteuils with gilt frames of Louis XV. design are covered with Beauvais tapestry with children emblematic of the seasons, and with subjects from Æsop's fables. Six Hepplewhite and four Chippendale chairs, the former with lyre backs and the latter with seats and backs with pastoral subjects in silks and wools, make an English moment, as does a remarkable old English lacquer cabinet with folding doors enclosing drawers, on stand with gilt supports carved with caryatid figures. The decorative landscape panels with figures are in black and gold, with pearl enrichments around border.

Messrs. Sotheby have an attractive catalogue of Oriental porcelain, delft, English and Italian pottery, early English furniture and tapestries to be sold on the 18th. The items are varied, but have exceptional attraction. There is a fine set of twelve William and Mary high-backed chairs which come from Chastleton, Oxfordshire, the property of Mrs. Whitmore Jones, and are similar to chairs of the same period at Hampton Court and Broughton Castle. Two fine James II. chairs and a panel of Sheldon tapestry of sixteenth-century period come from the same house. Another property includes a series of old Flemish tapestries, of which the most notable is the Triumph of a Roman general marching towards a walled city at the head of his army. Lovers of portraits royal and historical will find at Sotheby's on the 17th and 18th insts. some rare examples from the collection of Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bt. There are forty-seven portraits of James I., by Simon de Pass, George Vertue, and other engravers. Again, James I. is represented by twenty-two portraits, also in one lot, by Simon de Pass, Vaughan, and others. Henry Prince of Wales has twelve portraits by C. Boel, F. Delarum, and others, and his Simon de Pass portrait with a lance, (which, by the way, finds itself duplicated in a brass figure at Rosenborg Castle, Copenhagen) is also here, but a torn and damaged example. Henrietta Maria in one lot is represented by nineteen portraits, and Charles II. by forty-one. Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Cardinal York, Flora Macdonald, are all well represented. The extra illustrator will revel in this dispersal.



SOLD FOR 70,000 DOLLARS (£18,500) IN NEW YORK—A RECORD PRICE: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH STAINED-GLASS PANEL FROM THE LAWRENCE COLLECTION.

The American Art Association, of Madison Square South, New York—the "Christie's" of that city—sold on January 27 and 28 the late Mr. Henry C. Lawrence's remarkable collection of Gothic and other ancient art, including stained glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The above example fetched the record price of 70,000 dollars (£18,500). It represents part of a Jesse tree with a half-figure of Christ, with purple face and yellow crown, white and purple robe, and yellow mantle. On either side are scrolled acanthus leaves in white, green, purple, and red, with a blue background. It is 30½ inches high and 31½ inches wide. [*By Courtesy of the American Art Association.*]



A FINE EXAMPLE OF MODERN BRITISH PORTRAIT-PAINTING: THE HON. LOIS STURT.

The Hon. Lois Sturt, younger daughter of Lady Alington and sister of the present holder of the title, is the most pictured of all the young Society beauties of the moment. This page shows a reproduction of Mr. Gerald F. Kelly's portrait of her, which is now on view at the National Portrait Society's Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. The same show contains two portraits of her by Ambrose McEvoy, and four studies by Drian; as well as "The Portrait of a Girl," an oil-painting by Miss Sturt, who is herself an artist of considerable talent.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GERALD F. KELLY, BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND OF THE GRAFTON GALLERIES. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



AN ART HITHERTO BELIEVED UNKNOWN IN CHINA: THE MOST WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF

Tapestry proper was at one time thought to have had no place among the arts of China, although the beautiful brocades called *k'o ssu*, which technically more or less resemble it, were well known in Europe. It was a revelation, therefore, when the beautiful panel reproduced above, true tapestry as ever was woven at Beauvais or the Gobelins factories, was brought from China to this country by the late Mr. T. J. Larkin, of Bond Street. A notable feature is the border, representing a gilded picture frame, and evidently not Chinese in character, but copied from French eighteenth-century models. The royal factory at Beauvais used to produce annually a set of tapestries for foreign Courts, and in 1763



EXAMPLE OF CHINESE TAPESTRY—AN EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL.

Six panels, after Boucher, were sent to the Emperor Ch'ien Lung. Their borders, representing gilt picture-frames, were similar to the above, and probably provided models for the Chinese weaver. Mr. Larkin's tapestry is 8 ft. 6 in. high by 12 ft. 2 in. wide, and in closeness of texture rivals the finest French work. The subject is a birthday festival, apparently that of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung himself. He is seated on the right at a round table with his consort and five children, and a child climbing his chair is offering him a sceptre. On the sideboard behind lies another larger sceptre. In the left foreground is a children's band, suggestive of "jazz" music.


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A £500,000 FILM WITH 12,000 PERFORMERS: "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE."



"STARS" IN A FILM CAST OF 12,000 PEOPLE FOR "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE": (L. TO R.) MR. JOHN SAINPOLIS AS LAURIER, MISS ALICE TERRY AS MARGUERITE, AND MR. RUDOLPH VALENTINO AS JULIO.

IN transferring the story of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" from the pages of the world-famous novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez to the motion-picture screen, the producers undertook an artistic task of which the magnitude was apparent even before the opening scene was "shot." Now, after six months of painstaking labour at the extensive studios in Southern California, the final touches are being put to this prodigy of cinematic craftsmanship, and its sponsors discover that practically every known record of the picture industry has been broken.

The setting up of new records for motion-picture producers of the future to equal or surpass has come about because of the very bigness of the story of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Its characters work out their destinies in two hemispheres. From the Argentine, with its far-flung ranges, to the capitals of Europe, Señor Ibanez carries the readers of his master work with breathless interest, whilst he unfolds an overwhelming human drama against the background of a world in arms.

South America, England, France, Belgium, Germany — these lands and multitudes of their people needed to be depicted before the camera for the colossal production. As a result, the million-dollar picture, long the dream of American producers, not only has been realised in the visualisation of the Ibanez novel, but has been eclipsed to an extent that will not be definitely known until the auditors have made final tabulations before the formal release of the great film production in five or six weeks' time.

Even this unprecedented expense of half-a-million pounds' sterling in production costs has been dwarfed to insignificance by the physical magnitude of the undertaking that made the screen version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" possible. Statistics compiled at the studios indicate that the production, judged by all the known standards of picture-making, will prove the most gigantic photo-spectacle in the history of the silent drama.

The following production facts impart some idea of the immensity of the picture:—

More building materials were used in the making of the picture than were required in the erection of the world's greatest sky-scraper, the Woolworth Building in New York, no less than 125,000 tons of steel, concrete, and lumber being used. The settings for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," among them an entire French village, which were constructed far more substantially than most backgrounds for camera work only, involved the use of much more than 125,000 tons of solid masonry, steel, lumber, furniture, and shrubbery.

A village capable of housing 6000 persons was erected in the foothills of the San Bernardino mountains in Southern California, and destroyed for the purpose of the production. Since the destruction was by artillery, it was necessary to construct every building completely rather than as building fronts only, as is done with most picture sets.

A total of 12,500 men and women, or the adult population of a city of 60,000, participated in the filming of the picture, either before the camera or as workers on the big sets.

A costume factory was erected on the Hollywood studio grounds for the "dressing" of the picture. An armoury and two machine-shops were incidentals of the other building operations that were completed before the first scene of the picture was photographed.



THE ENEMY IN MARCELO DESNOYERS' CASTLE: THE GERMAN COMMANDANT IS INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DESNOYERS FAMILY.

Although the picture has not yet been completed, more than 450,000 feet of raw film have been exposed, developed, and printed, and the total footage consumed before the final scenes have been finished will probably be well over the half-million mark.

Fourteen camera men and a dozen assistant directors have been employed in the picturing of the production, every available spot where the eye of the camera might find a new or artistic view of the big scenes being used.

Of these eighty-five miles of film—enough to reach from London to Salisbury—it is probable that not more than ten or twelve reels, or a maximum of 12,000 feet (about 2¼ miles) will actually reach the eye of the theatre-goers who view the picture.

The task of editing this mass of material, of eliminating the duplicates and all but the perfect reproductions of the scenes enacted before the camera, will probably take many weeks. The mere running of 450,000 feet of film through one camera, at the rate of sixty feet to the minute, would occupy sixteen days of eight working hours each.

Vast quantities of food were provided by the producers, the Metro Pictures Corporation, to feed the 12,000 persons appearing in the picture while they were working "on location." A luncheon is given free to each "extra" player in addition to his or her stipend for the day's work when employed at a distance from the studios.

The task of feeding these thousands of "extras" was on a scale comparable with that of an army. Field kitchens and a highly organised commissariat department had to be established.

Because of the magnitude of the task of placing this, perhaps the most widely read novel every published, on the screen, it was necessary to revise the usual order of procedure and change the methods generally adopted in photographing big scenes for the camera. Several patents have been issued by the United States Patent Office covering the new mechanical devices used for the first time in the making of pictures.

A complete telephone system, involving the use of a corps of electricians, operators, and a small fortune in cable and other materials, was erected on the mountain ranch where the big exterior scenes for the picture were filmed.

The collection of the art treasures that will be seen in the picture involved not only the expenditure of large sums of money, but a canvass of the art world for tapestries, paintings, curios, and musical instruments, such as are described by Ibanez as used in the South American phase of the story. The art treasures, however, were lent by their owners, many of whom would not consider putting a price upon them. The insurance on the tapestries and paintings used in the picture alone amounted to £55,000.

The original book of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which has gone through 150 editions and probably will reach the 200th edition before present demands of readers throughout the world have been satisfied, is said to have been more widely read than any printed work, with the exception of the Bible.

The Ibanez novel has been read in every civilised country of the world. It is due to this "reader-interest" that an unprecedented mass of letters have been received at the Metro studios from every quarter of the globe, containing suggestions concerning methods of production, inquiries as to the time of releasing the picture, and about the personnel of the cast that will be seen in it.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was picturised under the direction of Mr. Rex Ingram. It was prepared for the screen from Señor Ibanez's novel by June Mathis. John Seitz, of Metro's West Coast camera staff, was in charge of the corps of camera men employed in the making of the picture.

The cast of principals is the most distinguished ever assembled for a motion picture. The leading rôles are enacted by Rudolph Valentino as Julio Desnoyers; Alice Terry as Marguerite Laurier; Pomeroy Cannon as Madariaga, "the Centaur"; Nigel de Bruiller as Tchernoff, the Russian visionary; and Mabel Van Buren as Elena; while other prominent parts in this remarkable film are sustained by Joseph Swickart, Brinsley Shaw, Wallace Beery, Alan Hale, Bridgetta Clark, Edward Connelly, Jacques d'Auray, Mlle. Dolorez, and Harry S. Northrup.

The picture is expected to be released early in March.



FROM THE FILM VERSION OF "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE": THE FLIGHT FROM VILLEBLANCHE, ON THE MARNE, BEFORE THE ADVANCING GERMANS.

CONQUEST; WAR; FAMINE; AND DEATH—"THE FOUR HORSEME

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 20



THE WAVE OF WAR NEARING PARIS: GERMAN ARTILLERY GET THE RANGE OF THE STREET BARRICADE AT VILLEBLANCHE, ON THE MARNE.



THE FLIGHT BEFORE THE ADVANCING GERMAN
OF VILLEBLANCHE AS THE ENEMY



THE LAST DEFENDERS: FRENCH WOUNDED AT THE VILLAGE FOUNTAIN JUST BEFORE THE COMING OF THE ENEMY.

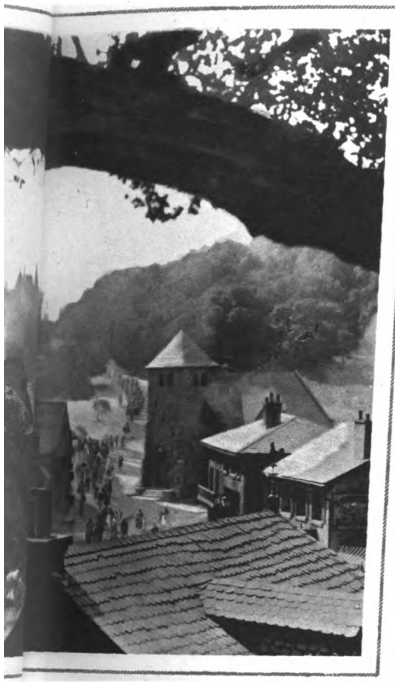


THE ENEMY BARS THE WAY: DON MARCELO
AS A SERVANT IN

That very remarkable and much-discussed novel of the Great War, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by the Spanish author Vicente Blasco Ibanez, has been "filmed," and in its new form will certainly awaken great interest. The book is known the world over, thanks to translations: in the United States alone over a quarter of a million copies were speedily sold! The period—save for the earlier part, dealing with Madariaga—is that of the Battle of the Marne, when the spray from the wave of war fell on Paris; and of the days that followed, when the enemy were beaten back. Nothing could be better than the grimly realistic pen-pictures of the advance of the invading hordes, the scenes in the village and the Castle of Villeblanche; nothing more true than the descriptions of Paris under the stress, or the characterisation of the Desnoyers and the rest. Well is the book titled: for did not the Four Horsemen precede the Beast?—"And the first horseman appeared on a white horse. In his hand he carried a bow, and a crown was

E FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE": IBANEZ'S NOVEL FILMED.

ARTICLE ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY METRO FILMS.





HORDES: VILLAGERS LEAVING THE VILLAGE ADVANCE TOWARD PARIS.

"THEY" ENTER: GERMAN CAVALRY AND INFANTRY ON THE MARCH INTO TORTURED, SHELL-TORN VILLEBLANCHE.

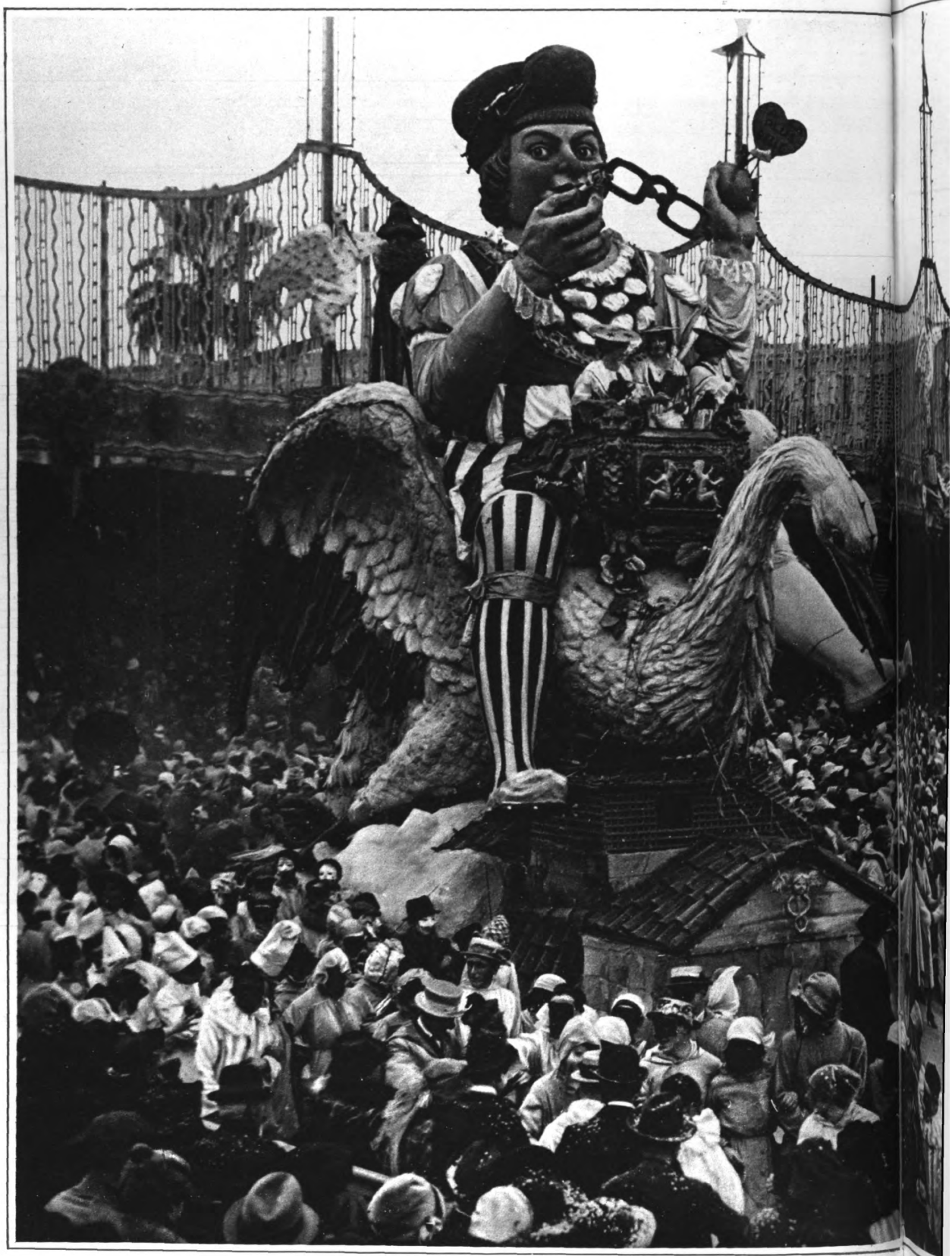




SNOYERS, THE MILLIONAIRE, TREATED OWN CASTLE.

IN THE FIELD OF DEATH: THE DESNOYERS AT THE GRAVE OF THEIR SON JULIO; WITH RENÉ AND CHICHI.

ven unto him. He was Conquest, according to some, the Plague according to others. He might be both at the same time. . . . From the broken seal leaped a flame-coloured red. His rider brandished over his head an enormous sword. He was War. Peace fled from the world before his furious gallop; humanity was going to be exterminated. And hen the third seal was broken. . . . St. John saw a black horse. He who mounted it held in his hand a scale in order to weigh the maintenance of mankind. He was mine. . . . And there appeared a pale-coloured horse. His rider was called Death, and power was given him to destroy with the sword and with hunger and with death, d with the beasts of the earth. The four horsemen were beginning their mad, desolating course over the heads of terrified humanity." On another page we give an article scribing the immense scale on which the film is being produced, involving a cost of £500,000 and an army of 12,000 performers, besides 500 other workers.



THE RESTORATION OF KING CARNIVAL AT NICE: THE

King Carnival XLIII., of a famous dynasty restored after an interval of seven years caused by the war, made his state entry into Nice on January 27. On the 30th there was a pageant of cars, cavalcades and masquerades, with a fête by day and night. The first Battle of Flowers took place on February 3; the second was arranged for the 7th; and the third is due on March 3 (Mi-Carême). Sunday, February 6, was the day of the Corso Carnavelesque, with a *grande redoute* at the Casino, where costumes of the

PHOTOGRAPH BY



RST POST-WAR REVIVAL OF THE FAMOUS FÊTE.

scribed colours (Nice-blue and amber) were obligatory. The Burning of King Carnival was fixed for February 8, with fireworks and a torchlight procession. The Carnival ason will close with a Grand Ball on March 31. The first corso (on January 30) was a great success, in spite of rain. Masks and confetti were much in evidence. One of e tribunes was occupied by the young daughters of Mr. Winston Churchill, who had arrived at Nice that day.

IT AND GENERAL.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IT was in "THE SEEDS OF ENCHANTMENT" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d. net), by Gilbert Frankau, that I heard at last the breezy note of the reaction against the novel of Freudian analysis booming like a phrase given to the horns in dance-music by Stravinsky. Indeed, from one page of this remarkable story (certainly no imitation of "They Went," in which only the secular *décor* is romantic) the word "She" leapt significantly and set my thoughts winging back to the mysterious Africa of Rider Haggard, with its dim echoes of Phœnician culture and Egyptian art-magic. It was a final proof that romance had come round full-circle to what it had been, essentially, thirty years ago. Mr. Gilbert Frankau is the man to clinch a new bargain with the *credo quia incredibile* of that stark idealism which awards man a mastery over actions and things and emotions (even his own) such as not even the scientists dare dream of, though they say and sing—

> Poets of power must now themselves reveal
> In epic iron and in lyric steel;
> In every engine exquisite that sings
> The soul's new empire over soulless things.

His essays in the Byronic verse novel were not amiss, though a bit too opulent in detail—well, his gift was to some extent inherited from "Frank Danby"—and at times regrettably H. J. Byronic in their hard-won facetiousness. He came to himself, or nearly so, having "chucked" the Byrons for Kipling, when he sang of the "Guns" and their wingéd eyes in the air—

> Before, beyond, above her,
> Their iron web is spun;
> Flicked but unsnared we hover,
> Edged planes against the sun:
> Eyes in the air above his lair,
> The hawks that guide the gun!

And now, after a successful experiment in the realism of trade, warfare, and marriage routine, he brings us the handful of magic beans taken from the cup-like palm of the mystery girl, Mélie.

. . . . . .

Indo-China is Mr. Frankau's land of high romance. He took the suggestion of his story from the drop-curtain in a theatre in Bangkok, the picture showing little men in yellow mail, fighting with the bow-and-arrow, hamstringing axe, and stabbing spear, and the white elephant of Siam panoplied in clanging brass. The action begins in Singapore and moves on to Cholon, where his wonderful trio get the magic beans; thus being led to Saigon, and thence plunging into the unknown land of Harinesia, beyond the city of Bu-ro, where, among the mountains, dwell the White Women, last descendants of the French aristocrats, of whom the tale runs "from Pak-naru to Hai-Dzvong, from Luang-Prabang to Buih-thuan, the tale the Red Karins tell to the Laos girls of Chieng-Mai, and Thibetan muleteers to the flower-foot maidens in the tea-gardens of I-bong." Thus he splashes on the colours and odours of the East with the lavish and reckless brush of father papering the parlour in the music-hall ditty. As fair and futile as the Elohim invented by Mr. H. G. Wells to people the upper world a quarter-of-a-million years hence, are the Flower-Folk who have found a diet that delivers man from the tyrannies of toil, from hard-fighting, from the lusts of the flesh—from all that makes man a dreadful angel in Love and War. Sweet and frail and of a cleanly wantonness are Pâquerette, Pivoine, and Safroné, who fall asleep in the arms of the three European adventurers as flowers droop and close at twilight. It is the day-dream of Pacifism come true, and it fulfils the vague hopes of Cyprian Beamish, M.D., Glasgow, who is "befuddled with study of the Higher Futilities; of Internationalism; Communism; Collectivism, Syndicalism, Karl-Marxism, Guild-State-Christian and other Socialism," and so on for the rest of the catalogue. But the little yellow men, the man-pack that had so often terrified both West and East, break the dream to seize the white and wondrous flower-maidens, and the reckless valour of the three adventurers cannot prevent Floralia from experiencing humiliation worse than death, for all its drugged weaklings become the prey of unspeakable lust. It is a fine, furious fantasy, and in spite of excesses of style which even my Charenton lunatic uttered his warning against—

> Il faut toujours avoir soin
> De ne pas danser devant le buffet,

it grips the imagination from start to finish. It will be interesting to compare and contrast it with the new Haggard novel expected in the spring.



AUTHOR OF THE MOST WIDELY READ WAR NOVEL, "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE," TO BE PRODUCED IN A FILM VERSION: SEÑOR VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ.

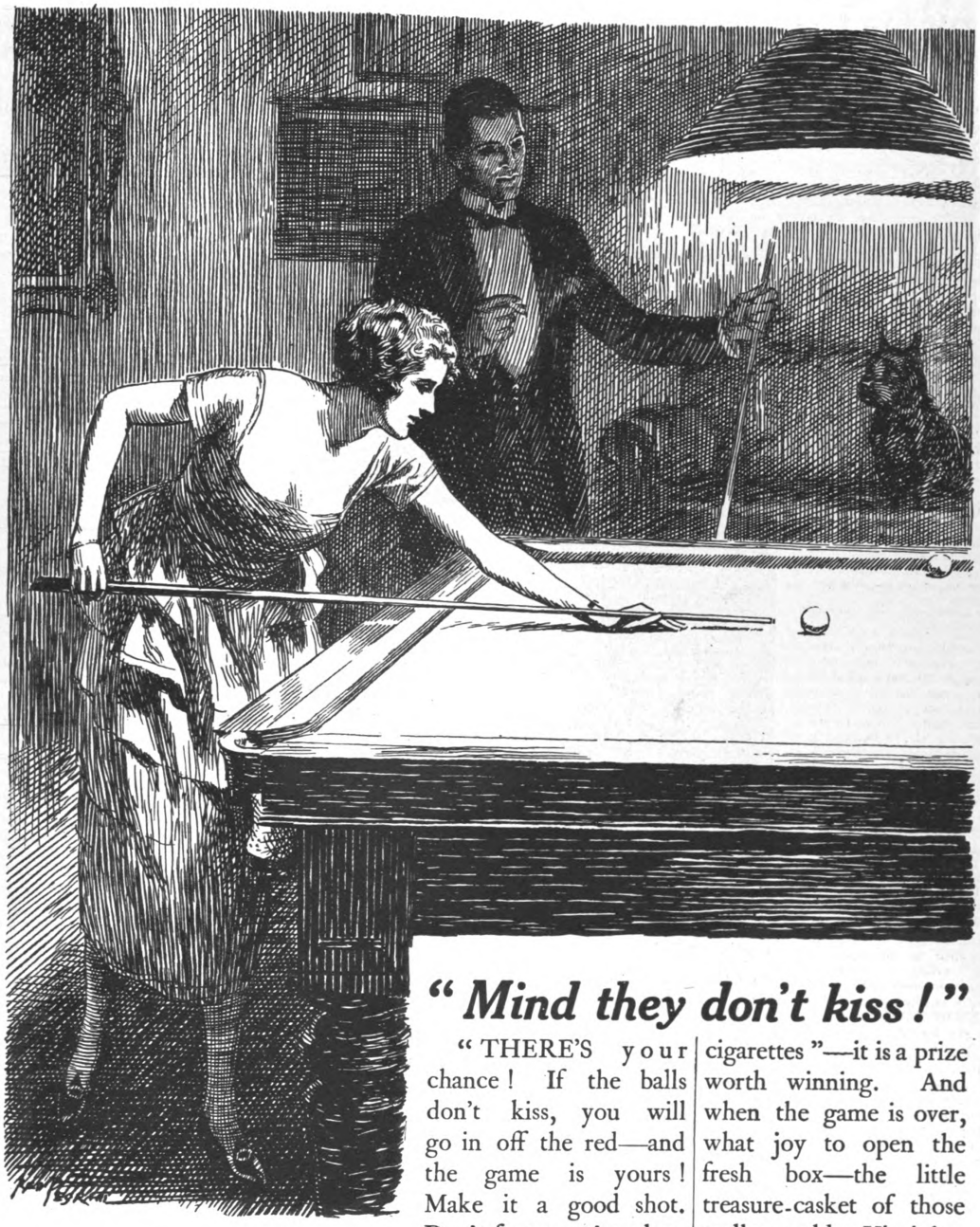
Señor Ibanez, the famous Spanish novelist, has had a wonderful success with his war story, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which has had a record sale in the United States and France, and is being filmed (as described and illustrated elsewhere in this number) at a cost of £500,000. He is planning an extended lecture tour in America. Señor Ibanez was born in 1866, and his present home is in Paris. His other books include "The Shadow of the Cathedral" ("*La Catedral*") and "The Matador" ("*Sangre y Arena*"—Blood and Sand). Many of his works are attacks on established institutions.

By Courtesy of the "World's Work."

Two other new novels of power and insight, in both of which social change and what one of them calls "period psychology" are leading motives, have already appeared thus early in the year. "PRIVILEGE" (Constable; 8s. 6d. net), by Michael Sadleir, son of the famous educationist, (to whose surname he has added an "i," perhaps as a sign of a more insistent *ego*), is the better of the two, for it creates character and tells a story as well as working out a political problem. Mr. Sadleir's Barbara lives, and lives in an emotional atmosphere, which is more than can be said for the pale and tearful Angela in "REVOLUTION" (Collins; 7s. 6d. net), by Mr. J. D. Beresford, which will be a little disappointing to his many admirers. Paul, the hero of "Revolution," is a sufferer from the *malaise* of modern Intellectualism, who tries to play the man of action, in futile fashion, when a Soviet is set up in his village. But he ceases to exist for me (and for all others with red blood in them) when, over the dead body of his murdered father, he parleys with the murderer in a spirit of sweet reasonableness. Euthyphro's priggishness was simple and tame in comparison. Murder is murder—even when the purpose is political, as in Ireland. And force is the final argument; as is conceded by those who insist that a majority should have its own way (because, if it came to a fight, numbers would prevail . . . there is no other reason why) or by the Bolshevists, who think a determined minority may do what it can.

. . . . . .

I like Mr. Maurice Hewlett's mediæval romances and prose sagas, and, in spite of its indefatigable *bergerie*, or perhaps because of it, some of his poetry even. But his novels of modern life are spoilt for me by a certain cultured knowingness, added to a flavour of preciosity, and "MAINWARING" (Collins Sons: 7s. 6d. net) is no exception to the rule. Mainwaring, the Irish adventurer who climbs to prominence and a moment of power on the backs of discontented working men, is a credible and creditable invention. It is easy to believe that a creature of such explosive temperament would be destroyed, body and soul, by an unlucky love-affair with a fair aristocrat whose business in life was to collect adorers. But the girl he marries and neglects remains a figment to the end. We are told that, "as is always the case with the real working-class, her manners were unembarrassed and simple. I find that the highest and the lowest are so—the highest, I suppose, because they don't care to be anything but themselves, the lowest because they don't dare. It is the middle-class which makes you uncomfortable because they can never be simple." Lizzy Mainwaring's simplicity takes the form of refusing to act as hostess at her husband's dinner parties, though she is quite willing to double the parts of parlour-maid and housemaid. Thus the confusion between *simplesse* and *simplicité*, which spoils so much "Georgian" poetry, is transferred to the sphere of conduct in fiction with even more disastrous effects. The young man who is supposed to tell the tale falls in love with Lizzy and she with him, and though they carry on with unfailing delicacy, kisses being withheld at moments of at-one-ment (provocatively—for the reader) yet they "carry on" in the ordinary triangular fashion. And now you know what I mean by cultured knowingness! Moreover, if Mr. Hewlett really knew the real working-class—if he had worked with them as I have done and become closely acquainted with their womenfolk, whose class distinctions, following wage differences, often have the rigidity of a caste system—he would not have been guilty of that too popular form of snobbishness which imputes a perfect courtesy to all who toil with their hands and denies it to brain-workers. The plain truth is that the further you descend in the social scale, the less comfortable is the deportment of the people you meet. It is pleasant to take refuge from such works of sensibility as Mr. Hewlett's novel in "BANNERTON'S AGENCY" (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net), by W. Pett Ridge, who knows the working-class and what is sometimes called the "black-coated proletariat" by heart. His Tom Bannerton, a weak and untrustworthy young man finally coerced into decency by a pretty, masterful wife, is a pleasing creation.



"Mind they don't kiss!"

"THERE'S your chance! If the balls don't kiss, you will go in off the red—and the game is yours! Make it a good shot. Don't forget we're playing for a box of Kenilworths."

Needless to say, she *did* make it a good shot after that reminder. A hundred of "the only cigarettes"—it is a prize worth winning. And when the game is over, what joy to open the fresh box—the little treasure-casket of those mellow golden Virginias. How delightful to sit together and watch the delicious aromatic smoke of the two Kenilworths curling up and mixing . . . in little lazy puffs . . .

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

HUMAN INSTINCTS AND EDUCATION.

IN a recent address Professor John Adams, of the London University, suggested that education might be rendered easier, and more fruitful of results, if it were directed towards "manipulating the instincts" through the "emotions." He who essays this task, however, will find himself treading a very thorny path. For, in the first place, opinions, even among the elect, are very much divided as to what we mean by "instinct."

The rendering of the term given by Professor Lloyd Morgan, our greatest authority on the subject, is the most generally accepted. According to him, instinct, or "instinctive behaviour," is "that which is, on its first occurrence, independent of prior experience; which tends to the well-being of the individual and the preservation of the race; which is similarly performed by all the members of the same more or less restricted group of animals; and which may be subject to subsequent modification under the guidance of experience." The term "instinct" in regard to human behaviour is commonly very variously and loosely applied. And this because, *in* the first place, it is very difficult to say how much in human behaviour is due to "instinct," and, in the second, few people have ever stopped to consider what is meant by "instinct" in creatures whose behaviour is largely due to the functions of instinct.

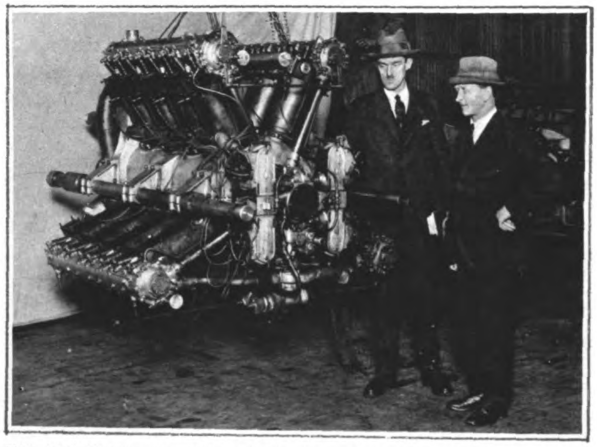
I once had a magpie which afforded me an exceptionally good opportunity of discovering what is meant by "instinctive behaviour." This bird I reared from the nest. It came to me before its eyes had opened, for it was but a few days old. Yet, when it grew up, it uttered all the cries characteristic of its species, though, reared in a London flat, it could never have heard the cries of its species. It developed all the thievish ways of the magpie. Similarly, it would hide all its surplus food after the fashion of its tribe, even though it had to secrete its dainty morsels under a piece of old newspaper placed in the bottom of its cage instead of in the earth. It learned to fly "instinctively." I well remember the day when we gave "Piggles" his first bath. We stood him in a large dish of water in the middle of the kitchen floor. He stood there for a moment, evidently mystified. Then he bent down his head and tasted the water with the tip of his beak. The next moment he hopped out and appeared to contemplate this new experience. An instant after he rushed back, flopped down into the water, and with his wings sent it flying in all directions. Then he stepped out, shook himself, and plunged in again to repeat the process, till at last, wet and draggled beyond recognition, he managed to fly up on to the back of a chair to preen himself dry. He bathed after the fashion of magpies, in short, without any previous experience.

Among wild birds one finds many wonderful examples of instinctive behaviour associated with parental care. Nest-building is instinctive, and so is the feeding of the young, for these are often fed upon a diet quite different from that of the parent. Instinct, not experience, guides the parents in their selection of food. And the same is true of the sanitation of the nest, where the parents stimulate defecation, and bear away the excrement.

The full-fed caterpillar which climbs up a twig, places a girdle round its body, or spins itself a cocoon, acts instinctively, performing the operation but once in its life, and without cognisance of its meaning.

But birds and beasts alike, it is to be remembered, in captivity can be trained or "educated" to perform feats which are not even remotely akin to "instinctive behaviour." Because we can find so many proofs of instinctive behaviour in the lower animals, it seems to be commonly assumed that man must be fashioned to respond to a like control.

In man instinct has been almost entirely superseded by the development of "reason." Such vestiges of instinct as remain to him have been subordinated to reason. His varying capacities for good or evil, his varying capacities for the performance of accomplishments such as playing the piano, painting pictures, or wrestling with the differential calculus, are due to inherent tendencies which are rarely transmissible in a like degree to his offspring. We are more likely to succeed in our educational experiments if we set ourselves to discover, as early as possible, what are the "innate tendencies" of the individual, and to develop these as far as possible, than to frame a scheme of education based on the assumption that we are "manipulating" primitive instincts common to the race.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE HIGHEST-POWERED AERO ENGINE IN THE WORLD: THE NEW 1000-H.P. SIXTEEN-CYLINDER "CUB" AT THE NAPIER WORKS.

"The Cub," designed for Messrs. D. Napier and Son by Mr. J. Rowledge, is far the most powerful aeroplane engine yet built. It was made for the R.A.F., and cost about £5000. It weighs about nineteen hundredweight (nearly a ton) and has sixteen cylinders in four quadruple sets. Successfully tested on the bench recently, it developed 1057 h.p., and ran for twenty hours. It has not yet been tried in the air. Our photograph shows Mr. J. Ridlington (left), Napier Works Manager, and Mr. D. E. Waddams, of the Napier Company.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

Travellers to and from the Continent will be interested to learn that six new Pullman cars have been added to the boat-train service of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway. These cars represent the last word in comfort for railway travel. The furniture and decoration are tasteful and distinctive, and each car has a separate name. Those of the "parlour" type are called the Calais, the Milan, and the Padua; while the combined parlour and kitchen cars bear the names of Rosalind, Portia, and Palmyra. They are 65 feet long, and will hold 129 passengers.



ROLLS-ROYCE

The 1921 Model

"AS ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A SUMMER, SO ONE OR EVEN SEVERAL GOOD QUALITIES DO NOT MAKE THE PERFECT CAR. TO ACHIEVE THE LATTER THERE MUST BE NO BAD POINTS, AND IN THE LIGHT OF OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF CARS AND OF AUTOMOBILE CONSTRUCTION I HOLD THAT THE ROLLS-ROYCE COMES NEAREST THAT DESIRABLE STATE OF RELATIVE PERFECTION"

Illustrated London News Nov. 6th 1920.

ROLLS-ROYCE, Ltd., 15, Conduit Street, LONDON, W. 1.

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The following firms are appointed as retailers of Rolls-Royce cars: Messrs. Barker & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., 66-68, South Audley Street, London, W; Messrs. Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., 54, St. James' Street, London, S.W. 1.

LADIES' NEWS.

WE have their Majesties at Buckingham Palace once more. There are to be no Courts this side of Easter. It is probable, therefore, that when Parliament has been opened, the King and Queen will go into residence at Windsor for a while. The Royal Family all enjoy the Castle in the spring, and the King and Princess Mary take their daily rides in the Great Park. If, as it is said, their Majesties, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary are to be the guests next month of the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley, and to be present at Aintree for the Grand National, it will be a crowded meeting indeed. Neither the Prince nor Princess Mary has ever, I believe, seen this great steeplechase, which would undoubtedly thrill two such good sport-lovers greatly.

There are times when graceful and pretty and moderately priced dressing is made remarkably convenient for us by a firm of such splendid reputation as Liberty's, Regent Street. In their celebrated Yoru crêpe, finished with hand-printed Tyrian silk, they give a choice of dresses ready to wear in three styles, and in sizes 13½, 14, and 14½ inch necks, at a uniform price of 57s. 6d. The styles are charming, and recently great improvements have been effected in the workmanship of these dresses, and the Tyrian silk makes a handsome and effective trimming. Some of the crêpe is in plain colour dark-blue, purple, brown, ash-grey, reseda, periwinkle blue, Wedgwood blue; others are in silky-looking mixtures—black-and-white, rose-and-white, cinnamon-and-white, lily-leaf-green-and-white, and plumbago-blue-and-white: all are very pretty.

Quite a handsome marine residence is Garron Tower, which has been inherited by Mr. Winston Churchill through his grandmother, the wife of the 7th Duke of Marlborough, who was aunt to the late Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, to whom it passed in the first instance. Twenty years ago it was used as a hotel, having been leased for the purpose by a Larne man. It has lovely views and very big rooms, and proved a favourite holiday resort of people from Lancashire. It is a place that, used as a private residence (for which purpose it was built by the second wife of the third Marquess of Londonderry, who was a great heiress, and wished to employ the starving people of the district in the great famine year), would require a big revenue for its upkeep. The gardens are large and were excellent. Also it was, when a hotel, only in the barest habitable repair, and a very large sum would have to be spent to bring it up to date and redecorate it. It is on the lovely coast road from Larne to Portrush, passing the Giant's Causeway, but is much nearer to Larne. Not far off are the beautiful falls of Glenariff in the Antrim Glens. There was a little golf course in the grounds when last I saw it, but much in the rough. As a hotel with some capital expended it would probably yield a fair income. There is some shooting on the



A PRETTY HOUSE DRESS.

Made of the celebrated Yoru crêpe, trimmed with hand-printed Tyrian silk, this dress, which comes from Liberty's, combines the artistic with the useful.

place, and in these motor transport days it is not out of the way of many places of interest and beauty spots in Antrim.

There are some extraordinary satin foulards, printed crêpes-de-Chine, and silk brochés ready for the West End. I have seen a few dozen of them in the piece, and my eyes ache when I think of them. The colours are bright, the designs bold and big; altogether they are striking materials—how they will strike British women I cannot prognosticate. Personally, I should feel like a perambulating poster arrayed in any one of them. These feelings I had to disguise from the courteous man who showed them to me, and who was manifestly as proud as a peacock with them. British girls have made considerable excursions into colour during the past season; but women who have the reputation for dressing really well distrust vivid hues gravely.

There are royal residents again at Esher in the persons of Prince and Princess Alfonse of Orleans, who are living there in order to be near their three young sons, whose education is to be thoroughly English. Princess Alfonse was born at Eastwell Park, being the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh. She is very pretty, petite, and high-spirited; and made a run-away marriage with Prince Alfonse, who is a cousin of the King of Spain. Part of their honeymoon was spent on Brownsea Island, placed at their disposal by Mrs. Charles Van Raalte. Their matrimonial escapade was soon forgiven, and for some time they lived in Madrid. Princess Alfonse loves England, and loves her boys; she always said that she hoped, if she had children, they would all be boys. Hers are fine little fellows

The Prince of Wales seems to be in for a busy life again, having made many engagements. It is, however, his intention to get in as much hunting as possible. His Royal Highness likes going with various packs over different country; but it is said that so far he has found nothing that suits him better in every way than the Pytchley. He has no present wish to take permanent hunting quarters. The King and the Prince are, I am now told, certainly going to see the Grand National; the Queen and Princess Mary's plans are not yet fixed. Knowsley is a splendid place run in a grand way. Lord Derby long had a gentleman comptroller of his household. Major Milner, who married the late Caroline Duchess of Montrose when she had been a widow for some years, has filled the position for some time. He was, of course, serving in the war, as he had also served in the South African campaign, but is back at his post now, to the great satisfaction of all concerned. A. E. L.

Egyptologists will doubtless have noticed that one of the photographs of excavations at Tell-el-Amarna given in our last issue (Feb. 5)—that showing the forehall of a tomb—was printed upside down, a fact that might not be evident to the casual observer. It was an unfortunate oversight, and we draw the attention of our readers to the mistake at the earliest possible moment.



For Nursing Mothers.

The ideal food for expectant mothers and for enabling mothers to nurse their infants when born is Robinson's "Patent" Groats made into Milk Gruel. It has many times been successful when everything else has failed. In addition to this,

Robinson's "PATENT" Groats

fulfils all the conditions of a perfect food for weaned babies and growing children. Possessing valuable flesh and bone-forming properties, it is extremely nourishing and easily digested.



Also a splendid diet for INVALIDS and the AGED.

Send 3d. (in stamps) for Booklet "Advice to Mothers."

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The Scent of Araby

HAS the blended fragrance of the rarest flowers of the Orient. It is

An Inspiration in Perfume,

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SHEM-EL-NESSIM FACE POWDER

Adherent and unobtrusive. Gives the complexion a wonderful softness and delicate attractiveness.

10d. and 1/6 per Box.
Powder Leaf Books, 7½d. each.

A perfectly harmonious toilet is assured by using also

Shem-el-Nessim Toilet Soap, 1/- and 1/9 per tablet;
Toilet Cream, 1/3;
Dental Cream, 1/4;
Bath Crystals, 3/6 and 6/3;
Hair Lotion, 10/-;
Toilet Water, 8/6;
Shampoo Powders, 3d. each.
Brilliantine (liquid), 2/6; (solid), 1/4;
Talcum Powder, 1/4;
Sachets, 9d.; Cachous, 6½d.

Of all Chemists and Dealers in Perfumery, and from the Sole Proprietors:

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Distillers of Perfumes and Fine Soap Makers,
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Nothing but choice lean beef—concentrated to the utmost—is used for Lemco. For nearly 60 years in kitchen, sickroom and in hospital—Lemco has stood the test of time and use in every corner of the world.

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A little goes a long way.

32 cupsful of strong, pure beef-tea in a 4-oz. jar.

LEMCO, Thames House, London, E.C. 4.



Another GRAND PRIX for GENASPRIN

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(The Safe Brand of ASPIRIN)

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Like their British and Italian colleagues, the French doctors have found Genasprin to be the only aspirin tablet that is absolutely pure and safe. Yet it does everything that ordinary aspirin can do—stops Nervous and Rheumatic Pains—averts Colds and Influenza—promotes healthy sleep—and acts as a harmless soother after fatigue and excitement.

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Simply send us a twopenny stamp—to cover cost of postage—and we will forward you a Testing-Sample of Genasprin, together with an explanatory Booklet. Please mention this paper when writing.

All Chemists stock Genasprin—or can obtain it for you—in bottles of 35 tablets—price 2/-. But don't confuse it with ordinary brands of aspirin, which depress the heart and upset the digestion. Ask for the Genasprin brand—and firmly insist on having it.

(Note: Disintegrate two tablets in water and take after meals)

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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

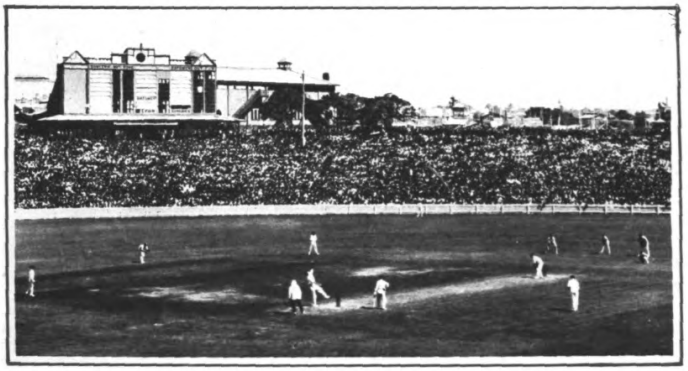
"*UN accord parfait des Alliés*" is a very reassuring headline in a leading French newspaper to-day, and one which heralds a pæan of praise of British statesmanship—very pleasant reading to us Britishers this side of the Channel after months of rather bitter comments upon the general policy of Great Britain. Through a week of extraordinary tension we emerged into the smooth waters of an *accord parfait*, to find the *Entente* once more a real and living thing.

In order to understand really what the question of reparations means to this country, one has only to talk to a *bourgeois* family, as I did a few days ago, and hear them tell, in simple language, calmly and without exaggeration, of their ruined home and mill in Roubaix, of the stolen machines, irreplaceable in these days, of the damage to property assessed by Government experts at nearly a million francs. Of the five years of war and consequent privations nothing is said, "but we have had nearly two years' Peace and still not a franc of the indemnity has been paid; in the meantime one has to live." I take this case because I happen to know of it first hand, but multiply it a hundredfold, nay, a thousandfold, if you like, then you will begin to understand the feeling of this country, the feeling of despair at the endless delays in bringing Germany to book.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the effect that this unanimous decision of the Allies has had on the French people: already there is an atmosphere of fresh hope, a stimulus to work which has been painfully absent for many months. The success of the Conference, too, has assured to M. Briand and his Cabinet a continuance of the confidence of the people,

After a delay of nearly two-and-a-half months, the remains of the "Unknown Poilu" have at last been laid in their permanent resting-place, amid an impressive ceremony surrounded by all the panoply that officialdom could provide. There is something characteristic of the French nation in this delay—the inability to conclude any plan at once, even though unanimously agreed upon and in circumstances where there would seem to be no hindrance to its completion. Yet the instinct of the Frenchman is invariably to procrastinate, and endless delays ensued.

When the coffin containing the remains of the Unknown Warrior was first placed "temporarily" beneath one of the arches of the Arc de Triomphe, it was deemed even unnecessary to rail off the enclosure, since it was only for a few days. Eventually the Press took the matter up. The authorities were urged to make the final arrangements, so that the Allied Premiers could assist at the culminating ceremony during their sojourn in Paris. As for the decorations, the highest grade of the Légion d'Honneur, the Croix de Guerre, and the Médaille Militaire were placed on the coffin, as a tardy recognition of service rendered to *La Patrie*. Thus all parties were satisfied; all sensibilities soothed. "*Requiescat in pace.*"



THE FIRST TEST MATCH, BEFORE A HUGE AUSTRALIAN CROWD: GREGORY, "ABOUT THE FASTEST BOWLER NOW PLAYING CRICKET," BOWLING TO HOBBS.

Writing (from Melbourne) to the "Star" the other day, J. B. Hobbs, the great English batsman, said: "The First Test Match . . . Australia won by 377 runs. The game took five days to play; the aggregate score was 1319, with an average of roughly 264 runs a day. The outstanding feature was the magnificent innings of Warwick Armstrong, who scored 158. Gregory is about the fastest bowler now playing cricket, and, mark you, a very fine bowler. I have heard all sorts of remarks made about the manner in which he makes a ball 'kick,' but with his stature and the height of his delivery, how can he avoid making a ball get up?"—[*Photograph by Central Press.*]

AN EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ON NATIONAL FINANCE.

MR. MCKENNA'S GREAT SPEECH AT THE MEETING OF THE LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK.

THE Right Hon. Reginald McKenna's speech as Chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Ltd., at its recent General Meeting, was far more than an ordinary statement of the domestic affairs of a great banking house. It was a masterly review of the nation's financial and economic position, and a forecast of the policy needed to restore our pre-war commercial prosperity. Mr. McKenna, of course, has himself been in charge of the national purse, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1915-16, and his words, therefore, carry great weight, and have aroused world-wide interest. The great need of Europe, he pointed out, is peace. The various Governments have not yet accepted its conditions. Once they do so, "paper currency will cease, the exchanges will be stable, confidence will revive, and full employment will follow. "Our financial policy," he said, "should be one which will stimulate production and trade. . . . The only condition under which forty-seven millions of people can live in these islands . . . at all, is that our out-put should be up to the highest level of our industrial capacity, and that the surplus of goods which we do not consume ourselves should be freely exchanged for the imported food and raw materials which are essential to our existence."

Regarding the London Joint City and Midland Bank itself, of whose annual report he gave a lucid and encouraging account, Mr. McKenna said that the management's guiding principles were to keep the bank strong and to help the country's trade and industry. "Our balance-sheet," he said, "indicates not only exceptional strength and liquidity, but also gives proof of the great effort the bank has made to meet the legitimate demands of customers."

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
Ginger Nuts are good to taste, good to eat, and good for the system.

Three or Four eaten at bedtime will be found very beneficial.

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Ginger Nuts

Look for H.P. on each biscuit—refuse to accept imitations.

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Baby loves a bath with
WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
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Weather Conditions

make no difference to the enjoyment of

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—the most delicious cocoa for all occasions.

Best & Goes Farthest.

THIS USEFUL AID TO ECONOMY IN ELECTRIC LIGHTING *for the* HOME: OFFICE AND FACTORY



Can be easily fitted to any electric light tumbler switch. It will remind the careless of the need for economy. Supplied free by all first-class Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores who supply Cosmos Lamps, the lamps that give a brilliant light with the maximum economy and efficiency.



Cosmos Lamps

A BRILLIANT BRITISH PRODUCT

Licensed and made under British Patents Nos. 16530 of 1907; 23499 of 1909; 8031 of 1910; 17722 of 1911; and 10918 of 1913.

Advertisement of Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd., Manchester.



She Approaches Motherhood

AND *now* is the time most of all when she must guard against Pyorrhea—or those pretty white teeth will loosen, her firm pink gums soften and inflame, and perhaps Pyorrhea's infecting germs will bring a train of other ills.

Medical science has discovered that certain changes take place in the organic secretions of women approaching maternity—changes that make them susceptible to Pyorrhea.

The prospective mother may end Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. Let her start to use Forhan's For the Gums *to-day*. It will prevent the disease if used in time, and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

Forhan's comes in one size only. 2/6 a double-size tube, at all Chemists.

If your Chemist cannot supply you, send direct to THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4–12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4, who will forward a tube for 2/6, post free.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Licensing Chaos. Before the end of last year—as soon as it became apparent that the Ministry of Transport intended to rush the Roads Bill though Parliament before the Christmas recess—it was obvious that there must be a breakdown of the arrangements for the issue of motor-car licenses. It was pointed out by responsible people that it would serve all reasonable purposes if the new duties were collected in the ordinary way, leaving the details of licensing and registration for more mature consideration than was possible in the time allotted to them. As usual, the Minister of Transport refused to listen to the voice of reason, and the Roads Bill was pushed through with the aid of the big stick, and the inevitable result has followed. The licensing authorities are hopelessly in arrears with their work. Some of the County Councils are quite ten thousand issues behind, and there seems to be no reasonable prospect of these arrears being overtaken by the end of the present month. The authorities have been driven into a most undignified position in consequence of this lack of foresight. Before the end of last year the Minister of Transport announced that, in order to give the motorist time to get used to the new regulations, it had been decided not to enforce the carrying of the license on cars until February 1. The date has passed, and the greater proportion of cars one sees on the roads do not display the objectionable badge, for the very good and sufficient reason that their owners have not been able to obtain it. They have paid their taxes, but there is "nothing doing" in the issue of the license and registration book. So it is announced that the police have had instructions not to enforce too literally the regulations in connection with the display of the license until such time as the county and county borough councils have been able to complete the issue. It will be observed that, in this case, there is no talk of a "concession" to the motorist—nothing but an implied admission of failure.



FOR KEEPING CAR-SPRINGS LUBRICATED: THE "DUCO" SPRING GAITER.

The photograph shows how grease is retained by felt pads for the lubrication of the springs

Stupid Methods. If the average official were capable of thinking in business-like terms, there would have been no occasion for all the chaos that exists. The L.C.C. is an exception to the general rule and has done well. One can go to the issuing office in London, pay the tax, and be handed the license over the counter. The registration book, being a somewhat complicated document, is not issued at the time, but comes by post later on. There may be other authorities equally alive to what is undoubtedly the best way of dealing with matters, but most do not appear to have even thought about this method. What happens in most cases is that the car-owner attends at the licensing office and pays his tax. Instead of the license being filled in and handed over at once, he receives a form of receipt for his money with the intimation that the documents of the case will be sent on later. It does not seem to have occurred to the brilliant intellects responsible that it is just as easy to fill in the license as to write out a receipt, and that by so doing, time—and therefore money—could be saved; while the letter of the law would be observed by the motorist, and there would be no need to confess that the organisation has broken down—as undoubtedly it has. The more one regards the situation, the more the conviction grows that the purpose of the license, etc., is not, as the Minister of Transport claims, to safeguard the motorist against the theft of his car, but to ensure that the Government gets his money down on the nail. If anything more were needed to show the utter futility of bureaucratic methods, it is the working of the new motor licensing scheme.

W. W.

"Whitaker's Almanack" for 1921, now in its fifty third year, contains various new features and extensions which add to the value of this indispensable work. The chief additions include a key to the surnames of Peers and to courtesy titles, a table of Administrations from 1804 to 1920, fresh sporting records, historical sketches of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and accounts of the principal cities of Great Britain. The geographical section contains new articles on a number of countries—such as Russia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Kenya, Egypt, and others—whose conditions have been greatly changed since the war. The new "Whitaker" is printed on paper of pre-war quality, the price of which has risen from £18 a ton in 1914 to £88 a ton. The price of the book (paper cover, 3s. net; cloth, 7s. 6d. net) has consequently increased, but not in the same proportion.



ROUNDING THE FIRST BEND OF A STEEP LONDON GRADIENT: A 19.6-H.P. CROSSLEY AT THE TOP OF NETHERHALL GARDENS.

The 19.6-h.p. Crossley climbs Netherhall Gardens on third and fourth gears. Starting from Finchley Road at a standstill, it surmounts the initial gradient of 1 in 7, rounds the first corner on third speed and then engages fourth speed. The ascent up Netherhall Gardens and Heath Street to the Spaniard's Walk, is taken on top, without stress. This car easily does over 60 m.p.h. on the level.—[*Photograph by F. King and Co.*]

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CHOCOLATE
BISCUITS
are coated with
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See the name
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For Game Shooting, Deerstalking, Astronomical, Marine and General Use.
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A Portable Telescope with Pancratic Eye-piece. The magnifying powers obtainable by means of the Pancratic Eye-piece are 25, 30, 35 and 40 diameters. It has a 2½ in. Object-Glass, Leather-covered Body Caps, and Sling. Closes to 11 in. Price £8 10s. Carriage Free.
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Father comes in like this
once every week. There's a scurry; a cry of, "Here's the Mackintosh's—and Father." Dad knows what the children like, and what is the right kind of sweet to keep them healthy and plump. But the children don't eat *all* the Mackintosh's, not by lumps and lumps——
Regularly, each week-end, enter your hall-door behind a Family Tin of this full-of-food sweetmeat made from lots and lots of very good things. Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe is made in the following varieties: Plain, Peppermint, Treacle, Cocoa, Cocoanut, or all Assorted. Sold loose by weight and in ½ lb., 1 lb. and 4 lb. Family Tins by Confectioners everywhere at 9d. per ½ lb.
Try also Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe, sold at 1/- per ½ lb.
T. 3

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Illustrated Catalogue and Patterns Post Free



This distinguished and typically sporting overcoat makes a forcible appeal to lovers of outdoor life.

It is designed in an attractive range of Burberry Tweeds and Wool Coatings, in weights and colourings specially appropriate for the present season.

Cut on free-fitting and artistic lines, with outside buttoning and bold patch-pockets, it conveys an indelible impression of sporting fashion, combined with incomparable ease and comfort.

Its protective powers are characteristic of all coats bearing the Burberry label—the Mark that stands for weatherproof efficiency throughout the world.

The Race Weatherall keeps its wearer healthfully dry, and ensures abundance of warmth, yet is perfectly self-ventilating and of airylight weight.

Weatherproof Topcoats cleaned and reproofed by Burberry processes. Prices sent on request.

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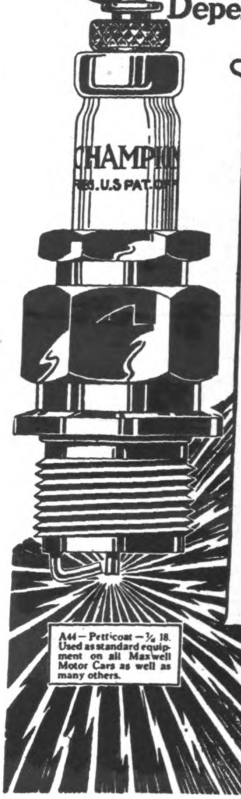
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Linen that wears well and sells at the cheapest price is made in Belfast. You will never do better for quality and price than our this week's bargains:—No. I.L.N. 122, a 2 x 2½ yds. Bleached Linen Damask Tablecloth in assorted designs for .. each **27/6**

Various sizes stocked

Serviettes to match, size 24 x 24 inches. Per dozen **29/9**

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A man is known by the teeth he keeps.

HOW important in everybody's health is the selection of the right Dental Cream! Choose one that cleans thoroughly and safely.

When you get up in the morning and just before going to bed at night, brush your teeth with luke-warm water and Ribbon Dental Cream.

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Keeps Contents Cold 3 Days; Hot 24 Hours

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A heavy coiled spring and pad protect the glass filler against breakage. Easily cleaned; absolutely sanitary.

ICY-HOT TEA BASKET shown at right contains complete luncheon equipment. Take one with you on your next outing.

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ICY-HOT TEA BASKET

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE TEMPEST." AT THE ALDWYCH.

THERE was magic on Prospero's island, and it is this quality which Miss Viola Tree aims at bringing out in her Aldwych presentation of "The Tempest." But she has also engaged Mr. Louis Calvert as "producer," and it looks as if he had different ideas. And there are similar differences in the artistic methods of the players. One is certainly conscious of a lack of harmony in the interpretation. The Prospero of Mr. Henry Ainley realises that he is speaking poetry, but, with all his dignity and charm of intonation, is too caressing and gentle with his Ariel and lacks forcefulness in his treatment of Caliban. The Miranda of Miss Joyce Carey—a joy to the eye, an incarnation of girlish innocence—misses at times the music of her lines. Mr. Lister's Ferdinand, on the other hand, was a trifle too effeminate. The Stephano of Mr. Ambrose Manning and the Trinculo of Mr. Hatherton are on the right lines; but Mr. Louis Calvert, strangely enough, makes Caliban altogether too refined and unbarbaric a monster. Miss Winifred Barnes, a plump and even coquettish Ariel, sings sweetly, if hardly at home in blank verse; and the Juno of Miss Tree has the right air and gait of majesty.

"HANKY PANKY JOHN." AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

A good breezy farce based on perfectly innocent materials is too rare a thing not to be welcomed with gratitude and enthusiasm. Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings supplies us with that rarity at the Playhouse in his deliriously funny story of "Hanky Panky John." It is a farce of self-sacrifice in which you see some ten or more persons each confessing to theft to shield somebody else, and in which the mystery of "Who stole the £100 note?" is kept most amusingly a mystery until the last possible moment. The joke on which all depends is spun out rather fine, but the author's inventiveness and high spirits are so unflagging in his variations on his theme that to the very end he keeps his audience roaring with laughter. A dozen clever players help Mr. Stanley Logan to keep the fun fast and furious, the happiest performances, perhaps, coming from Miss Kate Cutler and Mr. Weguelin.

SIR HARRY LAUDER AT THE PALACE.

A few words of greeting are due to Sir Harry Lauder, who returns to the Palace after his long absence in America and elsewhere, and contrives to hold the stage for an hour and a half and leave it with his audience still asking for more. His gift of characterising every one of the Scottish types he presents in his turns has suffered no eclipse, there has been no coarsening of his art, and his new songs are as good as his old, whether in the vein of humour or of pathos. Of his novelties, the sentiment of his "Somebody Waiting for Me" was so much to his first-night hearers' liking that they quickly caught up the refrain; but they took just as heartily to his study of an old buck recalling the love triumphs of his youth. Their warmest welcome, however, was reserved for the familiar but still brilliantly acted "Saftest of the Family."

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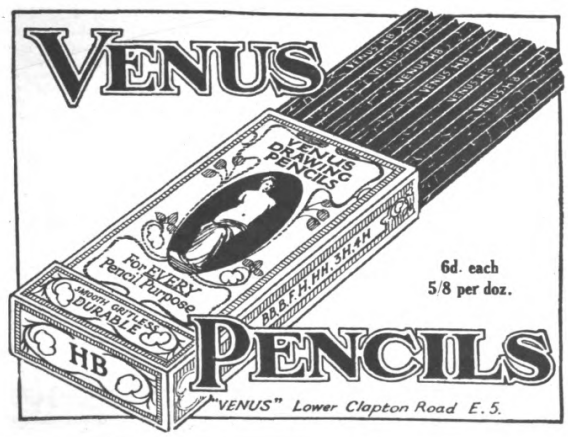
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1921.

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THE "SEA SERPENT": THE FLAT OAR-FISH, OR RIBBON-FISH (CAUSE OF MANY SENSATIONAL "YARNS") DESCRIBED IN A POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURE.

The growing popularity of natural science lectures is shown by the success of those delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor J. A. Thomson, of Aberdeen University, on "The Haunts of Life." The first, on "The School of the Shore," was illustrated in our issue of January 15. Next came that on "The Open Sea," in which the Professor described (among many others) the curious creature shown in the above drawing. "A foundation for some of the sea-serpent stories," he said, "is almost certainly to be found in the Oar-fish, or Ribbon-fish (*Regalecus*), a silvery fish, flattened like an oar, sometimes over twenty feet in length, which may swim with an undulatory motion at the surface, or occasionally, when attacked by some enemy, shoot itself in agony for several feet above the surface." It usually inhabits the deep sea. We have arranged to give illustrated abridgments of Professor Thomson's lectures in later numbers.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



THE woman juror lost no time in asserting both her capability and her individuality; the former by her grave decorum and steadiness throughout a murder trial, the latter by the calm production of her knitting in Court. Although the Judge winked at the clicking needles, in virtue, perhaps, of the First Offenders Act, the Bench does not intend to accept that as a precedent. Knitting, it is true, may be to a woman what a pipe is to a man (Miss Mitford, by the way, held sewing to be the great feminine sedative), but pipes in the jury-box are little likely to be justified by the fact that men used to take tobacco, unrebuked, in church. That license may have arisen from the sharp division between the parts of the church reserved to the clergy and the laity respectively. Tobacco in the Sanctuary itself is unthinkable; hence it may not be correct to argue that the Law has always been more jealous of her sanctities than Religion.

It may be questioned, however, whether knitting in the jury-box is altogether on a parallel with pipes or newspapers. It is certainly not, as one fervent person declares, the final proof of woman's judicial incompetence. News-sheets in jurors' hands are plain contempt, for they imply inattention and possible prejudice to the case. Pipes, while free from that censure, suggest too readily the ease of the fireside or the tavern. The atmosphere of law-courts, too, is usually thick enough as it is. But the soothing, rhythmical, mechanical process of knitting leaves a woman's mind free, and may even help judgment. It annoys no one if the knitter be perfectly expert; and only the expert, to whom the pursuit has become second nature, would draw out her work in Court. For all that, there are objections. The difficult turning of a heel might lead the knitter to miss fine points of evidence or argument. And the prisoner might object, on grounds of sentiment. A well-read man, on trial for his life, could hardly escape uncomfortable memories of the Vengeance and her knitting women around the Guillotine. Yet, on the score of the fair juror's attention, he might find a crumb of comfort even there. The Tricoteuses, seemingly preoccupied, were minutely alert to the main business, and never lost count of a single head. Twenty-three!

This month of February, that has seen the sad falling off of St. Valentine, sees also the decline and final failure of a sturdy New Year resolution. No resolve, perhaps, shows so copious a written (or unwritten) record of its futility, or erects so large a monument to the frailty of human endeavour. But record and monument alike remain invisible and unknown, except to the individual defaulter. Failure seems to prove no deterrent. The resolve and its decay are both the hardiest of annuals.

Already the conscience-stricken will have caught our drift. He sees before him a neat little accusing volume, daintily clad in morocco or fragrant Russia leather (if the latter still exists), and set out with tempting spaces for the record of three hundred and sixty-five strenuous days, or three hundred and sixty-six in Bissextile, or Leap Year. Not often did he purchase it himself, but it came to his hands inevitably. Some kind friend or other, at his wits' end for a gift at the Season of Gifts, fell back on this pleasing little token. Always it awoke the desire to keep it faithfully and without break until the very last day of December. Vain aspiration!

The very earliest of these possessions still exist, in the far and dusty recesses of an old-fashioned bureau, their leather jerkins frayed and faded, their guardian elastic bands perished past all ductility, but with time, not with use, for they are "come to forty year" this many a day, and, for the most part, blank. The entries, in large text, sadly disproportionate to the space available, how odd, how pathetic they seem to the eye of middle age; queer childish chronicles of holiday-making, of snow or skating, of this party and that, and then, perhaps, the sure consequence of overmuch festivity. "In bed to-day, very sick last night"; and once, oddest of all, a passage shamelessly and inaccurately copied from a newspaper: "Rome, Thursday, Pope Pius IX. is ded." The force of effort could no further go. With the demise of the Pontiff, the record dies also.



THE VICTORIOUS LEADER OF THE IMPERIAL ELEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA: GENERAL SMUTS.

General Smuts, as leader of the South African Party, in which the former Unionist party merged itself for the recent elections, has won a notable victory at the polls, giving him a majority of more than twenty over all other parties. The main issue was the maintenance of the Imperial connection, as against the Nationalist proposal for secession and a Republic.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

Nor are later volumes more reassuring. Here and there, perhaps, the writ may run into March or April, with longer and drearier intervals between the recorded days, but always with one event, a dwindling of trivialities, and then—the rest is silence. Once and once only, in the particular case in mind, the entries persevered without break into September. It was the penultimate year of war, and continuous effort may have been stimulated and supported by the strenuous times. Perhaps the strangest note is that which shows the Diarist reading the Georgics with a pupil while the daylight air-raid on London was in progress. No particular equanimity is implied; for the attack meant nothing more to the students than a dull growl on the horizon. It may be that such efforts are made in too small compass. The real diarists, those admirable men and women of character, work on a larger canvas. Their day-book is a goodly tome of fair blank leaves unhampered by prescribed spaces. They set down their own dates and are as brief or as voluminous as they please or as matter demands. Yet the little diary is not to be despised. Used as a record of engagements, it stands an excellent chance of being fully posted with informal and usually anticipatory entries, which through lapse of time become a useful retrospective memorial.

These pleasant pocket companions are older than might be supposed. In the Rosenborg Palace at Copenhagen is a little diary that might be in all respects of format the work of a modern publisher. It belonged to Christian IV., who wrote in it with great care and neatness of penmanship; how consistently as to daily posting one cannot say, for the treasure lies locked away under glass with only two pages visible. But the presumption is that the monarch was not slack in his chronicle of minor jottings.

The diarists' failure may be a sad evidence of human irresolution, evidence to convict the desultory and unstable mind. But diarists, it would seem, are born, not made; for your Pepys, your Evelyn, your Greville, your Amiel, and your Bashkirtseff rank, in their degree, with the poets and historians. They are impelled to their great work by some native fervour akin to genius. For the most part we are commonplace people, with few things really worth recording in our lives. Small wonder, then, that the twelve-months' end finds the ruck of miniature diaries with so many virgin pages, and that February sees a conclusion as notably abrupt as that of Warton's "History of English Poetry."

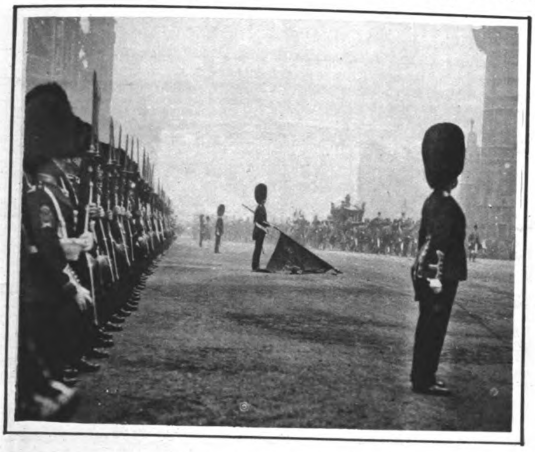
But hope springs eternal from generation to generation. A little girl of our acquaintance, tongue out and head on arm, is even now at the old game. Her diary is her present hobby, but grey experience knows that its days, in a double sense, are numbered. *Eheu fugaces!*

But flying Time, that steals away so much, is not wholly a thief. It is also the great compensation balance of life. Dean Inge might very well have made that point in his recent remarks on the future of public schools, now so eagerly sought after by the New Rich for their sons. The Dean is right when he says that, despite the threats of Labour, it will not be an easy matter to destroy an institution supported by such enthusiastic loyalties and valued even by the "illiterate profiteer and his like." It will not be easy, and the Dean would find comforting support in Disraeli's "Endymion," which gives indirectly much hope for the profiteer's son. That young man is likely to prove one of the strongest upholders of our great educational traditions. Disraeli, recalling the current opinion of 1832 that the new men in the first Reform Parliament, with their different education, manners, and modes of thought, would dissipate the "enigmatic tradition" of the House of Commons, notes that after a short time "the old material, though less in quantity, leavened the new," and in five years the House had recovered "much of its serene, and refined, and even classical character." As with Parliament, so it will be with the great public schools, and here, as elsewhere, the whirligig of time will bring its inevitable revenges.

J. D. S.

AMID PRE-WAR PAGEANTRY: THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND I.B.



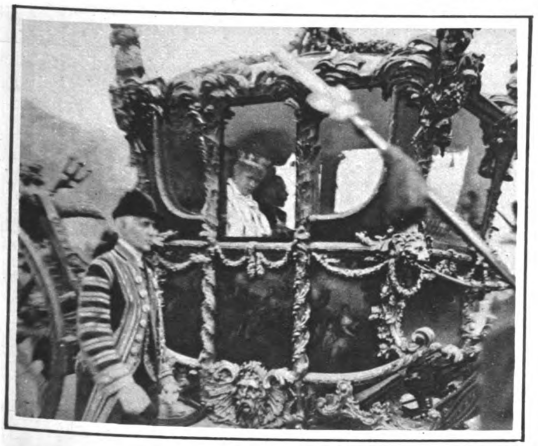
IN SCARLET UNIFORMS AND BEARSKINS: GUARDS AT THE "PRESENT," WITH COLOUR DROPPED, SALUTING THE ROYAL COACH AT WESTMINSTER.



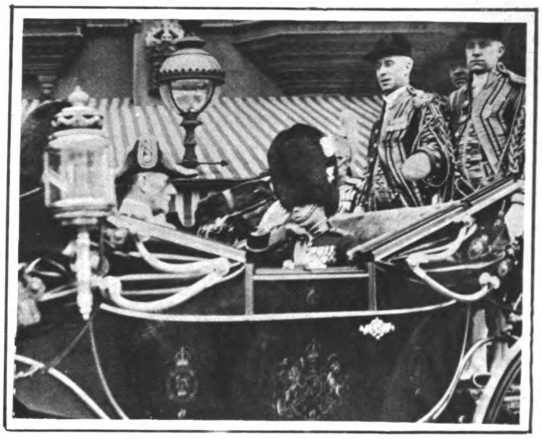
TYPICAL OF THE AMBASSADORIAL COACHES: THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR ON HIS WAY TO WESTMINSTER FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION TO WESTMINSTER FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT WITH ALL THE OLD-TIME PAGEANTRY: THE KING'S STATE COACH, DRAWN BY EIGHT BLACK HORSES, WITH FOUR POSTILIONS, PASSING DOWN WHITEHALL BETWEEN CHEERING CROWDS.



SHOWING THE QUEEN, WEARING HER CROWN, SEATED BESIDE THE KING: THE STATE COACH CONTAINING THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE MALL.



IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM AS A COLONEL OF THE GUARDS: THE PRINCE OF WALES, IN HIS COACH, LEAVING AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The King opened Parliament on Tuesday, February 15, with all the old-time pageantry, which was all the more picturesque because, for the first time since the war, the troops lining the route were again in scarlet uniform. The Guardsmen looked resplendent in their scarlet tunics with their big bearskins, and lent a fine touch of colour to the scene. Large crowds thronged the route from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, and gave their Majesties and the Prince of Wales a hearty welcome. The King and Queen rode in the great State coach, drawn by eight black horses, with four postilions. The Prince of Wales preceded them, driving in a two-horse coach, with Rear-Admiral Halsey. The King was in khaki, with the Queen beside him, a stately figure in white ermine wearing her crown. The Prince of Wales wore full-dress uniform as a Colonel of the Guards. In the House of Lords, his Majesty read the Speech from the Throne.

ABDICATION IN SWAZILAND: THE BLIND OLD QUEEN'S LONG REIGN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. TUGWELL.



THE "SHE-ELEPHANT" IN HER ROBE OF LEOPARD SKIN, ADDRESSING HER DUSKY WARRIORS FOR THE LAST TIME: THE OLD QUEEN LABOTSIBENI, WHO HAS RULED THE SWAZIS FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS, ABDICATING.



THE PARAMOUNT CHIEF BHUZA (RAISING HIS ARM) "SHOWN" TO THE CHIEFS AND TROOPS: A CEREMONY BEFORE THE QUEEN.



EXHAUSTED AFTER HER SPEECH AT THE ABDICATION CEREMONY, AND UNABLE TO CLIMB INTO THE CAR: THE OLD QUEEN RESTING.



IN FULL WAR PAINT, WITH THEIR LARGE SHIELDS AND BRONZE BODIES GLISTENING IN THE SUN: THE ROYAL IMPI OF SWAZI WARRIORS AT THE ABDICATION CEREMONY.

Abdications, including those of the Kaiser and the late Tsar, became rather frequent in Europe as a result of the war, and it is an interesting comparison to see how such an occasion is conducted among a more primitive people, the Swazis of South-East Africa. The abdication of the old Queen, or Chief Regent, Labotsibeni, generally known among the natives as "Ndhlovukazi" (She-Elephant), took place at the Royal Kraal, at Zombode, on December 31 last. A woman of great ability and strong character, she was the chief wife of the late King Mbandeni, and since his death in 1888 had ruled the Swazis firmly and well, under the protection first of the South African Republic, and later of the British Government, until age and infirmity compelled her to retire. She has always disliked being photographed, and once knocked a camera out of a Government official's hand with her stick. In the top photograph she is seen making a farewell speech to her troops. Beside her is Mandanda, Chief Induna of the Royal Kraal (stooping). The Queen is also seen in the left-hand middle photograph, next to Nomawa (extreme left), mother of Prince Bhuza. The Swazis are a warlike Kaffir tribe, who fought for the British against the Zulus.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, SWAINE, LAFAYETTE, PHOTOPRESS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, AND TOPICAL.



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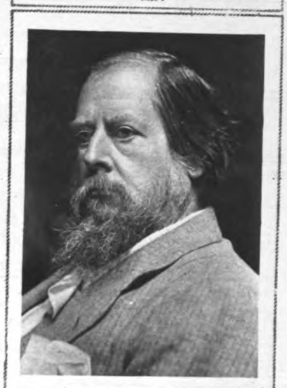
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RETIRING THROUGH ILL-HEALTH: MR. WILL CROOKS, P.C., M.P., THE POPULAR LABOUR MEMBER.



A FAMOUS PAINTER DEAD: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND, R.A.



THE RAILWAY LEADER WHO DEMANDED INQUIRY INTO IRISH SHOOTINGS: MR. J. BROMLEY.



A WELL-KNOWN IRISH MAGISTRATE SHOT DEAD NEAR CORK: MR. ALFRED REILLY.



SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: LORD GORELL.



MOVER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. J. C. C. DAVIDSON, M.P.



RECENTLY SUCCEEDED TO A PEERAGE: THE NEW LORD TERRINGTON.

Sir L. Worthington-Evans has succeeded Mr. Churchill as Secretary for War; Lord Lee of Fareham is First Lord of the Admiralty in place of Mr. Walter Long (resigned through ill-health), and Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen succeeds Lord Lee as Minister of Agriculture.——Mr. Will Crooks, the popular and respected Labour Member, has sat for Woolwich since 1903. His retirement evoked universal regret.——Sir William Richmond, the famous portrait-painter, died at his Hammersmith home on February 11, aged 78.——Mr. J. Bromley, General Secretary of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, demanded a public enquiry into the shooting of railwaymen at Mallow, threatening a strike if it were not granted.——Mr. Alfred Reilly, a magistrate and prominent business man, of Douglas, near Cork, was recently shot dead while driving home.——The Address, on the King's Speech, at the opening of Parliament on February 15, was moved in the Lords by the Duke of Abercorn and seconded by Lord Gorell. In the Commons the mover was Mr. J. C. C. Davidson (C.U.), M.P. for Hemel Hempstead.——The first Lord Terrington died on February 8, and is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Harold J. S. Woodhouse, whose portrait we give.



The World's Greatest Exploring Adventure:

WILL MOUNT EVEREST BE CLIMBED?



By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM,

Author of "The Complete Mountaineer," "On Alpine Heights and British Crags," "Motor Ways in Lakeland," "Swiss Mountain Climbs," etc., etc.

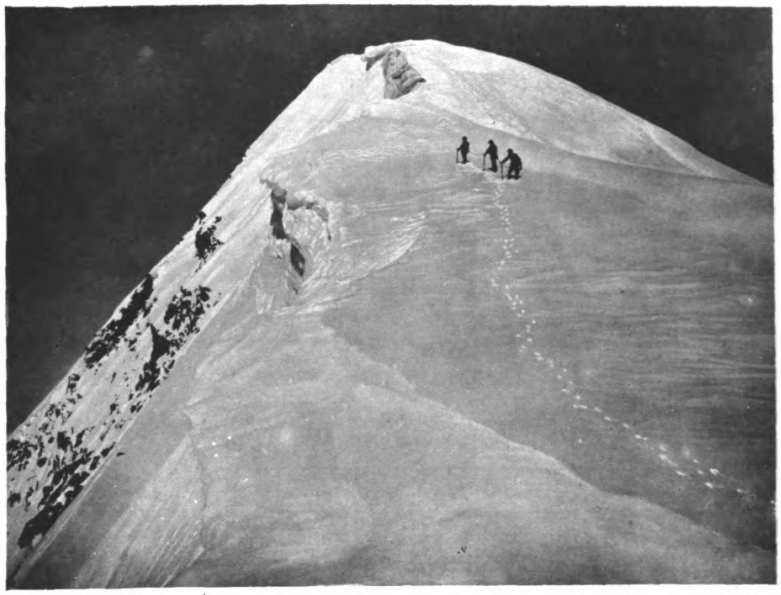
AT last puny man is to try his luck against the giant mass of Mount Everest. The world's highest ground, or snow, rises 29,141 feet above sea level, and dominates a vast array of mountains which form the national boundary between Nepaul and Tibet. The great virgin summit is wreathed in eternal snow. Its supporting bastions are sheathed in ice and bulwarked by huge precipices, where monster avalanches thunder and roar, whilst fierce storms wage unceasing war on the earth's uttermost stronghold. At first sight it seems like a gamble against Fate, with human life as the stake, for man to attempt the conquest. Yet these grim terrors and the added difficulties of mere existence on the real roof of the world but increase the keenness to these sporting Britons who hope to plant our flag on the summit. At the outset the odds will be *on* the side of the mountain; but pluck and skill will prevail. The writer fixes five years as the shortest possible time for final success.

In the first place, Mount Everest is not an easy mountain in the same way as Mont Blanc. It has been actually seen by few white men, and no one has viewed it from every side. In the only genuine photograph of it, which is taken from a south-westerly direction, at a distance of about sixty miles, the ascent looks, to an expert, almost impossible. The hope lies on the opposite side.

An expedition, organised by the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society, is to start in March or April, and after reaching Darjiling, their object will be to reach and reconnoitre especially the Tibetan sides of the mountain. Next year the real attempt will begin. Up to the present, entry into the Forbidden Land has been impossible for political reasons; but the Indian Government has made arrangements to permit the passage of the expedition to the base of the mountain. Jomo Kang Kar, or Our Lady of the Snows, is an object of reverence and worship by the natives, and they may resent the intrusion of white men on their lofty shrine.

There have been several former expeditions to other parts of the Himalaya, and most of them have had trouble with the natives. As long ago as the years 1854-58 some very remarkable climbs were made by the two brothers Adolf and Robert Schlagentweib, who reached a height of 22,259 feet on the great peak of Kamet (25,443 feet). After this, Adolf crossed the Karakoram Pass, and was murdered at Kashgar. Then, in 1895, the attack on Nanga Parbat by A. F. Mummery came to a mysterious end. At the base of this magnificent icy obelisk the climbers divided. The leader of the party, with two natives, was to cross a short pass from the west to the north side of the mountain, and meet the main part of the expedition, who had travelled round by a longer route. After bidding farewell to his friends, Mummery and his companions were never seen again. No trace was ever found. Those who knew the skill of the greatest of British mountaineers cannot believe that an avalanche caused disaster.

Yet these monster mountain falls will prove one of the greatest dangers to the forthcoming expedition. Everything is on an immense scale in the Himalaya. Crevasses are thousands of feet deep. A simple snowslide in Scotland, or an Alpine avalanche, becomes on the roof of the world a tremendous cataclysm, which shakes the greatest mountain to its very base, and which may be heard, or even felt, fifty miles away. A more insidious risk lies in the smaller avalanche started by human agency. One attempt on Kangchenjunga (28,150 feet), the third highest known peak, ended in tragedy. From a camp 20,343 feet high, a section of the party decided to descend, on account of a difference of opinion. Three amateurs and three coolies were crossing a snow-covered slope, when two coolies on the middle of the rope slipped, peeling the loose snow off with them. In an instant all were carried off their feet and flung down the icy slope, a veritable human avalanche. Two Continental climbers were the only survivors. The four bodies were not recovered until three days later. They were buried under twelve feet of solid snow.



A DIFFICULT FACTOR IN THE PROPOSED ASCENT OF MOUNT EVEREST: SLOW CLIMBING IN THE RAREFIED AIR, WHICH MAKES BREATHING PAINFUL, AND RESTRICTS PROGRESS TO TWO OR THREE STEPS A MINUTE, AT HIGH ALTITUDES IN THE ETERNAL SNOW.

The expedition to Mount Everest will find that serious rock-climbing is encountered before the valleys are left behind, but they will be well equipped with skill and knowledge to meet all contingencies, as far as is humanly possible. The real test will come when the 20,000-feet level is gained. Even before this, that grim enemy, mountain sickness, will have sorted out the weaklings, and, gradually, only the soundest will remain at the loftier camps. Youth will be served, and this great lesson may take years in the learning, for elder experts are slow to give way. Breathing becomes fast, and even painful, for the hardiest on the world's highest places. The lungs seem unable to inhale enough of the thin air, so lacking in oxygen, and progress becomes slower and feebler the greater the altitudes gained.

Past records are not, apparently, encouraging. As long ago as 1883, W. W. Graham reached a height of 24,000 feet on Kabru, and, despite numerous attempts, it was not until 1909 that the Duke of Abruzzi's party succeeded in adding a mere 400 feet to this in his unsuccessful attempt on Bride Peak. Mountain sickness and bad weather had made the perfectly organised party fail at a comparatively low level on Mount Godwen Austen (28,250 feet), the second in height to Mount Everest.

If there are serious technical difficulties on the final dome of the world, the ascent will prove impossible, but there are rumours that on the Tibetan side easy slopes lead to the summit. Yet only one white man, Colonel Dudley Ryder, the head of the Government Survey in India, has seen it from this side, and that from fifty miles away. Thus it is evident that great mysteries and difficulties have to be solved ere man stands on the top of the world.

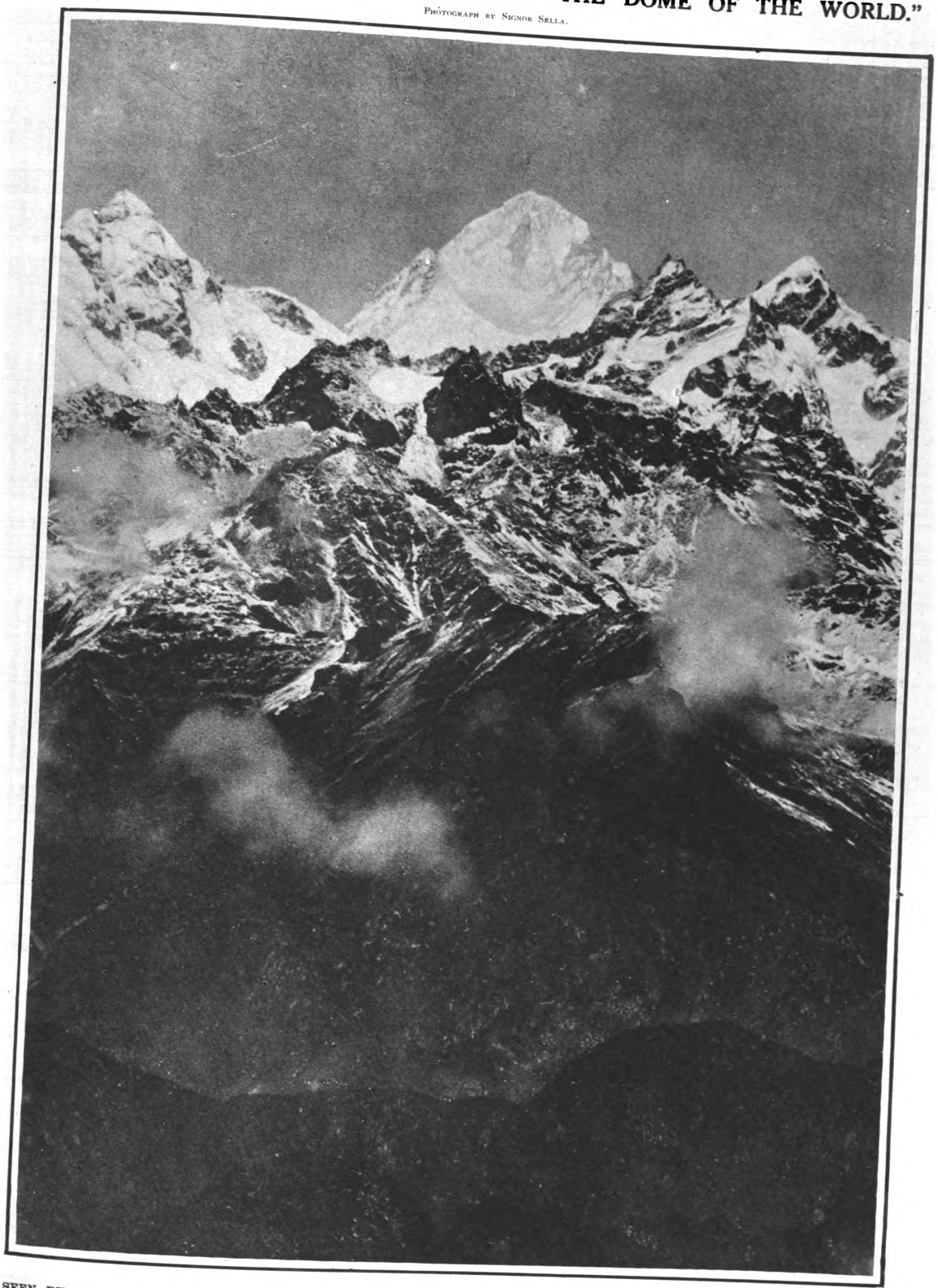
Nevertheless, in recent years, much progress has been made in establishing high camps above a height of 20,000 feet, and life has been spent, more or less comfortably, even with meagre supplies. Perhaps the most remarkable climbing feat yet achieved was that by Dr. Longstaff and his companions on Trisul. Whereas other altitude records have been made on the sides of peaks, without achieving the crowning conquest, the Englishman's party reached the real summit (23,406 feet). Trisul is the highest actual mountain yet climbed. It is of vital interest to note that they ascended from a camp at 17,450 feet, to the summit, 23,406 feet, involving a climb of about 6000 feet, in ten hours; the descent being made in about three hours. This wonderful *tour de force* is encouraging for the Everest optimists.

Aeroplanes will not be used by the expedition at the outset. In fact, it is more than doubtful whether they will be of any real use at all. Control for landing purposes is impossible in the thin upper air, and as oxygen cylinders have to be used to sustain the pressure-stricken airmen, on account of the sudden uprush, it is evident that observation, a difficult undertaking amongst mountains, will be unreliable.

Thus, the aspirants to lofty distinction—not extinction—must rely on the human element. Perhaps the most important factor is the supply, training, and proper equipment of the Nepalese coolies. Given this, with young leaders of absolutely sound physique, perfect conditions of weather and snow on the upper dome, the hopes of ultimately reaching the top of Mount Everest may be fulfilled.

EVEREST, TO BE CLIMBED AT LAST: "THE DOME OF THE WORLD."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIGNOR SELLA.

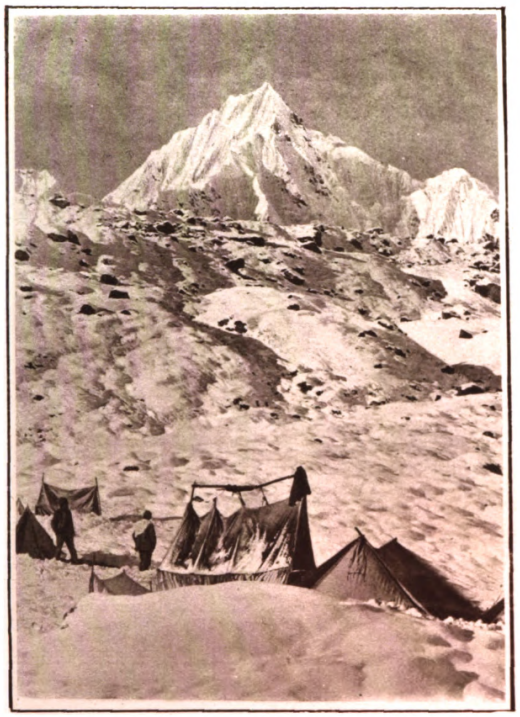


SEEN BY FEW WHITE MEN, AND BY NO ONE FROM EVERY SIDE: MOUNT EVEREST—ONE OF THE FEW GENUINE PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF SIXTY MILES.

The fact that Mount Everest is the highest peak in the world is a commonplace of geography books. It is even higher than was thought, for a recent re-calculation by the Indian Survey gives it 29,140 it., instead of 29,002 ft. Hitherto political objections have prevented any attempt to climb it, but these have now been removed. The Tibetan Government has agreed to allow an expedition from their side, where the slopes are less precipitous, and plans are being made jointly by the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society. This year the approaches will be reconnoitred by a party under Col. Howard Bury, who recently returned from Tibet, and Mr. Harold Raeburn, of the Alpine Club. The idea of using aeroplanes has been abandoned. The reconnaissance party will probably cross into Tibet when the passes open, about the end of May. The actual attempt to climb the mountain will be made next year.

CLIMBING IN THE HIMALAYAS: PEAKS OVER WHICH EVEREST TOWERS.

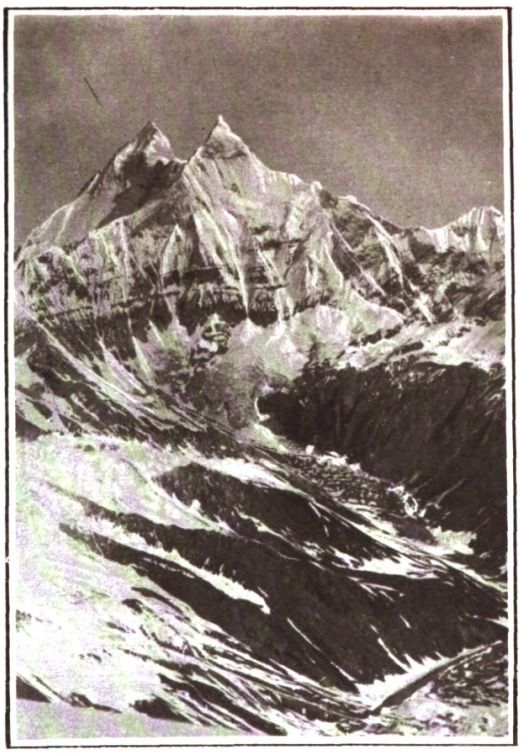
PHOTOGRAPH OF NANDA DEVI BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF CAPTAIN T. G. LONGSTAFF, F.R.G.S.



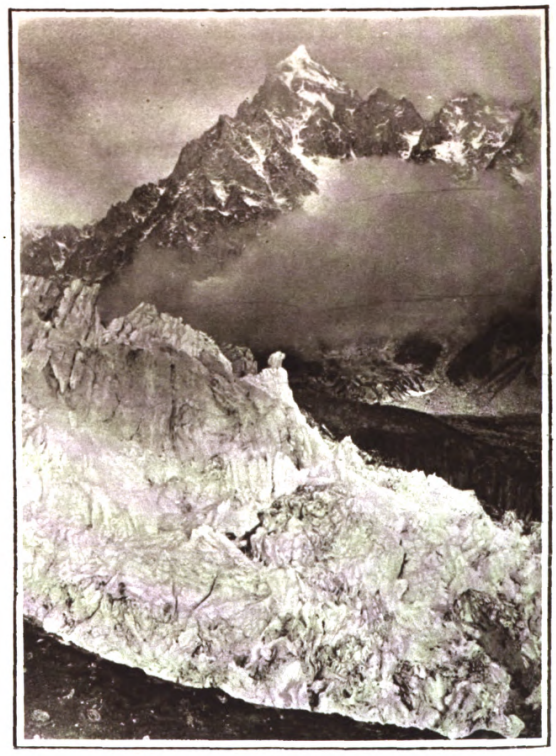
DESCRIBED AS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PEAK IN THE WORLD: SINIOLCHUM (OVER 22,000 FT.)—SHOWING A HIGH CAMP IN THE HIMALAYAS.



THE THIRD HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD, UNCLIMBED, AND THE SCENE OF A TRAGEDY AT ONE ATTEMPT: KANGCHENJUNGA (28,150 FT.) FROM PANDIM, BELOW IT.



"THE BLESSED GODDESS": NANDA DEVI, A GREAT TWIN-PEAKED HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN (25,660 FT.) WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN CLIMBED.



WHERE GREAT PEAKS, IN ICY ALOOFNESS, RISE ABOVE THE GLACIER-FILLED VALLEYS: AT THE FOOT OF PANDIM, IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The attempt on Everest will be a great adventure, for many perils and hardships confront the Himalayan climber—perils from icy slopes, rocky precipices, and enormous avalanches; hardships from intense cold, terrific winds, and blinding snowstorms. Lastly, there is the unknown factor of the possibility of human exertion in rarefied air at a height over 4000 ft. above any yet attained by man. Acclimatisation for Europeans has been found possible up to 16,000 ft. after about a fortnight's residence. In Tibet yaks and ponies are the principal means of transport. In his article on a previous page Mr. George D. Abraham describes the conditions of climbing in the Himalayas, with details of former ascents, some of them disastrous. One attempt on Kangchenjunga, he mentions, ended in tragedy, a party of six, of whom four were killed, slipping and falling down an icy slope. This mountain, he thinks, is not likely to be ever climbed successfully.

THE HIGHEST PEAK YET SCALED BY MAN: TRISUL.

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF CAPTAIN T. G. LONGSTAFF, F.R.G.S.

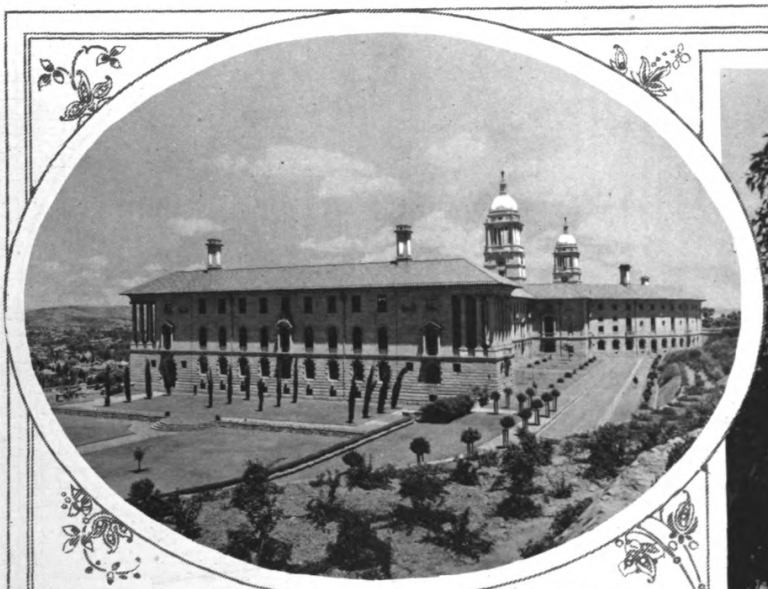


THE HIGHEST ACTUAL SUMMIT HITHERTO CLIMBED: TRISUL (23,406 FT.), IN THE GARHWAL HIMALAYA, ASCENDED IN 1907 BY CAPT. T. G. LONGSTAFF, F.R.G.S.—SUNRISE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

"Perhaps the most remarkable climbing feat yet achieved," writes Mr. George D. Abraham, in his article on a previous page, discussing the prospects of the Everest expedition, "was that by Dr. Longstaff and his companions on Trisul. Whereas other altitude records have been made on the sides of peaks, without achieving the crowning conquest, the Englishman's party reached the real summit (23,406 ft.) Trisul is the highest actual mountain yet climbed. It is of vital interest to note that they ascended from a camp at 17,450 ft. to the summit, 23,406 ft., involving a climb of about 6000 ft., in ten hours; the descent being made in about three hours. This wonderful *tour de force* is encouraging for the Everest optimists." Captain Longstaff is the son of of another famous explorer, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Longstaff, and, besides his work in the Himalaya and Tibet, has climbed in the Caucasus, Alps, Selkirk, and Rocky Mountains.

SOUTH AFRICA SAVED FROM THE MENACE OF SECESSION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY [illegible], PRETORIA.



UNION BUILDINGS AT PRETORIA, CAPITAL OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA: THE EASTERN TERRACE AND GARDENS.



BUILT ON ONE OF THE FINEST SITES IN THE WORLD: A[illegible] OF UNION BUILDINGS AT PRETORIA.



A GORGEOUS SIGHT WHEN IN FLOWER: SOUTH AFRICAN ALOES ON A KOPJE OUTSIDE *UNION* BUILDINGS, SEEN FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

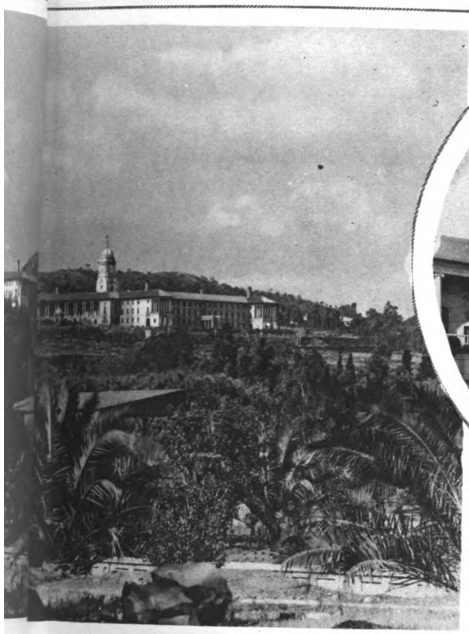


WHERE LARGE OPEN SPACES, LOGGIAS, AND [illegible] THE ENTRANCE TO ONE [illegible]

The result of the recent elections in South Africa, giving a strong majority to the South African Party led by General Smuts, removed the Nationalist menace of secession from the Empire, establishment of a Republic, and possible civil war. The magnificent Union Buildings at Pretoria, situated about a mile and a half from Church Square, the centre of the city, occupy a grand and imposing position upon the plateau below Meintjes Kop, a site which Lord Selborne described as the finest in the world. The architect was Mr. Herbert Baker, who has since designed some of the new Indian Government buildings at Delhi. The approach at Pretoria is by a carriage-drive which winds round and passes in front of the main terrace. A series of steps and terraces were necessitated by the rise of the ground immediately in *front* of the central or amphitheatre block. The rising tiers in the auditorium have been cut out of the face of the hillside—a natural amphitheatre, originally designed for purely utilitarian purposes, which has provided one of the finest possible architectural compositions. The buildings are grouped in three main blocks formed by eastern and western wings, connected with the great semi-circular

NACE SECESSION: THE SEAT OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

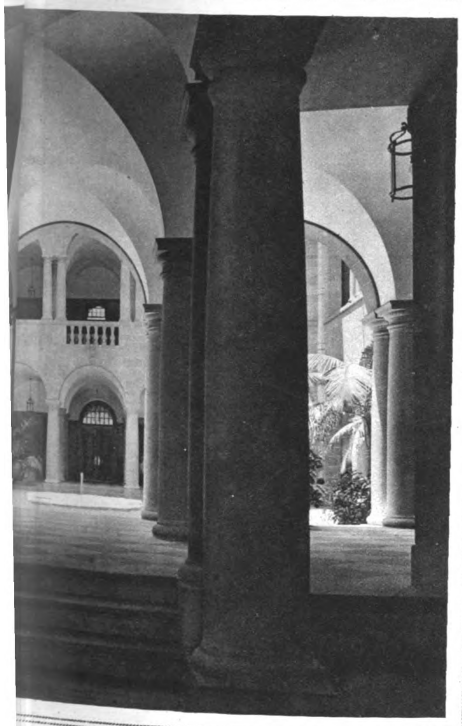
PHOTOGRAPHS, PRETORIA.



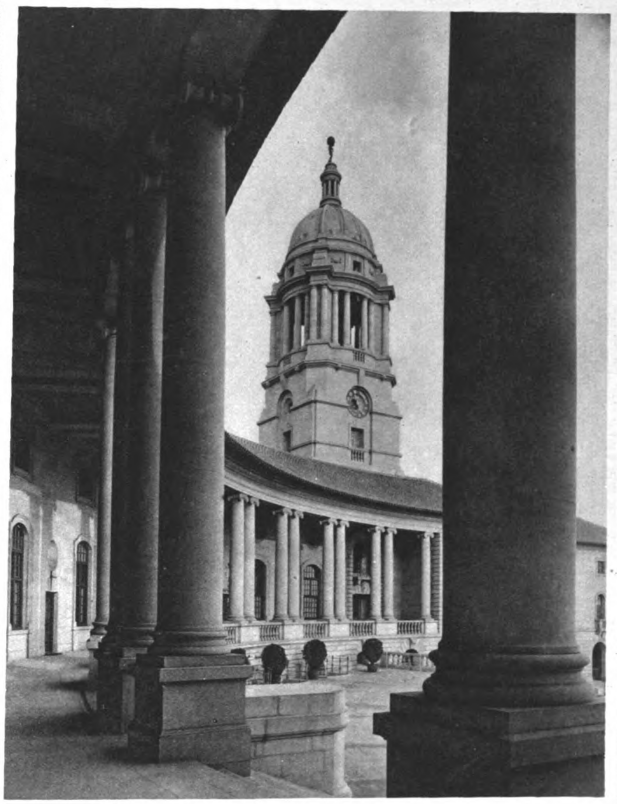
FIRST IN THE WORLD: A GENERAL VIEW FROM SOUTH OF PRETORIA.



WHERE THE RISING GROUND LENT ITSELF TO A NOBLE ARCHITECTURAL SCHEME: THE AMPHITHEATRE AND ROSTRUM.



FOUNTAINS SUIT THE CLIMATIC CONDITIONS: OF THE COURTYARDS.



CROWNED WITH A FIGURE OF ATLAS IN BRONZE, LIKE THE TWIN TOWER ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE CENTRAL BLOCK: THE EASTERN TOWER.

amphitheatre block. On each side of the central block is a tower, crowned by a figure of Atlas in bronze. The space within the semi-circle is terraced, and at the bottom is a rostrum, while ornamental ponds, crossed by bridges, stretch the length of the amphitheatre. The building has been designed to suit the climatic conditions of the south, providing large open courts, with fountains and loggias, necessary to keep it cool and well ventilated. The most striking feature is, perhaps, the long, unbroken tiled roof. Each block has three floors of offices, providing accommodation for about 1500 officials. The whole building is in freestone resting on a base of local granite. South African materials have been used as much as possible; the stone came from the Orange Free State, the granite bases are quite local, and South African woods have been used for the panelling of the interior. The precincts are laid out on the great French and Italian models, in broad lines and vistas. The whole is a noble piece of architecture. The new South African Parliament is expected to meet on March 4. A portrait of General Smuts appears on "Our Note-Book" page in this number.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

SOUND drawing, a poetic vision, and a fine sense of chiar-oscuro in a land teeming with rich subjects, have been the characteristics of the English school of water colours. Cubism and Futurism were unknown when our older water-colour drawings were done. Among a band of men who in the 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies continued the tradition of Sandby and Varley, Girtin and Turner, was Thomas Collier. The National Gallery of British Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum contains ten of his drawings, two of them given by that fine connoisseur, James Orrock. At Christie's, on the 11th, there were over a hundred drawings in water-colours by Thomas Collier to choose from, the property of Mrs. Thomas Collier. Among the most noteworthy were "Fittleworth Common," which brought £126; "Snowdon," £89; "Sandhills near Barmouth," £31; "A Summer Day, Sussex," £37; and "On the Rother," £39. An interesting series covering varied scenery and catching fine moments. Other properties at the same sale included drawings: "Solitude," by Alphonse Legros; "Undercliff, Ventnor," by De Wint; a Birket Foster, "The Flock, Sunset," of Christmas-card size (4½ in by 6½ in.), sold for £63; and a more ambitious "Loch Awe, Argyllshire" (10 in. by 14 in.), with a peasant woman driving a herd of cattle along a winding road, brought £215. In oils, Daubigny's "Le Coucher de Soleil" was a poem on a tiny panel, and Mulready's "Boys Fishing" was hall-marked as having been exhibited at Burlington House in 1881.

At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on the 11th, there were some fine items going. Old English porcelain and pottery, glass, furniture and Persian rugs formed the menu. The summit of the day's sale was reached in a fine Nantgarw dessert-service painted with groups and sprays of flowers by Billingsley, which brought £319, all the pieces bearing the impressed mark "Nantgarw C. W." (presumably China Works). There were thirty-two pieces in all, mainly comprising fine decorative dishes, square, oval, and shell-form. Billingsley, that Mercury of the potteries, renowned for his roses sponged on dessert-services, was at Derby in 1796, then at Pinxton, then in Staffordshire, and at Worcester with Flight and Barr from 1808 to 1811, at Nantgarw from 1812 to 1814, and again from 1817 to 1819, when he left for Coalport. He brought realistic Billingsley roses into English porcelain, and his name is sufficient to endow any service with possibilities for collectors' cabinets.

Old English silver plate is always alluring, and Messrs. Christie were selling on the 16th some fine specimens from the collection of that well-known connoisseur, Mr. D. M. Currie, of Campden Hill Court, Kensington. There were two boat-shaped soy-frames with reeded edges, one 1793 and the other in the latter days of York, with the assay mark 1801. (An oval bread-basket by W. Cripps, 1752 (48 oz.), was a collector's piece, as was a Queen Anne Monteith, with masks holding rings, chased with cherubs and fluting (68 oz.), by E. Timbrell, 1705, when Marlborough was in the heyday of his power a year after Blenheim, and when the Queen and the Duchess of Marlborough in the Orangery in Kensington, over their dish of tea, heard of the destruction of the English settlements in Newfoundland by the French from Canada. (Longfellow never made a poem of this event.) The Currie silver includes two fine teapots, one by Romer, 1764, and another by W. Plimmer, 1765, reminiscent of Wilkes and his expulsion from Parliament for the notorious "No. 45" in his *North Briton*, and a poem, "The Essay on Women." At the time when Plimmer stamped his initials on his teapot, in 1765, there were riots in America over the Stamp Act, relative to documents there being stamped and paying a tax to Imperial funds. At the same date, George III. showed signs of lunacy, and a Regency Act was passed. A fine William and Mary tankard, with corkscrew thumbpiece, 1689, had the maker's mark, "Y.T." Two Irish casters, chased with bands of foliage, by Stanley, of Dublin, 1699, and a fine tazza, by Joseph Stoaker, of Dublin, 1670, inscribed "The Gift of Richard Hannay to Richard Jones, January the 12th, 1673," were fine pieces of Irish work, happily removed from the Sinn Fein holocaust, where art objects have a precarious life. A fine épergne by William Cripps (72 oz.), with oval basket pierced with diapers, the borders and stand chased with gadrooning, scrolls and shells, is in date 1754; and a shell-shaped basket, the handle chased with a caryatid figure and scrollwork, supported on three feet chased as dolphins, was by Kandler, 1756. A Queen Anne silver-gilt beaker and cover, by F. Garthorne, bore the arms and monogram of Queen Anne.

Old Masters came up at Christie's on the 18th. Among the drawings, Boucher's "River Scene," in gouache, with mill and women washing clothes, exhibited his artistry outside boudoir subjects. J. Van der Cappelle, with "Men o' War" and other boats becalmed at the mouth of a river, stood on a reputation. A reputable Lawrence was offered in the portrait of Mrs. Anastatia Jessy Bonar, which comes from the Thomson-Bonar collection, 1897. If one wanted to know William Kent, furniture designer, landscape-gardener, sculptor of the wretched Shakespeare monument in Westminster Abbey, inventor of massive cornices and chimneypieces, illustrator of Gay's "Fables," and painter of altar-pieces in London churches, here is the pinchbeck Leonardo da Vinci, adulated by his generation, set forth in a portrait by Hayman, a little man in a brown coat, with red cap, holding a scroll, forgotten by posterity except as a curio. Another feature of interest was Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Admiral Nicholson, of the American War of Independence. Winterhalter, once so belauded, limped in as a last item with a portrait of Princess Marie of Baden, in lavender-coloured dress, standing on a terrace.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, a collection was formed, now the property of a lady, which comes to light and includes some remarkable examples of choice engravings of the French and English schools, which were sold on February 18 by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. A good wine needs no bush, and here is a vintage dating from 1800, and untouched. Aquatint is an art coming to the fore in the auction-room. Topographical views are paramount, but even here there is a touch of poetry. Sporting subjects include "Foxhunting," by and after S. Howitt, a set of six published in 1794, fine aquatints in colours. A volume of Bunbury's illustrations to Shakespeare, with twenty plates, finely printed in colours, is a rarity, and apart from some fine portraits, there is a splendid "Miss Farren" (Countess of Derby) by Bartolozzi, after Lawrence, second state, published in 1792—a splendid impression with untrimmed margins.

Messrs. Sotheby are selling, on the 22nd, miscellanous properties of furniture and porcelain. A fine *famille-verte* bowl and cover stands out as of rare distinction. It is decorated in colours in four panels, with flowers and trees emblematic of the Four Seasons. The silver mounts in foot, rim, and the fine handles of scroll design of late seventeenth-century style, are an alluring feature. The maker's mark, "S. N.," is several times repeated, but, as is usual in mountings, was not submitted to any assay office; hence the date is indefinite. It is a rare example, and commands respect. At the same sale, the *summum bonum* of craftsmanship is reached in a table illustrating the intense love of the craftsman in the Sheraton era, for furniture that was essentially compressible. Here it is shown in a remarkable table with eight legs on casters, capable of being stretched out as a dining table, the leaves being added without a similar movement of the legs. This is a unique specimen of especial interest; it comes in touch with Sheraton, and stands as a link between him and the development of cabinet design by Gillow and other later makers. This piece is by Wilkinson of Ludgate Hill, of the time of Wellington, and the maker saw the great pageant of the Duke's funeral file past, when the Iron Duke made his last journey to St. Paul's Cathedral.



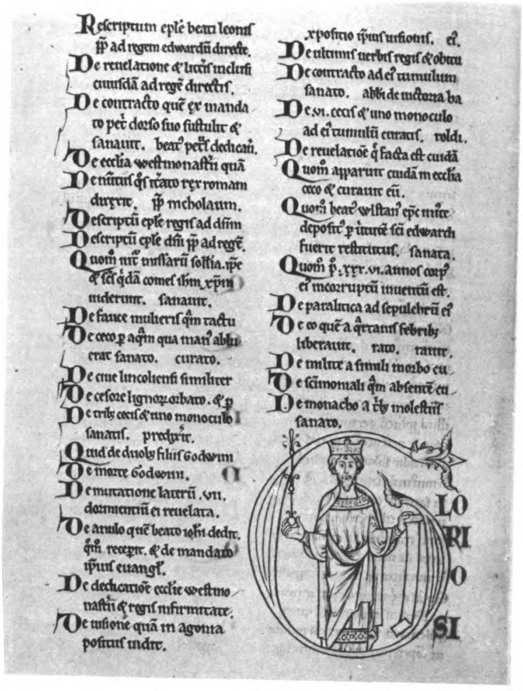
INTERESTING TO COMPARE WITH THE PRESENT REVIVAL: "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"—A PICTURE BY HOGARTH COMING UNDER THE HAMMER.

This picture, one of Hogarth's three versions of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," recently revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is included in the sale of Old Masters and Early English pictures to be held at Christie's on March 18. In the foreground (left to right) are Lucy Lockit (Mrs. Egleton), Lockit, the gaoler (Mr. Hall), Macheath (Mr. Walker), Polly (Miss Fenton, later Duchess of Bolton), and Peachum (Mr. Hippisley). At the back are Mr. Rich, the manager (holding a book), Mr. Cock, auctioneer, and Gay, the poet (with a big wig). On the right are Sir Robert Fagg (with stick under arm), a famous horse-racer, and Major Paunceford, a dandy, talking to the Duke of Bolton. On the left are Lady Jane Cook, talking to Anthony Henley, Sir Thomas Robinson, Lord Gage, Sir Conyers Darcy, and another.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods.

FOUND IN A SAINT'S SHRINE: A SEVENTH-CENTURY MS.; AND OTHERS.

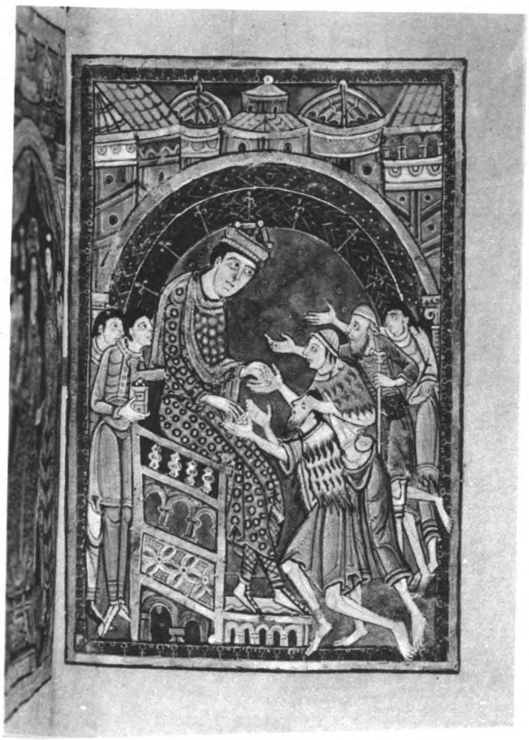
By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



BY ST. AILRED, ABBOT OF RIEVAULX: A PAGE OF HIS TWELFTH-CENTURY LIFE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, FROM WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



THE GREAT TREASURE OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL: THE "GOSPELS" OF ST. CHAD, OF EIGHTH-CENTURY IRISH WORKMANSHIP—AN ILLUMINATED PAGE.



ST. EDMUND DISTRIBUTING ALMS: A PAGE FROM THE TWELFTH-CENTURY MS. LIFE OF ST. EDMUND, LENT BY SIR GEORGE HOLFORD.



PROBABLY THE EARLIEST DECORATED LEATHER BINDING EXTANT: THE SEVENTH-CENTURY COVER OF ST. CUTHBERT'S MS. "GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN," FROM STONYHURST.

There was recently placed on view for a short time at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, a highly interesting and important collection of mediæval illuminated manuscripts. It originally consisted of MSS. from the Library of Durham Cathedral, but notable additions were made. The earliest is St. Cuthbert's MS. of the Gospel of St. John, lent by the Rector of Stonyhurst College. It belongs to the seventh century, and is said to have been found in St. Cuthbert's shrine when his body was transferred to Durham in 1104-5. The cover is believed to be far the earliest decorated leather binding extant. Next in age is the eighth-century "Gospels" of St. Chad, believed to be of purely Irish workmanship, lent by the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield Cathedral. It came to St. Chad's Church at Lichfield in the tenth century. It was removed for safety during the Civil War, and restored to Lichfield by Frances Duchess of Somerset. The Dean and Chapter of Winchester have lent, among other treasures, the twelfth-century MS. Life of Edward the Confessor, by St. Ailred, Abbot of Rievaulx. Sir George Holford lent two MSS., one, written at Bury St. Edmunds in the twelfth century, relating the life of St. Edmund, the Martyr King.

CONTAINING THE FINEST KNOWN *KIVA*: REMARKABLE PUEBLO RUINS.

BY COURTESY OF DR. CLARK WISSLER, CHAIRMAN OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY, AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.



SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO A *KIVA* (UNDERGROUND CEREMONIAL CHAMBER) IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND: PUEBLO RUINS AT AZTEC.



THE HIGHEST WALLS (29 FT.) THAT ARE STILL LEFT STANDING: THE CENTRE OF THE NORTH WING OF THE RUINS AT AZTEC.



RESTORED IN ACCORDANCE WITH SIMILAR ROOMS STILL USED BY PRESENT-DAY PUEBLO INDIANS: THE INTERIOR OF AN ANCIENT *KIVA*, OR UNDERGROUND CEREMONIAL CHAMBER, EXCAVATED IN THE RUINS AT AZTEC, NEW MEXICO.



TO PRESERVE THE RUINS FROM COLLAPSE OR DILAPIDATION: REPAIRING THE WALLS OF ROOM 41 IN THE EAST WING WITH CONCRETE.

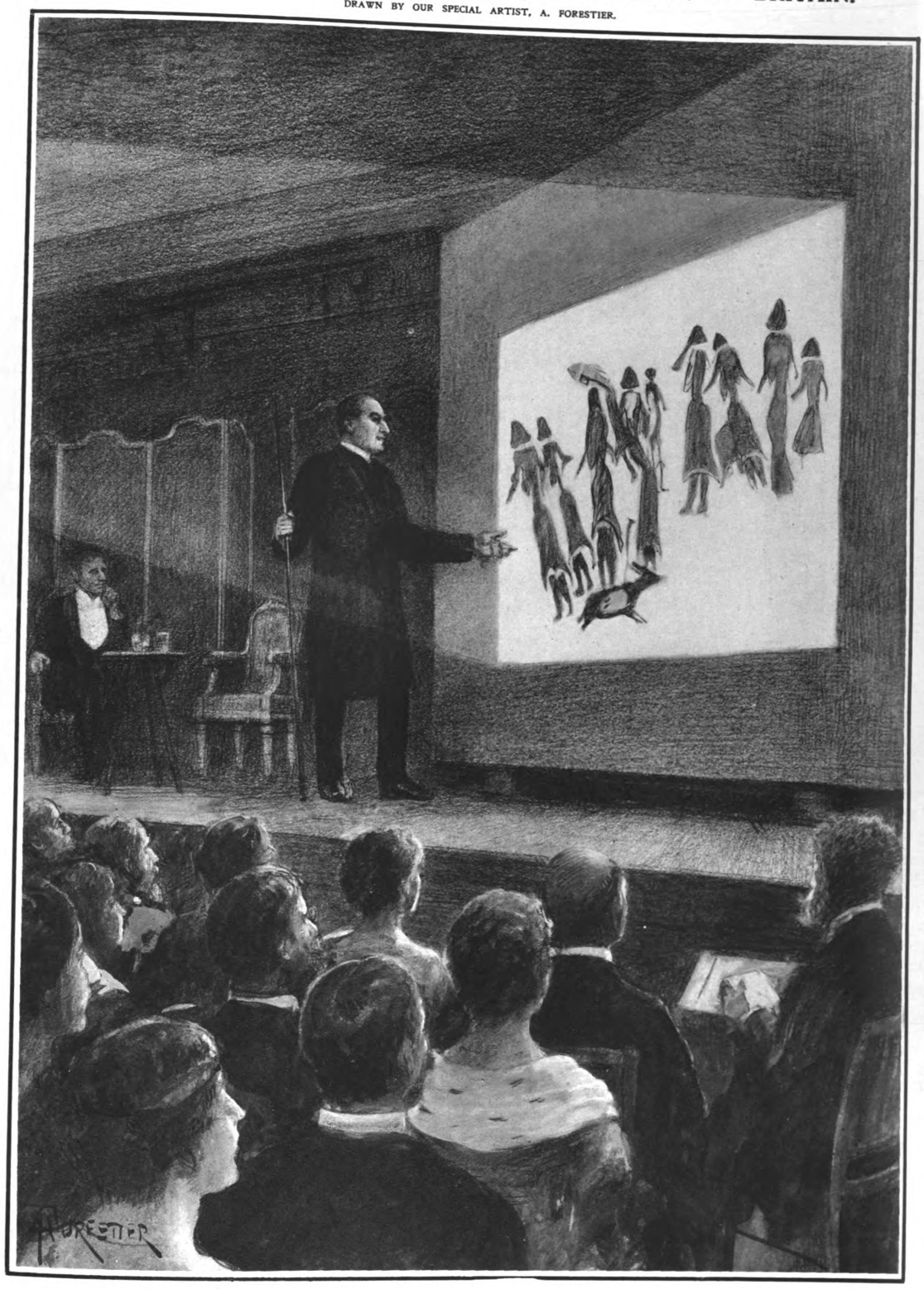


STILL IN POSITION WHERE THEIR ANCIENT OWNERS LEFT THEM: WILLOW MATS, PROBABLY USED FOR SLEEPING ON.

On the outskirts of the town of Aztec, in north-western New Mexico, lies a group of ruins, remains of dwellings of ancient Pueblo Indians. The largest and best-preserved, an E-shaped structure with a row of one-storeyed rooms, is known as the Aztec Ruin. The ruin was discovered and first recorded by J. S. Newbury, on August 4, 1859, while on an exploring trip for the United States Government. No systematic attempt was made to examine or excavate the site until 1916, when the Department of Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, undertook the task. The ruin was formerly the property of Mr. H. D. Abrams, of Aztec, New Mexico, but the site has since been purchased by the American Museum with a view to presenting it to the United States Government, to be made a National Monument. Dr. Clark Wissler is reported to have said that one of the *kivas*, or underground ceremonial chambers, excavated at Aztec, is the finest and most perfect ever found in America, evidently the holiest shrine of a prehistoric race. The Pueblos, or Pueblo Indians, are North American aborigines who have always dwelt in *pueblos* (villages) or agricultural settlements. There are four groups in New Mexico and Arizona. Symbolism is highly developed in their religion and tribal customs, and has analogies with ancient Aztec culture.

THE LECTURE HABIT: A GROWING INTEREST IN BRITAIN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



A FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT THAT IS INCREASING IN FAVOUR: A LECTURE ON "CAVES AND ROCK-SHELTERS PAINTED AND ENGRAVED IN THE REINDEER AGE," GIVEN AT SOUTH KENSINGTON BY THE ABBÉ BREUIL.

Our readers will remember that we have more than once illustrated the wonderful prehistoric rock-paintings discovered in Spain and France by the Abbé Breuil, Director of the Institute of Human Palæontology in Paris. On February 9 he gave a deeply interesting lecture on the subject at the Institut Français du Royaume Uni (University of Lille) in Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington. Professor Arthur Keith was in the chair at the lecture. Mr. A. Forestier writes of the above drawing: "On the screen is shown a painting (found at Cogul, in eastern Spain), in which some women are seen dancing round a small idol. These prehistoric women wear short skirts like those of the present day. In fact, they are shorter, for, in spite of their apparent length, they hardly reach down to the knee. As it is, the composition is most remarkable, and it throws light on the customs of people living some 20,000 years from the present day. The picture is one illustrating the development of art among Palæolithic races, until it declined and died about 10,000 years after its beginnings, to be replaced by new modes of expression introduced by a new race, the Neolithic." General interest in such lectures is growing apace.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]



GRANDFATHER'S

FROM THE PICTURE BY



HER'S BIRTHDAY.

RE BY SIMONT. (COPYRIGHT.)

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

"SOOZAN!" "Sue-zenn!" "Suz-anne!"—at length, Suzanne: that is how the actors at the St. James's mishandle the cosiest name of French womanhood. "Daniel" fares a little better; there are only two varieties: Daniel *à l'Anglaise*, with the accent on the first syllable—or Daniel *à la Parisienne*, with lingering on the "el." These cacophonisms are mere trifles, some will say, but one has no idea how disturbing they are to a musical ear. When in a love scene or in a climax Suzanne suddenly becomes "Soozan" or "Sue-zenn," it would seem that all the charm and fascination vanish; and when in her supreme agony the heroine announces that she has just left her well-beloved in the "Roo La-fay-et," we cease to believe in her rue, however sincerely her remorse may otherwise be expressed. It is time that the producer should dwell on uniformity of pronunciation when dealing with plays from foreign tongues. Mispronunciation spoils the make-believe; and since it is already difficult enough for an English actor to jump into a French skin, great care should be taken to avoid little details which render the improbable incredible. When we hear, in a French play, an Englishman spoken of as "Sir Smith," or "le lor' Mère," we laugh or we shudder, according to our tympanum; but what a Frenchman feels when he is regaled with "Soozan," "Roo," or, in costume plays, "Monsiou le Duke," is best left beyond conjecture. And it is time that now, when our performances are often approaching the perfection of histrionic art, we should break with a bad habit which conveys the unmerited impression of slip-shodness and ignorance.

Mr. Louis Verneuil, the author of "Daniel," is twenty-seven, and he has written, so we hear, twelve plays. The latter fact is amazing; I can well understand the former. It is a young man's play in the best and in the less laudatory sense of the word. It is bold, and it is somewhat brutally frank; it is discursive and it makes for effect. When I listened to it—this strange story of infidelity and palliation of the heroine by the morphia-maniac brother of her husband, I had to press my temples very hard to take it all in; and when I had tried to sift the torrential dialogue, somewhat deliberately delivered by our actors, I felt as benumbed. My heavens! how these people talked, and what profusion of words they used to explain the simplest little thing! Undoubtedly this loquacity is the fruit of youthful exuberance; time will chasten and lop this exotic *flore* of speech and verbal imagery. It is, in a way, the fault of a quality. Verneuil has so much to say in wonderment of the maëlstrom of life around him that he does not know when to stop. But more serious is the fact that the climax of his story hinges on a cardinal point which those who understand life cannot accept. Why should the guilty heroine preserve the compromising letters of her lover? Why should she carry them about and deliver them to her husband's brother? A French critic said: "People don't walk about with '*pièces à conviction*'"—what we should call damning circumstantial evidence. Perhaps the public, in the spell of the author's eloquence and skill in leading up to a scene, does not notice the anomaly. But it does not escape the critic—nor did it in Brussels, where the play was first produced, cheered by the audience and greatly dismembered by critics who are not coaxed into appreciating every play from Paris as heavenly manna. So it is difficult to look upon "Daniel" as anything more than the curious effort and promise of a young man who will arrive, when he sees life more clearly, and through the eyes of experience rather than through the inverted opera-glasses of much reading and some imagination.

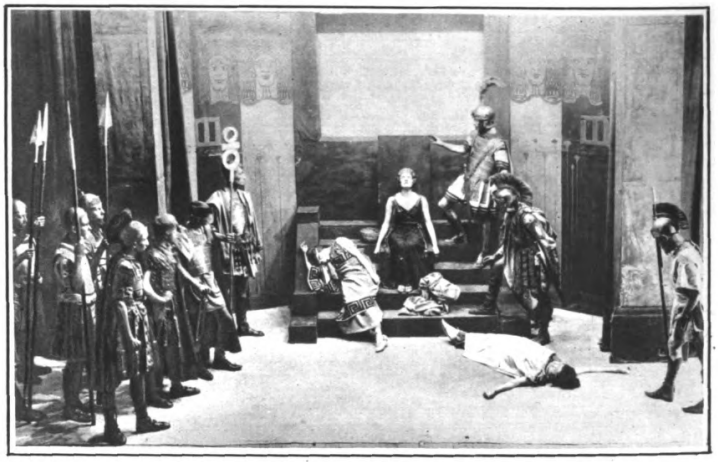
To me the outstanding performance was that of Mr. Aubrey Smith, the reasoner of the play. It was a human picture of sense and composure, the one character indicating Verneuil's budding power of characterisation. Mr. Lyn Harding as the husband was rightly focussed, but entirely British in every aspect of manner. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, back from America with increased technical accomplishments, and with Transatlantic intonations which should be re-attuned to the British pitch, was excellent in the passive scenes. She was the "*incomprise*" bored to tears, yearning for love, to the life. But when she began to "orate" we discovered a certain punch-ball directness which is so dear to American producers, but in the calmer waters of the English stage seems a little too obvious and vehement. Miss Carlisle's charm is her voice; she must not allow it to be forced beyond its natural tenour. Much praise has been given to Mr. Claude Rains for his impersonation of the morphinised wreck, and certainly, as a theatrical figure, it was both thrilling and poignant. It struck me, however, as more pictorial than felt, more *tour de force* than reality, more kinematographic in its restlessness than inwardly dramatic. Make-up and manner were telling to a degree, but I found his speech laboured; it did not convey the aloofness which is so peculiar to dopers in the aftermath of their enchantment. I infinitely prefer Mr. Claude Rains's creation of the *flâneur* in Gogol's "Inspector-General"—a characterisation with a touch of genius, for which he received not half as much praise as for this lesser effort.



THE O.U.D.S. "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT OXFORD: MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS CLEOPATRA, AND MR. C. B. RAMAGE (PEMBROKE) AS MARK ANTONY.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society gave eight performances of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" at the New Theatre, Oxford, between February 8 and 12. The play was produced by Mr. W. Bridges-Adams (Worcester), with Mr. Gordon Alchin (B.N.C.) as manager, and Mr. A. L. B. Ashton (Balliol) as musical director.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

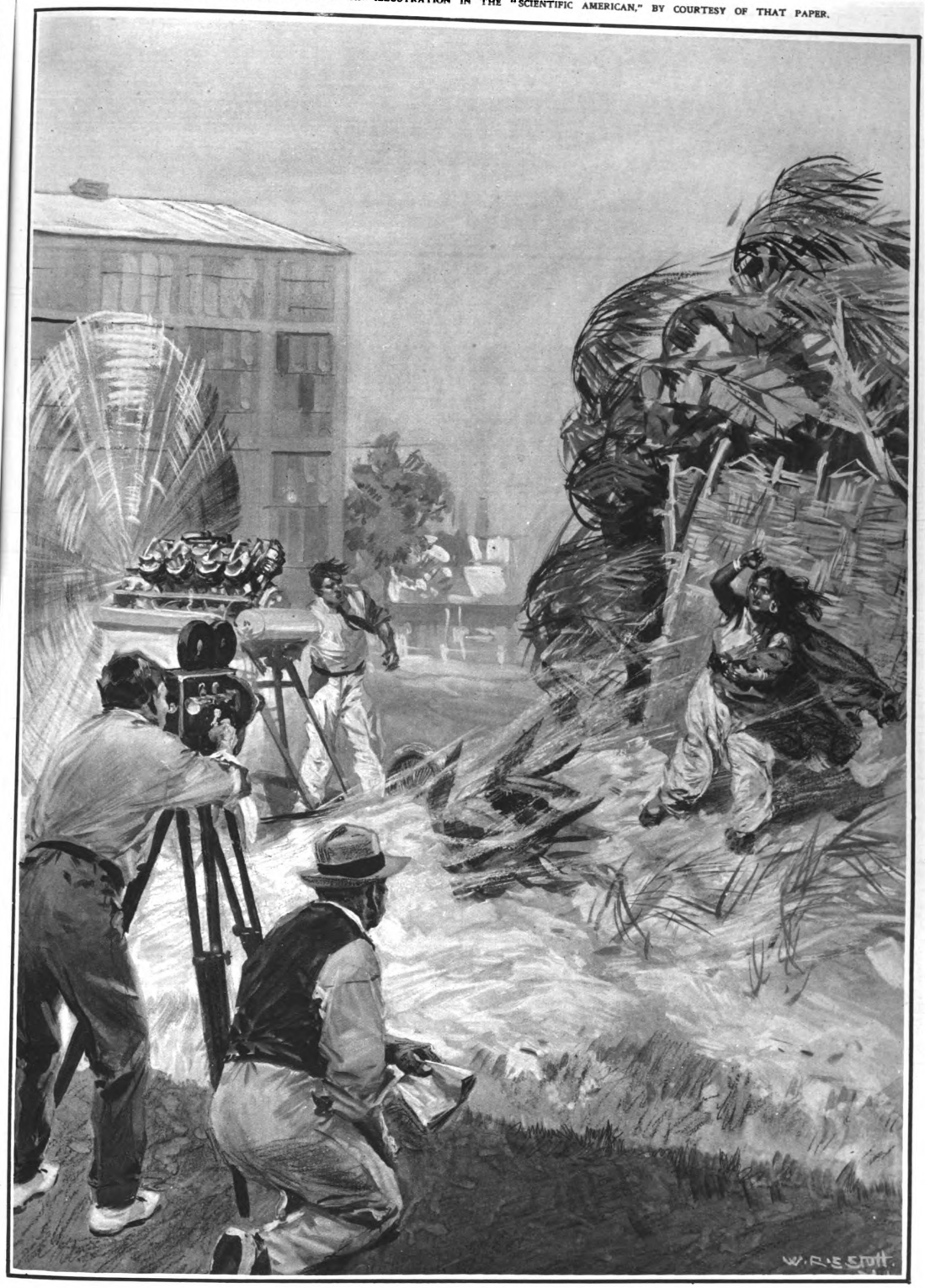


"THE MANNER OF THEIR DEATHS? I DO NOT SEE THEM BLEED": CLEOPATRA (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT); CHARMIAN (MISS MARGARET CALTHROP); AND IRAS (MISS PAULISE DE BÖSH), IN THE LAST SCENE OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."—[*Photograph by Hills and Saunders.*]

It is a great pleasure to chronicle the progress of the British drama abroad. Here are a few facts which so far have not been recorded in any paper. Mr. Hutchinson's "Right to Strike," after more than fifty performances at Amsterdam (where Louis de Vries gave an excellent portrayal of the leading part), has been accepted by the Royal Flemish Theatre of Antwerp, and, at the request of its director, Mr. van Kerkhoven, the leading Flemish critic, Mr. Louis Krinkels, is making a special translation of it; while Miss Philomène Jonkers, the director's wife and sole producer of all the plays—the only woman in Europe filling this part at a regular theatre—is studying all the details, so that an excellent performance may be expected. Anon, Mr. van Kerkhoven will ask Mr. John Galsworthy to let him play "The Skin Game" at the Royal Flemish Theatre; so that at length our Belgian friends will become acquainted with the master-builder among our playwrights. As I write, all Amsterdam is flocking to "The Wandering Jew," again at Louis de Vries's theatre; and so great is the enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Thurston's play that Barbarossa, the wittiest and the severest critic in that city, proclaimed in the *Telegraaf*: "This play is so far the most important event of the season—perhaps the only event of importance." What balm this must be to the soul of Temple Thurston, since so many over here have more or less conveyed to him the message that no one is a prophet in his own country—at any rate, in the critics' eyes!

"GALE"-MAKING BY AEROPLANE PROPELLER: AN ÆOLUS OF THE FILMS.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," BY COURTESY OF THAT PAPER.



CAPABLE OF PRODUCING "ANYTHING FROM A GENTLE BREEZE TO A FULL-FLEDGED HURRICANE": AN AERO-MOTOR AND PROPELLER CAUSE A REALISTIC WIND-STORM AT AN AMERICAN FILM STUDIO.

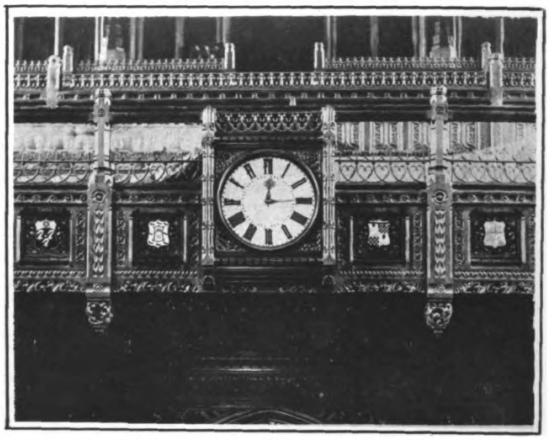
Cinema audiences have been taught to demand realism. If a tornado, or a shipwreck, or a fire happens in the story, it must be shown—not merely announced—on the screen. "Wind-storms," says the "Scientific American," describing the ingenious appliance here illustrated, "are often required in photo-plays. They do not always occur when wanted, and it costs time and money to wait for them. So a mechanical genius at one of the Fort Lee, N.J., studios got busy and developed a sure method of producing a wind-storm wherever and whenever wanted. Taking a light automobile chassis and an eight-cylinder airplane motor fitted with a propeller, he developed a compact (and portable) wind-machine. When in operation it has to be chained to the ground lest it start off on its own account. The propeller blows the air past the engine, and towards the scenery, as shown. The speed of the engine may be controlled so as to obtain anything from a gentle breeze to a full-fledged hurricane capable of bowling over the scenery."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

OCCASIONS OF NOTABLE INTEREST: NEWS OF THE WEEK ILLUSTRATED.

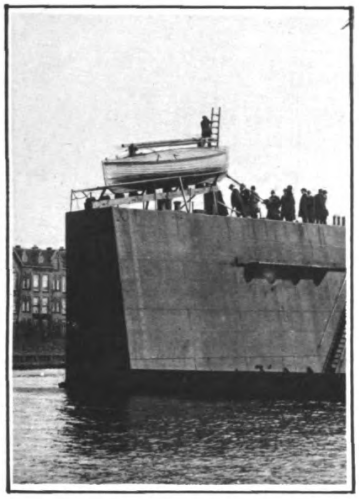
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



MUSICAL MINERS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE ST. HILDA COLLIERY BAND PLAYING IN THE FORECOURT BEFORE THE KING.



PARLIAMENT'S ROLL OF HONOUR: SHIELDS PLACED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN MEMORY OF MEMBERS FALLEN IN THE WAR.



WITH CREW ENCLOSED AND READY TO DIVE INTO THE WATER: A NEW DUTCH "UNSINKABLE" LIFEBOAT.



TAKING THE WATER: THE "SCHUTTEVAER" LIFEBOAT, WITH CREW INSIDE, DIVES.



AFTER A DEMONSTRATION IN VERY ROUGH WEATHER: THE "SCHUTTEVAER" LIFEBOAT AT YMUIDEN.



PRINCE NICHOLAS OF ROUMANIA IN THE ETON O.T.C.: DRINKING FROM HIS WATER-BOTTLE AFTER A ROUTE MARCH IN RICHMOND PARK.

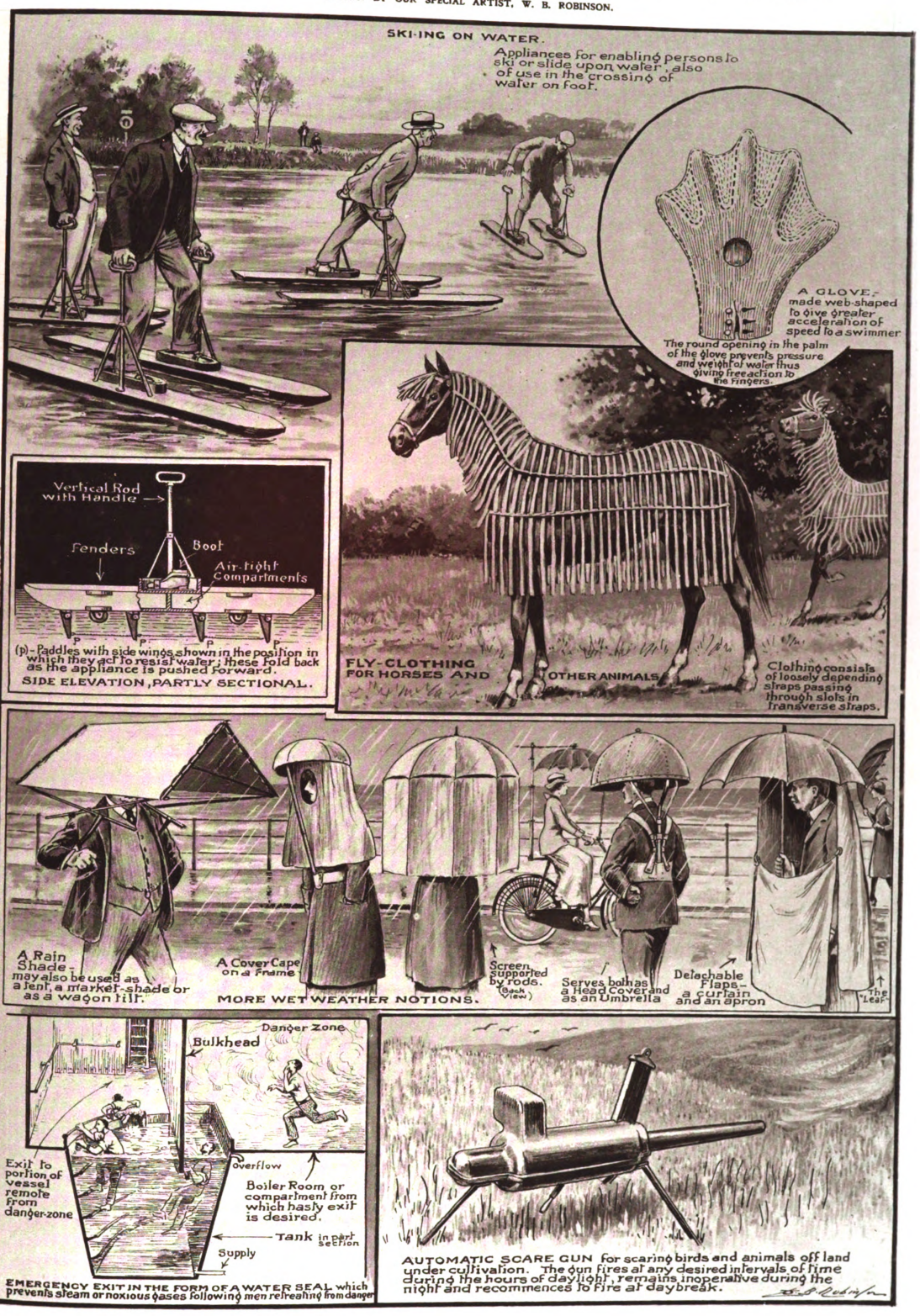


THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA AND THE NEW COLONIAL SECRETARY: LORD READING (LEFT) AND MR. CHURCHILL AT THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION DINNER.

The Band of the St. Hilda Colliery played in the Forecourt of Buckingham Palace during the lunch hour on February 9. It was under the direction of Mr. William Halliwell. This band gained a 1000-guinea trophy at a national contest held at the Crystal Palace.——Shields enamelled on copper have been placed in the House of Commons, opposite the Speaker's Chair, in memory of M.P.'s who lost their lives in the war. The four seen in our photograph are (from left to right) those of Captain the Hon. Harold Thomas Cawley, William Glynne Charles Gladstone, the Hon. Arthur Edward Bruce O'Neill, and the Hon. T. C. Agar-Robartes. The shields are the work of the Birmingham Guild.——A new type of lifeboat, named the "Schuttevaer" after its inventor, has been successfully tested in Holland. It can be enclosed, with about thirty people inside, and thrown into the water.——Prince Nicholas of Roumania, who is at Eton, took part in the College O.T.C. Field Day in Richmond Park.——The English-Speaking Union gave a dinner in honour of Lord Reading at the Hyde Park Hotel on February 12. Our photograph shows Lord Reading, Mr. Churchill (who presided), Mrs. Davis (wife of the American Ambassador), and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES IX.—WATER-SKI; WEBBED SWIMMING-GLOVES; FLY-WRAPS FOR HORSES; UMBRELLA CAPES AND HATS; WATER-TANKS AS SHIPS' EMERGENCY EXITS; AUTOMATIC GUN "SCARE-CROWS."

The water-ski illustrated above might well become popular. "Upon the underside, each appliance is fitted with one or more pivoted or hinged vanes or paddles, of channel shape and designed to resist any rearward movement of the appliance when in water, but fold or yield when the appliance moves forwardly."——The webbed glove for swimmers seems to be a simple and sensible device.——Any attempt to protect horses against flies, as in our illustration above, deserves encouragement.——Inventors of patent umbrellas appear to lack a sense of humour, and to be unaware that most people shrink from looking ridiculous.——The water-tank emergency exit is designed more particularly for "closed magazines or turrets of battleships, or engine or boiler rooms, cargo spaces or other compartments in vessels."——The scare-gun is fired by clockwork. The magazine of blank cartridges is just behind and above the barrel.—[*Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IT is a keen pleasure to see yet another volume of the admirable translations of the works of M. Anatole France, which are being published at the Bodley Head. "LITTLE PIERRE" (John Lane; 7s. 6d. net), the work of transmutation by J. Lewis May, keeps up to the high level of the preceding volumes in the series. The wise Frenchman is the tender ironist in this charming story, in which he describes little Pierre's longing for the Unseen World, and it may serve as an introduction to the other volumes, which express his darker pessimism, depicting mankind for ever building up super-civilised communities that are doomed sooner or later to collapse in dust and uproar, and so exhausting its energy in a never-ending cycle of endeavour and disappointment. There is, it must be admitted, something of the marionette in most of Anatole France's characters. It has been said: "They are embodied comments upon life, but they do not live." That is because their maker is among them, but not of them—for he cannot cherish any of the ideals or illusions whereby men live, not even Man's final illusion that the wreck of all human hopes has a dreadful beauty because it is according to pre-ordainment. But it was when he drew upon the quick memories of his childhood, so near to his heart though far behind the blue hills of Time, and created for us the immortal picture of the innocent, wayward, positive, romantic little Pierre Nozière, that he came nearest—as near as ever an asymptote falls towards its hyperbola reaching out into infinity—to creating a living, breathing human being. It is clear that he finds him by far the most attracting of all the protagonists in his comedy of unreason. He himself *is*, at certain moments, the very child he so lovingly depicts (does he ever see in this the last illusion of self-esteem?) as in the exquisite story of how, after visiting a regal chocolate-shop, he attempted to present its splendours in play, but forgot an all-important point and asked his mother: "Est-ce celui qui vend ou celui qui achète que donne de l'argent?" He *is* this child at times (the only miracle he ever accepted by a momentary implication), yet, as he sadly says, there is no link of reality between them.

> Je suis un autre personne que l'enfant dont je parle. Nous n'avons plus en commun, lui et moi, un atome de substance ni de pensée. Maintenant qu'il m'est devenu tout à fait étranger, je puis en sa compagnie me distraire de la mienne. Je l'aime, moi qui ne m'aime ni ne me hais. Il m'est doux de vivre en pensée les jours qu'il vivait, et je souffre de respirer l'air du temps où nous sommes.

Here, then, is a fitting introduction to a wisdom which is quite non-English, being an urbane *non possumus* rooted in the letters and life of the Roman Empire. We English can no more produce an Anatole France than we can produce a Horace or a Lucretius, with both of whom he has analogies. It is as well that he should have been translated, for even if his French can be clearly understood—no easy matter, for his style resembles a diamond which is brightly translucent, yet never meant to be seen through—the technicalities of the anti-quary, archæologist, philosopher, historian, and seer make obstacles to interpretation which a clever translator can deftly remove. The January number of the *Bodleian*, Mr. Lane's clever little monthly magazine, which can be had for the asking, will help those who knew not Anatole France to feel and obey the lure of his tonic irony. Mr. Hardy leaves you unhappy in your hopelessness; but M. Anatole France, though he leaves you helpless as well as hopeless, pours mystical comfort into your earthen cup.

. . . . . .

A new edition of "POEMS" (Macmillan; 12s. net) by William Ernest Henley, under whom I served a joyous apprenticeship to letters, is to me an event that thrills all the nerves of remembrance. When, I wonder, are we to have his biography, from the only person who could possibly write it—to wit, Mr. Charles Whibley, who is keeping us all waiting a day or two too long? Very few indeed of these poems date themselves; "A Song of Speed"—

> Speed as a chattel;
> Speed in your daily
> Accent and economy;
> One with your wines,
> And your books, and your bath—
> Speed!

does so because the blue levels of the air are faster and smoother than any turnpike road, as well we know to-day, and also because it is dedicated to—Alfred Harmsworth! Lord help us, how time runs on and on, while oblivion scatters her poppy! But the *form* of it is so ultra-modern that nobody who had not read it years ago would be surprised at seeing it in a new book by, say, Mr. Aldous Huxley. Indeed, I cannot find a single poem which has yet incurred the fate threatened in the lines prefacing "Three Prologues"—

> The Artist muses at his ease,
> Contented that his work is done,
> And smiling—smiling!—as he sees
> His crowd collecting, one by one.
> Alas! His travail 's but begun!
> None, none can keep the years in line,
> And what to Ninety-Eight is fun
> May raise the gorge of Ninety-Nine!

Henley was the greatest poetical experimentalist that ever lived, and on whatever by-way you stand, O young and adventurous poet, a glance back to the beginning of the lane will disclose a glimpse of that fiery-haired fighter whom fate crumpled up and compelled to scrap only in the literary ring—what a heavyweight he was there, and what a punch he had! If you want to find poetry which reads and rings like brasses and bells in another age, almost on another planet, read the "COLLECTED POEMS" (Macmillan and Co.; 12s. net) of Frederic W. H. Myers, which have been edited by his wife, with autobiographical and critical fragments. But his lines on "The Ballerina's Progress"—

> Lightly she comes, as though no weight she wore,
> The very daughter and delight of air—

are fresh and fair as though written last night; and, if the rest be old and strange, it is none the less



A NOVELIST OF SUSSEX: MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, AUTHOR OF "GREEN APPLE HARVEST."

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has made Sussex her literary province. Her latest novel is "Green Apple Harvest." Among others well known are "Tamarisk Town" and "Sussex Gorse." She has also published "Willow's Forge and Other Poems," and a study of John Galsworthy.

Photograph by Warschawski Studios, St. Leonard's.

poetry. And the sadness that never waxes old sighs in the last quatrain on the last page—

> I care no more to learn or teach,
> I love no more my breath,
> And all but silent is my speech,
> My life is all but death.

. . . . . .

"THE TWELVE" (Chatto and Windus; 6s. net), by Alexander Blok, is described as the "first masterpiece of Bolshevik letters" by its translator. We are also told that it embodies an effort on the part of the Russian author to create a new form of poetry. It is interesting to compare his results with the poetical passages I have quoted above. His method is to use the most prosaic words and relate the most commonplace experiences. Here is a specimen—

> But where is Kate? She 's dead, she 's dead!
> A bullet has gone through her head!
> Well, Kate, are you happy? Mum 's the go!
> Lie there, you carrion, in the snow!

I do not find such stuff grateful or comforting, or likely even to touch my soul to that profound, not unpleasing, melancholy which is supposed to be a Slav prerogative. The illustrations by one Michael Larionov are not much inferior to those made on paper pilfered out of my desk by a little daughter who is not quite four years old. The point is that this sort of thing has already been done over and over again—recently by several of Marinetti's disciples, and, long before that, by all sorts and conditions of illiterate lunatics. Here is an example collected from "Le Journal de Charenton," which out-Bolshies this Bolshevist Blok and yet expresses an idea that would have pleased many mediæval philosophers—

> Les dents, la bouche!
> Les dents la bouchent!
> L'aidant la bouche!
> L'aide en la bouche!
> Laides en la bouche!
> Lait dans la bouche!
> Les dents, la bouche!

The subtle modulations of the primary line are exquisite to a degree, and I hope this incomparable lyric will be imitated by some of our eager-eared Celtic poets, even if they have to retire into the "bee-loud" glade of the nearest asylum to beat their music out. The egregious Blok's volume is not a book, but a symptom of social G.I.P. And his best "lyrics" are merely a few additional straws for the chaplet of King Lear as he strides for ever through the everlasting rain.

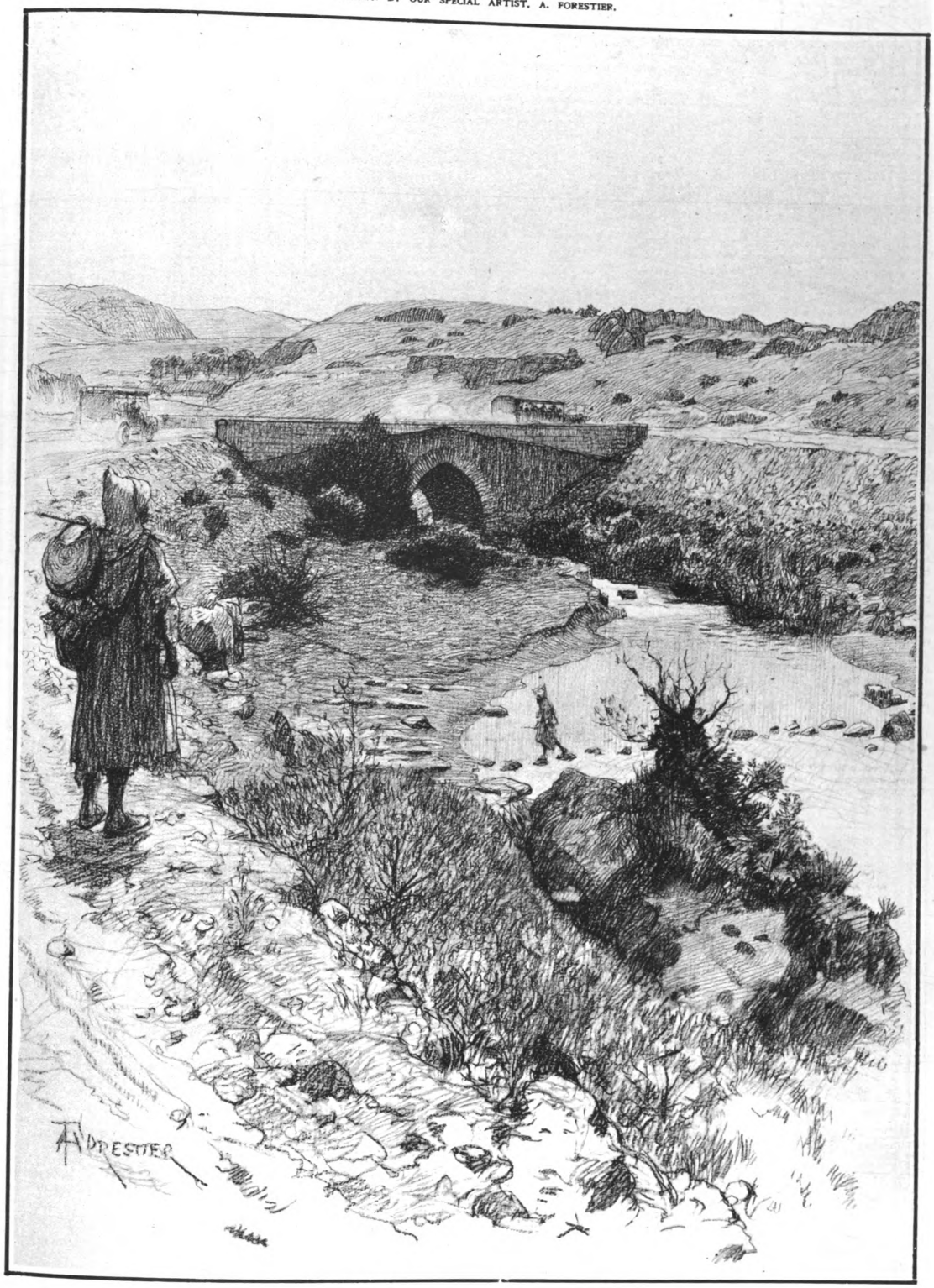


PART AUTHOR OF "THE NINTH EARL": MRS. BAILEY (MAY EDGINTON).

Mrs. Bailey is both dramatist and novelist. She collaborated with Mr. Rudolf Besier in "The Ninth Earl," due at the Comedy next month, and is part author of "The Prude's Fall." "His Lady Friends" was adapted from her novel, "Oh, James!"—[*Photo. Yevonde.*]

OPENING UP MOROCCO: "DRIVE THE ROAD AND BRIDGE THE FORD."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



SHOWING NEW MASONRY ADDED TO LEVEL THE ROAD: A BRIDGE OVER THE MAHDOUMA BETWEEN FEZ AND MEQUINEZ, WITH A FRENCH MOTOR CHAR-À-BANCS SERVICE; AND ANCIENT STEPPING STONES.

French administration and commercial enterprise are doing much to open up Morocco, where the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique have established a motor *char-à-bancs* service on the new road from Fez, the capital, to Mequinez. As the distance is only forty miles, and Mequinez was an important residence of the Sultans, there was constant intercourse between the two cities, and in former days bridges were built over several rivers on the route. "Roads in the proper sense of the word," writes Mr. Forestier, "did not exist then, no vehicles being used. Since the making of roads by the French, the bridges have been repaired and raised by superstructure to the straight road level, the previous steep inclines of their causeway scarcely allowing, especially when the bridge was built at a sharp turning, the safe passage of the numerous motor-cars and lorries that ply from one city to the other. The drawing shows an old bridge thus treated over the Mahdouma. One can trace the difference of tone between the old and new masonry and the outline of the old structure. Below the bridge the river forms a shallow lake, crossed from time immemorial by a row of stepping-stones, still largely used by pedestrians."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MORE ABOUT VITAMINES.

THE researches now being conducted at the Lister Institute have taught us more about vitamines than at one time seemed possible. Following up the trail pointed out by Professor Gowland Hopkins, who occupies the Chair of Biochemistry in the University of Cambridge, experiments on puppies, guinea-pigs, and rats have shown that vitamines are of more than one kind, and may even prove to be as diversified as protoplasm itself. Up to the present, three have been isolated and labelled, after the current fashion in such matters, A, B, and C respectively. Of these, A is soluble in fat, and is so necessary to infant life that its absence or deficiency will instantly produce rickets. It is present in many substances, of which cod-liver oil in the animal kingdom and cabbage in the vegetable are, perhaps, the most common, and certainly exhibit the greatest quantity of it. Then comes Vitamine B, soluble in water, and occurring most frequently and in greatest quantity in yeast, yolk of egg, fruit-juices, and meat. This is a most valuable antidote to neuritis and other kindred complaints, although its effects seem to be less marked than is the case with Vitamine A. Although not absolutely necessary to infant life, it is yet much concerned with growth, puppies from whose dietary it is excluded failing to put on weight, although thriving in other respects. Lastly comes Vitamine C, the search for which originally formed the mainspring for the whole inquiry. This, which is found in nearly all vegetables, including potatoes, is the only effective anti-scorbutic known, and its earlier discovery might have saved many valuable lives in the Navy and elsewhere from the days of Queen Bess onwards. It is not, however, largely present in milk, which forms a pretty useful source for the other two.

What these vitamines are remains a puzzle. Dr. Arthur Harden, from whose admirably clear lectures lately delivered at the Royal Institution most of the above information is derived, hints that they may be related to the "enzymes" or ferments which play so large a part in the chemistry of certain forms of life; and, as the head of the Biochemical Department of the Lister Institute, his opinion is entitled to the greatest respect. Another theory is that they are merely hormones, or substances resembling certain secretions of the animal organism which, like catalysts in mineral chemistry, stir up other bodies to activity without undergoing any perceptible change themselves. It is along this line that future inquiry into vitamines seems likely to develop.

These new facts have some very practical results. The hope expressed that it may eventually be possible to manufacture food in the laboratory instead of living, as we now do, upon the lower animals and plants, seems now further from realisation than ever. For years we have heard that the food of man should consist of protein, carbohydrates, fats, and mineral salts in certain proportions which were beginning to be ascertained with some degree of accuracy. It seemed to follow that in course of time it might be possible to make them synthetically. Yet now it appears that these things are insufficient in themselves to support healthy life and growth, and that food that will do so contains other elements that up till now defy analysis.

Other popular delusions are also knocked on the head by these discoveries. It is an idea much fostered by talented novelists and others that fruits, other vegetables, and water are the natural food of mankind, and that it would be better for all of us if we devoured nothing else. Yet the quantity of vitamines contained in these substances is a small, almost an infinitesimal, proportion of their total bulk, and the quantity of them which one would have to consume to support life would leave most of us without sufficient time to earn their cost. Apart from this, the consumption of so large a quantity of vegetable food would certainly over-tax the stomach of any animal less capacious than a cow; while, as even the moderate heat of cooking destroys more or less all the vitamines, it would have to be eaten raw and freshly gathered. Even with milk, the amount of vitamines that it contains varies sharply with the food of the animal that produces it; so that Dr. Harden is now trying to find out whether winter milk, when the cows are fed on roots and oil-cake, cannot be made as rich in them as that produced in summer, when the cattle are grass-fed. Thus it is that in science, as in other matters, the place where the rainbow touches the ground is always a field further on. Nevertheless, the work of the Lister Institute has increased the sum of human knowledge appreciably. More power to it!

F. L.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE WAR MEMORIAL AT HIS OLD COLLEGE (MAGDALEN): A GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION.

The Prince of Wales visited Oxford on February 8, and received the diploma of his degree in the Sheldonian Theatre, where he made a felicitous speech. Later he attended the dedication of the War Memorial at Magdalen, his old college, and unveiled a tablet and the Roll of Honour. The service was conducted by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Winchester, the Visitor of the College. In the above group, from left to right (beginning with the fourth from left) are the Archbishop of York; Lady Warren; Mr. Hansell, the Prince's former tutor (behind Lady Warren); Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen; the Prince; Captain A. F. Lascelles (at back); the Bishop of Winchester; and (extreme right) Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey. —[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

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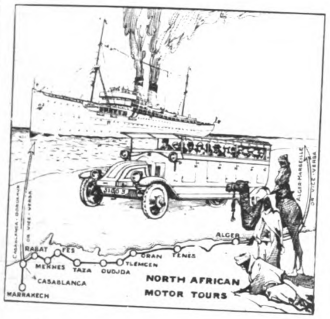
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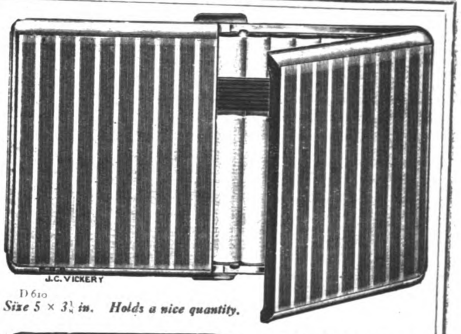
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LADIES' NEWS.

THE Opening of Parliament is not much of an occasion for dress; not many Peeresses have new frocks for it. It comes too soon to get the very latest ideas embodied; it is not a good place to show pretty clothes; and the safest gowns, where there is so much colour, are those of black or white. The display of jewels is quite another matter; it is a function where brilliance is called for, and tiaras have been taken out of strong-rooms, and were cleaned in readiness to sparkle their very brightest in the House of Lords on Tuesday. The Grenadier Guards were very fine in their scarlet tunics and bearskins, wearing the tokens on their tunics of the war they had helped to win. The Yeomen of the Guard never had anything but their Tudor red-and-black-and-gold uniforms. They looked new, and, as ever, most picturesque.

The wedding of Captain the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Hardinge last week was quite an affair, seeing that the King, the Queen, the Duke of York, and Princess Mary honoured it and the subsequent reception by being present. The Cecils are, of course, of the old school—exclusive, quietly dignified, and averse from all ostentation. Even they, however, could not hide such a royal visit under a bushel. The Hardinges of Penshurst are very much of the Cecil mind; yet that our Ambassador in Paris, his son and his daughter, were gratified was apparent. Who would not have been? The King very gallantly added a favour of white heather, handed to him by a pretty bridesmaid, to the white carnation he was already wearing; then he told her not to go out in the cold. The Hon. Diamond Hardinge braved the cutting wind in her blue chiffon dress, to take favours to the non-coms of the Grenadier Guards and the police outside the church. Very brisk and very well looked Mr. Arthur Balfour. Lord Robert Cecil is certainly something like a fair Savonarola, and sat for some time with the collar of his coat turned up, as if he felt a draught. Princess Mary was much interested in the little blue-clad Earl of Burlington, son of Lady Hartington, who, as Lady Mary Cecil, was a chosen companion of her Royal Highness. The Duke of York found many friends to talk to at the reception held at Lord Salisbury's house in Arlington Street. There were a number of Court people present, as Captain Hardinge is one of his Majesty's assistant private secretaries. It was just on the cards that the wedding might have to be postponed, as he had a touch of jaundice, which happily proved slight. The Queen cautioned him to keep his overcoat buttoned up. There was a baby in the gallery that objected to the whole proceedings at the top of its apparently strong and healthy lungs; and after the service had begun a number of people took their places in the gallery very noisily, which was disconcerting to all concerned, and should have been avoided.



A LACE EVENING GOWN.

On a foundation of black taffetas soft black lace is laid, with a fullness which suggests that Spain has inspired the skirt. At the waist is a cocarde of red and blue with long streamers in the same colours.—[*Photograph by Paul O. Doyd.*]

Mrs. Hartog, who has the house in Upper Grosvenor Street which belonged to the late Prince and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, lent it to Lady Henry Somerset for a sale and *café chantant* in aid of St. Barnabas' Guild for Trained Nurses. Princess Marie Louise opened it, and it was quite a successful two days' function. There were a number of nurses present, some looking very cheery in the red-caped and red-bound uniform of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Nurses. A number of footlight favourites contributed to the *café-chantant* programme. Some of the best-selling things were those made of fireproof earthenware from clay discovered recently near Lady Henry Somerset's Duxhurst Colony. They are most useful for cooking, quite moderate in price, and finer in finish than the ordinary fireproof earthenware.

I feel aggrieved: studies where Kings, Princes and Presidents do their work, as shown by models at the Efficiency Exhibition, are deeply interesting, especially the Prince of Wales's delightful ivory-white-and-moss-green room. Studies where Queens, Princesses, and wives of Presidents and Prime Ministers do their work would intrigue me even more. No doubt they are more like boudoirs, albeit the President of the French Republic's room, in magnificent Louis XVI. style, is ornate enough for any woman. The King of Spain's taste in a study shows the Spaniard in him more than the lover of England. For our dull clime, its dark oak, grey walls, and stone fireplace would be dull. For his sunshiny country, the sombre effect is probably a relief. The Afghan rugs on the parquet floor I liked, but prefer the Prince of Wales's mossy carpet. The King of Norway's study, in rough cast and brown oak, is foreign to my ideas, but I love the carved Norwegian furniture which King Haakon has lent. It is quite nice to know the kind of rooms all these rulers sit and work in, but I want to know what the apartments are like where the super-rulers work?

We were all waiting impatiently for the German millions for our income-tax to come down. A financier of our acquaintance gave us quite a cold *douche* by assuring us that we had as much chance of getting this tax lowered as we had of flying without either wings or machines. What we want is, he says, gold, and Germany has none, or none that we know of: so we may be able to buy Teuton things cheap, but we must pay tax on our incomes just the same. Very disappointing, we all thought it. A. E. L.

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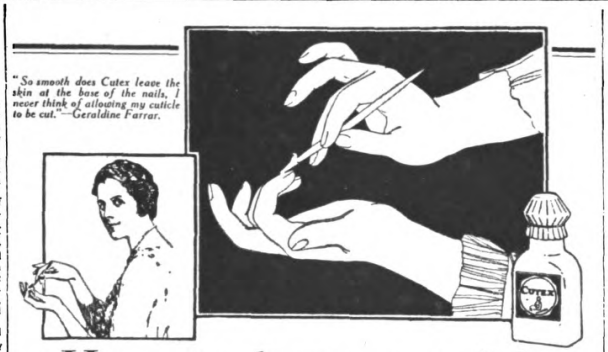
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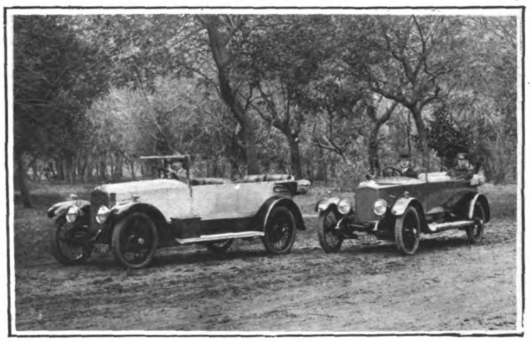
that he feels it is up to him to talk in a strain befitting the importance, real or assumed, of the task he and his henchmen have taken upon themselves, to co-ordinate the transport of the country. The trouble is that he also seems to tell each audience exactly what it would like to hear. When he opened the Commercial Vehicle Show some months ago, he endeavoured to pose as the greatest friend that mechanical road transport has ever had. When, as a fortnight ago, he addresses a gathering of surveyors, he opens up a rosy vista of great road engineering works which would, if it were possible to find the money and a few other considerations permitted, provide work for all the surveyors in the country for long years to come.

This last occasion was the annual meeting of the Surveyors' Institution, and it found the Minister in great form. He indicated the main lines upon which the roads of the future would be planned, constructed, and classified. They will have their camber flattened, the radius of curves increased, the sight-line improved at corners, tortuous thoroughfares widened and straightened, gradients eased, bridges widened and strengthened; avoiding roads will be made round towns and new trunk highways across country be constructed. We shall have better road-surfaces and more durable. The old water-bound macadam is to disappear, and will give place to something a good deal better. In fact, not to labour the matter unduly, under the benevolent ægis of the Ministry of Transport we are about to enter upon a species of roads millennium—a period in which we are to have such roads as we have thought could exist nowhere but in the place to which all good motorists go after their decease.

Who is to Pay?

It all sounds very well, until one comes to think out the problem of where the money is to be found to pursue these grandiose schemes of road improvement. I am not an expert in economic matters (neither, I imagine, is the Minister of Transport), but I do know enough of them to be able to appreciate that we can only have these wonderfully engineered roads by adding to the weight of taxation already borne by the most highly taxed community of the world. Certainly the cost of inaugurating all the magnificent improvements foreshadowed is not provided for in the current Finance Act. It is as much as we can do to find the money to put the existing roads back into the condition they were before the war. I agree that it would be excellent to have these things; but the first question that one has to ask when something seems desirable is: Can it be afforded? Naturally, as a motorist, and a keen one, I am all for having the best possible roads; but I am not—needing no votes—inclined to visualise with equanimity an addition of another shilling or two in the pound to the income tax in order that Sir Eric Geddes and his merry men may proceed to work their will with the King's highway.

One direction in which he expects to find an El Dorado is among the motoring community. He told his audience with pride that he was now getting £8,000,000 a year from the motorists, and he hoped that before long it would be £12,000,000! True, he said he hoped to get it not as a result of increased taxation, but of increased use; but the main thing seems to be that he expects to get an additional £4,000,000 a year, in one way or another, from the users of mechanically propelled road traffic.—W. W.



IN PALERMO PARK, BUENOS AIRES: TWO 25-H.P. VAUXHALL-KINGTON CARS.

"Debrett's Peerage" for 1921 (Dean and Son) is a welcome sight to those (and their name is legion) who rely upon it for accurate and detailed information about the world of rank and title. In a period of change like the last six years its value increases correspondingly with the labour of editing it. Some idea of the immensity and complexity of that task may be gained from Mr. Arthur Hesilrige's preface to the new edition, with its terrifying statistics of corrections and additions. During the past twelve months alone over 1700 new honours have had to be recorded. Congratulations are due to him that throughout the war, and since, "Debrett" has surmounted all difficulties and appeared punctually to time.

THINK IT OVER!

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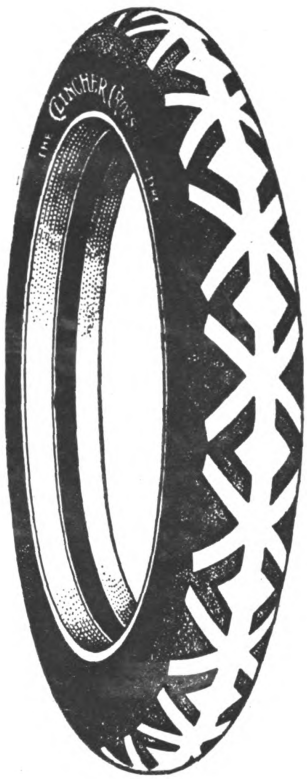
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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

KESHAB D Dé (Calcutta).—We are very pleased to learn you are able to resume your attentions to chess without detriment to your other work. Your problem shall be carefully examined and reported upon later.

H J M (Hampstead).—Problem received with thanks. Trust to find it correct.

W H ROBINSON (Walthamstow).—Your question is too vague. Kindly give us the definite position either by a diagram or by the usual notation.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played in the First-Class Tournament of the British Chess Federation held in Edinburgh between the Rev. W. A. CUNNINGHAM CRAIG and Mr. L. C. G. DEWING.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Rev. W. A. C. C.)	BLACK (Mr. L. C. G. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles	P to K 2nd
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd
8. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th
9. B to B 2nd	P to B 4th
10. P to Q 3rd	Q to B 2nd
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles
12. Kt to B sq	Kt to B 3rd
13. Q to K 2nd	P to Q R 4th
14. P to K R 3rd	P to R 5th

Both advances of this Pawn were altogether weak. Black ought to have developed his Q B at K B 5th or K 3rd at once.

15. P to K Kt 4th	B to K 3rd
16. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
17. K to R 2nd	Kt to K sq
18. R to K Kt sq	Kt to Kt 2nd
19. B to R 6th	K R to K sq
20. Kt to B 5th	B to K B sq
21. Q to Q 2nd	

A most interesting position. White very skilfully keeps alive the danger of capturing his Kt until he is in a position to let it go.

21.	P to B 3rd
22. Kt (B 3) to R 4	

The beginning of a beautiful combination, the development of which, however, does not exhaust the service of this particular move in winning the game.

22.	P takes Kt
23. Kt P takes P	B to B sq
24. B takes Kt	B takes B
25. R takes B (ch)	Q takes R
26. R to K Kt sq	K to R 2nd
27. R takes Q (ch)	R takes R
28. P to K B 4th	K to B 2nd
29. P takes P	Kt takes P
30. P to Kt 3rd	P to R 6th
31. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
32. P takes P	P takes P
33. Q to Q 5th (ch)	K to B sq
34. B to Q 3rd	R to K 4th
35. Q to B 6th	R to K sq
36. B takes P	R (Kt 2) to K 2
37. Q to Q 6th	K to B 2nd
38. B to B 4th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
39. B to K 6th	Kt to B sq

Another fascinating position. Apparently Black cannot move one of his pieces without loss, and otherwise must let White's Kt worm its way into his game. His effort to escape from this dilemma is an ingenious one, but there is a fatal flaw in it, which is immediately disclosed.

40. B takes B	R takes P
41. B to R 6th	R takes Kt
42. Q to Kt 3 (ch)	Kt to Kt 3rd
43. P takes Kt	R (R 5) to K 5
44. P takes P (ch)	K takes P
45. B to Q 3rd	Resigns.

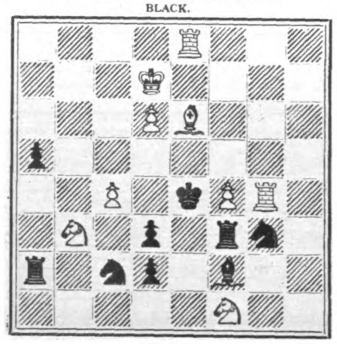
A very clever and brilliant game.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3852.—BY MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to Q 6th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 3854.—BY A. M. SPARKE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3849 received from Keshab D Dé (Calcutta), Henry A Seller (Denver), P N Banerji (Benares), H F Marker (Porbandar), and Hornby Road (Bombay); of No. 3850 from J B Camara (Madeira), Walter M Learnard (San Diego), Keshab D Dé (Calcutta), and Henry A Seller (Denver), of No. 3851 from J B Camara (Madeira); of No. 3852 from W Strangman Hill (Palmerstown), G M Hallen (Bournemouth), W C D Smith (Northampton), Jas. T Palmer (Church), Jas. F Finlay (Irvinestown), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Chas. Redway (Putney), E M Vicars (Norfolk), A Van Labalmondiere, R.N. (Cologne), J W Sefton (Bolton), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), Leon Ryiski (Belfast), and Edward Bygott (Middlewich).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3853 received from H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), A H H (Bath), John Harding (Lewisham), and H W Satow (Bangor).

"THE WONDERFUL VISIT," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

NO sensible playgoer will make it a fault in Mr. H. G. Wells, the inventor, or in Mr. St. John Ervine, the stage adapter, of "The Wonderful Visit," that its theme of a celestial stranger's coming to earth and disturbing its conventionalities is far from unfamiliar in these days. Mr. Wells being what he is, a critic of old worlds and a maker of new, pictured his angel as asking endless questions about the baffling human cosmos into which he was pitchforked, and growing more and more dissatisfied. Mr. Ervine, being a practised playwright, has taken but the skeleton of the Wellsian tale, and pushed forward its time into that of the war. On the whole, it may be said that the adapter brings off successfully his experiment. It is all interesting, dramatic, thought-compelling, and when it is not pathetic it has delightfully humorous passages of dialogue. The only thing seriously wrong is the conventionality of its pictorial side, thirty years at least behind the times. Beautiful acting from Miss Moyna MacGill as the girl mother, rich comedy from Miss Compton, good imaginative work from Mr. Harold French in the angel's rôle, and just the right spell-bound performance from Mr. J. H. Roberts as the Vicar, provide an interpretation worthy the theme and the playwright.

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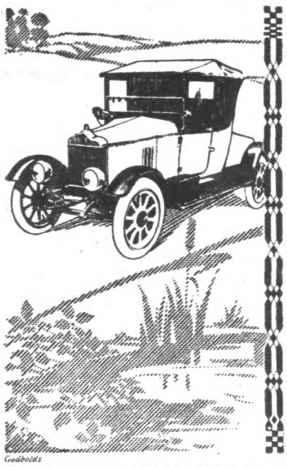
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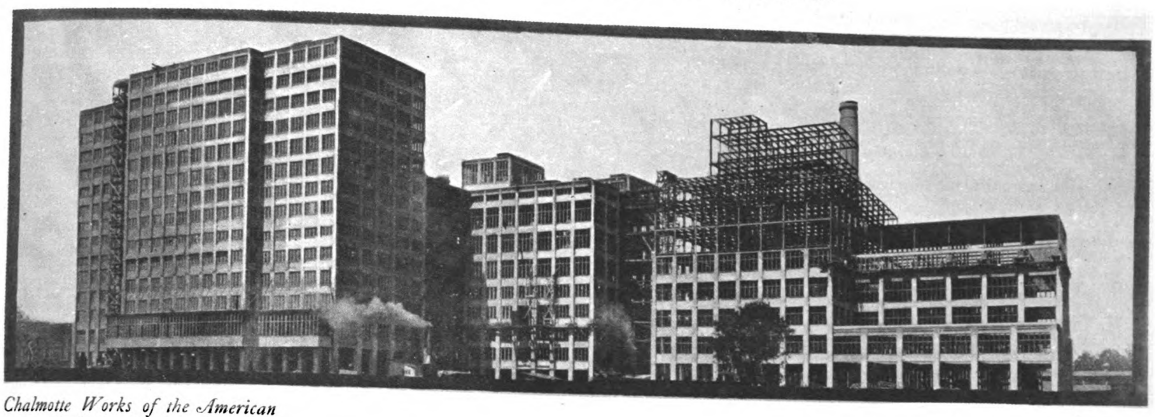
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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

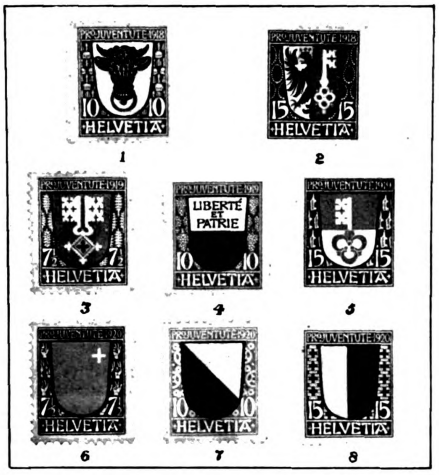
THIS week has seen the reception of the representative of our Polish Ally, with all the pomp and circumstance that are usually associated with the State visits of friendly monarchs. Maréchal Pilsudski must have been impressed with the ceremony that dogged his very footsteps during his brief visit. The newspapers have reproduced full-page photographs of his manly features, each word uttered by him has been faithfully recorded, and columns have been filled with eulogies of the Polish Army and all that it has accomplished. Yet it is not so very long since Poland exasperated Europe by throwing away the fruits of a just victory by her ungenerous attitude as a conqueror.

Much of the fighting of the last twelve months could have been avoided if she had been willing to conclude a reasonable peace when she was in a position to dictate her own terms. The obstinacy of Poland at that juncture undoubtedly retarded the general peace of Europe. Now, however, a new era has dawned, and Maréchal Pilsudski came to us as the living embodiment of a resuscitated Poland, purged by the trials of the past years, filled with renewed hope and courage for the future, and eager for the goodwill of the Allies.

History has taught us that after every great war there has invariably followed a recrudescence of crime, more or less violent, but never, I think—certainly in this city—has there been such a wave of evil-doing as is sweeping over Paris at this moment. After many months of wholesale robbery in every quarter of the town, it yet required the most violent protests and urgent representations to induce the authorities to move in the matter. Daylight robberies in jewellers' shops have become quite common occurrences. As for street robberies at night, it seems like going back to the eighteenth century to hear of people held up on the Quai d'Orsay, for instance, at midnight, and robbed by a "gentlemanly fellow in a mask," who playfully points a revolver at your head.

Another form of theft easy to practise in this country, where the habit of presenting open receipted bills is common, was recently tried on a friend of mine who was clever enough to see through the ruse. A young man, purporting to come from a certain well-known establishment, presented an apparently genuine bill for the correct amount due, and asked for the money; but something in the man's manner aroused suspicion. The firm was telephoned to; they immediately denied all knowledge of the messenger, and the man was arrested on leaving the house.

The shortage of police has a great deal to do with the present state of affairs, which is really a scandal in a city such as Paris; but the authorities are now taking steps to round up the criminals who are preying on the Parisians in hordes, and I was recently shown an extremely interesting report giving details of an amazing number of arrests by the police in the last month. However, the same informant told me that it would probably take several months to clear the town completely, which is not exactly consoling to one who has to live here.



SOLD AT AN EXTRA CHARGE TO BENEFIT CHILD-WELFARE INSTITUTIONS: SWISS "PRO JUVENTUTE" STAMPS, BEARING THE ARMS OF THE CANTONS.

Nos. 1 and 2. The first group, bearing the arms of (1) Uri, (2) Geneva. Nos. 3, 4 and 5. The second issue, bearing the arms of (3) Nidwalden, (4) Vaud, (5) Obwalden. Nos. 6, 7 and 8. The third (new) group, bearing the arms of (6) Schwyz, (7) Zurich, (8) Ticino (Tessin).

Stamps supplied by Mr. F. J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

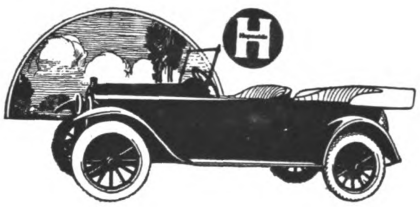
BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

DURING Christmas and New Year the Swiss Post Office issues special stamps which are valid for use on all domestic mail matter, but are sold at a "sou" above their actual postage franking value. These are known as the Children's Stamps, the stamps "Pro Juventute." While they serve as ordinary postage-stamps, the extra charge at which they are sold at the post-offices goes to benefit the voluntary institutions which devote themselves to child welfare, especially in the matter of the prevention of tuberculosis amongst children. Three of these stamps have just been issued for the current season, and they, together with the two preceding issues, form a most interesting set of heraldic stamp pictures, illustrating, in their correct colours, the arms of the cantons of Switzerland. They are all by a famous Bernese artist, Rudolf Münger, and are beautifully printed in colours at the Swiss Federal Mint at Berne. Some collectors will already have the first two issues, but as, together with the new set, they form an interesting group, I am illustrating the complete set of eight stamps bearing the heraldic devices of the cantons.

In the first issue we get two values, the 10 centimes, red, black and yellow, with the arms of the canton of Uri; and the 15 centimes, violet, black, yellow and carmine, with the arms of Geneva. These, and all the others illustrated, are printed on a white paper, toned with buff colour.

In the second group we get three stamps: 7½ centimes, red, black and grey, with the arms of Nidwalden; 10 centimes, green, black and red, with the arms of Vaud; and the 15 centimes, red, black and purple, with the arms of Obwalden.

The third group, which has just been issued, comprises three stamps: 7½ centimes, grey and red; 10 centimes, red, blue and black; 15 centimes, violet, red and blue. The first, 7½ centimes, bears the shield of one of the three original cantons, Schwyz, which gave its name to the Swiss Federation; the arms are enclosed in a frame in which appear a number of repetitions of an uplifted hand—as in the act of taking the oath—to symbolise the lead this canton took in the struggle for independence. On the 10 centimes is the shield of Zurich, in a frame adorned with cog-wheels, emblematic of the principal industrial region of Switzerland. Finally, on the 15 centimes, are the arms of Ticino (Tessin), with bricks to suggest architectural eminence.



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1921.

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THE "TIGER" BAGS TWO TIGERS: M. CLEMENCEAU SHOOTING IN INDIA; WITH HIS HOST, THE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA OF GWALIOR (LEFT) AND THE MAHARAJAH OF BIKANIR.

M. Clemenceau, the "Tiger" of French politics, has been shooting his namesakes in India. His tour was due to an invitation given by the Maharajah of Bikanir at the Peace Conference. He sailed last September, and, after visiting Colombo, Singapore, Java, Bombay, and Benares, arrived at Bikanir during the Christmas festivities. Thence, on Jan. 2, he left for Gwalior, as the guest of the Maharajah Scindia, for [illegible] message: "Très belle chasse tigre Gwalior. Ai tué deux." The third tiger was shot by the Maharajah of Bikanir, with whom M. Clemenceau agreed to have another shooting trip after leaving Gwalior. His plans then included visits to Peshawur, the Khyber Pass, the battlefields of Alexander, Mount Abu, Mysore, and Bombay. He found it impossible to accept Mr. Hughes' invitation to visit Australia, and arranged to sail for home from Colombo about Feb. 22 or 25.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE; ROYAL INTERESTS; CALCUT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL.



KEMALIST DELEGATES TO THE LONDON CONFERENCE: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) YUNUS NADI, JAMI BEY, AND BEKIR SAMI, LEADER OF THE DELEGATION.



THE KING AT OLYMPIA: HIS MAJESTY EXAMINES A TYPEWRITER.



"BARRING-OUT" STUDENTS ON



WINNER OF A 100-GUINEA GOLD CUP AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW: THE KING'S CHAMPION STALLION, FIELD-MARSHAL 5TH.



CLERICAL ADVOCACY OF SINN FEIN: ARCHBISHOP MANNIX (LEFT, IN BIRETTA) ADDRESSING AN OPEN-AIR SINN FEIN MEETING IN EDINBURGH.



UNVEILED BY MAJOR-GEN. SIR F. H. SYKES (ON LEFT): THE MACHINE-GUN CORPS (CAVALRY) WAR MEMORIAL AT SHORNCLIFFE.



A V.C. CANDIDATE FOR WOOLWICH: CAPT. R. GEE (COALITION UNIONIST) SITTING AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE, WITH HIS AGENT.

The Turkish Nationalist (Kemalist) Delegates to the London Conference on Near East affairs arrived in London on February 21. The first sitting of the Conference was held at St. James's Palace on that day, with Mr. Lloyd George presiding. It was attended by the Allied delegates, including M. Briand, the French Premier, and Count Sforza, Italian Foreign Minister, General Gouraud (the one-armed "Lion of the Argonne"), French Commander-in-Chief in the East, and the Greek Premier, M. Kalogeropoulos.—On February 21 the King and Queen and Princess Mary visited the "Daily Mail" Efficiency Exhibition at Olympia. A few days before, they were at the Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, where the King's stallion, Field-Marshal 5th, won outright (*i.e.*, for the second time in succession) the 100-guinea gold cup and championship. His Majesty has offered to present a new cup to replace it.—At Calcutta there has been a non-co-operation movement among the students, who lay all day at the foot of the

CALCUTTA STUDENTS; IRISH AFFAIRS; A MEMORIAL; A BY-ELECTION.

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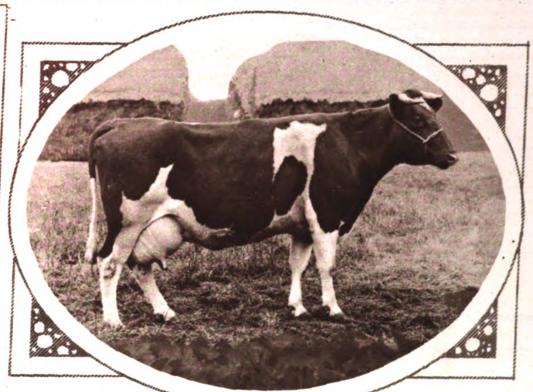


CALCUTTA: INDIAN STUDENTS BARRICADED IN THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE STEPS.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY AT OLYMPIA: WATCHING EX-SOLDIER DIAMOND-CUTTERS.

THE FRENCH DELEGATES WELCOMED BY THE PREMIER: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) GENERAL GOURAUD (WHO LOST AN ARM IN THE WAR), MR. LLOYD GEORGE, M. BRIAND, AND M. BERTHELOT.





CLERICAL OPPOSITION TO SINN FEIN: A PARTY OF IRISH PROTESTANT CLERGY ARRIVING AT NEW YORK TO COMBAT SINN FEIN PROPAGANDA.

A CHchampion MILK-PRODUCER: MR. G. T. EATON'S KIRKHILL FLO 3RD, WHICH HAS BROKEN THE 24-HOUR RECORD.





THE LABOUR CANDIDATE FOR WOOLWICH: MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD (CENTRE) HANDING HIS NOMINATION PAPERS TO THE MAYOR.

SELLING BREAD BEHIND BARBED WIRE IN DUBLIN: A BAKER SERVING CUSTOMERS IN THE INVESTED AREA OVER A BARRICADE.

...nate House steps to prevent professors from entering.——Archbishop Mannix, the well-known Roman Catholic prelate, recently addressed an open-air Sinn Fein meeting in ...t. Patrick's Ground at Edinburgh.——The other side in the Irish question is taken by a party of Irish Protestant clergy who lately arrived in New York to oppose Sinn Fein ...opaganda.——The twenty-four-hour record for milk-production has been broken by Kirkhill Flo 3rd, a cow belonging to Mr. G. T. Eaton, of Thurston Hall, Framfield. She ...ve over ten gallons. After calving on January 8 her yield was 313 gallons in thirty-five days.——The Machine-Gun Corps (Cavalry) War Memorial at Shorncliffe, near ...lkestone, was unveiled by Major-Gen. Sir F. H. Sykes, Controller-General of Civil Aviation.——The nominations for the by-election at Woolwich, Mr. Will Crooks' old constituency, ...ok place on February 21.——Troops in Dublin surrounded and isolated a large area on the north side on February 18, and then began a house-to-house search.



LONDON has appeared once more in the dock on the old charge of failure to produce great men. The periodic impeachment may not be very profitable, but it suggests at least that if the charge be proved there is a word to say in mitigation of sentence. Biographical records, it must be admitted, provide considerable evidence for the prosecution, and a cloud of anecdotal witness recalls, with greater or less humour, the triumphant invasion from the provinces, North Britain, and the Principality. The counties and provincial towns supply eminent politicians; North Britain, as a familiar legend attests, sends down, or up, able managers—the visiting Scot, you remember, made no English acquaintances, because he "saw only Heads of Departments"; and Wales is pre-eminent in the successful purveying of soft goods, perhaps on account of its conciliatory genius. On a numerical balance of greatness, it is to be feared that the indictment against London must stand, but in point of quality there are extenuating circumstances

When the Metropolis condescends to raise up great men within her own borders she makes thorough work. Among her home-born sons she can claim (to mention only a few at random) Chaucer, Sir Thomas More, Spenser, Milton, Pope, Defoe, Disraeli, Byron, Keats, Browning, Swinburne, and, if Walthamstow may count, William Morris. In science and philosophy, Bacon, Faraday, and John Stuart Mill justify their London parentage. So recently as 1912 that eminent man by accident, Samuel Pepys, had to be added to the roll of native Londoners, when Mr. Walter Bell showed him to belong to St. Bride's parish. At the best, however, the eminent Londoners by birth are but a handful compared with the legion recruited from beyond the liberties; but London can plead that if provincial talent, like cheerfulness, will keep breaking in, she provides it with an unrivalled field for exercise. She attracts and moulds to her uses the strong new material by virtue of her own august personality. The weak she attracts and kills, but she gives real strength its opportunity, making no invidious distinctions as to place of origin.

If it be true that London lifts comparatively few of her own sons to first places in the Temple of Fame, that is not because of any littleness in herself. One reason may be the proximity of Londoners to London; they miss the stimulus of the distant vision, that masterful lure which has led the Whittingtons of all ages and districts to try their fortune to the encouraging rhythm of Bow Bells. From the earliest times London has stood for something apart, in every aspect she has played the magician. Even as a mere label her name has been significant and peculiar. "A draught of London ale" meant something out of the ordinary to a connoisseur like Chaucer's cook; "London pride," "London life," "London news" are all words of power. Their attraction may defy analysis, but it is self-evident. To pass from such minor detail to the Metropolis as a whole, there is abundant evidence that she was a fascinating siren long before she grew to be Wordsworth's "monstrous ant-hill on the plain of a too busy world." Dunbar, in 1501, addressing her as "of townes A *per se*," expressed truly the attitude of the glamoured provincial before and since. It was but a little London, so to speak, that Dunbar knew; but a London with all the attributes that make up her individuality—attributes she keeps, no matter how she extends, for it is her central region that determines the concept. Curious and accurate later testimony to London's magnetism is to be found in Mr. Arnold Bennett's first novel, with its picture of an ambitious Midland boy who made a pastime of watching the express for London pull out nightly from his home terminus. It was more than a pastime: the train was to him a link with a whole world of desire. That is the spell she binds on men from the provinces to win their first strength in her service. And behind it all lies the persistent legend of the nursery rhyme that London streets are paved with gold.



THE CARDIGAN BY-ELECTION: CAPT. ERNEST EVANS, THE NEW MEMBER, THANKING HIS SUPPORTERS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE FEATHERS HOTEL.

Captain Evans (Coalition Liberal) polled 14,111 votes to 10,521 for his opponent, Mr. Llewelyn Williams (Independent Liberal). The result was announced at Aberayon on February 19.—[*Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.*]

When London has caught her votary from town or country she can make him a very complete imitation of a native. Often she gives him greater insight into her secrets. From the south coast she drew Charles Dickens to be her Londoner of Londoners, and she made him governor of a province, "Dickens's London," still under exploration by the curious antiquary. Dunbar saw only the glories of the place; Dickens was not afraid to seize the repellent features, often to the ultimate great benefit of the community. Much of the grime of his day has gone, and, if Utopia is not yet, life is wholesomer, although perfect Housing Schemes hang fire. We have at any rate got rid of an appalling frowsiness, and even fogs are fewer. The London particular is now like Sam Weller's new suit, "a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance." To the country cousin London fog used to rank with other reputed horrors, such as the ever-present pickpocket and the lurking murderer; but these things could not deter him from his ambition if he was of the predestined class that sooner or later must arrive in the Metropolis, to succeed greatly, to find a bare living, or to be submerged.

These pilgrims, no matter what their fortune, have come to stay. Yet some of them confess that they are conscious of no determination to remain for life. After nearly thirty years' residence here they have been heard to say that they still feel as if they were up in London for a holiday. They imagine that they have not taken root on the London clay. At the same time they can discover in their own breasts no wish to return home. The fact is they are the willing thralls of this Babylon, and they love her better than they realise. Banish them by edict to their native parish, and they would be found, night after night, playing the heart-hungry game of Mr. Bennett's early hero. They would double their pastime, and watch the incoming trains as well, with the same thrill as that to which Mr. Hewlett confessed when first he saw a railway engine on the wheels of which might lie the dust of Rome.

It must not be supposed that the provincial incomer, that resident alien, has any monopoly of loyal emotions. Your Londoner born is equally attached to the grey city of his birth, but his affection is less accentuated. He has grown up with things that were a far-off wonder, a splendid rumour, to the provincial until one memorable day when he looked upon them for the first time, and pinched himself to make sure that it was no dream. In that experience he has the pull of the native, who, being part of London, is not consciously selective. He has not seen the city throned on a distant horizon; to it he has not gone up as the tribes went up to Zion; it is commonplace, though not therefore undervalued, any more than a man would undervalue that great commonplace, his breakfast. But he does not romance about it, and it is just because the provincial born has caught a glimpse of the romance of London that he becomes her willing bondman for better or worse. Having shown him the vision, she bids him keep it as a stimulus, and see that he does not sink into an idle dreamer of vague dreams. Her rewards are to imagination tempered with practicality. And of these her home-born sons receive their own share.

To attempt to define the term Londoner is to enter a maze. The saying "He is a regular Londoner" seems to carry some meaning until it is examined. It may be applied equally to the exquisite of Bond Street, the gamin, the solid citizen, and the inspired poet. But how to eliminate the quality or qualities common to all—there's the rub! What makes a man a Londoner? Is it an alert gaiety, a ready sarcastic tongue, keenness in business, a passion for sport and amusement, a great valour, as our London Regiments proved? Admitting these, we get no further, for they are not peculiar to Londoners. Perhaps it is simply that we recognise Londoners as such because they reflect in innumerable ways and degrees the spirit of the city that, as Bozzy, making one of his good shots, remarked, "comprehends the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." Dunbar got home more neatly with his refrain—"London, thou art the flower of Cities all."—J. D. S.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

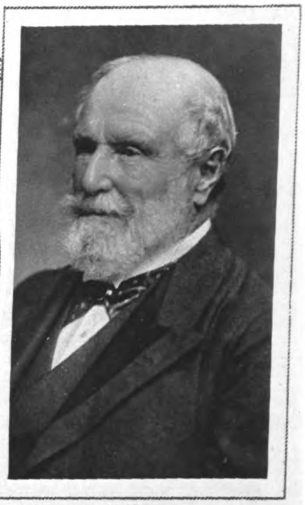
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, BASSANO, VANDYK AND PHOTOPRESS.



THE NEW MEMBER FOR CARDIGAN: CAPTAIN ERNEST EVANS, M.P.



REPUTED GERMANY'S RICHEST MAN, ATTENDING THE LONDON CONFERENCE: HERR HUGO STINNES (LEFT).



A FAMOUS OXFORD SCIENTIST DEAD: THE LATE PROFESSOR WILLIAM ODLING, F.R.S.



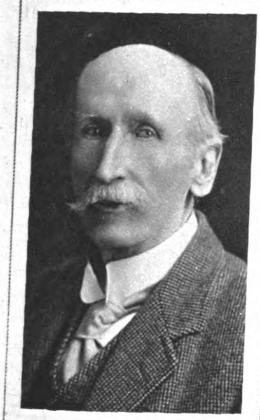
CHIEF GREEK DELEGATE AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE: M. KALOGEROPOULOS, PREMIER.



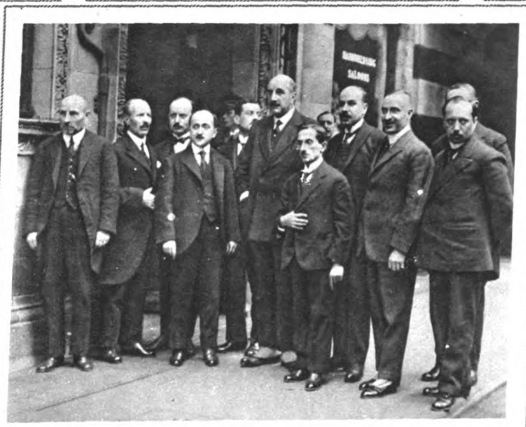
CHIEF FRENCH DELEGATE AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE: M. BRIAND, PREMIER.



CHIEF ITALIAN DELEGATE AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE: COUNT SFORZA, FOREIGN MINISTER.



A WELL-KNOWN ANGLO-INDIAN: THE LATE SIR WARREN HASTINGS D'OYLY.



INCLUDING RECHAD BLACQUE BEY (TALLEST, IN CENTRE): TURKISH DELEGATES FOR THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

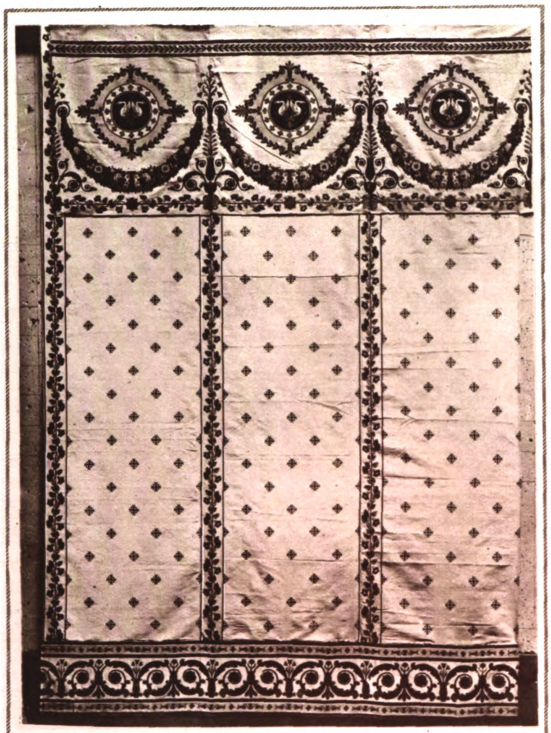


CONQUEROR OF THE "MAD" MULLAH: THE LATE F.-M. SIR CHARLES EGERTON.

Captain Ernest Evans, the new M.P. for Cardiganshire, was formerly a private secretary to Mr. Lloyd George. He served in the war with the A.S.C.——Herr Hugo Stinnes, the German industrial magnate, is on the advisory staff of the German delegation to the London Conference to discuss reparation.—— Dr. William Odling, who died at Oxford on February 17, aged 91, had been Waynflete Professor of Chemistry there for forty years.——M. Kalogeropoulos became Premier of Greece at the beginning of this month, in succession to M. Rallis.——M. Aristide Briand, who arrived in London on the 20th for the Conference on the Near East, which opened at St. James's Palace on the 21st, is now Premier of France for the seventh time.——Count Carlo Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, negotiated the Treaty of Rapallo last year.——The Turkish delegates from the Porte to the London Conference included Tewfik Pasha, Grand Vizier, and Rechad Pasha, representative in London. The Angora Nationalist delegates were only admitted as part of the Porte delegation.——Field-Marshal Sir Charles Egerton, who died on Feb. 20, commanded the Somaliland Field Force in 1903-4, and decisively defeated the "Mad" Mullah at Jedballi. He had a distinguished career in India.

A SYMBOL OF INTERWOVEN FRANCO-BRITISH FRIENDSHIP:

By Courtesy of the Victoria



WOVEN AT LYONS BEFORE 1811, FOR THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AT ST. CLOUD: A SILK BROCADE, BY C. PERNON; FROM THE MOBILIER NATIONAL.



FROM A SET OF FOUR "TENTURES DES DIEUX": A FRENCH TAPESTRY OF ABOUT 1700, ENTITLED "VENUS"; LENT BY M. LACARDE.

MR. H. A. L. FISHER, M.P., President of the Board of Education, in opening the Franco-British Textile Exhibition, said they were greatly indebted to the Frehch Government for their magnificent loan. No such exhibition of textile art had ever before been open to the inspection of the British public. On the walls of that hall were the great series of Gobelins tapestries lent by the Government of France, and on the floor were carpets from the famous factory of Savonnerie, as fresh and brilliant as when they were first trodden by the gay Court of Louis XIV. In another room three panels from the famous series of tapestries belonging to Rheims Cathedral were now, by an extraordinary act of generosity, placed on public view in London. The tapestries were rare and precious treasures, and they could not sufficiently appreciate the generous sentiment which had led the French Government to give to the artistic public and to the textile industries of this country an opportunity of seeing such masterpieces which had been long renowned in the history of art.



GREEK MYTHOLOGY IN GOBELINS TAPESTRY: "PARNASSUS (APOLLO AND THE MUSES)," WOVEN BY JEAN JANS FILS BETWEEN 1686 AND 1691, FROM A DESIGN BY PIERRE MIGNARD; LENT BY FRANCE TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

The Franco-British Exhibition of Textiles, opened recently at the Victoria and Albert Museum, contains (to quote the Minister of Education, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher) "a collection of tapestries, carpets, vestments, brocades, and embroidered fabrics such as has not been seen in any other exhibition of the kind." The scheme was originally planned in 1916, and its success has been chiefly due to the generosity of the French Government in lending some of the finest productions of the famous Gobelins and Beauvais factories, and

GOBELINS AND OTHER RARE FRENCH TAPESTRIES IN LONDON.

AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



HOMERIC LEGEND IN GOBELINS TAPESTRY: "THE WRATH OF ACHILLES," WOVEN BY JEAN JANS FILS, BETWEEN 1722 AND 1733, FROM A DESIGN BY ANTOINE COYPEL AND CHARLES HÉRAULT; LENT BY FRANCE TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



ANOTHER GOBELINS TAPESTRY, FROM THE GALLERY OF ST. CLOUD: "WINTER (CYBELE, SATURN, AND VULCAN)," WOVEN BY JEAN JANS FILS, 1686 TO 1691, FROM A DESIGN BY PIERRE MIGNARD; LENT BY FRANCE TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

THE French Ambassador (the Comte de St. Aulaire) replying to Mr. Fisher, said that the French tapestries and the French delegates alike had been given a welcome at once cordial and magnificent, splendid and fraternal. For those who knew its origin, this exhibition was an example of those British qualities of tenacity and perseverance which, during the war, had benefited the world, and especially France. In the contrast between the simple title of the exhibition and its dazzling splendour he found a new proof of the rare and noble qualities of English sentiment. . . . The title of the exhibition was English, and, like the English, there was more in it than there seemed. Before the splendour hidden by the title, one could say of it, as of many Englishmen, whose apparent coldness concealed a profound sensibility, that the rose grew from within. He drew an analogy between the Entente Cordiale and the tapestries, declaring that the destinies of the two Allies are indissolubly interwoven by their common sacrifice, their history, and their common interests.

of the authorities of Rheims Cathedral in sending over three of their priceless sixteenth-century series of tapestries of the Life of the Virgin. The King, who, with the Queen, has visited the exhibition, lent a sixteenth-century Flemish tapestry panel, and many private owners, both British and French, have contributed to the exhibition. We quote above from the speeches of Mr. Fisher and the Comte de St. Aulaire at the opening ceremony.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

A NUMBER of memoirs of Cecil Rhodes have already appeared, but several of them are disfigured by personal prejudice or some measure of *odium politicum*, and the rest have been necessarily based on an imperfect knowledge of the facts bearing on the famous Empire-maker's character and career. Mr. Ian Colvin's tiny monograph is the best anticipation of the ultimate verdict of history, and it is pleasant to remember that this brilliant stylist was chosen to write the official biography of Dr. Jameson, which involves, of course, a final investigation of the career and character of Cecil Rhodes, since the two friends cannot be separated on either score. The book will be none the less readable and reliable because the author has the faculty of seeing the heroic in great men and worshipping it—for, after all, the conception of history as a process of sifting and sorting the dust of circumstance leads nowhither, and it is surely the modern historian's duty to show us how the statesman, in spite of a thousand external obstacles, and even his own errors and shortcomings, can yet realise a far-seen ideal, and so add to the scope and variety of living for posterity. The great achievements of Cecil Rhodes were the creation of Rhodesia and that memorable Will, which will always remain an example of the right disposition of vast accumulations of wealth—referring to it in conversation, the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier pithily observed in my presence that it "gave the millionaires another fifty years' lease of existence!" As for his crowning act of architectural statesmanship, it places Rhodes in the same category of master-builders as Abraham Lincoln and John Macdonald. Lincoln saw that the natural growth of the American West would guarantee the solidarity of the Union in the end, even if the South were momentarily triumphant. John Macdonald foresaw that what could be called the "Great Lone Land" sixty years ago, and now forms the three rich and populous Prairie Provinces of the Canadian Confederacy, would in time produce a sufficiency of wealth, and support a large-enough population, to insure the success of his plan of a transcontinental Canada—a cantilever bridge, as it were, of United British States spanning the vast and unsettled spaces between the Atlantic and the Pacific. And the creation of Rhodesia, so Rhodes anticipated, would in the end secure the permanence of a third great Confederation within the limits of the British Empire, in spite of the *racine de la rancune* between Dutch and English settlers, which is still so sedulously cultivated by General Hertzog.

. . . . . .

The word "Rhodesia" on the world's map is the epitaph of Rhodes, written in letters that can never be erased—only George Washington, whose name is inscribed on both ocean-fronts of the United States, possesses as magnificent a memorial! And "Rhodesia" is also the death-sentence of Hertzogism! In "CECIL RHODES" (Constable; 15s. net), by Basil Williams, which is an admirable historical monograph, a little lacking, perhaps, in the fascination that originates in an intimate acquaintance with persons and episodes, the main lines of Rhodes's policy are kept clearly in view throughout. The reader is shown how he was obsessed by the importance of the North, and by the necessity of a reconciliation between the two races in the South—and none knew better than he did the fine qualities of the Dutch character, and the peculiar kind of Imperialism to which it could be made susceptible. It is in his interpretation of the character of Rhodes that I find Mr. Williams an inadequate guide, for he lays too much stress on the feet of clay, and too little on the torso of granite, of his colossal subject. After all, the cynicism which prompted some of his sayings (*e.g.*, that "Philanthropy and five per cent. cannot go together") was only skin-deep, being really a form of self-protection against the sentimentalists, whom he could never abide. He had his petty mannerisms—some of them rooted in a financial past which can never be made to appear edifying—and in his case (as also in Lord Kitchener's, perhaps) we feel how great was the loss of poise and equanimity due to the lack of the family relations which have been for other and even greater men a never-failing spring of secret refreshment. No man, as I read the scars in his character, would have benefited more from a happy marriage. In the main, however, for all his peevishness and petulance, he was good as well as great, and the young, at any rate, found in him an infinite lovability.



IN A GREAT HISTORICAL FILM TO BE PRODUCED IN PARIS AT THE CENTENARY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH: THE FOYER OF THE OPERA IN 1822—A SCENE IN "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."



PARIS IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XVIII., AFTER THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON: THE CAFÉ DE LA RÉGENCE UNDER THE RESTORATION—A SCENE IN THE GREAT FILM, "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."

. . . . . .

The cenotaph biography still survives—there is a dreadful example of it on my desk at the present moment, in a huge two-volume work about the late J. H. Choate, whose flashing wit and wise enlargement of the functions of "America's ambassador to England" are buried there under a huge pile of letters without distinction, often indistinguishable. A far better specimen of the *in memoriam* volume is "HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND" (Murray; 16s. net), edited by Stephen Paget, which enshrines the quick and vivid memory of a great preacher and theologian, whose joyousness and genius for friendship—two characteristics of the mediæval saint—must have some day brought him the honour of beatification, had he been a member of the Roman Communion. Indeed, he had the three virtues—*benignitas, hilaritas, simplicitas*—which were proper to those who made the Benedictine Order a new power for mankind's redemption. At a time when the Christian Social Union was almost alone in proclaiming the evils of social injustice, he set up the standard of the poor, and preached a crusade against the materialism that was as the "burden" of Nineveh or Tyre. It was easy for men to distrust him in politics. A man of meteoric vitality (so that other ecclesiastics seemed colourless and lethargic in his company), he could not weigh his words or be rigorously just to his antagonists. Yet he was a living and inexhaustible force to the end of his days for that central fact which inspires the humanitarian principles of Christianity: in his own words, "Not the Divinity of a man, but the Humanity of a God; not the life out of life, so much as life out of death." So, for him, the Church was to express humanity at its fullest and best, as a social organism or universal brotherhood; in which faith he lived and died and is to-day immortal. He saw in a large, shapeless flight of starlings (seen when driving to Cuddesdon in June 1911, with the Archbishop of York) a similitude of the Anglican communion with its vast variety of opinions: "How like the Church of England!" he exclaimed. "Nothing apparently keeping it together; and yet, somehow, getting along all the time. Dear little Anglican birds!" He was a famous letter-writer, and some of the letters here collected, especially those to children, are exquisite examples of an art that is being lost in the hurry and flurry of modern life. Many such human documents, written in the very heart's blood, are bound up in this most un-sacerdotal book.

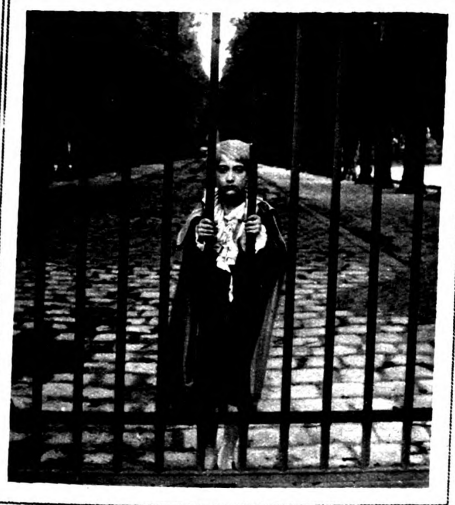
. . . . . .

"MUSICAL MEMORIES" (Murray; 15s. net), by Camille Saint-Saëns, well translated by E. G. Rich, is a composer's autobiography, which is strangely lacking in egotism and surprisingly free from anecdotes. Massenet, Meyerbeer, and the other old-time celebrities one meets here, are not perhaps as dead, at any rate not as much damned, as is imagined. More entertaining to the general reader is "CHARLES E. CHAPIN'S STORY" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 12s. 6d. net), which was written in Sing Sing Prison, where the author is confined for killing his wife in order to save her from the ills of poverty. The book throws a lurid light on the American journalism which lives up (or down) to McCullagh's definition of it as "the art of knowing where hell is going to break loose next, and having a reporter on the spot to cover it." The story of Irving Cobb's remark when hearing that an enemy had been taken ill: "Well, I hope it 's nothing trivial," reminds me that he is supposed to be Mark Twain's successor, though his jests do not appear to carry across the Atlantic as yet. Mr. Chapin's acquaintances seem to have been a very mixed grill, and I should say he meets a better society in the curiously exhilarating environment of Sing Sing, which is a convalescent home rather than a jail according to English ideas.

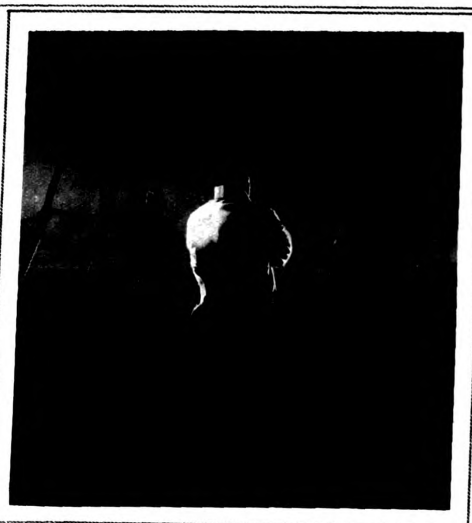
THE CENTENARY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH: A GREAT HISTORICAL FILM.



FIGHTING NAPOLEON'S BATTLES OVER AGAIN FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH: A CHARGE BEFORE THE EMPEROR, ENACTED ON THE SOLLE VALLEY RACECOURSE IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU, BY FRENCH CAVALRY IN NAPOLEONIC UNIFORMS.



THE CAPTIVE EAGLET: NAPOLEON'S SON, THE LITTLE KING OF ROME, AT SCHÖNBRUNN, VIENNA, IN "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."



THE CAPTIVE EAGLE: M. SÉVERIN-MARS AS NAPOLEON ON THE VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA, IN "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."

The celebrations in Paris in honour of the centenary of Napoleon's death, which took place at St. Helena on May 5, 1821, will be inaugurated by the production of a great historical film called "L'Agonie des Aigles" (The Agony of the Eagles). It has been prepared by a French society, Art et Cinématographie, established to reconstitute for the films great episodes from national history, and has cost several millions of francs. The story is based chiefly on the books of M. Georges d'Esparbès, the distinguished author of "La Guerre en Dentelle" and "La Légende de l'Aigle," and has been produced by M. Bernard Deschamps. Many of the principal scenes have been filmed in the actual settings where the real events recorded took place, chiefly in and around the Palace of Fontainebleau. The "charge before the Emperor," shown in the top photograph above, was made by young French cavalrymen of to-day, wearing the busbies of Napoleon's Chasseurs de Garde, or helmets of the Ornano Dragoons, and armed with the straight swords of the Ordener Cuirassiers.

NAPOLEON'S ACTUAL EAGLES AND UNIFORMS IN A FILM TABL



WITH ORIGINAL EAGLES AND UNIFORMS, LENT BY THE MUSEUM OF THE FRENCH ARMY

The historical film, "L'Agonie des Aigles," has been prepared for the Paris celebrations, on May 5, of the centenary of Napoleon's death. The above scene, the Presentation of the

IN A FINE TABLEAU: HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF AT FONTAINEBLEAU.



ARMY: A FONTAINEBLEAU SCENE IN THE GREAT FILM, "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."

Eagles to Napoleon, in the Salle des Fêtes at Fontainebleau, was filmed in the actual room; and original Eagles, with real Napoleonic uniforms, were lent by the Musée de l'Armée.

PARIS AFTER NAPOLEON'S DOWNFALL: DEMI-SOLDE PLOTS ON THE FILM.



IN A BEAR-PIT AT THE JARDIN DES PLANTES: A DUEL BETWEEN A DEMI-SOLDE (LEFT) AND A SPY.



NAPOLEONIC PLOTS AFTER THE RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII.: A SECRET MEETING AT THE HOUSE OF COLONEL MONTANDER.

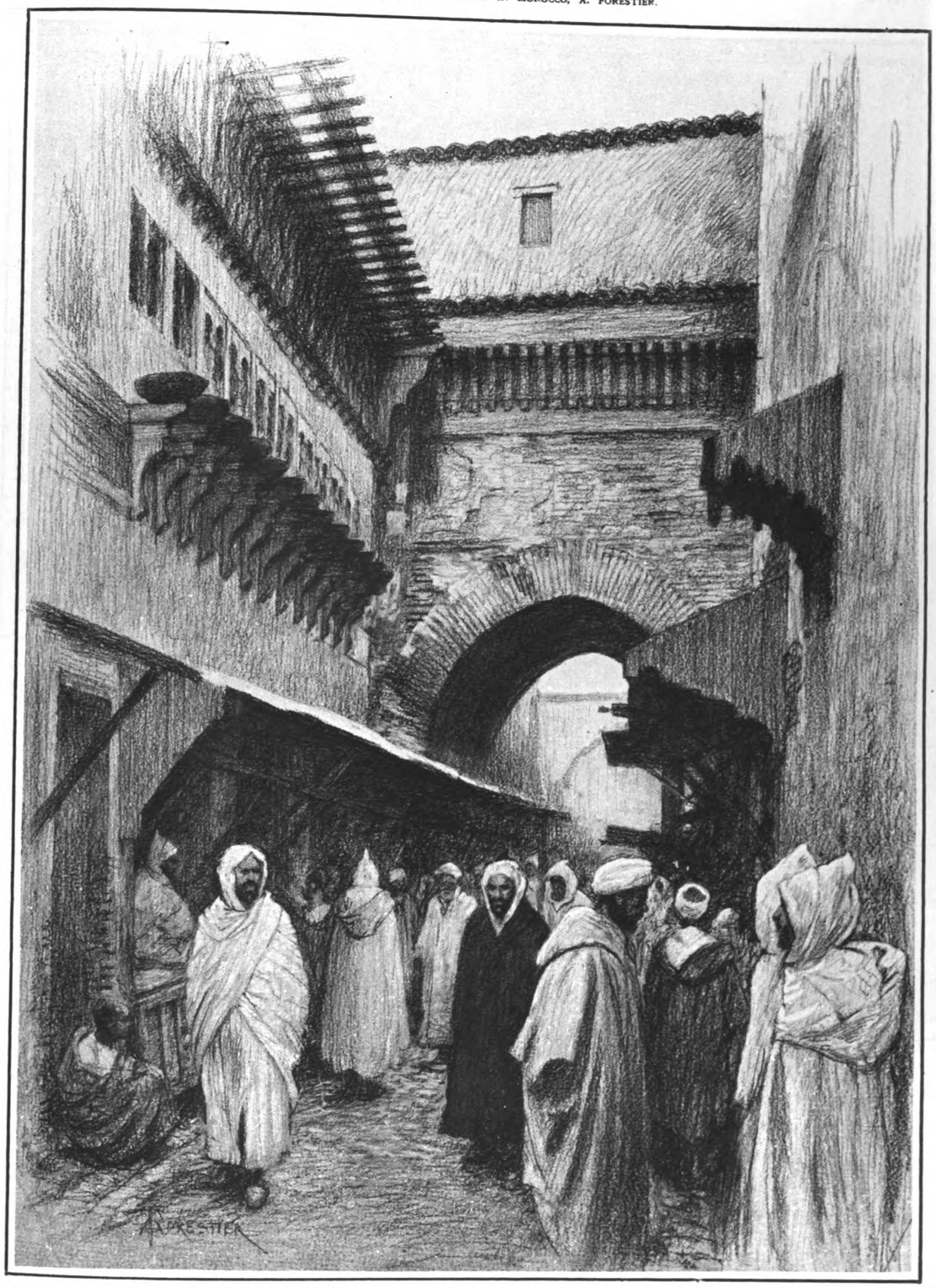


THE SUPPRESSION OF PRO-NAPOLEON CONSPIRACIES UNDER THE RESTORATION: THE WAR COUNCIL INTERROGATING A WITNESS (THE DANCER, LISE) DURING THE TRIAL OF THE DEMI-SOLDES—A SCENE IN "L'AGONIE DES AIGLES."

After Napoleon's banishment to the isle of St. Helena, in 1815, and the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France, the adherents of Napoleon continued to intrigue with a view to his return. Between 1820 and 1822 there was a series of military conspiracies organised by the Demi-Soldes, or half-pay officers, of Napoleon's old army. Plots in his favour were hatched not only in Paris, but elsewhere, as at Belfort, Colmar, Saumur, and La Rochelle. A leading part in them was played by Colonel de Montander, of the old Imperial Guard. There were daily duels between survivors of the Grand Army and Royalists, police raids, arrests, and a trial before the Council of War; finally, an execution, where the French firing squad had to be replaced by Swiss Guards. All these dramatic events, enacted for the most part in their original localities, including a duel in a bear-pit at the Jardin des Plantes (the Paris "Zoo"), form scenes in the great film, "L'Agonie des Aigles," to be produced in Paris next May during the celebration of the centenary of Napoleon's death.

THE CLOCK OF BOU ANANIA: A MYSTERY OF MEDIÆVAL FEZ.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MOROCCO, A. FORESTIER.



WHY THIRTEEN TIMBRELS? A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOROCCAN CLOCK, WHOSE MECHANISM HAS DISAPPEARED.

Here is a chance for the student of ancient clocks to solve an apparent mystery. During his recent visit to Morocco, Mr. A. Forestier made the above drawing, at Fez, the capital, and in explanation of the subject he writes: "In the Sūk (Souk) of the Tala, lined on both sides by curious little shops, where odds and ends of all kinds are sold as well as eatables, and facing the important Medersa (Koranic College) of Bou Anania, one's attention is drawn to a row of large bronze timbrels (or inverted bells), resting on brackets fixed on the wall above the shops' roof. These timbrels, thirteen in number, an equal number of small windows in the wall above them, and a woodwork arrangement, similarly corresponding, which protrudes from the wall above the row of windows, constitute what is called 'the clock of Bou Anania.' Apart from some few traces of mechanism showing on the window-frames, there is nothing left to explain how the clock worked. The extraordinary part is the number of bells—why should it be thirteen? It has been supposed that a counterpart of this clock existed at one time on the wall opposite. The date of this curious machine is the fourteenth century."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

I.—"THE SCHOOL OF THE SHORE."

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, *Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.*

We begin here a series of abridgments, by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, of his recent lectures at the Royal Institution, which proved so remarkably popular, under the general title of "The Haunts of Life." Here follows the first—"The School of the Shore"; the others will appear in later numbers.

THERE are six great haunts of life—the sea-shore, the open sea, the deep sea, the fresh waters, the dry land, and the air; and each of them is peopled by characteristic sets of animals.



FIG. 10.—A LIMB FOR A LIFE: A COMMON STARFISH, WHICH HAS LOST TWO ARMS, RE-GROWING THEM.

The sea-shore is a convenient haunt to begin with, and it was probably the first school of animal life. It is not to be thought of as the tract between high-tide mark and low-tide mark, for it is much more than that. To the naturalist the shore means the whole of the comparatively shallow, well-lighted, seaweed-growing shelf (Fig. 1) around our coasts. It is a very *long* haunt, going in and out of creeks and lochs, bays and fiords, for over a hundred thousand miles, but it is not a very large haunt. It occupies between six and seven per cent. of the earth's surface, which is not a big fraction. But the shore makes up for its comparative smallness by its variety and interest. There are some places where there is no shore at all, where one can drop a stone from the cliff edge into what must be called deep sea—it falls "kerblunkity-blink" right into the dark abyss. There are other places, not good for bathing, where one can walk out and out for miles without getting out of one's depth. In some places, where there are coral reefs—off Australia, for instance, and in the Indian Ocean—the shore may extend outwards for fifty miles.

The shore in one part of the country is very different from that in another part. So much depends on the nature of the rocks and the kinds of green, brown, and red seaweeds that they bear, on what the fresh water brings down from the land, on the jetsam that the tide brings in from the sea. It is a very difficult haunt of life—there are risks of drought and of fresh-water flooding, there are sand-storms and smothering masses of wrenched-off seaweed, there is the scouring of the breakers and swift currents. It is a place where creatures are very subject to what a great preacher has called "the discipline of dislodgment." It is a hard school of life. Moreover, the shore is thickly peopled by a very representative array of animals—simple Infusorians and Foraminifera, sponges, zoophytes, sea-anemones, a mob of worms, starfishes and their allies, crustaceans galore, a few insects among the rocks, all sorts of molluscs, very characteristic fishes, a few reptiles, like the marine lizard, besides shore-birds like the rock-pipit, and shore mammals like seals.

No doubt the shore is the scene of intense struggle—a struggle for foothold, for fresh air (usually mixed with the water), and for food. There is a great deal of the conjugation of the verb "to eat" to be watched on the sea-shore: "I eat, thou eatest, he eats; I shall eat, I shall be eaten; They have eaten"; and grimmer tenses still: "They have been eaten." Many of the animals prey upon one another, and the House-that-Jack-Built chains are very interesting. Animate nature is run on a system of successive incarnations. As the great chemist Liebig showed so clearly, there is a ceaseless circulation of matter throughout the world. It passes from one embodiment to another endlessly, and nothing is ever lost. "After the last returns the first," as Browning said, "though a long compass round be fetched."

One pound of rock-turbot means ten pounds of whelk;
One pound of whelk means ten pounds of sea-worms;
One pound of sea-worms means ten pounds of sea-dust.

Just as all flesh is in the long run grass, so all fish is diatom, infusorian, and sea-dust.

By the sea-dust is meant the minute particles which result from the wear and tear of the sea-weeds and the sea-grass (Zostera), and the débris of the sea-shore animals; and this sea-dust—the crumbs of the shore—plays a very important part in feeding the inhabitants of the comparatively shallow water. The trouble is that it is always tending to be swept outwards and downwards—passing out of reach—down the slope into the depths. One is apt not to realise how hard the shore sponges, for instance, have to work for their living, lashing large quantities of water through their bodies; for the sponge, with its elaborate system of water canals, may be compared to a city like Venice. As the water passes through the sponge, many of the particles of sea-dust, and some living animalcules as well, are captured as food. It is interesting to kneel down by a shore pool, and watch the little acorn shells or rock-barnacles (Fig. 2) sifting, or fanning, the water with six pairs of two-branched limbs, each bearing many bristles and looking like a curl in the water (hence the technical name cirripede, or curl-footed). Huxley compared these rock-barnacles to shrimps, or the like, fastened upside-down by their head and kicking their food into their mouth with their legs. But it is very graceful kicking! What a long gamut there is from a sea-anemone waiting for some victim to come within the reach of its stinging and grappling tentacles, up to the oyster-catcher knocking the limpet off the rock (Fig. 6) with a dexterous side-stroke of its strong bill! The solutions of the bread-and-butter problem on the shore are endless.

Under the ledges of the seashore rocks we find clusters of neatly made vases, first pink, then straw-coloured, each about the height of half the breadth of our little finger-nail. These are the egg-cases or cocoons of the dog-whelk (Purpura) (Fig. 4, back), and each is the scene of a grim struggle for existence, which we must face, of course, as a fact of nature. In each vase there are several eggs which develop into minute larvæ. But the first to hatch out devour their fellows who lag behind a little in their development. Thus we have an eerie cannibalism in the cradle. The same stern struggle for existence may be studied in the egg-capsules (Fig. 4, front) of the Large Whelk or "Roaring Buckie" (Buccinum), which are fastened to the rocks at a lower level on the shore. Clusters of the empty cases, reminding one a little of the dried fruits of hops, are often seen among the jetsam at high-tide mark along with the empty "mermaid's purses" (Fig. 3), the horny egg-cases of skate and dog-fish. When these purses are laid they fasten automatically to deep-water seaweed by means of their long tendrils, and they are thus saved from being smothered in the mud. This is the more important since the development of these gristly fishes is long-drawn-out, taking about a year in some kinds of skate.

We may divide animals into the hard-mouthed, like a crab, and the soft-mouthed, like an oyster. Most of the soft-mouthed animals live on soft food, especially animalcules and sea-dust; while the hard-mouthed animals graze on seaweeds or devour their neighbours. The starfish is a soft-mouthed animal, but it is a thorough-going carnivore. It protrudes its capacious elastic stomach on its victims, and it is able to open mussels. But still more interesting is the way in which it disarms a small sea-urchin (Fig. 7). It lays one of its five arms on the prickly surface of the sea-urchin; its scores of locomotor tube feet are firmly nipped by the scores of small three-bladed snapping spines on the sea-urchin; the starfish withdraws its arm and the snapping blades are wrenched off; the starfish repeats the process with another arm and with another until the sea-urchin is disarmed; it is then engulfed, smothered, softened, crushed, and digested in the protruded stomach of the starfish. This is an interesting seashore episode, especially when we remember that this persistent starfish which follows a plan to its distant end is entirely destitute of brains. Its nervous system is without a single ganglion. This is just at the threshold of behaviour, but it spells ENDEAVOUR.

Above all other haunts of life, the shore is rich in shifts for a living. Thus many a crab masks or camouflages itself (Fig. 5) with seaweed, which it fixes on its back, anticipating the trick of "the walking wood of Birnam." A starfish pinned down by one of its arms surrenders that arm and escapes (Fig 10). Brainless though it be, it has in the course of time somehow learned that it is better that one member should perish than that the whole life should be lost. When the common shore-crab has a leg badly damaged by a loosened stone—a common accident on the beach—it throws off that leg across a breakage plane near the base (Fig. 8), and a double flap of membrane beneath the line of self-amputation folds over and staunches the wound. Surely fine surgery, to cut and to bandage at once! Within the shelter of the bandage a new leg is formed in miniature, and shoots out like a Jack-in-the-Box when the crab has its next moult. Then there are the flat fishes (Fig. 11) like turbot, plaice and sole, which quickly adjust the tint and pattern of their skin, so that they can hardly be seen against the background of sand or gravel. They have in the course of time acquired the power of putting on a garment of invisibility. The shifts for a living on the seashore are as numerous as they are fascinating.

It is not all a matter of caring for self or struggling for self-preservation. The sea-leech or skate-sucker (Pontobdella) lays its eggs carefully in an empty shell and mounts guard over them for many, many days; during its patient watch this parent of low degree has to fast. The male lumpsucker or cock-paidle keeps watch over the big cluster of eggs in the corner of the rock-pool, and fans them with his tail so that they are kept fresh and clean. The male stickleback makes a seaweed nest (Fig. 9) and takes great care of his family—a fine example of a big soul in a little body. There is "love" as well as "hunger" on the shore.

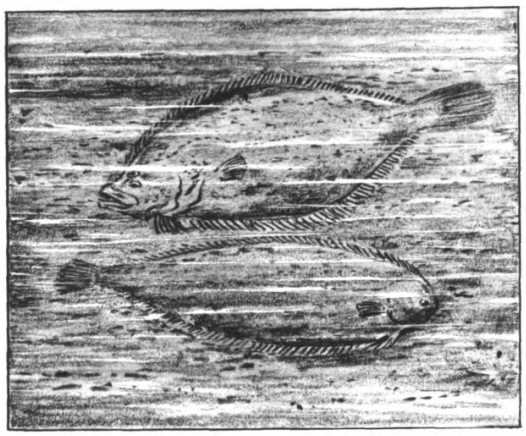


FIG. 11.—"CAMOUFLAGE" AMONG FLAT FISHES: A TURBOT (ABOVE) AND PLAICE, HARDLY VISIBLE AGAINST SAND OR GRAVEL.

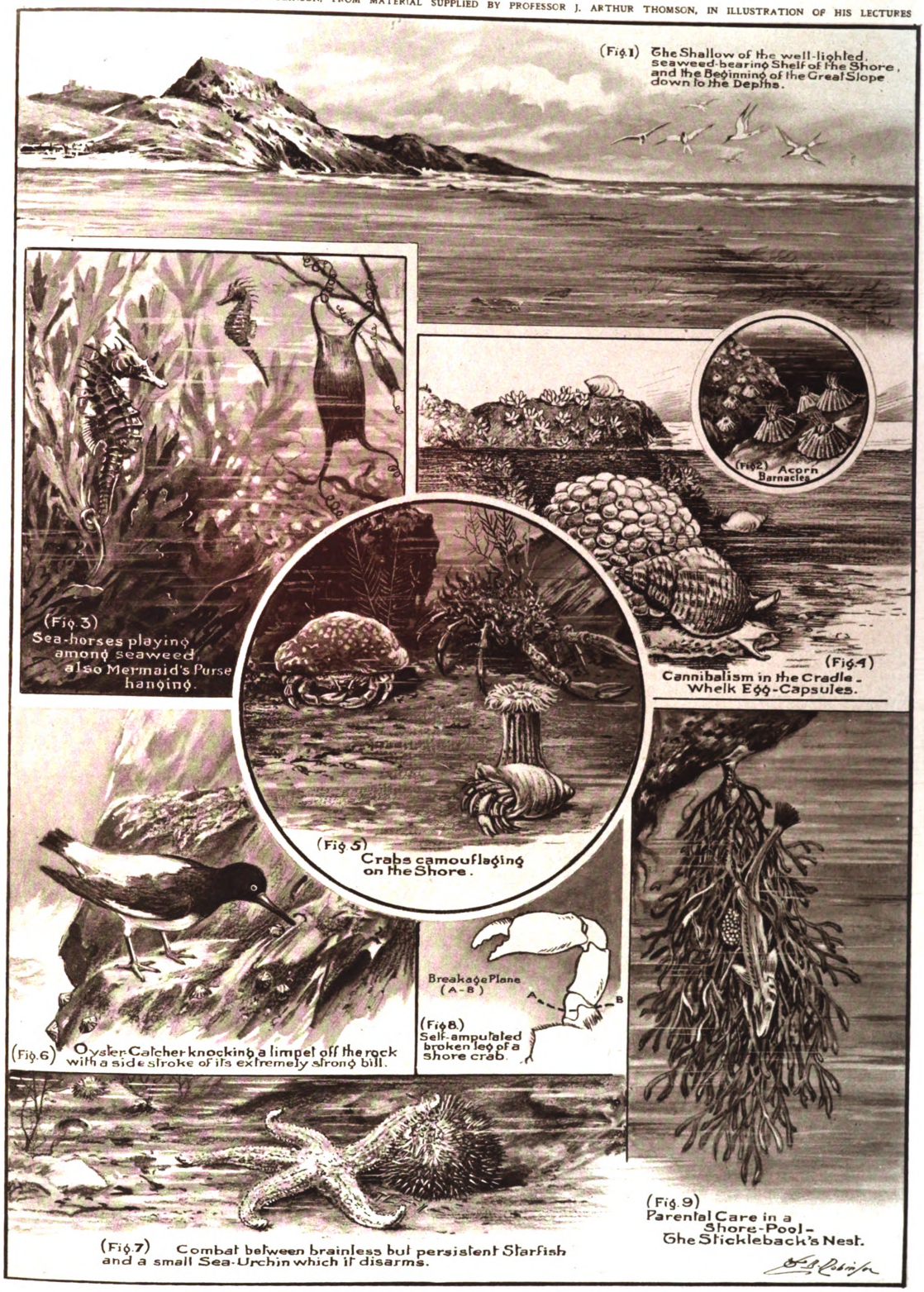
The turbot's eyes are on its left side; those of the plaice on its right side.

But the most important thing is to see the shore as a great school where many different races of animals learned important lessons—never afterwards forgotten—such as the lesson of holding tight, which leads on to tenacity of purpose, the lesson of biding their time and making the most of it when it comes, and the lesson of testing all things and holding fast that which is good.

(Series to be continued.)

HAUNTS OF LIFE: NATURAL WONDERS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES



I.—THE SCHOOL OF THE SHORE: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S FIRST LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

"There are some places," writes Professor Thomson, "where there is no shore at all, where one can drop a stone from the cliff edge into what might be called deep sea. . . . There are other places . . . where one can walk out and out for miles without getting out of one's depth. . . . The shore in one part of the country is very different from that in another part. . . . Moreover, the shore is thickly peopled by a very representative array of animals—simple Infusorians and Foraminifers, sponges, zoophytes, sea-anemones, a mob of worms, star-fishes, and their allies, crustaceans galore, a few insects among the rocks, all sorts of molluscs, fishes, a few reptiles, like the marine lizard, shore-birds like the rock-pipit, and shore mammals like seals."—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

Under the Aegis of the City Fathers:
THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

ALTHOUGH the Guildhall School of Music cannot itself claim a high antiquity—it dates from 1880—yet it has topographical associations that reach far back into London's historic past. It stands in Tallis Street, close to the Victoria Embankment, on the site of the old Queen's Theatre, built in Dorset Gardens, in or about 1667, by Sir William Davenant, the dramatist. This house, as Leigh Hunt records, "became famous under the Davenants for the introduction of operas, and of a more splendid exhibition of scenery," and "was the last to which people went in boats." Later, the Queen's was managed by Christopher Rich, father of John Rich, the founder of Covent Garden Theatre. It was finally abandoned in 1706.

The little theatre attached to the present Guildhall School of Music has thus a distinguished ancestor, and the classic neighbourhood of Whitefriars is no stranger to music and musicians. The *London Gazette* of December 30, 1672, mentions a "Musick-School over against the George Tavern in White Fryers," where "this present Monday will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at 4 of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour." This seventeenth-century predecessor of the Guildhall School was at the house of John Banister, whom Sir John Hawkins describes as "the son of one of that low class of musicians called the Waits, of the Parish of St. Giles near London, but, having been taught by his father the rudiments of music, he became in a short time such a proficient on the violin, that by King Charles II. he was sent to France for improvement, and upon his return was made one of his band, but having occasion to tell the King that the English performers on that instrument were superior to those of France, he was dismissed from his service. He set to music the opera of 'Circe,' performed in the year 1676 at the Theatre in Dorset Garden. He died on the third day of October, 1679, and lies buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey."

The locality has also, of course, many links with the sister arts of poetry, drama, and literature in general. Hard by is the Temple, with its memories of Shakespeare, Charles Lamb, Goldsmith, and Thackeray. Milton, Richardson, and Dr. Johnson dwelt near in their day, and in St. Bride's Church, within whose parish boundaries the Guildhall School stands, is buried Richard Lovelace, author of that exquisite song, "To Divine Althea."

A more prosaic period in the history of the site began early last century, when it was occupied by some gas-works!

In 1879 was formed the Guildhall Orchestral Society, a band of musical enthusiasts connected with the City Corporation, under Mr. Thomas Henry Weist-Hill (1828-91), afterwards the first Principal of the School. The Society used to hold some of its practice meetings in the Guildhall. In 1880 the Court of Common Council decided to establish a school of music within the City boundaries at a maximum cost of £350 for the year. The school began operations in a disused Aldermanbury warehouse. In three months the number of pupils grew from 62 to 216, and in the next five years reached 2450. The premises were by that time hopelessly inadequate, and the success of the school had been so remarkable that, in 1885, the City Fathers voted a sum of £20,000 for a new and worthy building.

The site was chosen, the old gas-works disappeared, and the foundation stone of the present Guildhall School of Music was laid, on July 29, 1885, by Mr. Pearse Morrison, Chairman of the Music Committee of the Corporation. (That office, by the way, was held last year by a famous lawn-tennis player, Mr. H. Roper Barrett.)



BUILT IN 1885-87: THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, IN WHITEFRIARS—THE ENTRANCE.
Drawn by our Special Artist, E. H. Shepard.

Another member of the Committee in 1885 was Alderman Polydore de Keyser, founder of De Keyser's Hotel, and afterwards Lord Mayor. The cost of the new building rose by a further £6000 before the old Aldermanbury warehouse was again given up to the rats, and, in 1887, the fine School in Tallis Street was occupied.

Under Sir Joseph Barnby, who became Principal when Mr. Weist-Hill died in 1891, the Guildhall School prospered more than ever, and there was such an immense influx of pupils that the Court of Common Council spent another £20,000 in building a School Theatre and 30 new class-rooms.

The foundation stone was laid in 1897, and the annexe was opened the next year. Barnby died in 1896, and was succeeded by Dr. W. H. Cummings, who died in 1915, when Mr. Landon Ronald, the present Principal, was appointed. Space forbids mention of all the eminent men who were connected with the school, as teachers or otherwise, in its earlier days. Among them were Charles Pye Smith, the well-loved first Secretary, W. H. Monk, composer of the famous hymn tune, "Abide with Me"; W. H. Holmes, who taught composition to Sterndale Bennett and George and Walter Macfarren; Ernst Pauer, who had studied under Mozart's son, Wolfgang Amadeus; Sir John Stainer; Henry Lazarus, the clarinet-player; and Sir Julius Benedict.

Mr. Landon Ronald, the present Principal, has achieved fame as one of the most popular song-composers of his day, and as a conductor of what is probably the finest orchestral combination in the British Empire. In the last ten years, during which he has reigned at the School, it has turned out an immense number of young artists, many of them now before the public in various capacities, either as teachers or performers. Chief among these we must name Gladys Ancrum and Fred Blamey, of the Beecham Opera Company, Carrie Tubb, Lilian Stiles-Allen, Rene Maxwell, Dora Labbett, Doris Ashton, and Dorothy Waring. Among violinists we are reminded of poor Mary Law, whose premature death was so recently lamented; and of Margaret Fairless, who is even now making a great name. There is scarcely a theatre orchestra which does not number in its ranks many students and ex-students of the Guildhall School of Music. Several of the best-known theatre musical directors, such as Herman Finck, Philip Braham, Cuthbert Clark, Herbert Hainton, John Ansell, all hail from the School.



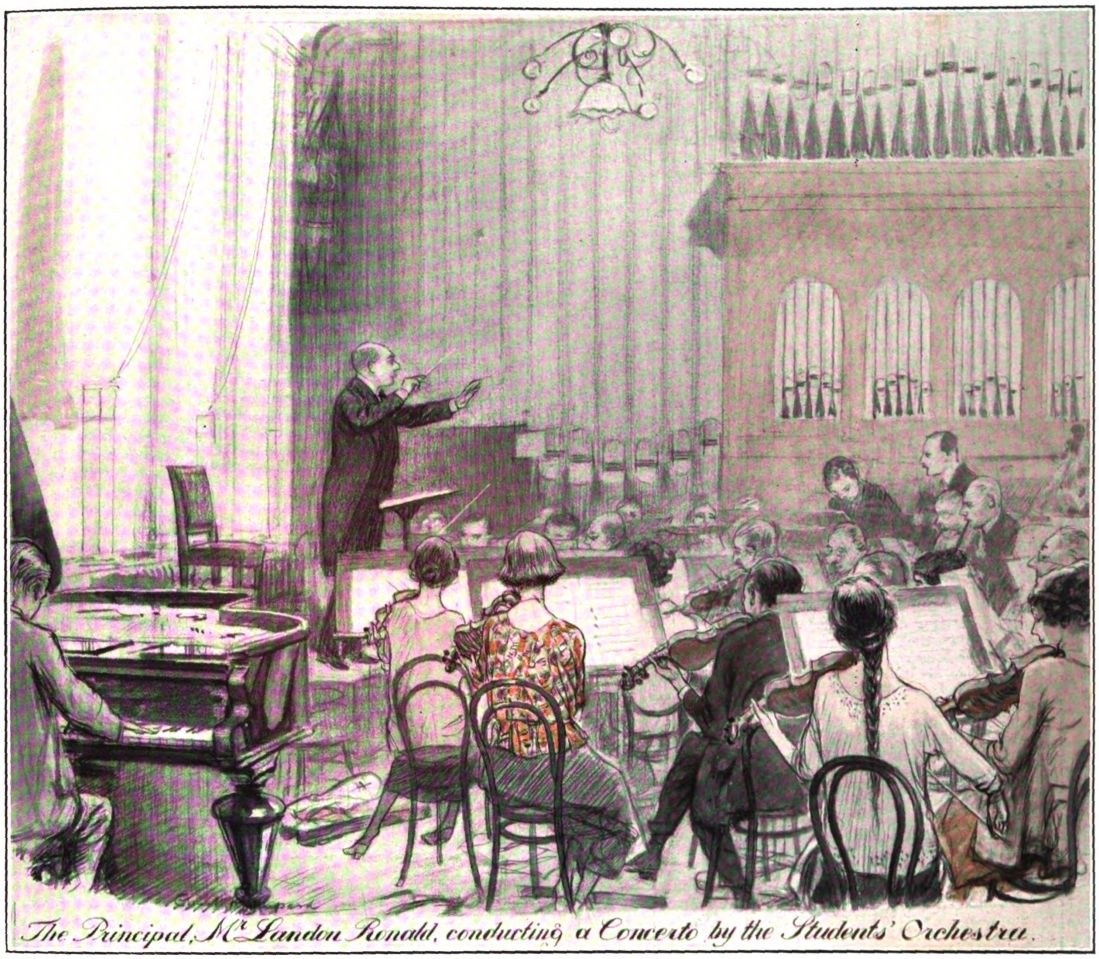
THE LADY MAYORESS DISTRIBUTING PRIZES WON AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC: A CEREMONY HELD IN THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL CLOSE BY.
Drawn by our Special Artist, E. H. Shepard.

An honoured place on the teaching staff is held by Sir Frederic Cowen, the veteran composer and orchestral conductor. An old friend of Mr. Ronald's, he has willingly enlisted under his banner to place his unrivalled experience at the service of the Corporation's School.

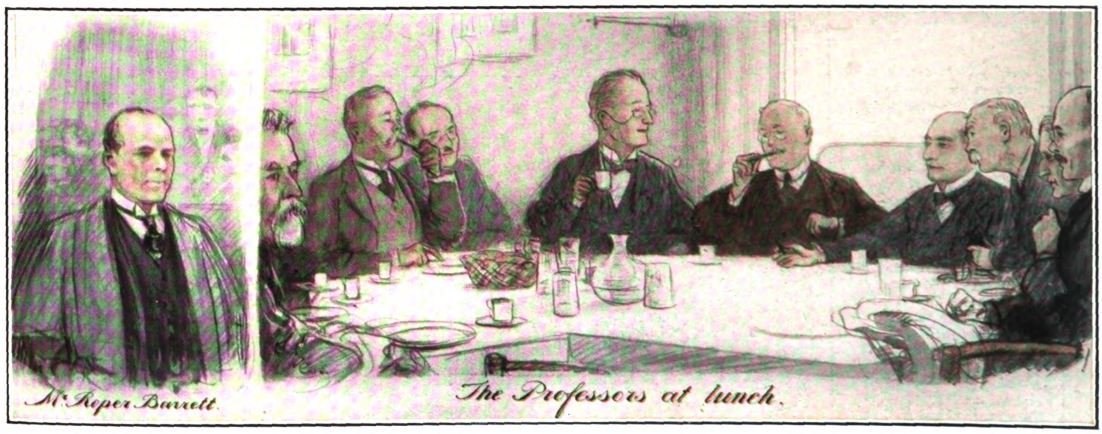
A delicate compliment was paid by a great sister institution recently when its illustrious head, the late Sir Hubert Parry, Director of the Royal College of Music, came to the Queen's Hall at the request of his old pupil and friend, Mr. Ronald, to conduct the Guildhall Students' Choir and Orchestra in a performance of "Blest Pair of Sirens." Sir Hubert expressed his amazement and delight at the remarkable ovation with which he was greeted. Another charming incident which we must not forget was an invitation by Sir Alexander Mackenzie to the students of the City School to come to Marylebone and give his young people at the Royal Academy of Music "a taste of their quality." This mutual interchange of courtesy between great schools proves an utter absence of jealousy or anything but friendly rivalry between them.

MAKERS OF MUSICIANS: THE *PERSONNEL* OF A GREAT SCHOOL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. H. SHEPARD.



The Principal, Mr. Landon Ronald, conducting a Concerto by the Students' Orchestra.



Mr. Roper Barrett.

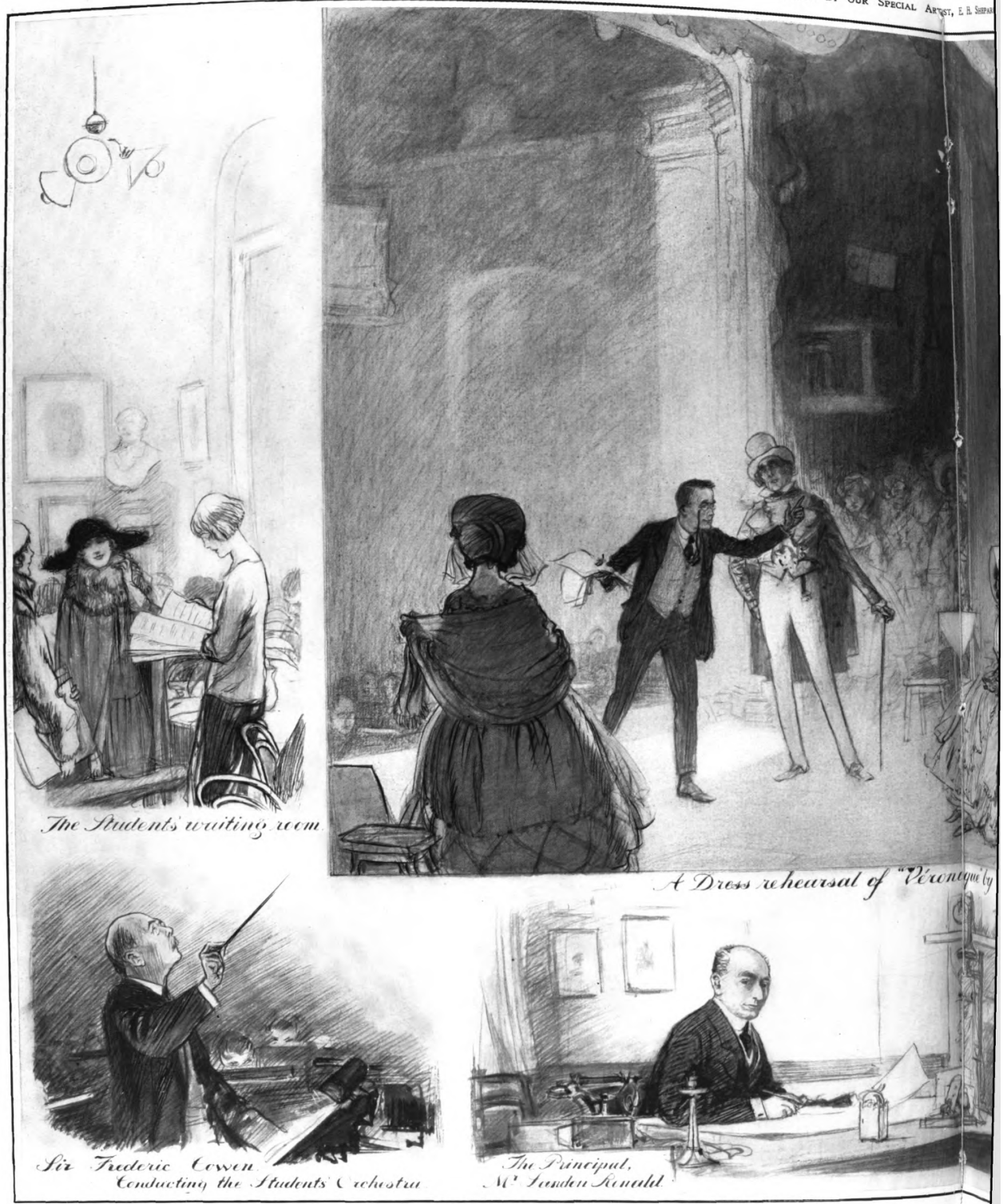
The Professors at lunch.

FOUNDED BY THE CORPORATION OF LONDON: THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC—ITS PRINCIPAL, PROFESSORS, AND SECRETARY.

More than one celebrity is closely associated with the Guildhall School of Music. On our double-page of illustrations we give some account of the Principal, Mr. Landon Ronald, and of Sir Frederic Cowen, one of the chief members of the visiting staff. But it is not only in music that those connected with the institution have won renown. Mr. Herbert Roper Barrett, who was Chairman of the Corporation's Music Committee last year, and responsible for the management of the school, is well known in the world of lawn-tennis as one of the leading players of the day. The fact emphasises the affinity that exists between the harmony of mind and body. In the group of some of the Professors at lunch (for, though "music be the food of love," musicians need something more substantial!), the names, from left to right, are—Messrs. Fred Hankins, Gregory Hast, George Aitken, Hamilton Robinson, Orlando Morgan, Landon Ronald, Franklin Clive, Ian Robertson, and Saxe Wyndham (Secretary of the School). The staff includes many others.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

A CRADLE OF TALENT FOR THE CONCERT PLATFORM AND THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. H. SHEPARD



The Students' waiting room

A Dress rehearsal of "Véronique" by

Sir Frederic Cowen Conducting the Students' Orchestra

The Principal, Mr. Landon Ronald

"IN THE LAST TEN YEARS IT HAS TURNED OUT AN IMMENSE NUMBER OF DRAMATIC, INSTRUMENTAL, AND

Since its foundation about forty years ago, the Guildhall School of Music on the Victoria Embankment has grown to be one of the most important institutions of its kind. To quote the article about it on another page in this number: "In the last ten years, during which Mr. Landon Ronald has reigned at the School, it has turned out an immense number of young artists, many of them now before the public in various capacities either as teachers or performers." Apart from his position of Principal, Mr. Landon Ronald is, of course, famous as a song-composer and a conductor. He has conducted the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra (formerly the New Symphony Orchestra) since 1908, and he is Chairman of the Musical Conductors' Association. He has toured and

ND THE STAGE: THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

ST, E. H. SHEPARD.



ER OF YOUNG ARTISTS": THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC—AND VOCAL STUDIES.

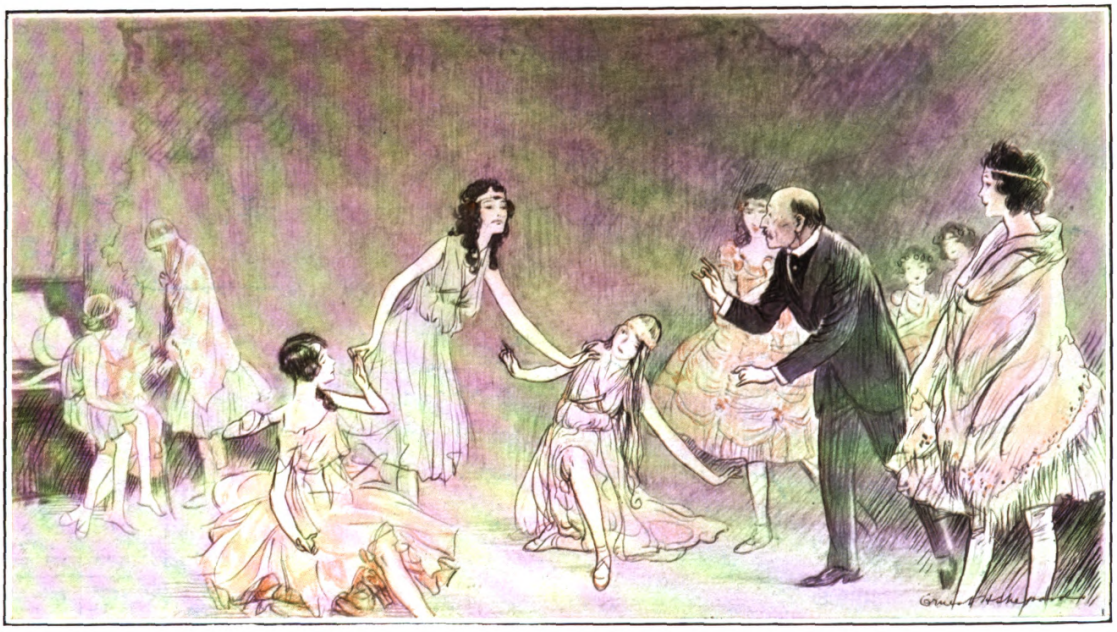
ducted in all parts of the world. His compositions include 200 songs and many other works, among the most recent being the incidental music to "The den of Allah." Sir Frederic Hymen Cowen, who was knighted in 1911, is also a famous conductor and composer, having published a number of well-wn orchestral works, and over 250 songs, duets, and piano pieces. He was born in Jamaica in 1852. Many well-known orchestras have been under sway of his baton. Mr. Lewis Cairns James, now Professor of Elocution at the chief musical colleges of London, was formerly on the stage, as a leading ıber of the D'Oyly Carte Company and others.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

DRAMATIC STUDY AT A MUSIC SCHOOL: ELOCUTION AND DANCING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. H. SHEPARD.



"SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD, THE WORD TO THE ACTION": A DRAMATIC CLASS AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC STUDYING SHAKESPEARE UNDER MISS KATE RORKE.



"AND THEN TAKE HANDS; FOOT IT FEATLY HERE AND THERE": A STAGE DANCING CLASS, UNDER MR. B. SOUTTEN, AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Besides lessons in all strictly musical subjects, the Guildhall School of Music also provides dramatic training in elocution, gesture, stage dancing (under Mr. B. Soutten), and fencing. The Shakespearean dramatic class is in the able hands of Miss Kate Rorke, the well-known actress, and we may be sure that she impresses upon her pupils Hamlet's immortal advice to the players: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently. . . . Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, as't were, to hold the mirror up to nature." A dress rehearsal at the school is shown on our double-page.—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

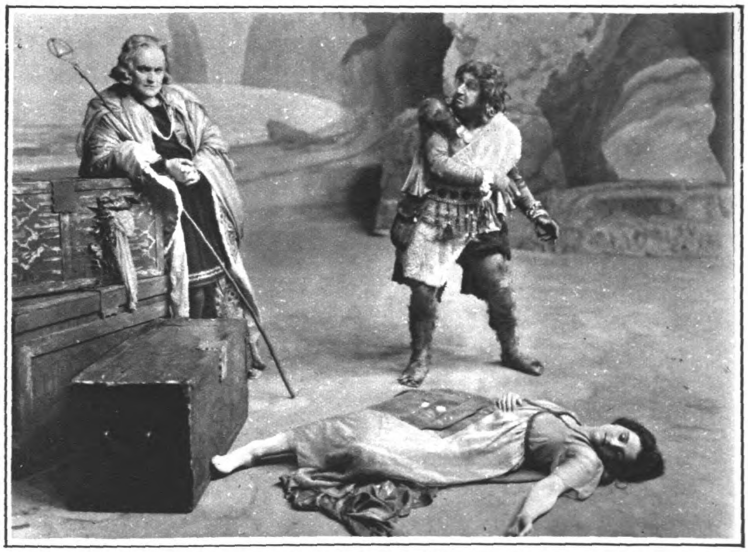
GEORGE FORMBY is dead, and no one who read the news could but pause a moment and think of him in admiration and sorrow. His was the struggle of years against the enemy within breaking him inch by inch. When the house shook with laughter, he shook with pain masked by smiles, and his anxious wife was watching in the wings lest his lungs should give out in the middle of his songs. Yet the world knew little of his sufferings: to the multitude he was the inimitable comedian, the kinsman of August in the circus, the forerunner of Charlie Chaplin. In his quaint get-up, with his short trousers, his antediluvian frock-coat, his frying-pan bowler, with an inane smile upon a would-be imbecile countenance, with a gait so uncertain that it conjured up visions of the bar and its ceaseless "rounds," he was a picture of the "compleat" village idiot. And his songs were mostly a plaintive narrative of weird adventures in which apparently everybody had the better of him, until towards the last verse the tables were turned, and the Lancastrian dodderer proved to be the "eleverest of the twain." His art seemed absolutely guileless and childish, in the vein of the Hatter's madness, but there was method in it—that wonderful form of humour which the Londoner appreciates, but cannot imitate. It was racial of the Lancastrian soil; it said a great deal in a few words; it created a type as if by the strokes of a lightning-painter; it amused and puzzled the hearer; it had the quality of the unexpected; it reminded one of the babble of children who, without effort or design of effect, utter words of wit and wisdom for which their elders would envy them. His "One of the Lads" has become a classic in the Piccadilly of *Manchester* as well as that of London. It was the happiest combination of gaiety in Bohemia and in that harder world where one works with one's "nose to the grindstone." George Formby, whose fame spread, like Chevalier's, from the old Tivoli in London, was one of the few latter-day comedians who, artists born, have created a kind of tradition (and many imitators). In popularity, he, with Lauder, Robey, and Chevalier, formed the leading quartette of the profession. He had no enemies, and he was never criticised, for he knew his public so well that he never sang a song which he could not make go down by his personality. His was the all-conquering smile, and the way of one who—I cannot say why, but only state it—endeared himself to every man, woman, and child the very moment he toddled out of the wings with those strange features which seemed to apologise for the intrusion, and to claim the indulgence of the audience.

There is a fortune waiting for the London manager who will revive some of Lecocq's operettas. This was my reflection when, with a housefull of enthusiastic English people, I left the pretty little theatre at the Casino of Mentone. (Wouldn't we be happy to have such a little jewel-box in London? And the Azure Coast is strewn with them!) True, I remember well enough that the recent revival at Drury Lane was not as long-lived as we had expected. But there was a double reason for that. The theatre was too large, and the operatic artists, accustomed to great music and great characters, were too solemn to interpret these lightly drawn figures and that equally light-winged music. But, oh! how delicious is the music of Charles Lecocq, how infectious are his melodies, how lilting and joyful and romantic his romances in that little masterpiece "Le Jour et la Nuit"! To me, who know every note and tune, it was a study to watch the audience—all quiet, staid English people who come to Mentone to enjoy the air and the exchange—the latter a delusion and a snare, for the good Riviera folk have learned by this time how many, many francs go to the pound, and make us pay accordingly. Still, the theatre at 14.40 francs, including taxes, is cheap, and excellent at the price. Where in England does one find a sea-side theatre, with its own company, now playing operetta, now comedy, with its own *corps de ballet*, and a conductor who knows the whole répertoire from, say, Verdi and Saint-Saëns to Charpentier, and all the little operetta kings with Offenbach at their head?



"SINCE I HAVE MY DUKEDOM GOT": MR. HENRY AINLEY AS PROSPERO IN THE LAST ACT OF "THE TEMPEST," AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



"TOADS, BEETLES, BATS, LIGHT ON YOU": CALIBAN (MR. LOUIS CALVERT) REVILES PROSPERO (MR. HENRY AINLEY), WHILE MIRANDA (MISS JOYCE CAREY) SLEEPS — IN THE ALDWYCH REVIVAL OF "THE TEMPEST."

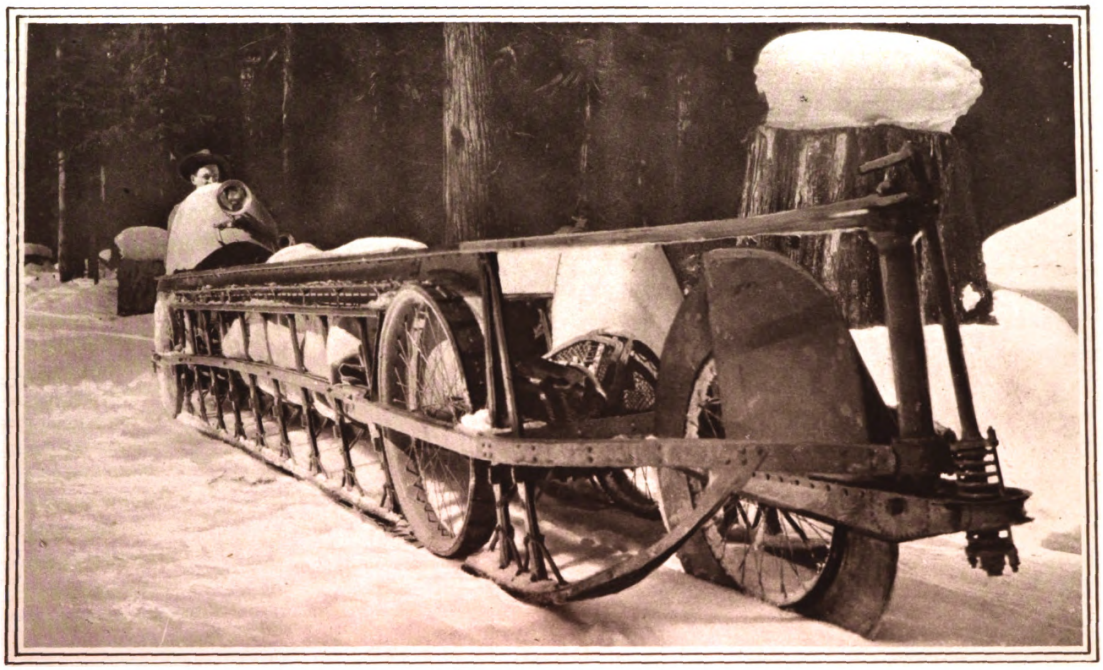
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.

Well, these English visitors looked all very grave as they entered the theatre, as is the wont of our people when they are in strange lands, and not quite sure whether they are going to be amused or bored, because they don't understand the language. But trust the muse of Lecocq to lissom these stern features! A chord or two of the overture, and already there is relaxation. When the first romance is heard, with which the older portion of the visitors is familiar, heads begin to nod as if to say to their neighbour: "Do you remember?" Anon, when the air of "Les Portugais sont toujours gais," which once upon a time ran through all Europe, conjures up pictures of a happy-go-lucky land, where to-morrow may take care of itself, we get a little effect not unlike that at the Vaudeville at home. We dare not quite sing *viva voce* after the manner of "Kitty at the Cowshed," but we hear pianissimo here, there, everywhere the gentle refrain, partly because it is so nice to hum, partly because it shows how familiar we are with the operetta of the French. And so it goes on amidst thunders of applause, and those who understand both music and the language come away and say that the play was as good as the tunes, and what a pity that we have not got *that* sort of thing in London instead of the jingles of musical comedy, and so on, and so forth.

Making allowances for the holiday-mood, when we are inclined to dub every goose a swan, and in this neighbourhood to eat goat's flesh in the firm belief that it is lamb, I feel convinced that, with the librettos properly smartened up and brought up to date, the great English public, too, would listen once more to all the pretty things which gladdened the world a generation ago. Nor is the reason far to seek. The composers of the operetta, whether their name be Offenbach, Lecocq, Planquette, Audran, and Lacome—oh! also dear Lacome; can anyone forget the lovely "Ma Mie Rosette," with Eugène Oudin as Henri IV.?—were real musicians: their scores were as artistically written as their melodies were imaginatively conceived. The librettists, too, were men of inventive power: the stories were connected, and compact and coherent; not a mere haphazard thing with a long tail and very little head. Men like Meilhac, like Scribe, like Sardou, did not disdain to write the libretti, and some of the lesser providers of the "*genre*" were generally vaudeville-writers who were as proud of working for a Lecocq as for the Palais-Royal.

In this pleading for a return to the operetta I am by no means reactionary. Even in the hey-day of musical comedy, I predicted its renaissance, and now that Revue, that *pis-aller* mainly due to the frivolity of the war-mind, is on its last legs (except at the Vaudeville, which is a *genre à part* and excellent), I foresee that the lighter muse will make a triumphal re-entry. And so long as, for reasons best known to managers, there is apprehension lest the works of late enemies would be taboo—although "The Little Dutch Girl," by Emmerich Kalman; and "Sybil," by Victor Jacobi, would prove the contrary—it may be a useful hint to remind our theatres that there is a treasure trove in French operetta which casts all the modern products of Vienna and Budapest into the shade. Lecocq, Planquette, Lacome, Hervé, Audran—think of these names, and the very reminiscence will turn your memories into an aviary! For, as in other arts, the French past-masters in music revelled in the joy of living.

A Motor-Sleigh to Replace Dogs: An Alaskan Engineer's Invention.



WITH TRACTOR-LIKE "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS AND A GUIDE-WHEEL IN FRONT STEERED FROM BEHIND: A MOTOR-SLEIGH ON THE TANK PRINCIPLE, FOR TRAVEL OVER SNOW.

The motor-sleigh illustrated above and on the opposite page, where it is further described, was invented by Mr. Frank G. Horner, of Alaska. It is constructed on the Tank principle, with "caterpillar" wheels of the tractor type. The driving-wheels at the back are actuated by a 22-h.p. four-cylinder motor, and the steering is done by means of the guide-wheel in front, operated by the driver from behind. This guide-wheel can be raised or lowered according to the depth of the snow. In trials the machine has shown a speed of about 31 miles, and it can carry enough fuel for a journey of about 625 miles, thus possessing a great advantage over the dog-sleigh, for which *caches* of supplies must be arranged at points on the route. The motor-sleigh can also cross crevasses and brooks.

Buried on the Mount of Olives: An Imperial Victim of the Bolshevists.



BROUGHT TO JERUSALEM BY WAY OF CHINA: THE COFFIN OF THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE DURING THE FUNERAL CEREMONY IN THE RUSSIAN CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, sister of the late Empress and of the Marchioness of Milford Haven, was arrested in the spring of 1918, with other members of the Imperial family, and taken to the little town of Alapaevsk, 150 versts north of Ekaterinburg. A nun named Barbe Yakovlef shared her captivity. They were murdered in the night of July 17 or 18 of that year, and were thrown into a disused mine-shaft. The bodies were recovered by Admiral Koltchak's forces in the following October, and were afterwards taken to China, and thence by way of Egypt to Palestine. Recently the bodies of the Grand Duchess Serge and the martyred nun were buried at the Russian Church of St. Mary Magdalen, built by the Grand Duke Serge's mother, on the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem. The Greek Patriarch and several Bishops officiated, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven were among those present.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY H. J. SHEPSTONE.

THE MOTOR OUSTING THE DOG OVER SNOW: SLEIGH TRANSPORT.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT, AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," BY COURTESY OF THAT PAPER.



ABLE TO CROSS NARROW CHASMS AND TO CLEAR OBSTRUCTIONS: A MOTOR-SLEIGH BUILT ON TANK LINES, DESIGNED BY AN ALASKAN ENGINEER, COMPARED WITH THE PRESENT TYPE OF DOG-SLEIGH.

The motor has practically banished the horse from the streets of great cities, and is becoming paramount on roads in general. Now it seems likely also to displace the dog on the sleigh-tracks of the Frozen North. We illustrate above and on the opposite page a new motor-sleigh invented by Mr. Frank G. Horner, of Ruby, Alaska, for the conveyance of goods and passengers over snow. The "Scientific American" says: "The runners do not extend the full length. . . . A pair of driving wheels are mounted at the rear. Towards the front is a pair of idler wheels. . . . Over each drive wheel and its corresponding idler is an endless belt. . . . The motor sleigh is so constructed that it is not damaged by contact with rocks or logs or other obstructions. Being somewhat like the caterpillar tractor in its method of locomotion, it can cross narrow chasms, brooks, and other declivities alone or with the aid of felled trees." The inventor has in view two other models; one of heavy type for clearing tracks, the other lighter, for sporting purposes. [*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

LOVERS of the seascapes of Henry Moore, R.A., R.W.S., had their opportunity on the 16th at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, when seven fine canvases came up, the property of his daughter, Mrs. J. Linton Bogle. "The Seaweed Harvest, Alt-na-Chrea, Westward Ho," which was exhibited at Munich in 1894, and was at the Cheltenham Municipal Art Gallery in 1905, brought 126 guineas; a strong water-colour drawing, "The Shore at Schevening," with fisherfolk awaiting the return of the boats, exhibited at the Royal Water-Colour Society in 1905, brought 80 guineas. For thirty years Henry Moore held undisputed sway as the faithful interpreter of the rugged fisher-folk. From 1860 he set out to conquer the sea in all its moods. It has been truly said by a foreign critic, "He painted the sea as though he had to paint its portrait." Wave effects and instantaneous photographs of the sea have done not a little to endanger Moore's reputation; but his eye was a human camera.

English coins and medals, several properties, and the fine collection of Scottish coins formed by the late Sheriff Mackenzie of Tain, N.B., were sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 21st and 22nd. There were some interesting Charles I. examples, including the crown, types 1 and 2, and Briot's half-crown, shilling and sixpence, twopence, and pattern half-groat; another set by Briot of Charles I. is the Scottish set of sixty, twelve, and six shillings, which are noteworthy. A Shrewsbury pound-piece, 1642, and an Oxford half-pound and half-crown, 1643, and shilling, sixpence, and groat, 1644, are rare types. Of the years 1645 and 1646 are Newark half-crown, shilling, and ninepence; and of the date 1648 is the Pontefract shilling, octagonal, with "DVM SPIRO SPERO" round "C.R." crowned. In the next year Charles lost his head in Whitehall. Among Scottish coins are some interesting specimens of Mary Queen of Scots, testoons, and ryals, lions and bawbees, before her marriage to Francis, during marriage with Francis, during marriage with Darnley, and during second widowhood.

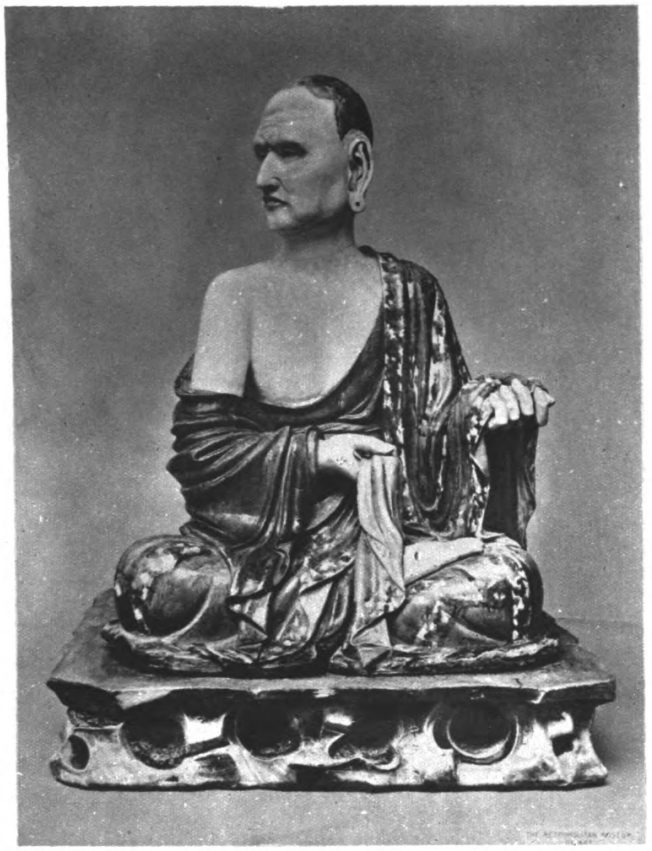
A sale of Chinese porcelain must always claim respect. There is no bad Chinese porcelain, or very little, to hand as yet. We cannot say the same of Japan, where most of the modern exportations have been atrocious in art, and, be it said, very unwelcome here. The Chinese potter has always made his objects for the sheer delight of creating wonderful art. His poetry and symbolism are innate. It is time we learned to discriminate between China and Japan. The West has ruined Japanese art for a century and more, and now the West has penetrated China. The beginning of things is when China attempts to emulate European ideas in pottery; the end of all things is when she touches Western models. Collectors should, therefore, remember that all Chinese porcelain reflecting the older and finer ideals is precious as an art acquisition. The Chinese objects of art and porcelain dispersed by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 18th had that tinge of sadness which a reflective mind feels; it is so little and so much; these things can never come again. Just a mandarin's coat of blue silk damask, embroidered in floral branches in colours, with flowers and gold on a black ground at border, and a Chinese white silk bedspread with Immortals and flowers and fruit and birds, the border with animals and birds in shaped panels, in coloured silks and silver thread. A pair of pricket candlesticks of green jade, supported by figures of birds on circular bases, stood apart, and lacquer and bronzes and porcelain in self-colour, and Chinese rugs of the Ch'ien-lung period, completed a touch of the vanishing East. Similarly, Chinese porcelain sold by Christie's on the 22nd had its allurements. A Nankin dinner service reminded one of the nabobs who sent services home, in European taste, even in that early day, but the vitiation was not widespread. A *famille verte* dish and two *famille verte* vases and beaker, both of the Kang-he period, won comparative recognition in a somewhat flat market. All sorts of little objects which were beautiful escaped general attention, as, for instance, a pair of bottles of Peking yellow glass, and a figure of Kwan-Yin, green, yellow, and aubergine. A wonderful pair of figures of cocks, the plumage of one pencilled in black and the other enamelled in colours, were fine examples, but elicited less recognition than they deserved as Ch'ien-Lung examples. At the same sale Rhodian ware came uppermost. It is primitive; it has won a place in the modern collector's heart. Its simplicity of design almost bespeaks its aloofness from Chinese and Persian prototypes. A dish with the centre decorated with arabesques in blue and white on a red medallion, and a cylindrical mug painted with sailing junks were notable items.

At Christie's on the 17th a Louis XV. library table, veneered with panels of tulip-wood, with ormolu handles and escutcheons, brought 3000 gns.

Books occupy considerable time in selling, and Messrs. Sotheby had a three days' sale beginning on the 22nd which offered possibilities to bibliophiles. First editions came uppermost, from Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-1596, to Bewick's "History of British Birds," 1797-1804. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," and Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," Cobbett's "Rural Rides" and Crabbe's "Village," and Blomfield's "Rural Tales," George Eliot's "Silas Marner" and "Adam Bede," Kingsley's "Westward Ho," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and Gay's "Poems," completed a fine run of first editions. Omar Khayyam was represented by a series of translators (wherein he rivals Horatius Flaccus in his translators); from FitzGerald to Richard le Gallienne, and Justin Huntly McCarthy, there was a fine crop of Omarian renderings of Omar, once in the sixpenny box of remainders on the booksellers' stalls in his FitzGerald edition.

A four days' sale by Messrs. Sotheby beginning on March 1 includes poems by "R. Burns, chiefly in the Scottish dialect," with portrait, Edinburgh, 1787, the first Edinburgh edition; and Voltaire's "Henriade," with a contemporary chalk drawing of Voltaire by Hubert inserted. Mr. Augustus E. John came up in a sale by Messrs. Christie on the 25th, for hall-marking in properties of Sir Coleridge Kennard and Mr. Albert Rutherston. Most are portraits in chalk or pencil, and a few in wash, Indian-ink, or sepia, possibly fugitive, hence the fugitive prices obtained. But from the Lawley collection Birket Foster (how Futurists must gnash their teeth!) had his day with twenty examples bringing fine prices. Of course, there was Turner, with "Derwentwater," from Ruskin's collection, and exhibited at Burlington House in 1886 and elsewhere, with a long pedigree; and his "Salute and Grand Dogana, Venice," "Remagen and Linz," both exhibited at Burlington House and Johanneisburg (not South Africa); and at the same sale Ernest Crofts, R.A., had his "Battle of Edgehill," and B. W. Leader, R.A., his "Solitude," and they came to their own under the hammer: disappointing, perhaps, but it is posterity's verdict, in spite of the lessened value of the sovereign.

Fine Persian, Indo-Persian, and Indian manuscripts and miniatures are to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on March 7. The Persian miniatures are wonderful in colouring and design. The borders in quality dispute precedence with fifteenth-century Italian art. Hunting scenes and love episodes are *en évidence*. Battles and combats of long-forgotten Persian heroes are pictured. It is the Arthurian legend of Persian art. The "Book of Kings" of the Persian monarchs was transcribed in the seventeenth century, and is a gallery of feats of arms of successive monarchs, as instanced by the depiction of Gurwi Zirah cutting off the head of Siawush over a golden bowl before Afrasiab; and other tetrarchs are shown as slaying single-handedly wolves, lions, and dragons. The portrait of a "Young Man" holding a cup on which a bird is perched in colours and gold is a touch of melancholy and poesie which Aubrey Beardsley could not snatch from the past. Here is the original, a prince in delectable solitude, enshrined in a Persian miniature begirt with wondrous design of cranes and fallow deer, and with enchanting foliage which Burne-Jones could not emulate in his designs. "The Arabian Nights" beloved of our childhood contains no finer dream of ecstasy.



WITH A REMARKABLY MODERN HEAD: A LOHAN (DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA) WHO HAD COMPLETED THE EIGHT-FOLD PATH OF PERFECTION—A CHINESE POTTERY FIGURE (618-906 A.D.). This is one of a set of early Chinese pottery figures of sixteen Lohans (disciples of Buddha who had reached the end of the eight-fold path and attained perfection) found in caves of a mountain near Ichou, south-west of Peking. Over a dark-green robe he wears a Buddhist priest's robe of orange-yellow. The figure was recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. A similar one is in the British Museum.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

WILLED TO NEW YORK: AN EARLY AND NOTABLE REMBRANDT.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



LIKE REMBRANDT'S FATHER: "THE NOBLE SLAV," BEQUEATHED BY WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

Under the will of the late Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has received a bequest of high importance, including ten pictures of Old Masters. Four of the paintings are of the seventeenth-century Dutch school. "The Noble Slav," by Rembrandt, is one of the most imposing of the artist's earlier works, and is remarkable for nobility of treatment. The model, resembling Rembrandt's father, is dressed in rich robes and a turban. The canvas measures 60½ inches in height and 43¾ inches in width. It is signed "R H van Rijn 1632(?)." His full name, it may be recalled, was Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn. This picture has been formerly, at different times, in the collections of King William II. of Holland, Lord Methuen (at Corsham), the Tomline Collection at Orwell Park, and the McKay Twombly Collection in New York.

THE WATERLOO CUP: THE FIRST WIN FOR THE SEFTON FAMILY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, HOOD (MOFFATT), AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



BEFORE THE FINAL: THE TRAINERS, WITH JASSIONA (LEFT) AND SHORT COMING.



WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON'S SHORT COMING.



RUNNER-UP FOR THE WATERLOO CUP: SIR R. W. B. JARDINE'S JASSIONA.



OWNER AND NOMINATOR OF THE WINNER: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SEFTON.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS: (L. TO R.) MRS. BODELEY, LADY ST. GERMANS (THIRD FROM LEFT AT BACK), LORD LONSDALE, AND LADY DIANA SOMERSET.



INCLUDING LORD MOLYNEUX, LADY ST. GERMANS, LORD LONSDALE, LADY DIANA SOMERSET, AND LORD SEFTON (RIGHT): ANOTHER GROUP.



LADY SEFTON CONGRATULATED BY SIR ROBERT JARDINE (OWNER OF THE RUNNER-UP).

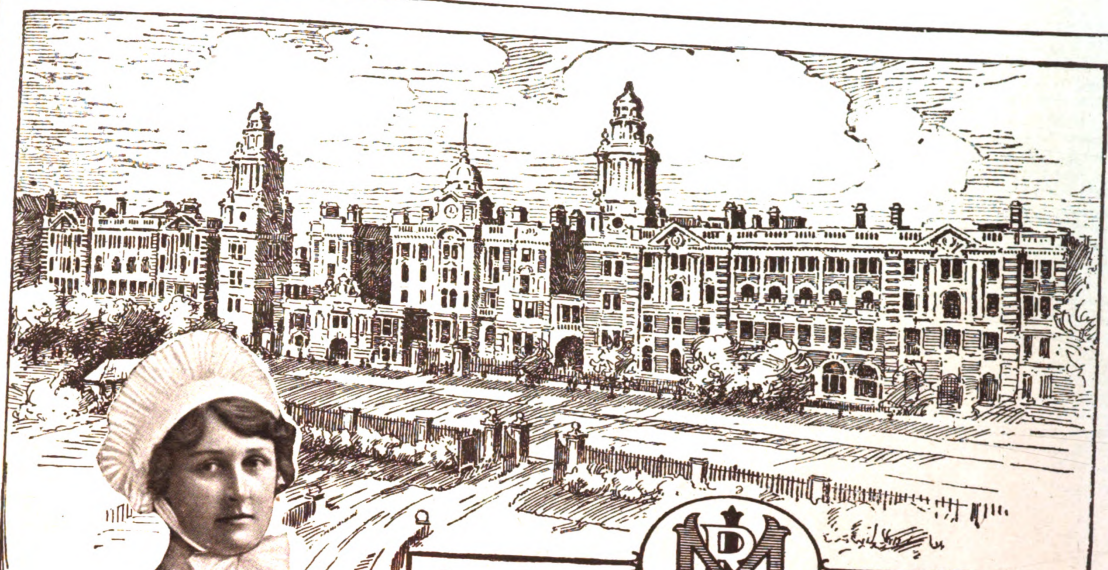


BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT: MR. G. D. MULCASTER JUDGING FROM THE NEW STAND.



AFTER HIS ACCIDENT: MR. G. D. MULCASTER, THE JUDGE, WITH BROKEN COLLAR-BONE.

The contest for the Waterloo Cup, the "blue ribbon" of coursing, was decided at Lydiate on February 18, the final being between Short Coming (owned by the Earl of Sefton and nominated by the Countess of Sefton) and Jassiona, owned by Sir Robert Jardine, who has already won the trophy twice. The victory of Short Coming was very popular, for although the Seftons have been the principal patrons of the sport for over eighty years, no member of the family has ever won the Cup before. It is presented by Lord Sefton himself. He and Lady Sefton received hearty congratulations from all present, among the first to offer them being Sir Robert Jardine, the owner of the runner-up. In the early part of the day the judge, Mr. G. D. Mulcaster, had an unfortunate accident. He had abandoned the new judging stand (shown in one of our photographs), and was again judging on horseback, when, during one of the courses, he was thrown heavily. His horse fell on him, and he broke his collar-bone and injured a rib. His duties were taken over by Mr. Hector Clark.



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A HISTORIC LONDON HOUSE PRESERVED.

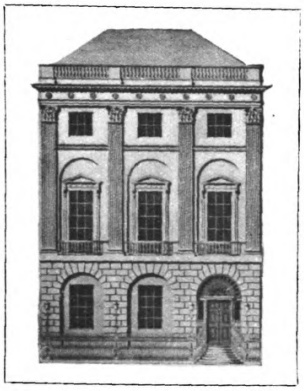
IN 1662 King Charles II. granted to his favourite, Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, "St. James' Fields," an area of no less than forty-five acres, which, roughly, is now bounded by Piccadilly on the north, Pall Mall on the south, Regent Street on the east, and St. James's Street on the west. The recipient seems to have been a man of considerable business acumen, and before ten years had passed he had laid out St. James's Square and most of the streets contiguous to it. One is led to recall these facts, not without some misgivings, by the announcement that Messrs. Hampton and Sons are removing their estate agency from Cockspur Street to the beautiful eighteenth-century Adam mansion, 20, St. James's Square, where also they will shortly be opening estate sale-rooms for their auction sales of properties.

Enquiries, however, show that there need be no misgivings. Happily, the House of Hamptons has traditions, and this unique example of an Adam town residence is to suffer no mutilation at their hands. On the contrary, it has been their pride zealously to guard all the original Adam work, as well as the wonderful decorations by Angelica Kauffmann, and other equally eminent decorative artists, sculptors, and craftsmen. Henceforth, therefore, their clients will have the satisfaction of negotiating for estates and houses in a building which is unquestionably the most beautiful of its kind in the world that is in use for commercial purposes.

The history of St. James's Square is remarkably fascinating. For nearly three hundred years its houses have been made historic by being the homes of some of the most eminent men in English public life. Not the least famous is No. 20. In the Rate Books of St. Martin's for 1676, 200 years earlier, the rated occupier is given as Sir Allen Apsley, the Keeper of the King's Hawks and Treasurer to the Duke of York. Among the most eminent of its later occupiers were William Wyndham Grenville, who, when Prime Minister, lived there for some years from 1792 onwards; and, later, Earl Sondes and the Earl of Strathmore.

In 1771 Sir Watkin Williams Wynn bought the freehold of No. 20, and had the old house pulled down. To his instructions the Brothers Adam then designed and built on the site a mansion which remains to this day one of the handsomest of the many palatial houses in the City of Westminster.

The Adam style expresses, perhaps more than any other, the classic conception of what constitutes elegance. An infallible feeling for ideal proportion, and a telling restraint in the use of enrichments, are conspicuous among the qualities which give to its best examples such a peculiar distinction and atmosphere of stateliness. Of the many historic mansions erected by the Brothers Adam, there is not one in which these



AN ADAM HOUSE, DECORATED BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN: NO. 20, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE—MESSRS. HAMPTON'S NEW ESTATE OFFICES.

qualities are more fully in evidence than they are at No. 20, St. James's Square.

The planning, the structure, and the decorations throughout stamp this house as being one of the masterpieces of the Brothers Adam. Its numerous sculptured marble mantelpieces are among the finest that were produced in the eighteenth century, and exemplify the highest point that craftsmanship has ever reached in this country. All these are still in perfect condition, and are being left just as they were fixed in 1773. Directly on to these ceilings Angelica Kauffmann painted some of her most beautiful decorative panels, depicting allegorical and other subjects. The effect of these unique masterpieces, so well designed and so soft in colour, is admirably enhanced by the low-relief plaster work and the beautifully carved doors and overdoors of wonderfully figured Spanish mahogany.

All these works having been carried out under the personal direction of Robert Adam himself, every detail exemplifies a skill in craftsmanship which has been very seldom equalled and never surpassed.

Ralph, in his "Review of Public Buildings in London," published in 1734, says of St. James's Square: "It has an appearance of grandeur superior to any other place in Town"; and this is one of the few really appreciative words to be found in this book, his criticism of other places being mostly adverse. St. James's Square was a favourite promenade of Johnson and Savage, who, often hungry and dispirited as well as homeless, could hardly have refrained from envying the occupants of these princely residences. Their wanderings round this Square doubtless inspired Johnson's lines—

> When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
> To a fine young lady of quality,
> How happy will that gentlewoman be
> In his Grace of Leeds' good company!
>
> She shall have all that 's fine and fair,
> And the best of silks and satins shall wear
> And ride in a coach to take the air,
> And have a house in St. James's Square.

In these days, when so many historical and artistically interesting old buildings are being demolished for utilitarian purposes, it is refreshing to find that there are owners who are willing to sacrifice purely commercial interests in order to preserve the beauties and amenities of architectural gems such as is this fine old house. The fact that the house stands on more than an eighth of an acre makes it clear that it would have been to Messrs. Hampton and Sons' financial advantage to have pulled it down and built on the site a block of flats or similar buildings.

From the point of view of the public, it is a matter for congratulation that such a fate has not overtaken this property; it is to be hoped that the public spirit of this firm will not ultimately result in the financial loss which their action suggests, because the impressiveness of such stately headquarters must add materially both to the number and to the confidence of their clients, and will also have an uplifting effect upon the minds of their Staff.

The Austin TWENTY

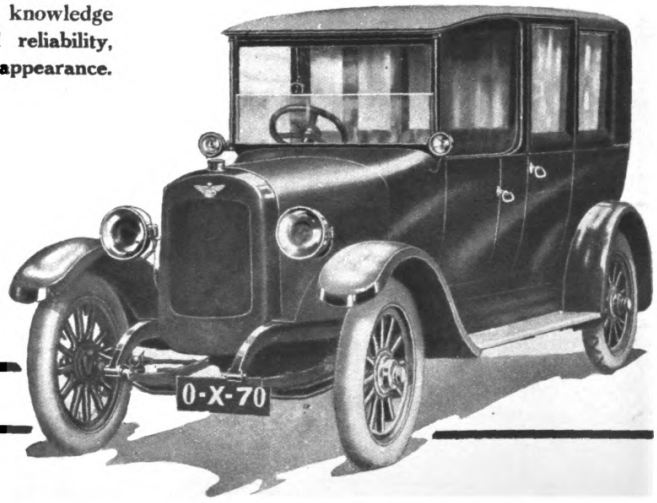
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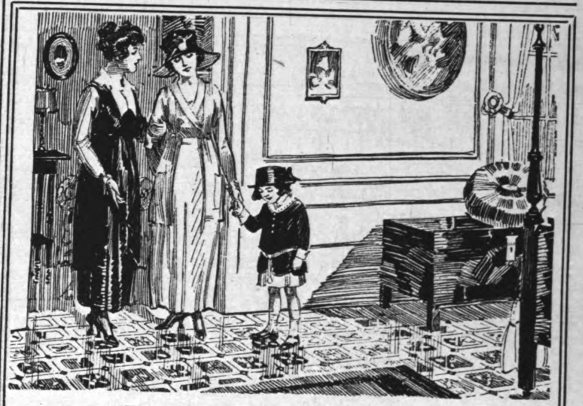
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LADIES' NEWS.

THERE were more Peeresses at the opening of Parliament than usual, and they all wore many and most beautiful jewels. The Peers and the officials put them quite in the shade as regards colour, but our sex had it in brilliance. There were a few ladies, not Peeresses, who viewed the fine spectacle from a high-up gallery. Miss Megan Lloyd George was one; Mrs. Asquith, in cloth of gold, another; Lady Lister Kaye, in crimson velvet and diamonds; Mrs. Brinton, and others. Cloaks were more beautiful than frocks. The Duchess of Wellington's was ermine; the Duchess of Somerset's sable; Lady Annesley's, Chinese dragons in gold on aquamarine, satin lined, and with a collar and stole of ermine. Priscilla Lady Annesley and Lady Massereene and Ferrard were, as usual, much admired.

Tried and trusted, a material we women know to be the very best of its kind, Viyella occupies a place in the opinion of the woman who knows second to none. Yes; but the women who know don't know enough. Until a few days ago, I was quite unaware that the beautiful fabric we love for blouses, summer dresses, nighties, and many other purposes, also appears in a weightier and more substantial form as suitings. These have all the virtues of their less heavy sisters: they never shrink, there is no necessity to have them dry-cleaned, because they wash beautifully, they wear splendidly, they have that finish which is a speciality of Viyella, and are made of the same beautiful soft quality of lambs' wool: are, in fact, so far a super-Viyella that tailors welcome them to make coats and skirts, dress-makers fashion them into smart frocks, while for tennis, the river, golf, and all holiday wear, these fabrics are unsurpassable. They are made in 46-in. and in 56-in. widths. Then there is quite a good selection of alluring, fine herringbone Viyella suiting. The stripes on white ground are full of fascination, and just right for spring and summer wear. Some are on diagonal and some on herringbone cloth, the stripes differing in width, colour, and arrangement, so that all tastes are satisfied. In dark costume cloths are greys, blues—really beautiful blues—and blacks, striped in different widths and arrangements with white; these are very smart and neat. In the height of fashion are shepherd's-plaid cloths, with large over-checks in colour, yellow, or blue, mauve, sepia, or green. These, for the new pleated skirts, or for coats, are quite perfect in style as in texture. There is a good choice in plain shepherd's plaids, and there are most effective and styleful black cloths, with a diamond crosswise design in colours, blue, purple, white, grey and mauve. There is, in fact, all that anyone can want in these splendid Viyella suitings. It is nice to know that this material originated with William Hollins in 1777, and some of the work is still done in the place where it first saw the light. It is the proud boast of the proprietors of Viyella that since, twenty-eight years ago, it was first placed on the market, it has never altered from the guaranteed standard. A. E. L.



A DRESS OF THE MOMENT.

Black silk duvetyn is the material used for the dress. In order to relieve its sombreness it is embroidered in heavy silk floss in peacock-blue and mole. It has, moreover, a waist-band of black satin, with a large bow at the back.

Photograph by H. J. Shepstone.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THE *Eclair* recently published an article from the pen of Major Boyd Carpenter, on the Irish question, which made a considerable impression on the French thinking public. It was time that the case was stated clearly, for it has been rather difficult to bear the ignorant comments on England's "unfairness" to Ireland, and the sometimes rather violent abuse. Every outrage has been fully recorded by the entire French Press; photographs of burnt-out houses and street fighting in Dublin and elsewhere figured in every illustrated paper; no Sinn Fein incident escaped the unfavourable attention of the Press. At dinner-tables and receptions in Society, one became weary of answering the same set of questions on the state of affairs in Ireland, questions displaying such ignorance of the history of Ireland that to answer them properly would have involved one in a historical lecture, with the Battle of the Boyne as a starting-point.

Major Boyd Carpenter's clear *exposé* of the attitude of extremist Sinn Feiners throughout the war has come as a revelation to the French people, who now realise for the first time that the Irish republicans in question were just as much the enemies of France and England during the Great War as the Germans were. His proofs are convincing, and his explanations extremely fair; everything is set down, from the first treasonable acts of Casement and his anti-Franco-British propaganda, to the final stages of the war, when England, faced with the necessity for raising more troops, had every difficulty to contend with from the Sinn Feiners, who terrorised the Irish population and successfully prevented many of the younger men from joining the colours.

Finally, Major Boyd Carpenter presents a clever analogy to the French people in support of his argument that Ireland cannot be allowed to cut herself adrift from the British Empire, of which she must always form an integral part. He asks what France would do in the event of Normandy or Brittany demanding a form of "Home Rule" entirely independent of the rest of the country; could they contemplate granting such a request? The analogy is a good one, so far as it goes, but there is one very important difference between the two cases—namely, the religious question, which, of course, is at the root of a good deal of our Irish troubles. Strangely enough, despite the history of France, with its Massacre of St. Bartholomew and all the Huguenot troubles, no Frenchman of to-day can realise what a living, burning feud exists between the Churches in

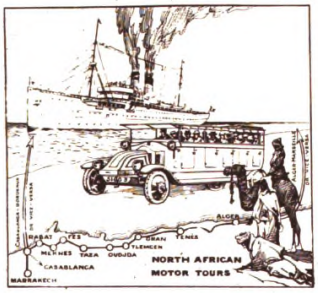
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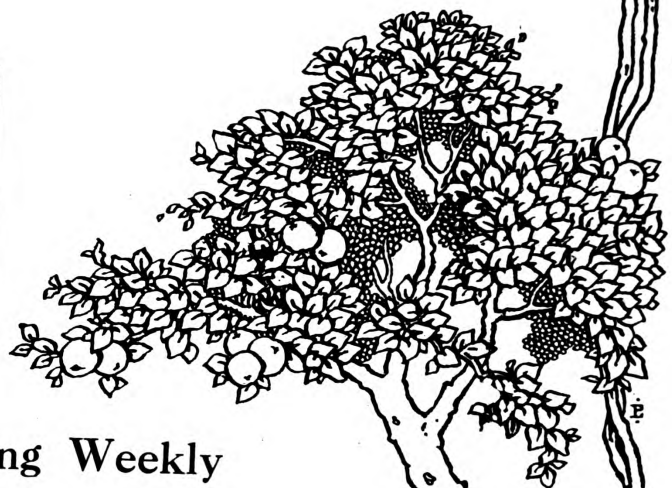
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Continued.]

Ireland; it is difficult to convey an idea of the extraordinary power of the priesthood and the influence they have attained in the world of politics.

A familiar feature of the streets of Paris will disappear with the closing down of the Vilgrain Huts during the next few weeks, the Government judging that there is no longer any need for their services. In the early days of the war, when food became scarce and prices were excessive, M. Vilgrain, a well-known agriculturist and philanthropist, obtained permission to set up a number of wooden huts on the boulevards and in every quarter of Paris, for the purpose of providing good and wholesome food for the working-classes at reasonable prices. Their success was instantaneous, and soon the huts were multiplied all over Paris and the surrounding suburbs. This undoubtedly averted something in the nature of a revolution, certainly in the poorer quarters of Paris.

It seems almost a pity that such an excellent organisation should be scrapped: why shouldn't M. Vilgrain and his expert staff turn their attention, for instance, to the Devastated Area, where, from all accounts, something of the kind is badly needed?



COLLECTED FOR SURRENDER TO THE ALLIES: A HUGE DUMP OF GERMAN AIRCRAFT AT JOHANNISTHAL, NEAR BERLIN.

Mr. Lloyd George recently gave some astonishing figures regarding the amount of German war material surrendered since the Armistice. It includes 31,000 guns, 10,000 trench-mortars, 70,000 machine-guns, 3,000,000 rifles, 33,000,000 shells, and 411,000,000 cartridges. The German war-machine, he said, must be broken up beyond repair. Our photographs indicate something of the quantity of aircraft handed over.—[*Photograph by Photothek, Berlin.*]

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MIS' NELL O' NEW ORLEANS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

"MIS' NELL O' NEW ORLEANS" will serve—indeed, will more than serve. Mr. Laurence Eyre's play charms by its Louisiana setting, with its Creole folk and its Creole idioms, with its Negroes and Negresses dancing attendance in song and service, with its scenes of carnival and frolic. But it charms even more by the scope it affords that bewitching comédienne, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, to air her versatility in a rôle which she makes irresistibly vivacious and piquant. Nelly Daventry is supposed to come back home from Paris after some twenty or thirty years to stop her niece's engagement to the son of a lover of hers, who jilted her in the long ago, and when she comes it is in masquerade; an old woman she looks hobbling with a stick, but a naughty old woman with a choice vocabulary of swear-words to shock her niece, and everybody else in New Orleans. But soon she throws off her disguise, and, lo! here she is in the frock of her youth, the most fascinating of temptresses, bowling over not only her former sulky old sweetheart, but his son as well. Indeed, forgetting poor little Delphine, the youngster is for marrying Aunt Nelly out of hand, and away they drive at midnight, this flirt of an aunt, to all seeming only too willing for the escapade. If Miss Vanbrugh's art, so rich in fun and high spirits and diablerie, is delicious in this scene, it is even more taking in the sequel. No description can do justice to the actress's performance. It is a *tour de force* in which the whole battery of woman's wiles and a magnetic personality is employed triumphantly. Mr. Hallard, Mr. Faber, and Mr. Jack Hobbs do what mere men can.

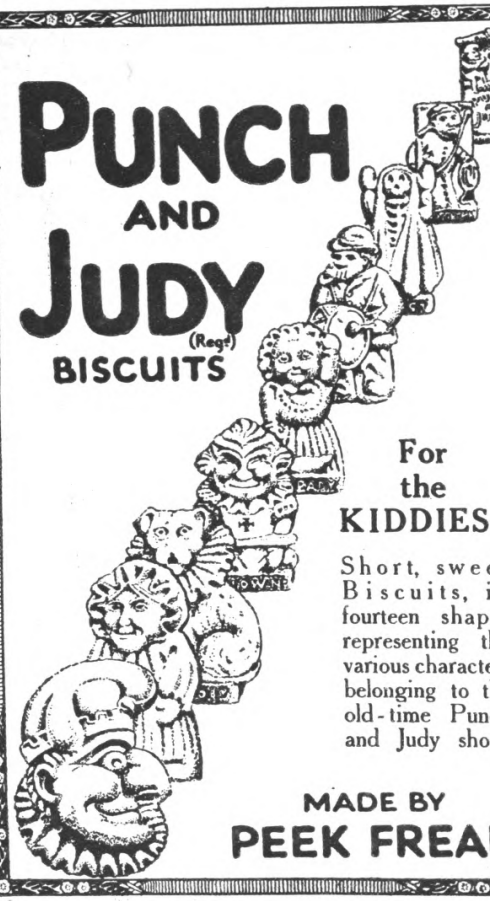
"KING HENRY IV." (PART II.), AT THE COURT.

The second part of "King Henry IV." has never enjoyed the stage vogue of either the first part or of that pæan of patriotism, "King Henry V." Yet there are compensations. There is Falstaff, moving towards his decline, but still full-blooded enough. There is Master Shallow, that wonderful study of senility hugging itself over the exploits (probably feigned) of its gay-dog youth. And in this play are also to be found two of the most famous passages in Shakespearean drama—the situation in which the Prince tries on his unconscious father's crown; and, again, the coronation scene, wherein the new King, with a self-righteous cruelty no lover of Falstaff can ever forgive, disowns and disgraces the partner of his follies. One can imagine a Falstaff in this his moment of eclipse being as tragic a sight almost as Shylock under defeat; Mr. Alfred Clark plays him on naturalistic lines, abating some of his exuberance, bringing him down more to the level of his comrades. He has the support of a breezy if noisy Pistol in Mr. Benson Kleve; and the right note of coarseness is struck by Miss Margaret Yarde's Dame Quickly and Miss Leah Bateman's Doll. In the royal death-bed scene there is fine declamation from both Mr. Frank Cellier as King and Mr. Basil Rathbone as Prince, and there is a good Lord Chief Justice at the Court in Mr. Eugene Leahy. But the most haunting piece of acting comes from Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Justice Shallow.



THE END OF THE GERMAN AIR FLEET: MOUNTAINS OF DISMANTLED PROPELLERS.—[*Photograph by Photothek Berlin.*]

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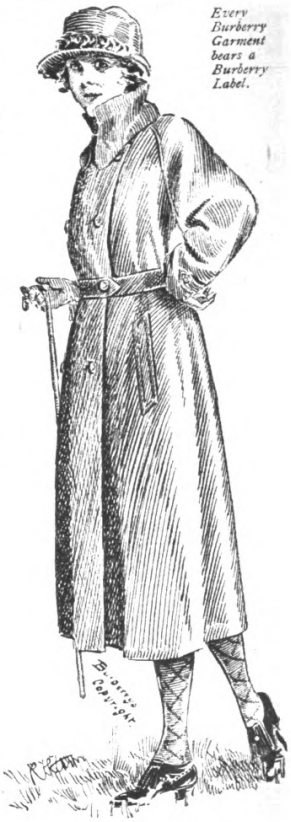
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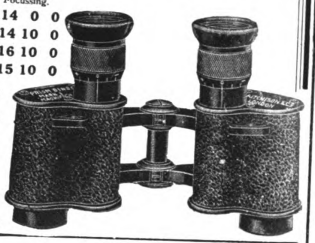
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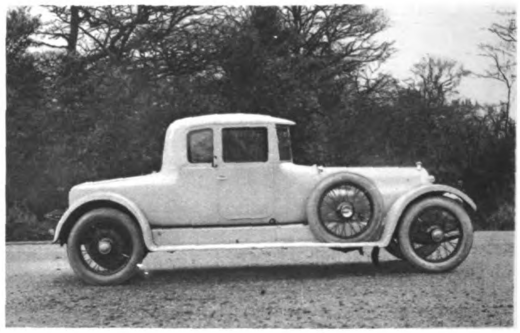
committees, which will not only keep in touch with the members of Parliament representing the various constituencies, but can be called together at any time to deal with legislative matters of national or local importance to the motorist. Hitherto the task of opposing restrictive or oppressive legislation has fallen on the shoulders of a few M.P.s, who have done their best to secure reasonable treatment for motorists; but the action of the Government in forcing upon the country the present inequitable system of taxation has demonstrated the need for the adoption of a new policy to secure the early revision of the grossly unfair taxes and obtain a really fair hearing for the motorist on other legislative matters which are likely to be before the House in the near future. The recent successes achieved on behalf of motor-users by the Association at the Dover and Hereford by-elections revealed that the importance of motoring interests in present-day legislation can no longer be measured by the extent to which the motorist lends his car to one or other of the candidates. It is the A.A.'s intention to show that the motoring vote, including as it does both users and those employed in the industry, is a factor seriously to be reckoned with by those who stand for Parliament.

A Most Important Development.

In many ways this move of the A.A. is to be regarded as the most important which has ever been made in the whole history of the political side of motoring. The weakness of the A.A. hitherto has been that its constitution has not been sufficiently democratic—the membership had no say in either policy or management. That was very well so long as the A.A. simply existed to give "service" to the motorist; but now that we want a powerful political organisation—we need not mind saying so—something more representative in the real meaning of the term is required. The R.A.C. is not really representative, since its whole policy is directed by a small section of the Committee, and is formulated without regard to the opinions of the motoring community as a whole, which, indeed, the Club never troubles to discover. The A.A. is the one organisation capable of really and truly representing the motorist. Its membership is both large and influential. It, with all its faults, *works* for the good of the movement. That it has, perhaps, not carried the full confidence of motoring has been due to the narrowness of its organisation, which has not altogether kept pace with the times. Now that its scope is to be widened in the manner set forth, its power for good will be immeasurably increased, and we shall have a real fighting organisation.

The R.A.C. and Speed-Limits.

The Departmental Committee on the Taxation and Regulation of Road Vehicles—rather a misnomer, since its task is to deal only with mechanically propelled vehicles—is taking evidence on the question of speed-limits and driving licenses. Last week Sir Arthur Stanley gave the views of the R.A.C. and its Associated Clubs to the Committee. He thought the present limit of 20 m.p.h. should be abolished, together with all other speed-limitations. In support of this view, Sir Arthur urged that since 1903, when the present Motor Car Act was passed, the motor-car has been greatly improved in every respect, including brake efficiency. The public has become accustomed to motor traffic, and speed is regulated naturally by traffic circumstances and other conditions. The roads have been greatly improved, and the present taxation on motor vehicles means constant further improvement. He drew attention to the report of the Royal Commission on Motor Cars, 1906, which suggested that more effective control could be secured by amending Section 1 of the Motor Car Act (relating to dangerous driving), and contended that an arbitrary speed-limit weakens this clause instead of strengthening it. Danger to the public is not a question of speed, but of careless or negligent driving. W. W.



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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

POISONING THE SEA.

DURING the war reports were numerous of gulls, guillemots, and other sea-birds found dead or dying, with their plumage saturated with oil. At the time it was believed these were the victims of a military necessity, since it was imperative, for reasons then apparent to most people, to spread a film of oil over certain areas of the sea haunted by the submarines of the enemy. But that necessity ceased long since, yet the destruction of these birds from oil-saturated plumage still continues. During the last month or two, long lists of victims have come in, not from one or two localities, but from a succession of stations, ranging from Scotland to Lands End.

Are these occurrences due to a concerted and diabolical plot on the part of fishermen to rid themselves of their rivals?—for there are many who anathematise these birds, believing them to be enormously destructive to fisheries, though there is not a scrap of evidence in support of this view. Or are they due to thoughtlessness of those who set adrift the vitiated oil, periodically drained off from motor engines, of which so many are now in use? The matter calls for immediate enquiry and investigation by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, since it is one of great gravity, concerning not merely sea-birds, but the very existence of our food fishes.

Their existence is threatened both directly and indirectly. Directly, from the fact that, for the most part, during the larval stage they swim at the surface and haunt the shores. Young plaice, cod, and whiting, for example, come so far shorewards that they are taken in thousands in the "shove-nets" of the shrimpers; while great numbers are cut off from the sea to fend as best they may in rock-pools at low tide, till released at high water. These pools are now becoming filled, and the surrounding sand is becoming saturated, with oil, bringing with it certain death. Thus, then, our store of food fishes is seriously menaced. But this is not all. Our shore-line, both between tide-marks and beyond, is tenanted by a host of creatures, molluscs, worms, and the like, which furnish the food of the fishes which in turn feed us. And they are also killed by this invading oil. Some of these molluscs, such as oysters, cockles, and scallops, provide annually a vast amount of wholesome human food.

The mischief, however, is not confined to the immediate shore-line, for this discharged oil is found miles from the land, and here it wages death upon floating eggs which otherwise would bring forth the larvæ whose early stages are passed inshore. The fate of the eggs, moreover, is shared by myriads of minute marine organisms, such as crustacea, known as copepoda, and allied forms; and the still more minute organisms on which these feed. Hosts of fishes, as well as whales, depend on these copepoda for their very existence. Even suppose that, as some contend, the damage is "only local," the polluted areas are constantly changing, and before any given area has recovered, it will, in all probability, be fouled again.

As if this were not enough, our military authorities have been dumping enormous quantities of high explosives into the sea by way of encompassing its destruction. As a consequence, the water in and around such areas is poisoned, and will remain so until the whole of the submerged material has been dissolved and dispersed! One result of this has been the extermination of an oyster-bed. If we are to avert disaster, steps must be taken to prevent the discharge of such material, both oil and high explosives, anywhere within one hundred miles of land; better still would it be, if possible, to prevent its discharge into the sea at all.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



A CHAMPION OF REUNION: DR. TEMPLE (LEFT) ON THE OCCASION OF HIS ENTHRONEMENT AS BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Dr. William Temple, recently Canon of Westminster, and son of the late Archbishop Temple, was enthroned as Bishop of Manchester in the cathedral there on February 15. In a message to the diocese he spoke of his friendly relations with the Free Churches, and said he hoped the present division might soon be overcome. *[Photograph by Topical.]*

The eightieth edition of Burke's "Peerage" has just been published, and those who are interested in the history of the great families of England, as well as those who simply want an infallible work of reference, will welcome its reappearance after four years. "Burke, 1921," is a lordly tome, for even those who have "kept track" of the war honours will hardly have realised that, besides a revival of a royal Dukedom for his Majesty's second son, 3 Marquisates, 7 Earldoms, 16 Viscounties and 46 Baronies, to say nothing of 162 Baronetcies and a little matter of 494 K.B.E.s and 530 Knights Bachelor, have been created during the last few years. The revival of the royal Dukedom of York, which was conferred on Prince Albert in June 1920, is the eighth revival of that ancient title, first created in 1385, and the changes of the titles of the Battenberg and Teck royalties constitute a precedent in the world's history. Woman's place in the Honours List is another innovation in "Burke," for the 99 Dames created since the war are, of course, included in the classic pages. A distinctly useful feature of the work is the "Guide to Relative Precedence," which arranges all those entitled to precedence into various classes designated by numbers.



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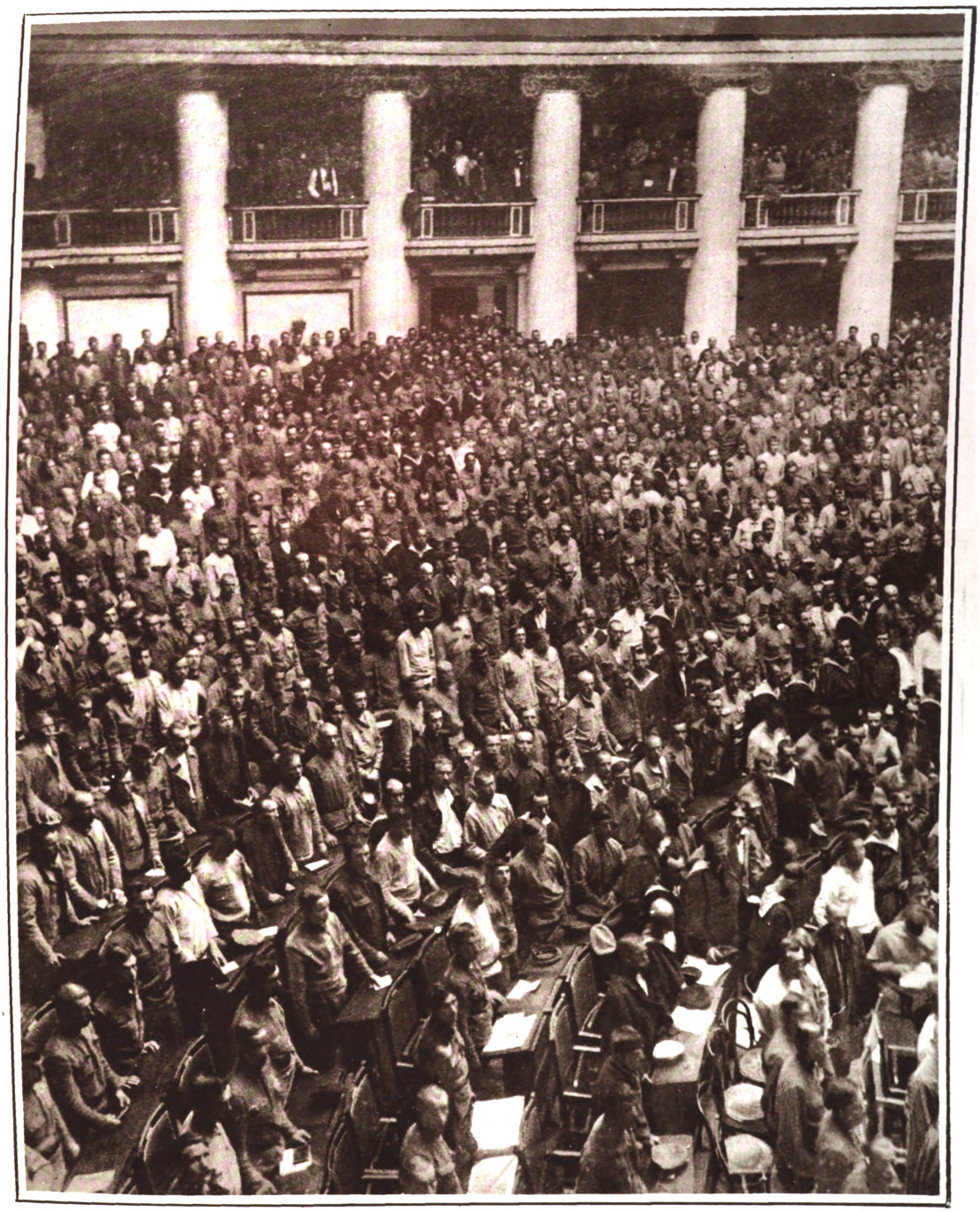
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C. 2.—SATURDAY

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1921.

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THE LAW-MAKERS OF RUSSIA: A SESSION OF THE SOVIET IN PETROGRAD.

Whatever charges may be made against the Bolshevists in Russia, they cannot be accused of extravagance in personal attire, if this photograph of the Petrograd Soviet in session may be taken as typical. Most of the members are wearing the ordinary dress of the Russian peasant, while here and there may be noticed uniforms of soldiers and sailors. The general impression of the scene does not convey an air of great prosperity in a body of men who must be among the most favoured section of the population, nor can it be said that the expression of the faces suggests contentment. News from Petrograd has been scanty of late. A recent report from Moscow stated that the Government offices there are now guarded by men of an international corps, 2000 strong, consisting largely of Germans, who drill and train the troops, but also including Hungarians, Italians, Frenchmen, and even some British ex-officers. The militarist party, it was also said, are fostering the idea of a new war on a large scale, though the present Soviet policy is to keep peace with Western Europe.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



THE Royal and Ancient Game threatens to become as controversial as theology, and we may expect the rise of an Orthodoxy of the Links, no less exclusive than that of the jarring sects. "The Ball great Question makes of Ayes and Noes," upsetting Omar's considered opinion, and here physical science intrudes with fine distinctions and formulæ that bring to the club-house fireside the atmosphere of the lecture-room. Once upon a time, golfers were content, after the game, to "tell each other how they did the holes," as R. F. Murray sang, and, if theory looked in at all, it had short shrift at the hands of the practical player. Professor Tait, you remember, proved to his class by mathematical law that a golf-ball could not possibly be driven beyond a certain distance; whereupon his son, that mighty performer, went out to the links, and with the unfilial logic of practice, clubbed his father's ideal record to foolishness. But now we decline on hair-splitting in vexed newspaper correspondence, theorist calling to theorist in decimal fractions, and the end is not yet.

It is refreshing, amid the clamour, to hear Vardon's sturdy championship of Orthodoxy on the question of the stymie. He is not afraid to deliver clear-cut dogma. "The stymie," he says, "is an integral part of the game, and should be kept as such." Were it to go, the literature of golf would, in time, require a footnote to explain a poem that should never stand in need of explanation. It was the provoking wile of the stymie that gave Andrew Lang his cue for "A Song of Golf and Life," that whimsical exposition of human tragedy and baulked endeavour, put into the mouth of a Scots divine—

I socht a kirk, a bonny kirk,
Wi' teind, an' glebe, an' a';
A bonny yaird to feed a stirk,
An' links to ca' the ba'!
Anither lad cam' in an' fleeched—
A Convartit U.P.—
An' a' in vain ma best I preached,
That limmer stimied me!

It was the same in love: "Intil her heart I couldna pass: anither man lay deid." Curious that the Church, always a great upholder of a game that works off "that Mondayish feeling" so happily, should have protested the other day against the prominence given during Lent to a golfing discussion. One would rather have expected a resounding deliverance, inclining towards Orthodoxy, in support of a pastime so favourable to the welfare of Divinity, whose presence on the links is also in restraint of alleged tendencies to profanity there. Yet even here there is a stymie, if that be a credible story of the St. Andrews caddie who, asked where a Very Rev. Principal was to be found, replied: "He 's ower yonder, tappin' the ba' an' sweerin' maist awfu'."

Baffling in all its aspects, the stymie is also a puzzle in the mere origin of its name. It is probably connected with the phrase "I can't see a styme," meaning, "I can see nothing at all," and with "styme," a glance or blink. Stymie is also a term for a blind man, and the blinding of an otherwise clear putt by the opponent's ball may very well account for the usage, although the N.E.D. remains non-committal. The word has appeared in golfing treatises since 1842, in various forms—"stimey," "steimy," and, in the song quoted above, "stimy." "The thing they ca' the stimy o't, I find it ilka where." A bother it may be, but a sporting bother, and one that makes for what the Americans call "up-lift," moral and physical. The badly-stymied player, who holes out with a neat lofting shot, snatches a fearful joy. That, we take it, is at the back of Vardon's plea for the *status quo ante*.

If the literature of golf would suffer loss of lucidity by the passing of the stymie, that of another pastime has already received a sharp contradictory shock from modern practice. Mr. Kipling did not exactly conciliate football players when he described them as "muddied oafs at the goals." Perhaps it was by way of direct refutation that these athletes have now brought the cult of personal fastidiousness to a dandiacal pitch, and that, according to latest Carmelite advices, they appear in the field "so prime, so ripe, so nutty, and so knowing," as Byron, anticipating modern slang, says in "Don Juan." They dress for the match with meticulous care, and groom themselves literally *ad unguem*, for finger-nails are manicured at the last moment. "Some men even go the length of shaving" in the pavilion; and a pocket-comb and mirror have been used on the field itself, if a chance arose. At half-time there is another "wash and brush-up." Not only at matches, but during training, the great players observe this D'Orsayism, and make it a point of honour to turn out "clean, neat, and fresh-looking." If this be Mr. Kipling's doing, directly or indirectly, he must count the belying of his line an easy price to pay for having brought erstwhile "muddied oafs" to the state of grace that is reputed next to godliness. Perhaps he will respond with the "Ballad of the Blackburn Brummells."

When so many old traditions are attacked, it is reassuring to note the return to patriarchal methods instituted by the Mayor of Shoreditch. His Worship is "At Home" to his citizens every Wednesday night "to sign vaccination papers, pension papers, give general advice on the Rents Act, and other questions." The familiar invitation of "Your Mayor" has drawn thousands to seek his help. Mr. Girling, who must be a man of heroic endurance, has made his Town Hall a better sort of Cave of Adullam, "where everyone that was in distress and everyone that was discontented gathered themselves unto him," and where he performs for them the fatherly and kingly offices of advice and judgment discharged in happier days by Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, when he sat once a week beneath the Tree of Justice to hear the pleas of all comers. Descriptions of these Shoreditch audiences with their array of poor suppliants carry one back to the Arabian Nights, and that Sultan's divan before which Aladdin's mother appeared, not in vain. Here also there is perforce a little waiting, for the numbers are great; but the police, who represent at Shoreditch the Oriental mace-bearers, do their best to get everybody into the presence in turn. Where, however, 2000 applicants have to be interviewed in three hours, there must be some inevitable calling again, as in the Eastern fairy tale, but with the same ultimately happy reward of patience. The Mayor seems to have a right historical sense in thus adapting to modern uses the Saxon ealdorman's functions at the folk-moot. Chaucer would have owned him "schaply for to ben an alderman."

This experiment in government comes into notice simultaneously with an odd testamentary attack on a master of political philosophy. What ailed the late Dr. Mercier at Aristotle that he banned the Stagirite so roundly in his will? Time was when Oxford set Duns Scotus metaphorically "in Bocardo" (*i.e.*, in quod), and put his pages to the meanest uses. In 1535, Layton, the Commissioner, found "all the great quadrant of Christ Church full of the leaves of Dunce, the wind blowing them into every corner." And a gentleman of Buckinghamshire made *sewers* or *blanshers* of the same "to keep the deer within his wood, thereby to have the better cry with his hounds." On that incident an academic wit, now departed, remarked that, if the University Commissioners would set Aristotle and Messrs. Ritter and Preller in Bocardo, many a young gentleman out of Buckinghamshire and other counties would joyously help the good work. Can it be that Dr. Mercier was one of these, and that the sorrows of youth drove him to take this bitter revenge? Be that as it may, the testator, desiring to found a Chair of Rational Logic, but by the same act and deed barring the teaching of Aristotle, seems to have laid his project a very pretty stymie.—J. D. S.



GERMANY'S CHIEF REPRESENTATIVES IN LONDON: DR. SIMONS (SEATED), FOREIGN MINISTER AND CHIEF DELEGATE, AND HERR STHAMER, THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

The German delegates to the London Conference, headed by Dr. Simons, the Foreign Minister, arrived at Victoria on February 28, and were met by Herr Sthamer, the German Ambassador. They drove to the Savoy Hotel, watched by a silent crowd. Dr. Simons, who is by profession a lawyer, and is also a classical scholar of distinction, was formerly State Advocate and Judge in Westphalia. He was one of the German delegates at Brest-Litovsk in 1918, and sits in the Reichstag as a Democrat, but he has not previously held office. It was at the Spa Conference that he first became prominent. He is a native of Elberfeld, and is now about fifty-five.

Photograph by I.B.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAUDE HARRIS, RUSSELL, WILLIE BURKE, LAFAYETTE, L.N.A., TOPICAL, C.N., AND SEARLE BROS.



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THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN CALCUTTA: H.R.H. PRESSING A BUTTON TO UNVEIL THE STATUE OF KING EDWARD VII



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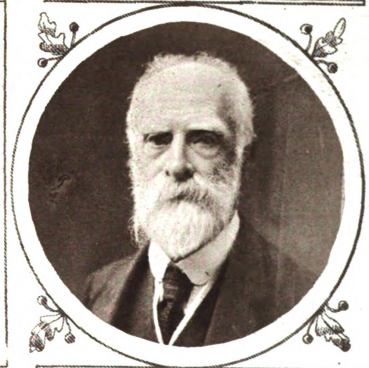
THE REINSTATEMENT OF DISMISSED R.I.C. CADETS: MAJOR-GENERAL TUDOR.



WRITER OF A STRONG LETTER ON IRELAND TO SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD: VISCOUNT GLADSTONE.



FOUNDER OF THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS IN SOUTH KENSINGTON: MME. BOHN, WITH HER HUSBAND.



A WEIGHTY CRITIC OF THE GOVERNMENT'S IRISH POLICY: LORD BRYCE.

Major Seafield Grant, who was killed on February 25, while commanding a force of seventy R.I.C. Cadets ambushed by five hundred Sinn Feiners near Macroom, had served with distinction in the war, and received the M.C. He was twenty-nine.——Sir Frederick Wedmore, the well-known author and art critic, was a frequent contributor to this paper.——The Duke of Connaught unveiled, at Calcutta, on January 29, a bronze equestrian statue of King Edward VII., surmounting a triumphal arch.——Viscountess Furness died suddenly on board the yacht "Sapphire," off Cadiz, on February 25, while on the way to Cannes, and was buried at sea. She had a serious operation last December.——Mr. R. N. Crane, the first American to become a King's Counsel, took his seat "within the Bar," on February 25.——Lieutenant-General Henry Kent, who died recently at Wimbledon, was born in 1825. He served in the Crimea.——Brigadier-General Crozier resigned when twenty-five R.I.C. Cadets, whom he had dismissed, were reinstated by Major-General Tudor, Police Adviser to the Chief Secretary.——Viscount Gladstone and Lord Bryce strongly denounced the Government's Irish policy in important letters which appeared in the "Times" of February 25.——Mme. Bohn founded the Institut Français in Cromwell Gardens, inaugurated on February 26, when the French Ambassador referred to her as its "good fairy."

THE WEEK'S NEWS: TERRITORIALS; "RUGGER"; THE INSTITUT CAIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, L.N.A., C.N., I.B., AND TOPI[illegible] E. CLAIR[illegible]



LONDON TERRITORIALS PRESENTED WITH NEW COLOURS BY PRINCESS MARY: THE BISHOP OF LONDON CONSECRATING THE COLOURS.



RECEIVING A COLOUR FROM PRINCESS MARY: THE 3/1ST BATT., CITY OF LONDON REGIMENT



MODERNITY IN PRISON VANS: A MOTOR "BLACK MARIA" FOR USE BY THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE.



A CAUSE OF SCOTTISH PROTESTS: THE HILTON-OF-CADBOLL STONE (EIGHTH CENTURY), OFFERED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



ANGLO-FRENCH FOOTBALL: THE R.M.A. "RUGGER" TEAM WHICH BEAT THE ÉCOLE POLYTECHNIQUE

Princess Mary presented colours to Second and Third Line units of the London Regiment, Territorial Army, on the Horse Guards Parade, on February 26. A Guard of Honour was provided by the 2nd Batt. Grenadier Guards. The Bishop of London consecrated the colours, and among those present were General Gouraud, Sir L. Worthington-Evans (Secretary for War), General Jeffreys (Commanding the London District), and the Lord Mayor, who afterwards received the colours for safe keeping at the Guildhall.——The King and Prince Henry watched the Rugby football match between the Navy and Army at Twickenham on the same day, when the Navy won by 11 points to 10.——The Institut Français in Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington, was inaugurated on February 26. There were present the French Ambassador (Comte de St. Aulaire), M. Léon Bérard, French Minister of Public Instruction, and M. Guillaumin, Vice-President of the Paris Municipal Council.——Scottish antiquaries have protested against the removal from Scotland of an eighth-century relic, known as the Hilton-of-Cadboll Stone, offered to the British Museum. We reproduce a photograph of it by courtesy of the "Times."——Archdeacon

HE INSTITUT ANÇAIS; WESTERN FRONT PYRAMIDS; GERMANS AT DOVER.

L.N.A., C.N., I.B.

BY E. CLAIR-GUYOT FROM A MODEL BY M. MOREAU-VAUTHIER.



THE KING AT THE NAVY v. ARMY "RUGGER" MATCH: SHAKING HANDS WITH THE NAVY TEAM.



THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS OPENING: (LEFT TO RIGHT, FRONT) SIR A. MOND, LORD ASKWITH, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, M. BÉRARD, LORD CRAWFORD, M. GUILLAUMIN.



ARCHDEACON WAKEFORD'S PETITION TO APPEAL: SIR MARLAY SAMSON ADDRESSING THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.



THE GERMAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AS DELEGATE: GENERAL VON SEECKT LANDING AT DOVER.



"HERE WAS BROKEN THE ONSET OF THE BARBARIANS": A DESIGN FOR BOUNDARY MARKS ON THE 1918 WESTERN FRONT.

...keford's petition for leave to appeal against the judgment of the Lincoln Consistory Court was granted by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on February 28. The ...ers in our photograph indicate (*A*) Lord Buckmaster, (*B*) the Lord Chancellor, (*C*) Lord Dunedin, (*D*) the Bishop of London, and (*E*) Sir Marlay Samson, K.C., who appeared for ... Archdeacon.——The Royal Military Academy beat the École Polytechnique in a Rugby football match at Woolwich on February 22 by 22 points to 3.——The German delegates ...ssed from Ostend in the "Jean Brydel" and landed at Dover on Sunday, February 27. General von Seeckt, the German Commander-in-Chief, represents the Ministry of War.—— ...nce proposes to mark the line on which the German advance was checked in 1918 by a series of boundary "pyramids," to be set up, at intervals, along the whole Western ...nt from the North Sea to the Vosges. The French Touring Club is planning the scheme, with the approval of Marshal Pétain. Our drawing shows a model of the projected ...e of pyramids, by the sculptor, M. Paul Moreau-Vauthier.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE greatness of John Keats as a poet and as a man has long ceased to be challenged. Nobody now believes that he was slain by a chance arrow of criticism. He was the most virile of lovers, as well as a born fighter, and, had he lived, English poetry might have been dominated for forty or fifty years by a personality as large and forceful as Victor Hugo's. Commenting on the failure of the late W. J. Courthope, that sturdy example of the academic critic, to appreciate Keats, Sir Sidney Colvin writes as follows in his indispensable biography—

He supposed that Keats was indifferent to history or politics. But of history he was, in fact, an assiduous reader, and the secret of his indifference to politics, so far as it existed, was that those of his own time had to men of his years and way of thinking been a disillusion—that the saving of the world from the grip of one great overshadowing tyranny had but ended in reinstating a number of ancient and minor tyrannies less interesting but not less tyrannical. To that which lies behind and above politics and history, the general destinies, aspirations, and tribulations of the race, he was, as we have seen, not indifferent but only too tragically and acutely sensitive.

Character is destiny in literature as well as in living, and we do know that Keats, had he not been slain by a deadly disease and a consuming love-passion, would have had the moral power and intellectual industry to write the greatest poetry of all. "Hyperion," his mighty exercise in the Miltonic art of versification, has disillusionment for its atmosphere, and is otherwise so striking a protest against the ideal of poetry as sheer, sensuous word-music that we feel sure it marks the transition to the literature cleared for action which can only be written by those

> Who love their fellows even to the death,
> Who feel the giant agony of the world.

Despair and disillusionment, however, were only a momentary mood with Keats, even when dying—for he gave Death the lie to the last, outfacing his icy presence and keeping warm the anxious ambition he expressed in a letter to his friend and publisher—

I wish to diffuse the colouring of St Agnes' Eve throughout a form in which Character and Sentiment would be the figures to such drapery. Two or three such poems, if God shall spare me, written in the course of the next six years would be a famous *gradus ad Parnassum altissimum*. I mean they would nerve me up to the writing of a few fine plays—my greatest ambition.

Had he lived, we must have had a dominating Victorian personality in letters, who would have been something between a second Shakespeare and an English equivalent of Victor Hugo. With robust health, he might have turned the whole tide of Victorian poetry, so much of which, through Rossetti, William Morris, and W. B. Yeats, derives ultimately from such other-worldly fantasies as "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "La Belle Dame sans Merci."

Three contributions stand out above the rest in "THE JOHN KEATS MEMORIAL VOLUME". (John Lane; 25s. net), which has been issued by the Keats House Committee to help to raise the £1500 still required for the purchase of the famous house and garden in Keats Grove, where the poet imagined and wrought some of his most exquisite poems. It is a little oasis of peaceful charm, haunted by the earliest of the winged songsters, and I thought, visiting it during a spell of bright, gentle, genial weather, that even if Keats had never lived there, it would be a sad loss to allow the spot to be covered by a huge block of flats. Indeed, I hope the £1500 needed will be soon raised, in spite of my belief that a better way of paying homage to the memory of this poet who never grew old—"Age cannot weary him nor the years condemn"—would have been to found a travelling fellowship for some young poet in the making, so that he might have a period of care-free leisure (in Rome, for choice) for perfecting his art in the company of many an august presence in shining singing-robes, among them Adonais himself. The younger generation was not at all interested in the plan actually adopted of transferring a little museum of Keats relics to the poet's former habitation—the young men think, with some show of reason, that the living temples of poetry—*i.e.*, the oft-starved bodies of the Muse's apprentices—are of more account than treasured letters even from "that warm scribe, my hand," and mere bricks and mortar. But Mr. Thomas Hardy's beautiful and wistful poem finally sanctifies this plan of saving the Keats House, and we must all work for it now. Mr. Hardy imagines the poet drawn thither, to his not unhappy Hampstead, and wonders what his ghost would do at seeing more changes wrought on the misty hill once his home than in the Rome of his secular sepulchre. Having himself seen both the farther and the nearer habitation, Mr. Hardy meditates as follows—

> Where the Piazza steps incline,
> And catch late light at eventide,
> I once stood, in that Rome, and thought,
> "'Twas here he died."
>
> I drew to a violet-sprinkled spot,
> Where day and night a pyramid keeps
> Uplifted its white hand, and said,
> "'Tis there he sleeps."
>
> Pleasanter now it is to hold
> That here, where sang he, more of him
> Remains than where he, tuneless, cold,
> Passed to the dim.

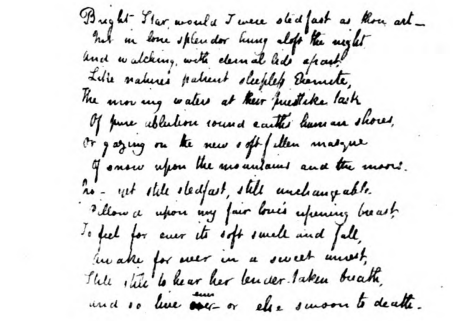
Surely we must all bend to the behest of our greatest living poet, who has as one quality of his greatness the profound acquiescence that lies behind "Adonais" or the "Ode to the Grecian Urn," and as others that vivid exactitude and sad earnestness, Greek rather than Roman, to which neither Keats nor Shelley could yet reach in the brief tale of their far-shining years!

. . .

Next in importance to Mr. Hardy's poem is Mr. Bernard Shaw's essay, which, under his usual egotism and flip-flap wit of a high-brow comedian, exhibits a keen sense of the abiding worth of Keats's poetry and of the man's strong sweetness and sanity. Even his worst lines, Mr. Shaw points out, have nothing "minor" about them; they are as brazenly bad as Shakespeare's

> In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

which he once accused Miss Ellen Terry of improvising to hide a lapse of memory (frequent with that incomparable actress), so incredible did it seem that Shakespeare should have perpetrated it. In his vein of paradox, Mr. Shaw acclaims Keats as the first of the Marxians (because of the three-stanza indictment of the brother merchants in "Isabella" which, as we are told, "contains all the Factory Commission Reports that Marx read, and that Keats did not read, because they were not yet written in his time." But Mr. Shaw ends on a note of blithe commonsense when he praises the geniality of Keats, a quality rare indeed among major poets. Professor Ernest de Sélincourt's Warton Lecture is another memorable thing in this abundant treasury of remembrance, and it should provoke many readers to acquire "THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS" (Methuen; 12s. 6d. net), by the same authority, of which a new and revised edition has just appeared. For beauty of form and printing, "POEMS OF KEATS: AN ANTHOLOGY (Cobden-Sanderson; 8s. 6d. net), is unsurpassed, but I cannot forgive the anthologist for omitting "In a Drear-nighted December."



WRITTEN BY KEATS ON THE DORSET COAST DURING HIS VOYAGE TO ITALY: THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF HIS LAST POEM.

The "Maria Crowther" was delayed by adverse winds in the Channel, and took a month to reach Naples. On the way Keats landed in Dorset and wrote the above sonnet, his last poem.

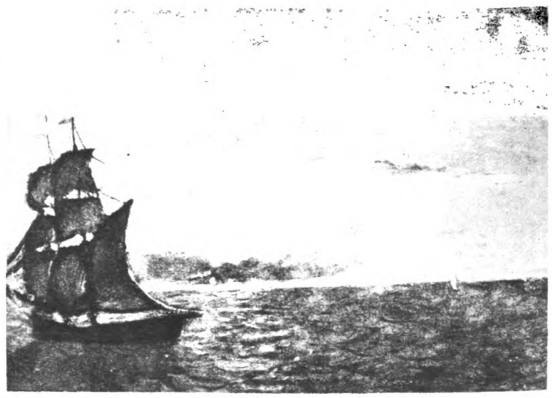
From an MS. Reproduced in Facsimile in "The John Keats Memorial Volume." By Courtesy of Mr. John Lane.



WHERE KEATS WROTE HIS "ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE": THE POET'S HOUSE AND GARDEN AT HAMPSTEAD, ACQUIRED AS A MEMORIAL.

The house at Hampstead where Keats lived from 1818 to 1820, and wrote much of his best work, has been bought as a national possession and permanent memorial. About £1500 more is needed to complete the purchase price, and gifts may be sent to Sir Sidney Colvin, Hon. Treasurer, the Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

From a Photograph by Mr. G. W. Howard in "The John Keats Memorial Volume." By Courtesy of Mr. John Lane.



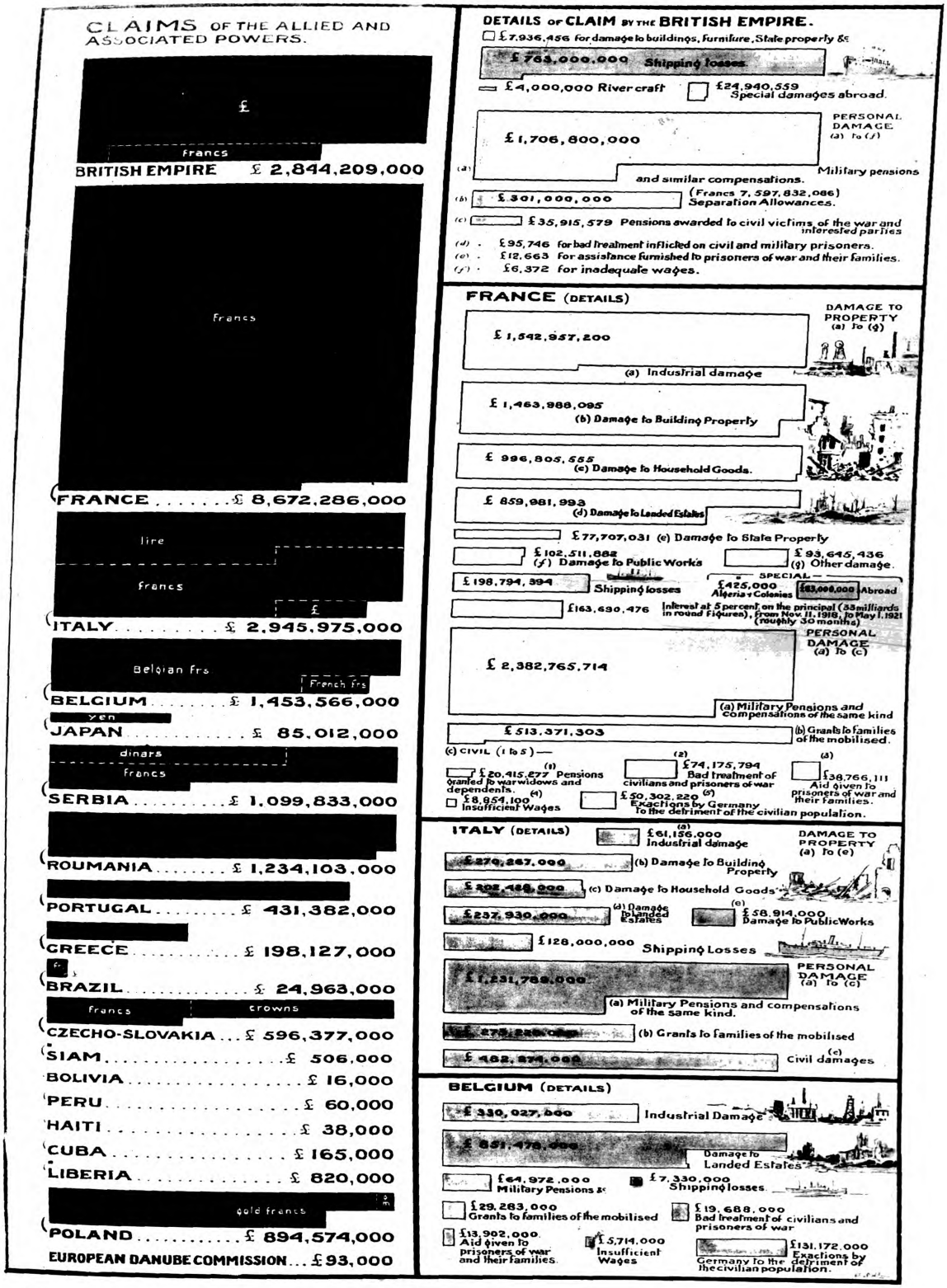
HOW KEATS SAW "THE MOVING WATERS AT THEIR PRIEST-LIKE TASK": THE BRIG WHICH TOOK HIM TO ITALY—TO DIE.

John Keats and his friend, Joseph Severn, the artist, sailed from London for Naples, in the sailing brig, "Maria Crowther," on September 18, 1820. Keats died in Rome on February 23, 1821, and his centenary has just been celebrated.

From a Drawing (the Original in Colour) by Joseph Severn, in "The John Keats Memorial Volume." By Courtesy of Mr. John Lane.

THE WAR BILL AGAINST GERMANY: ALLIES' CLAIMS FOR REPARATIONS.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



SHOWING THE RELATIVE AMOUNT OF DAMAGE CAUSED BY GERMANY TO ALLIED AND ASSOCIATED POWERS: DIAGRAMS BASED ON CLAIMS MADE TO THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION.

Our Artist has shown here, in diagrammatic form, the claims against Germany presented to the Reparations Commission by the various Allied Governments, and recently published by the Commission in a statement dated February 12. The amounts have been converted into English money at the nominal (not the current) rates of exchange. At the current rates, of course, they would work out much higher. The figures given are approximate. The black blocks in the left-hand column represent the relative amounts claimed by the different countries. In the right-hand column are details of the British, French, Italian, and Belgian claims. The diagrams are drawn to scale, and the total area of the blocks in the right-hand column, under any one country, equals the block representing the same country's claim in the left-hand column. At the Paris Conference, the Allies decided to demand £11,300,000,000, spread over forty-two years.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

ALTOGETHER, the general depression affecting investments has not put a palsied hand on the collecting world. Real collectors collect to their dying day. "Do you remember the brown suit which hung upon you till all your friends cried shame, it grew so threadbare, and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden?" writes the inimitable Elia. At Christie's, on Feb. 17, a small collection of French



ENGRAVED BY H. GILLBANK AFTER A PAINTING BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY: "RUSTIC HOURS: MORNING"—A FINE COLOUR PRINT.

The two examples here given were among the most notable items in the Sale of Engravings and Drawings at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on March 4.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.

furniture realised £17,000, and a Louis XV. library table brought 3000 guineas. A choice collection of engravings of some 160 lots was sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on Feb. 18 for £1600, an average of £10 per lot. On the same day, Messrs. Knight, Franks, and Rutley sold some fine Persian rugs and carpets shipped from Batoum; one silk-bordered carpet with crimson ground, designed in animal masks and foliage, only 12 ft. by 8 ft., brought £100. At the same sale, a Queen Anne bureau and a similar bookcase brought 115 guineas and 100 guineas respectively. Recently, at Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's rooms, a pastel, by Russell, of "Miss Reid," brought 500 guineas. On Feb. 24, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson were selling old English silver, including a pair of George II. table candlesticks with octagonal bases, maker's mark "W.K. 1737"; and a George II. loving-cup, Newcastle, 1758. On the 25th, the same firm sold Chinese porcelain of a high average, culminating in a fine oviform vase enamelled with phœnix and other birds and flowers, with a river-scene, with boats and figures in circular, square, and fan-shaped panels on powder-blue ground *famille verte*, which sold for £409. On the same day at Christie's a Turner drawing, "Derwentwater," brought 2300 guineas. At Christie's, on March 1, a series of English engravings, together with some fine aquatints, came up. Collectors, if they be wise, will find in coloured aquatints something surprisingly beautiful. Aquatint is an art which stands between the over-estimated colour-prints of the eighteenth century and the modern revival of coloured mezzotints, coloured etchings, and coloured wood-blocks (which are all a contradiction in terms). Mezzotints included "Sophia Western," after Hoppner, early proof, with ear-rings; and "Almeria" (Mrs. Meynott), after Opie, both by J. R. Smith; "Horatio Nelson," by W. Barnard, open letter proof after L. F. Abbott. Colour prints came forward in fine states—"Nurse and Children" and "A Party Angling," by G. Keating; "The Farmer's Stable"; "The First of September," morning and evening, a pair; and also "The Thatcher," all by W. Ward; "Fox Hunting," a set of four, by E. Bell; "The Power of Justice" and "The Triumph of Benevolence," a pair, by J. Dean; and "The Industrious Cottager" and "An Idle Laundress," by W. Blake, are all after George Morland, the inimitable spacer of atmosphere, master of his craft, and delineator of incident which is not nineteenth-century story, but real eighteenth-century genre subject—an artistic mirror held up to his age with all Hogarthian gruesomeness omitted. In mezzo-tints, at the same sale, "Mrs. Crewe," by Watson, and "Dr. Johnson," by Doughty, both after Reynolds, and both in first states, appealed to the connoisseur.

The same firm, on the 2nd, sold some fine silver, the property of Lady Mary Carbery, of Castle Freke, including some notable examples of Irish silver. Irish designs are always intriguing. (We hope we use this word, beloved by writers, in a proper sense.) A silver tea-kettle, of a spherical shape, engraved with masks, foliage and strapwork, on a tripod-stand with lamp, was of the days of Dean Swift, the moody exile in Ireland. It belongs to the period when he wrote of his lady friends of passing tenderness, who would—

> Receive the news in doleful dumps,
> The Dean is dead. Pray what are trumps?
> The Lord have mercy on his soul!
> (Ladies, I'll venture for the *vole*.)

A tea-kettle, by W. Townshend, Dublin, about 1750, is another fine Irish piece, on tripod-stand with lamp, chased with flowers and scroll-work. A two-handled cup and cover is of the date 1693, three years after the Battle of the Boyne, when William of Orange defeated James, who fled to France. It was the hand of France behind Ireland in those days. Another William III. tazza, with elaborate scroll mantling and cut card-work, of 1696, has the maker's mark, "S. H."

John Lloyd, of Dublin, had three chamber candlesticks and twelve fine table candlesticks, with Corinthian-column stems on square plinths, in date 1773, just when the Adam influence was at its height in Dublin. A Queen Anne monteith, with mask handles, by Francis Garthorne, 1707, is of the date of the Union of Scotland with England. On the following day, Messrs. Christie sold an interesting William III. walnut cabinet, inlaid with pollard walnut and boxwood border, and a fine pair of old English cut-glass candelabra for three lights, with Wedgwood pedestals in blue-and-white jasper.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold, on the 4th, a collection of engravings, of which the most notable were "Morning" and "Noon," by H. Gillbank, after Wheatley, finely printed in colours.

Messrs. Sotheby, on the 8th, have a fine sale of etchings, together with old and modern drawings and oil-paintings. In regard to etchings, there is a field for perspicacity in connoisseurship. Augustus E. John has "The Serving Maid" and others; Mr. Mead Bone, "Piccadilly Circus in War-time, 1915"; the late Anders L. Zorn, two portraits; Whistler, a fine series, including some cancelled etchings; Norman Hirst, T. G. Appleton, and H. Scott Bridgwater are represented. Méryon has two examples, and Legros, with his "La Mort du Vagabond" and "La Solitude," goes not unremembered. A Rembrandt black chalk drawing on buff paper of a man with a beard was once in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The stupendous dispersal, by Messrs. Sotheby, on March 10 and 11, of the residue of the Britwell Court Library, the great Christie-Miller collection, will attract all bibliophiles. Mainly sixteenth and seventeenth-century rarities are here displayed. The collection has occupied one man's lifetime. It will take the lifetime of many scholars to read them; that is if, happily, they fall into the hands of scholars. There are so many examples where the copy is believed to be the only one extant, and so many others where only one other is known, that one wonders if literature is to be enriched by this dispersal. We love the "Soules Solace," by Thomas Jenner; or "Thirtie and One Spirituall Emblems in Verse," 1631, first edition, with thirty-one engravings, one showing the poet Wither sitting smoking a pipe. We desire to possess the fine black-letter, in bold character, of Edward Goshynhyll: "Here begynneth a lytle boke named the schole house of women: wherein every man may rede a goodly prayse of the condicyons of women," 1541—the only copy known, so that the esoteric law here contained is lost to the world in this limited issue. Giles Fletcher's "Licie or Poemes of Love," 1593, has the signature of George Steevens, as has also "Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601, the Comedie of Pasquill and Katherinne mentioned in 'Alls Well that Ends Well,' Act III., Scene 6, once attributed to Shakespeare." Steevens was the Puck of Shakespearian commentators. He set gins for his contemporaries. He invented the Upas-tree fable, as to the deleterious exudations of this noxious tree killing all within its region. But he deserves notice as having trounced Malone, that impious vandal, his contemporary, who whitewashed the coloured bust of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. In this sale, an unknown author comes forward with his "Garland of Greene Witte, Discovering the Constancy of Calipolis—A precious spectacle for Wanton Wives, fit to be read of all sorts if opportunity serve. Printed for William Kirkham and sold at the little North door of St. Paule's Church at the sign of the black boy, 1595." The work consists of a novel interspersed with verse.



AFTER THE PAINTER OF "THE CRIES OF LONDON": GILLBANK'S ENGRAVING OF WHEATLEY'S "RUSTIC HOURS: NOON"—A COLOUR PRINT.

Francis Wheatley, R.A., from whose work these engravings were made, was born in London in 1747, and died in 1801. He painted the well-known "Cries of London."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.

Another unique book is "Here follyeth a lytell translation of the Beauty of Women newly translated out of the Frenyshe into Englyshe," which comes from the Heber library; and from the same library comes "The Flea," by Peter Woodhouse, with only one other copy known, in the library of Lord Spencer. William Blake, that wild genius, who drew the ghost of a flea, would have found inspiration in this rare volume.

A ROYAL TIGER SHOOT: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIE BURKE.



STANDING BY HIS FIRST TIGER DURING THE TRIP: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND HIS "BAG."



READY FOR ACTION: THE DUKE POSTED ON A TREE-PLATFORM IN THE MUKI JUNGLE, WAITING FOR TIGERS.



ON A QUIET SPORTING TRIP BETWEEN ARDUOUS OFFICIAL FUNCTIONS IN INDIA: THE DUKE LUNCHING IN CAMP AT MUKI.



SHOWING A FINE SAMBUR (A KIND OF ANTLERED DEER MUCH HUNTED IN INDIA) SHOT BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP): THE ROYAL PARTY, WITH BEATERS AND BEARERS AND TWO ELEPHANTS.

As a rest from official functions, and a means of recovery from the slight indisposition which affected him on the voyage to India, the Duke of Connaught spent a few days quietly in camp at Muki, in the Central Provinces, in the latter part of January. While there he enjoyed some big-game shooting, including tigers, as shown in our illustrations, and the open-air life had a good effect on his health. His official tour has been a great success, his genial presence and wise and statesmanlike speeches making a deep impression on the Indian people. He arrived at Madras on January 10. After the shooting trip at Muki he went on to Calcutta, and made a state entry into that city on January 28. On February 9, at Delhi, he carried out the main purpose of his visit, the inauguration, on behalf of the King-Emperor, of the two new representative Indian Chambers—the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly. The Duke's speech on that occasion was a memorable utterance. On February 21 he arrived at Bombay, of which city he said that he did not know a more beautiful sight in the world.

Wonders of Little-Known Central Africa.

No. I. THE NEW MOON CEREMONIES OF BUNYORO. By the Rev. JOHN ROSCOE.

BUNYORO is a district in the Uganda Protectorate lying to the north of the Equator, and between 30 and 35 degrees longitude. One of the interesting ceremonies of Bunyoro which has fallen into disuse owing to the spread of Western civilisation, and to the fact that the King and chiefs have become Christians, is that of the New Moon.

The people are a pastoral people; nothing in life matters in comparison with the welfare of the cows and their supply of milk. Thus the sun, casting his shafts of red glow in the morning, roused the men to milk; then, through the day, the herdsmen knew how to manage their herds in the pastures, to take them to water or to return to milk them in the evening, by the angle at which the sun's rays fell upon them. As the sun was the daily time-keeper, so the moon marked months for them, and played an important part in the domestic life of the people: it was by the number of moons they knew when to expect the births of calves, and to regulate their duties in the kraals.

Each new moon was eagerly awaited and welcomed with festivities into which all classes entered. The King, who was supposed to be able to arrange and govern all things, was the centre of attraction; all eyes were turned to him to order the festivities. Near the entrance gate of his enclosure he had a mound, upon which a priest stood and watched for the first glimpse of the moon when it was expected. Around the mound crowds of people gathered with the royal band, composed of drums and wind instruments. The King sat on his throne until the priest let him know that the moon was visible, whereupon he rose, and, coming to the door of the throne-room, he raised his hands to heaven and gave his blessing upon land and people. When the blessing was given, the priest made a sign to the band, and the drums and music began to resound throughout the land.

During the next seven days these musical instruments continued to sound by day and by night before the throne-room. The musicians were not allowed to leave in a body for rest or for food until the ceremonies were ended; one by one they retired for meals or sleep and returned to relieve others. The King himself had to keep long hours, sitting where he could be seen and admired by his subjects. Dancing with songs continued during the festive season.

To a Western ear, the music sounds barbarous, and lacks anything approaching harmony, but to the savage mind there are rhythm and beauty, and, what is more, such a regularity and sequence of sound that the hearer detects mistakes in what appears to be a mere conglomeration or medley of noise.

From time to time dancing ceases while some new episode is brought upon the scene; it may be a man steps forth and stands before the King and wishes him a long life, and assures him of the loyalty of his subjects; or it may be the King has to perform one of his priestly offices in connection with the milk ceremonies. During the ceremony of drinking the sacred milk there must be silence, when for a few moments the band ceases, and the crowds kneel with their faces buried in their hands. The silence, after the roll of drums and the roar of songs, is most impressive; it seems incredible that silence could be thus enforced within a few seconds. When the noise of drums and music begins again, the memory of the silence produces an effect of mystery.



WEARING FALSE BEARDS AND CROWNS OF OFFICE: A BUNYORO KING AND TWO CHIEFS IN CEREMONIAL DRESS.—*[Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe, M.A.]*

During the morning of one of the festal days there is usually a solemn procession made by the King to a private courtyard in which he meets his guild of notable chiefs, there to bestow pardon upon any member who may have offended, or to condemn him to death. The path along which the procession moves is carpeted; and three men, each holding a spear aloft, with a fourth bearing an instrument like a hoe with a bag of seeds attached to it, back before the advancing King until he reaches a hut, into which he passes. There are seven such huts, separated from each other by a small enclosure; the King passes through these into the last courtyard, where the chiefs of the Sacred Guild have assembled to await him. Each chief wears a special robe of bark-cloth, and his crown of office. Into this courtyard no other person is allowed except the two or three men who belong to the body-guard.

The King advances to a royal rug under a canopy, and stands with his back to the fence facing the chiefs. He wears a royal bark-cloth of rich brown colour on which are traced geometrical patterns with blood taken from the arms of princesses or favourite wives, who have painted these and presented the robe to his Majesty. When the King has taken his stand under the canopy, he gives the signal for the offending member of the Guild to be brought before him.

The man is brought by a companion who supports his trembling frame. If the King extends his hands, and allows the man to put his lips to them, he is pardoned and restored to favour; should he be refused this honour, and told to retire, he realises that death awaits him. When the ceremony is over, the King returns to the throne-room to the festivities, while the chiefs leave by their private entrance and return to their homes to disrobe.

During the night large fires light the scene for the music and dancing to continue. The King provides meat and beer for the guests during the festivities.

At the end of seven days the band proceeds to the enclosure of the King's mother, where there is dancing for one day and night; and after that it goes to the chief medicine-man for a day and night. After this the men retire to their homes for rest and to prepare for the next festival.



BUNYORO PRINCESSES DANCING IN HONOUR OF THE NEW MOON: A PERFORMANCE RESTRICTED TO WOMEN OF ROYAL BLOOD.—*[Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe, M.A.]*

NEW MOON CEREMONIES IN UGANDA: PICTURESQUE BUNYORO RITES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



WITH SPEAR-BEARERS BACKING BEFORE HIM: THE KING (ON THE LEFT) STARTING FOR THE COURT TO SENTENCE OR PARDON OFFENDERS.



AS IN ANCIENT ROMAN AUGURY: TAKING OMENS FROM THE INTESTINES OF A FOWL.



OMENS FROM WATER: A PRIEST POURING FLUID INTO WATER-POTS SET IN THE GROUND.



INCLUDING "AN INSTRUMENT LIKE A HOE WITH A BAG OF SEEDS ATTACHED TO IT": BEARERS OF THE SACRED SPEARS.



'WHEN THE BLESSING WAS GIVEN . . . THE DRUMS AND MUSIC BEGAN TO RESOUND": THE DRUM BAND FOR THE BUNYORO NEW MOON CEREMONIES.

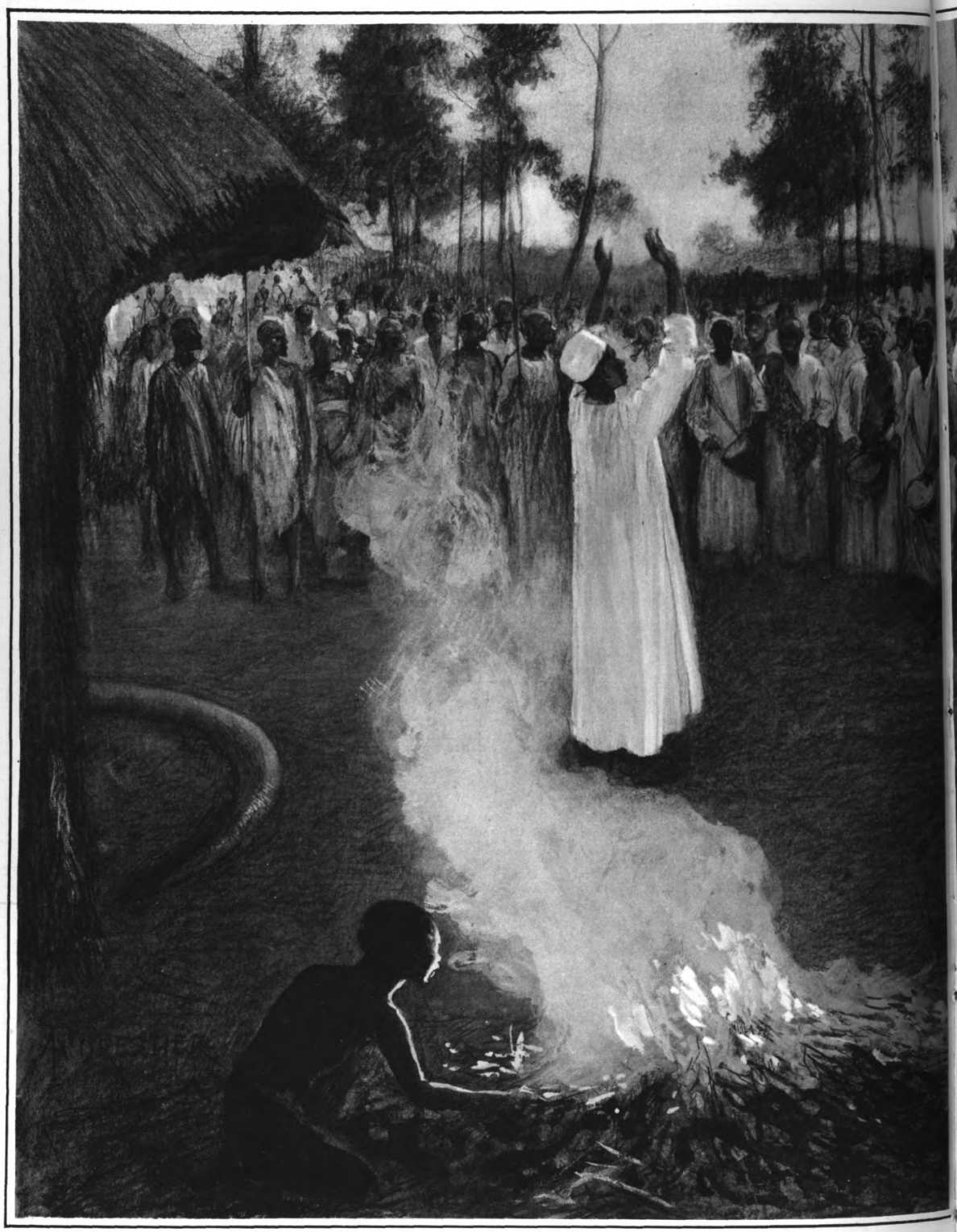


PARDONING AN OFFENDER BY GIVING HIS HANDS TO KISS: THE KING AS JUDGE.

The picturesque New Moon ceremonies of Bunyoro, in Uganda, are described in the article on the opposite page by the Rev. John Roscoe, the well-known explorer, who recently returned from leading the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa. His account explains the photographs given above. He mentions that the festival has now fallen into disuse, owing to the spread of Western civilisation and Christianity. Describing the augury by water, he says: "A number of pots, usually nine, are made of clay, and while the clay is still soft they are embedded in the earth up to their brims, and filled with water. The medicine-man kneels before a pot and washes his hands, using a piece of clay as soap. When he has made the water a thick muddy colour, he takes a pot of fluid and allows a few drops to fall into it. This at once clears the water. If it clears with star-like shapes, the omen is good, but if it separates into small globules, it is a bad omen. To confirm the oracle the whole nine pots are treated in this way."

THE NEW MOON AS HERALD OF NEW MILK:

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIA

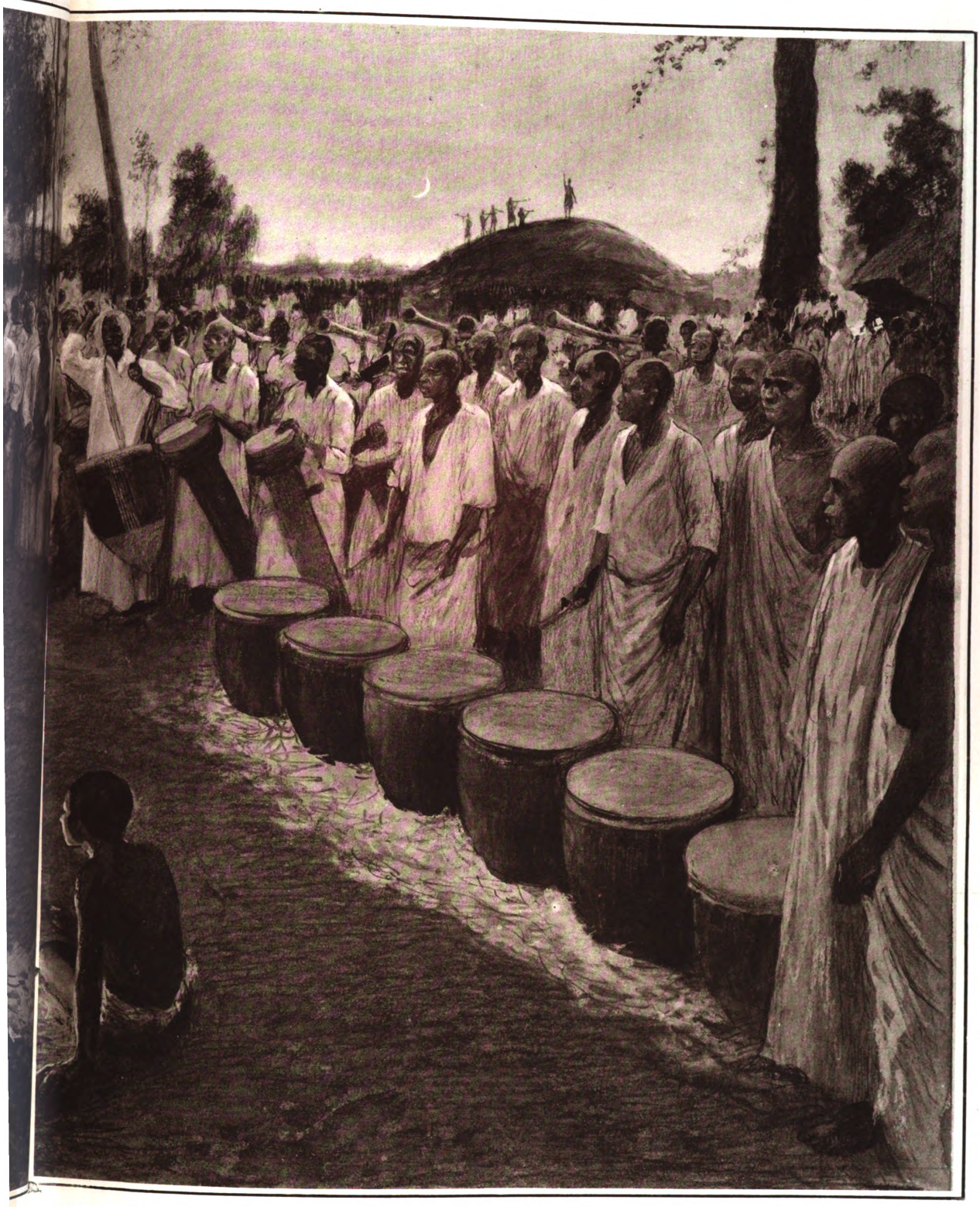


A FESTIVAL THAT REQUIRES A BAND TO PLAY SEVEN DAYS AND NIGHTS WHOSE ADVENT IS ANNOUNCED BY A PRIEST

The pastoral people of Bunyoro, in Uganda, as the Rev. John Roscoe tells us in his article on a previous page, are mainly concerned in the welfare of their cows and the supply of milk. "It was by the number of moons they knew when to expect the births of calves," and the coming of the new moon was formerly the occasion of a ceremony recalling Biblical allusions, notably "Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day." As the time approached, a priest or herald stood on the top of an artificial mound outside the royal enclosure, facing the King's hut, surrounded by a group of musicians with trumpets and drums. Directly the priest had the first glimpse of the new moon, he signalled to the King, who came out of his hut—that is, his throne-room—raised his hands, and gave his blessing to the

NEW MOON AN EVENT WHICH TIMED THE BIRTHS OF CALVES.

A. FORESTIER FROM SUPPLIED BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.

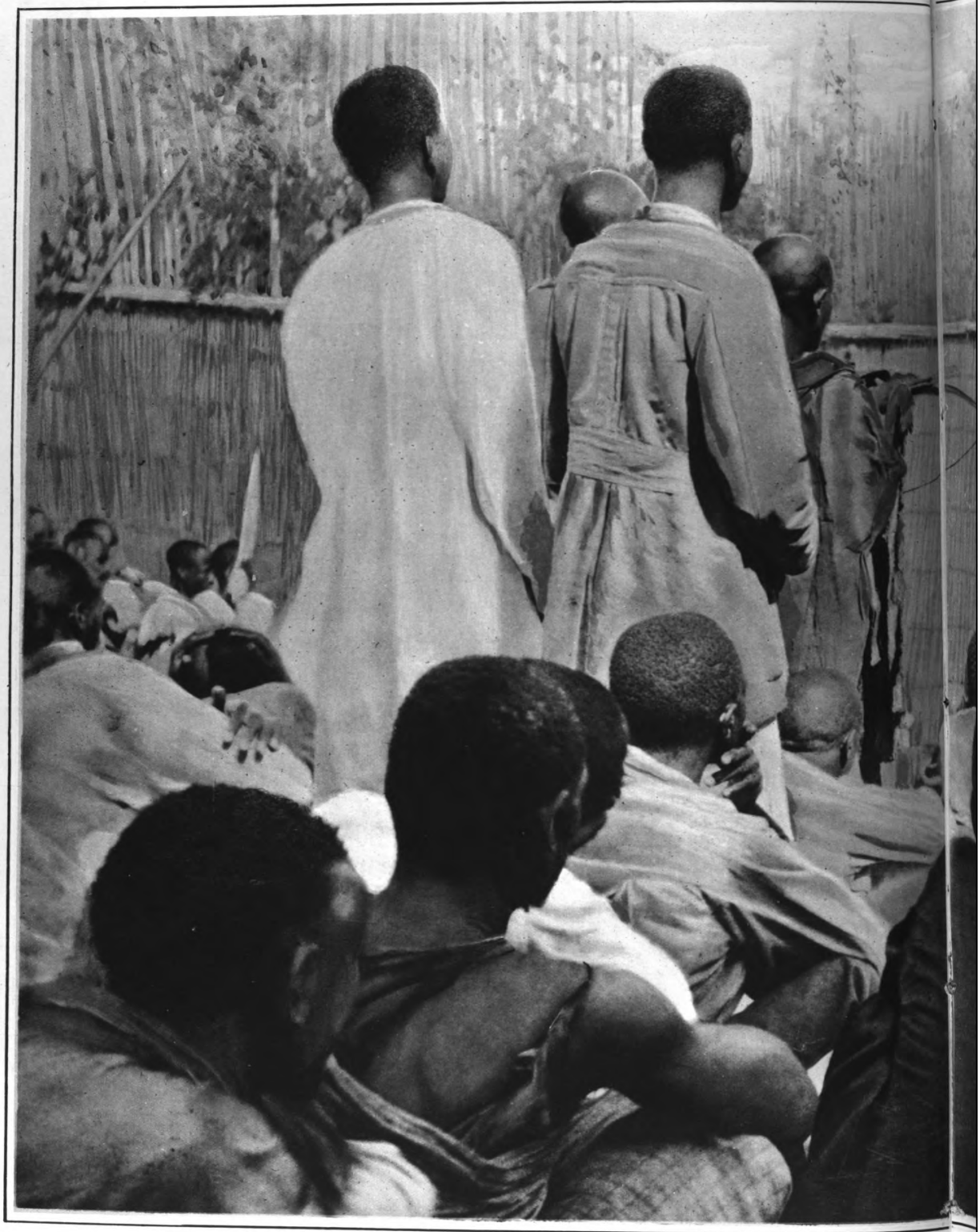


WITHOUT CESSATION: A BUNYORO CEREMONY—THE KING HAILING THE NEW MOON, FROM A MOUND NEAR THE ROYAL HUT.

people and the land. The priest then made a sign to the musicians round him on the mound to begin, and the royal band gathered inside the enclosure with drums of divers sizes and trumpets also began their music, which did not cease for seven days and nights. Our picture shows the King, after issuing from his throne-room on the left, raising his hands in blessing. Across the threshold is an elephant tusk, which none but the King might walk over. Other people, on entering, had to make their way round it. The priest on the mound is seen with his hand still raised as a signal to his musicians to strike up. The royal band, which stood ready before the throne-room, then followed suit and the noise began. Fires lighted near the different huts in the royal enclosure added a weird effect to the twilight scene.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

CLAD IN ROBES PATTERNED WITH BLOOD OF PRINCESSES OR

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE, LEADER OF T

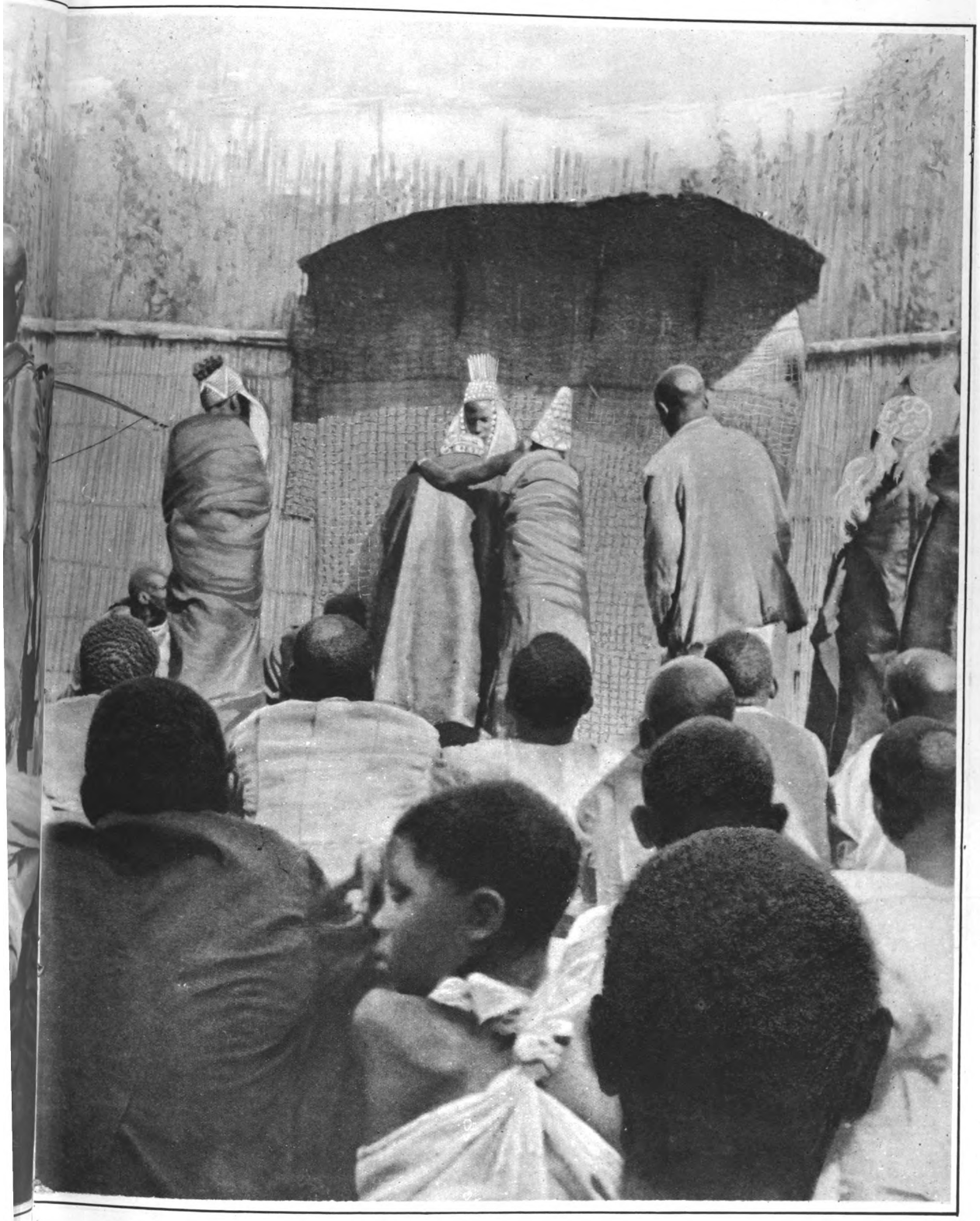


FOR PARDON OR DEATH: A BUNYORO CHIEF WHO HAS OFFENDED BROUGHT BEFORE THE KI

The King of Bunyoro is an autocrat among his people, with the power of life and death. During the New Moon ceremonies, described by the Rev. John Roscoe in an article on a previous page, he gives judgment upon offenders in a private courtyard before the chiefs of the Sacred Guild: "Each chief wears a special robe of bark-cloth, and his crown of office. Into this courtyard no other person is allowed except the two or three men who belong to the bodyguard. The King advances to a royal rug under a canopy, and stands with his back to the fence facing the chiefs. He wears a royal bark-cloth of rich brown colour, on which are traced geometrical patterns with blood

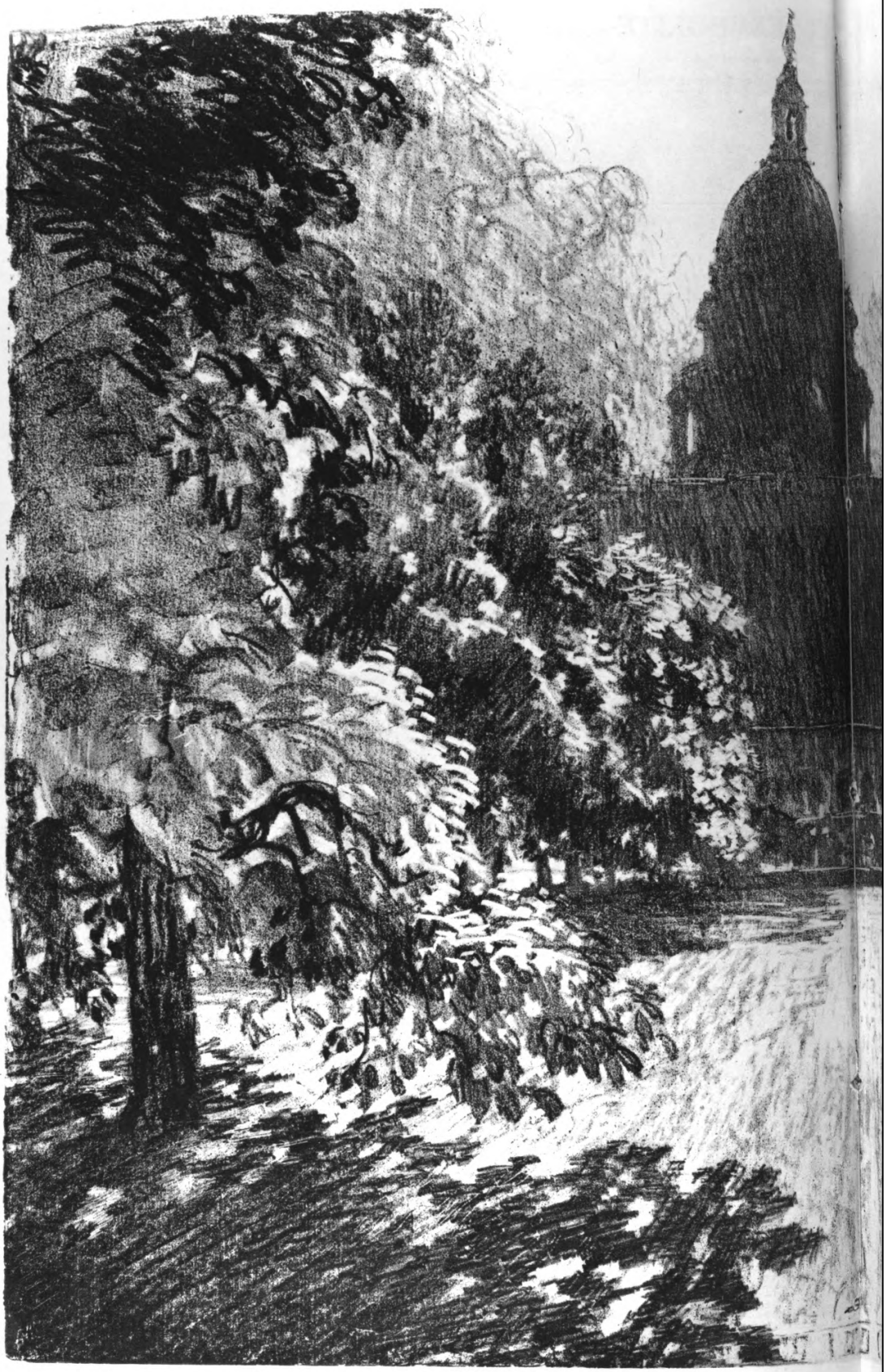
PRINCES OR FAVOURITE WIVES: A BUNYORO KING AS JUDGE.

J. JOHN ROSCOE, Lib. MACKIE ETHNOLOGICAL EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.



KING IN THE COURT OF THE SACRED GUILD, DURING THE NEW MOON CEREMONIES.

taken from the arms of princesses or favourite wives, who have painted these and presented the robe to his Majesty. When the King has taken his stand under the canopy, he gives the signal for the offending member of the Guild to be brought before him. The man is brought by a companion who supports his trembling frame. If the King extends his hands, and allows the man to put his lips to them, he is pardoned and restored to favour; should he be refused this honour and told to retire, he realises that death awaits him. When the ceremony is over, the King returns to the throne-room to the festivities." In the case here illustrated, the offender was pardoned.



CENTRE OF A NEW WORLD POLICY: WASHINGTON'S "GLITTERING

World-wide interest was aroused by the statement that Senator Harding, the President-elect of the United States, would announce his future international policy in
to every expression of views, kept his own counsel and declined to commit himself beforehand.

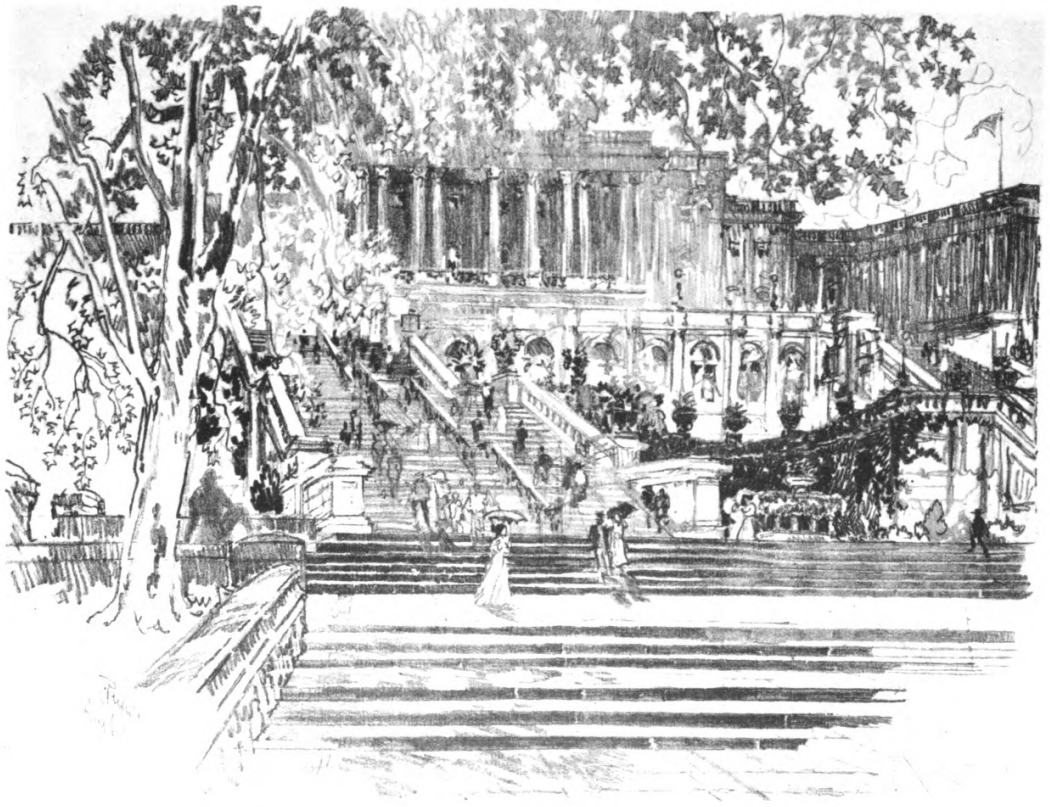


"TERING CAPITOL," FROM THE PARK—A FAMOUS ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.

...cy in his inaugural address at Washington on March 4. What that policy would be no one could tell for certain in advance, for the new President, while listening ...hand.—[From the Lithograph by Joseph Pennell. Copyright in the United States and Canada.]

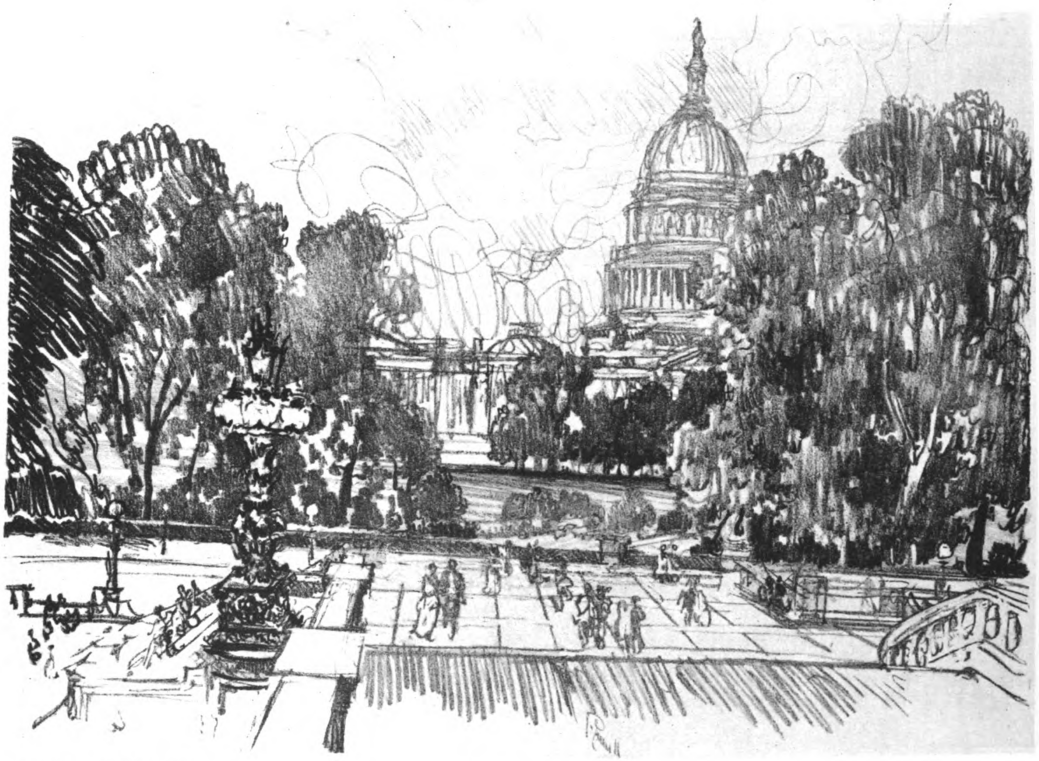


THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, NOW UNDER A NEW PRESIDENT: THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, THE DOME. FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.



WHERE THOSE WHO SHAPE AMERICAN POLICY PASS IN AND OUT ON PUBLIC BUSINESS: THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, AS SEEN BY A FAMOUS ARTIST.

The great dome, 285 ft. high, is the central feature of the Capitol at Washington. The whole building cost £3,200,000, and no country has a statelier seat of government. Washington was chosen as the capital of the United States in 1790, and the administration moved thither from Philadelphia in 1800. Other drawings of it by Joseph Pennell appeared in our issue of Nov. 22, 1919.—[From Lithographs by Joseph Pennell. Copyright in U.S. and Canada.]



ONE OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD: THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, FROM THE LIBRARY, DRAWN BY A FAMOUS ARTIST.



A BUILDING TOWARDS WHICH THE EYES OF THE WORLD HAVE LATELY BEEN TURNED: THE FAÇADE OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, WHERE THE PRESIDENT-ELECT ARRANGED TO DELIVER HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The Capitol at Washington, all in white stone and marble, and crowned with a dome supporting a bronze figure of Liberty, is one of the most magnificent public buildings in the world. It is in the Classical style, and measures 751 ft. in length by 324 ft. in width. A Corinthian portico occupies the centre of the façade, as shown above. The Senate Chamber is in the northern wing.—[From Lithographs by Joseph Pennell. Copyright in U.S. and Canada.]

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

II.—"THE OPEN SEA."

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

THE shore is a narrow shelf, crowded and changeful; the open sea is spacious, with room for all, and, apart from storms, tending to uniformity. The open sea, or pelagic haunt includes all that lies beyond the seaweed-bearing tract, but it is restricted to the *upper* waters which are well lighted by day.

To understand the life of the open sea, one must picture what Sir John Murray called the "floating sea-meadows"—vast tracts of water thickly peopled by minute Algæ, such as Diatoms. These utilise the energy of the sunlight to build up the simple materials of air, water, and salts into complicated substances like starch, on which minute animals then feed. Of almost all animals it must be said that they can feed only on what is living, or has been living, or has been made by something living; but green plants feed on what is not living — air, water, and salts.

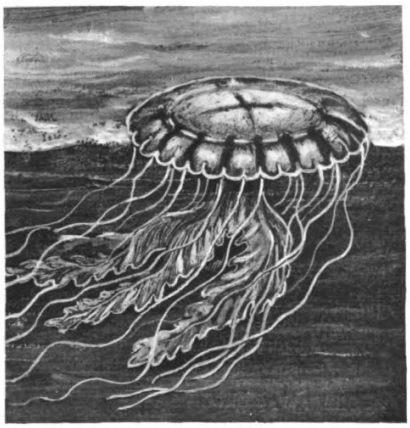


FIG. 11.—ONE OF NATURE'S "DRIFTERS": A JELLY-FISH FLOATING IN THE TIDE.

The jelly-fish throbs with tentacles round the edge, and has four frilled arms streaming from its mouth, all bearing countless stinging-cells.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

Therefore, in tracing the circulation of matter we must always begin with the plants. The naturalists at the Plymouth Biological Station have shown that the abundance of mackerel depends on the abundance of the minute, free-swimming crustaceans called "water-fleas," or copepods, whose abundance, again, depends on the abundance of Diatoms (and certain minute Infusorian animals) in what we may call the "sea-soup." There is a succession of incarnations—Diatom or Infusorian, copepod, mackerel, man; and so the world goes round. This is important practically, for on the abundance of the floating sea-meadows depends, in large measure, the success of the fishing industry in northern seas. In some parts of the sea there are great sargasso banks of floating seaweed (Fig. 9); but while these support a characteristic set of animals that play hide-and-seek among the fronds, they are not nearly so important as the meadows of very minute plants which, along with minute animals and floating eggs, form the stock of the sea-soup.

The animals of the open sea are divided into the active swimmers (technically called the Nekton), and the drifters, or easy-going swimmers (technically called the Plankton). Good examples of the energetic swimmers are the whales (Fig. 1), the petrels, the sea-snakes, the herring, the flying-fishes (Fig. 2), the squids, and some of the prawn-like crustaceans. Some of them appeal to us strongly as conquerors of the pelagic kingdom. Thus, the whales are not only the giants of modern times and the most muscular of all animals; there is a note of victory (which man alone silences) in the vast distances they cover, the speed at which they swim, and the depth to which they can dive. They take the biggest breaths of all animals and remain longer under water than any other lung-breathers. Similarly, the stormy-petrel (Fig. 8) is at home in the open sea, skimming swiftly near the waves, with its long legs dangling and its toes pittering on the surface. It does not come to land except to nest, and even then it is elusive, arriving in lonely places at dusk and leaving at dawn. The nestling gets such a large crop-full of oily food that it seems able to fast during daylight hours.

A fine example of the insurgence of life is to be found in the family of sea-skimmers (Halobatidæ), which run along on the surface of the sea, often a hundred miles from land. They are wingless insects, related to the water-measurers of our brooks. When it is stormy they sink below the troubled waters. They appear to feed on floating dead animals, and another interesting point is that the mother insect has been seen carrying her eggs about with her after they have been laid.

Among the higher animals of the open sea must be included some of the turtles; not the edible turtle, perhaps, which is a vegetarian, and must, therefore, keep for the most part to shore haunts, but the carnivorous Hawksbill (Fig. 10) and the Loggerhead, which is occasionally found on our coasts. The Leathery Turtle, which occurs sparsely in most warm seas, is a pelagic giant, for it may be six feet long and weigh a ton. All these come to the shore to lay their eggs in the sand, which is almost enough to prove that they are the descendants of land tortoises. The same land origin holds for the very poisonous fish-eating sea-snakes, so well represented in the Indian Ocean, which show an interesting fitness in the flattening of the tail, and sometimes of part of the body as well. Thus they have an oar-like blade, well suited for striking the water. A foundation for some of the sea-serpent stories is almost certainly to be found in the Oar-fish or Ribbon-fish (Regalecus), a silvery fish, flattened like an oar, sometimes over twenty feet in length, which may swim with an undulatory motion at the surface, or occasionally, when attacked by some enemy, shoot itself in agony for several feet above the surface. (See front page of our issue of Feb. 19).

The drifters may be illustrated by the "sea-butterflies" (lightly-built sea slugs on which whalebone whales (Fig. 1) delight to feed), hundreds of kinds of small crustaceans, numerous worms like the living transparent arrow called Sagitta, complicated colonies like the Portuguese Man-of-War and the sail-bearers (Velella) (Fig. 3) often seen in the Mediterranean in fleets stretching for miles. More familiar are jellyfishes (Fig. 11), often borne into shallow water and left stranded in thousands.

These drifters are suited to the open-sea haunt in being lightly built. Some have long, projecting processes like catamaran spars, which make sinking almost impossible (Fig 6). Others are buoyed up by gas reservoirs; and many floating eggs, like those of sardines, have a large oil-globule which makes them buoyant. The delicate comb-bearers or sea-gooseberries, like Beroë, are very characteristic open-sea animals, and their particular fitness is that, whenever there is a hint of a storm, they sink. They then swim low and feel nothing.

What is meant by a special fitness or adaptation is beautifully illustrated by the Floating Barnacle (Lepas fascicularis). A barnacle is a fixed crustacean of low degree. It begins its life as an active, free-swimming, pinhead-like creature (Fig. 4); it feeds, grows and moults; it becomes another kind of larva which exhausts its energies and fixes itself by its head to a floating log, or to the hull of a wooden ship—it may even be to the tail of a sea-snake. Now, the particular kind which we are calling the Floating Barnacle often fastens itself to a small piece of seaweed—it may be to a feather or a wooden match. Its shell is very lightly built, with little lime, and this is well suited to such a creature that fixes itself to a light float. But in spite of its lightness of shell, the Floating Barnacle often becomes too heavy for its float, and begins to drag it below the surface. What, then, does the creature do—we wish we understood it better—but make a somewhat gelatinous, roundish buoy containing bubbles of gas? (Fig. 5) This self-made buoy enables it to continue floating on the surface.



FIG. 12.—A SHORE "WATER-BABY": A MINUTE TRANSPARENT SEA-CUCUMBER LARVA (EARLY STAGE).

Drawn by W. B. Robinson, from Material supplied by Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

Hunger is much in evidence in the open sea. The baleen whale rushes through the water engulfing countless open-sea creatures in the huge cavern of its mouth. The albatross often makes so large a meal that it is unable to rise from the water. But there is love as well as hunger on the open sea, and no better example could be found than the paper nautilus or Argonaut (Fig. 7). The female, which floats on the surface (not to be confused with the Pearly Nautilus, which belongs rather to the shore haunt), makes for the protection of the eggs what may be well called the most beautiful cradle in the world. Another fact must be included in our picture of the open sea—that it is the nursery for the young stages of many shore-animals (Fig. 12). The eggs of the shore-crab hatch into free-swimming larvæ (Fig. 13), which are borne out into the safe open waters; they feed, grow, and moult; they turn into another form of larva; eventually they become like minute crabs and climb up the sloping shelf to share in the strenuous life of the shore.

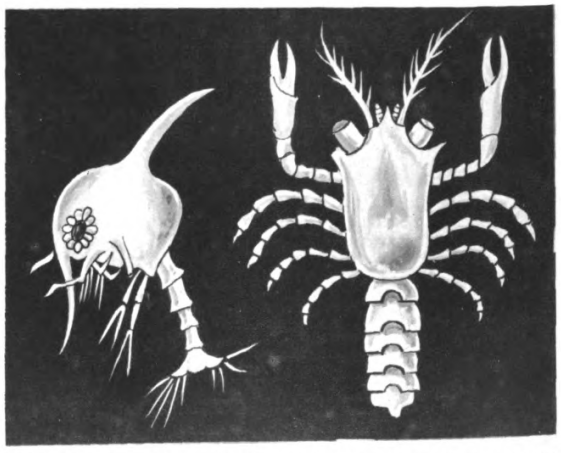
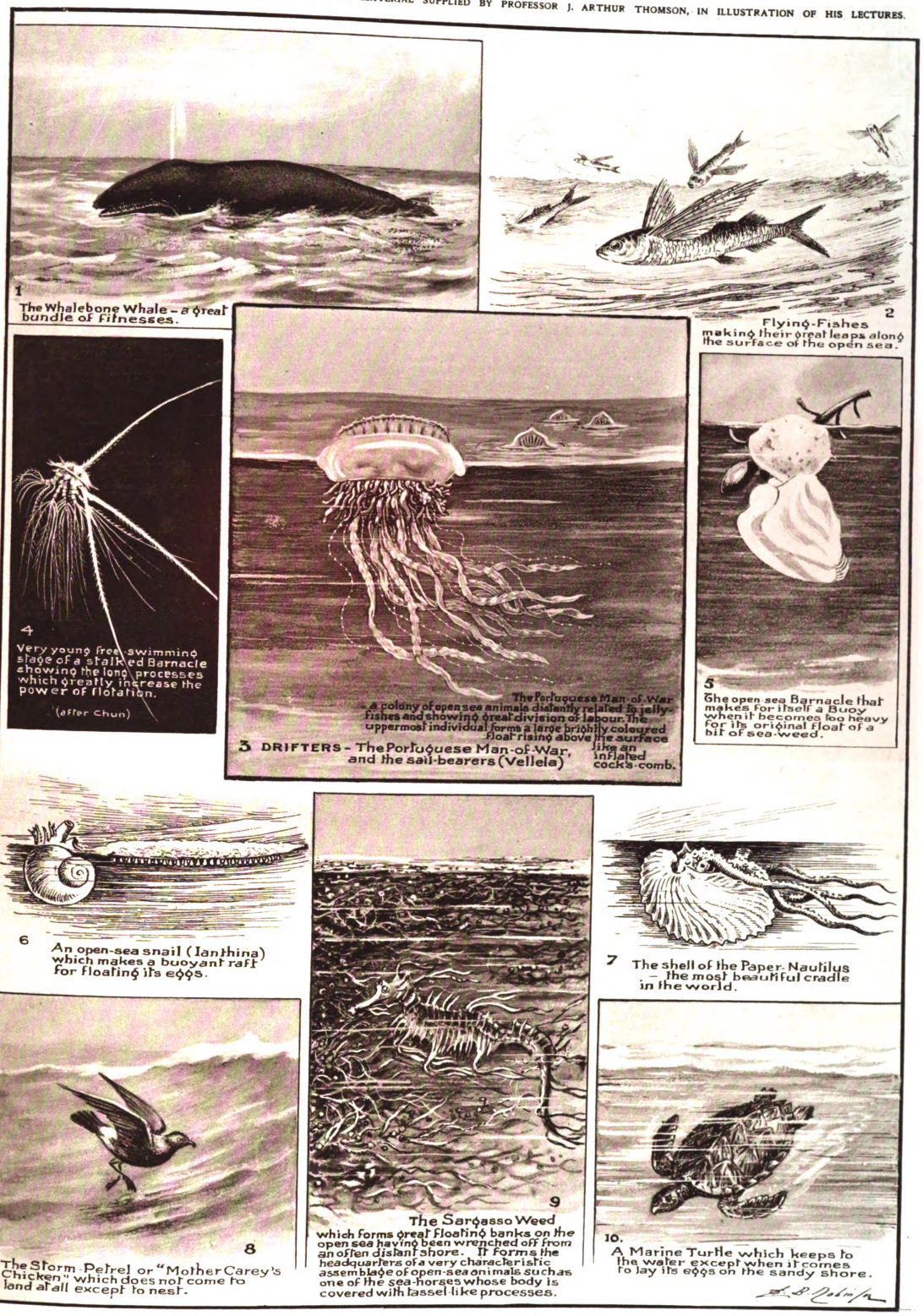


FIG. 13.—YOUNG STAGES OF THE SHORE CRAB: (LEFT) "ZOEA"—THE CYCLOPS STAGE; AND (RIGHT) MECALOPA—THE PRAWN STAGE.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

HAUNTS OF LIFE: NATURAL WONDERS OF THE OPEN SEA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



II.—THE OPEN SEA: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S SECOND LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

We continue on the opposite page the series begun in our last issue (for February 26) of Professor Thomson's abridgments of his highly popular lectures on "The Haunts of Life," given recently at the Royal Institution. The first one dealt with "The School of the Shore"; the second takes us to "The Open Sea" and the marvellous creatures, great and small, which inhabit it. "The shore," as Professor Thomson points out, "is a narrow shelf, crowded and changeful; the open sea is spacious, with room for all, and, apart from storms, tending to uniformity. The open sea, or pelagic haunt, includes all that lies beyond the seaweed-bearing tract, but it is restricted to the *upper* waters, which are well lighted by day." The Oar-fish or Ribbon-fish (the origin of many "sea-serpent" stories), to which the Professor refers in this week's article, was illustrated on the front page of our issue of February 19.—[*Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.*]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

HERE is a rare chance for a young man with ambition and artistic taste. The other day I talked to a manager of a great hotel not a thousand miles from Piccadilly Circus. "Well, how are things?" said I. And he replied: "Things are not what they were; we have plenty of room for more company, and I am on the look-out for a new idea to draw people to my hotel—a splendid one, is it not?" "Splendid indeed," I admitted; "and I have a splendid idea for you, which will fill your coffers and be the talk of London." His face suddenly beamed like a city in illumination. "What is this philosopher's stone?" "A Cabaret!" I exclaimed. "A real high-class, poetic, musical, terpsichorean Cabaret, such as is the boast of every great European city except our London." The argument waxed animated and fervent. The pros and cons flew across the room: my aim was to convince him that a former effort in the West End did not count for anything at all. It was started by a woman of great talent, but who did not quite understand London values and



THE COMIC ELEMENT IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE: MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS POIRE, THE IMPRESARIO, AND MISS MAY BEATTY AS MARGOT, HIS WIFE.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

London people. She had, indeed, a promising committee at her side, but she would not let it "commit" itself to any extent. She would have her own way, and she attracted the wrong sort of talent. Its programme was, between flashes of real art in minstrelsy and dancing, something not much better than that of a "*beuglant*" in Montmartre—the oddest people with the oddest manners exhibited, in the name of cabaret, words and acts which might be deemed offensive when they were not ludicrous. The place became the haunt of that peculiar world of pleasure which loves the bizarre, and dotes upon the eccentric. There were sometimes wild "ragging" scenes, and, despite high prices for supper and refreshments, it generally happened that feasting went on till dawn. So things continued, but the end was bound to come, although the scheme might have succeeded if conducted on the right lines. Finally, this haunt of misguided joy returned to its pristine respectability as a warehouse.

Thus ended the lamentable story of a London Cabaret, and the blow has stunned other feeble attempts at revival ever since, because those who took the idea in hand had no notion of the real *raison d'être* of the art of the modern troubadour. Yet it is a great and fine art when rightly understood. As I write, all France is ringing with the praise of a little volume of cabaret poetry by Raoul Ponchon: all the youth of France is quoting refrains from his war songs, his folklore, his love lyrics, his little rhapsodies and elegies of the people from the Luxembourg to the backwash of La Villette and the Halles. And Raoul Ponchon is but one of a band of singers, albeit that now by acclamation he is crowned as their laureate. All the young musicians, all the young poets, are proud to be heard on the little stages of tiny theatres in the luminous city, for they know that they are spring-boards of fame; they know that the Thespian car climbs from small beginnings; they know that popularity is achieved neither by a good Press nor in printed form, but by the lips of the people. Success at the cabaret means that one may be sung into glory, and that from there to the Odéon and the Comédie Française, *il n'y a qu'un pas*. Did not Maurice Donnay, to name one of the great, start at the Chat Noir under the ægis of that quaint grand-seigneur-cabaretier, Rudolphe de Salis, who received crowned heads as if he were a king and they mere liéges? Did not Donnay spring from the Quartier de la Butte to the Cupola of the Académie Française via the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, and the Comédie Française?

"Yes; but in London——" my interlocutor tried to stem my flood of enthusiasm.

"In London!" I exclaimed. "Why should we not have in London what Paris can offer? Ask Frank Rutter, with his phalanx of the young men of Art and Letters in his vanguard; ask the editors of the 'Varsity magazines, of the Chelsea Revues; peep into the Poetry Shop in Marylebone and see the stacks of songs panting to be sung. As for music, just broach the idea to Theodore Holland, to Howard Carr, to 'That' Tate, to Mark Hambourg, and to Max Darewski; I just pick at random among 'Savages' and other brethren of lyre and lute. As for dancing, just ask Ruby Ginner, Italia Conti, and Florence Etlinger what they could do if in the centre of London they had a little temple of art where they could reveal the burgeoning talent bursting with ambition in their academies. Why, London is literally chock-a-block full of potential cabaret talent. Nor need we stop there. What about the Magic Circle, with its wizards and its high priests of the occult, thought-reading, transmission? What about the painters, the cartoonists, from Hassall to 'Poy'? What about the influx of dancers from Russia, Poland, and the East? Why, it is a Golconda, and——"

"And," cried the hotel manager, carried away by my *fata morgana*, "bring me the man who will harness this current, and I will give you hospitality, light, and the flowing bowl. Yes; it might be a gold-mine, with the Upper Ten and Bohemia flocking to it like Klondike. But bring me the man."

"Ah, there you have me, *mon pauvre ami*. If I had the man, I could bring him to you at once; but it is not a task to be undertaken by Tom, Dick, or Harry. He must be an artist, he must be a man of the world, he must be a business-man, he must have a name to command confidence, for our poets and our minstrels will not again be drawn to associate themselves with any project of the kind that fails to gauge aright the needs of its public. Frankly, I have not found the man, but I will tell you what I will do. I will sound the bugle in *The Illustrated London News*, and invite those who feel that they are made of the stuff to lead a cabaret to hand in their names and their credentials. If I spot the right man for the place, I will bring him to you. Will you be the man of your word?"

"*Parole d'honneur!*" he said. "If you will bring me the man, I pledge myself to open the cabaret whenever you like at the Hotel—— But no, you must not give the name of the hotel until you have the man."

Once more, here is a rare chance for one of the young generation.

. . . . . .

You know that in France there exists a law which entitles a man to respond to criticism in exactly double the space in which he has been criticised. Thank goodness! we have not come to that in England yet. But with our neighbours the law is enforced with ruthless energy, as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—still the most interesting revue in the world—learned to its cost. Recently it published a rather scathing article on a translation of an Æschylus play by two authors. The collaborators furiously claimed the "right to reply." The *Revue* demurred—hence action. Judgment was given in favour of the plaintiffs, and this is its effect. The *Revue* criticism contained 201 lines; as there were two collaborators, each of them had a right to 402 lines, and if Æschylus had not been gathered long ago among the souls of the Pantheon, he too would have been entitled to 402 lines! It well-nigh makes criticism impossible. Fancy if every playwright and actor were to refute our



MAKING A CONSIDERABLE "HIT": MISS JEAN STIRLING AS THE GRAND DUCHESS ANNA PAVLOVNA, IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

"notices," as dramatic criticism is elegantly called in this country, at double space—why, in the days of the great Clement Scott, who dashed off a column and a half of the *Daily Telegraph* in an hour, it would mean nearly half a page of that journal! No, says a well-known writer, if things are allowed to remain as they are, criticism in future will have to be in this form—

Mr. X. has just produced at the——Theatre a new piece of which I decline to give title or plot. This piece is no good.

He cannot reply to that, according to the law, because he is not named. On the other hand, suppose I had named and praised him—or any actor—what prevents him from claiming double space in "right to reply" because I did not praise him sufficiently? Why, the whole business is too ludicrous for words. And so say all of us!



THE HEROINE AND CHIEF ATTRACTION OF "SYBIL": MISS JOSE COLLINS AS SYBIL RENAUD, WITH MR. LEONARD MACKAY AS THE GOVERNOR. [*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

A PRE-CONFERENCE PARTY: THE PREMIER'S GUESTS AT CHEQUERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



"PREPARED FOR ALL CONTINGENCIES": (L. TO R.) MARSHAL FOCH, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND M. BRIAND (THE FRENCH PREMIER), AT CHEQUERS.



THE DISTAFF SIDE AT CHEQUERS: (L. TO R.) MME. BERTHELOT, MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, AND LADY GREENWOOD.



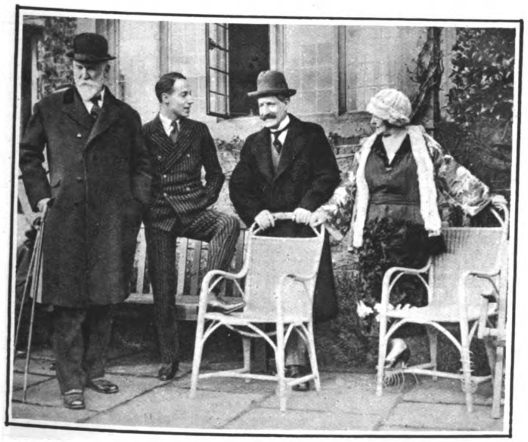
THE SECOND FRENCH DELEGATE AT CHEQUERS: M. PHILIPPE BERTHELOT; WITH HIS WIFE.



AN ENTENTE "CONFERENCE": MARSHAL FOCH AND MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.



THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND AND HIS WIFE: SIR HAMAR AND LADY GREENWOOD.



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN: LORD D'ABERNON (LEFT), WITH SIR PHILIP SASSOON AND M. AND MME. BERTHELOT.



STUDIES IN ENTENTE EXPRESSIONS: (L. TO R.) MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MARSHAL FOCH, M. BRIAND, AND SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD.

Chequers, the Premier's new official country residence in the Chiltern Hills, has definitely entered on its political career as the scene of important gatherings. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George entertained a distinguished house-party during the week-end, February 26-28, prior to the discussion of the reparation question with the German delegates to the London Conference. The party included Marshal Foch, who arrived on Sunday, the 27th; M. Briand, the French Premier; M. Philippe Berthelot, Secretary-General of the French Foreign Office and recently raised to Ambassadorial rank, the second French delegate to the Conference, with Mme. Berthelot; General Weygand, Marshal Foch's right-hand man; Lord D'Abernon, British Ambassador to Berlin; Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood; and Sir Philip Sassoon. It was reported that Marshal Foch was summoned to London for the Conference at Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion. Although no formal conference took place at Chequers, the French and British leaders were able to discuss quietly the great questions they had to decide in London, and Mr. Lloyd George, when asked for a statement there, replied that it was permissible to say that "we are prepared for all contingencies."

LADIES' NEWS.

OUR fashion-scheme for the coming months is being rather more quickly developed than usual. We are seeing dresses, coats, and hats, simultaneously, instead of going head-foremost into spring clothing, and looking as if we had not the courage of our opinions sufficiently to be thorough. Doubtless there is to be wide choice for us, and very charming choice, too. If we choose short skirts, we shall not do wrong, but they must be narrower than ever. If we choose longer skirts, we shall be all right, but they must be wide, even a little distended. With all this license, there are yet laws, which, like those of the Medes and Persians, may not be broken without seriously antedating our new clothes.

To me it seems that some of the smaller hats for the coming campaign might be extra-ornamental dish-cloths, so unconventionally are they treated as Eastern turbans, bandages, pirates' caps, harlequins' caps, anything! The point is they must have some extraneous trimming. Instead of upstanding, it must fall over a shoulder, or down at the back, or stick out at the sides, or lie along the sides. It may be feather or fringe, or monkey fur or horse-hair, or lots of other unlikely things, but it must be the conspicuous feature of the modest-sized hat.

Fifty per cent. off summer prices looks good from the purchaser's point of view. When it is that point of reduction in the beautiful linen supplied by Robinson and Cleaver, it seems almost too good to be true. A White Sale is now proceeding at this firm's Linen Hall in Regent Street, and reductions to that amount are being made in almost all departments. Flax is lower in price now, but is still scarce, and will pretty surely rise again. This, therefore, is the time to buy Robinson and Cleaver's own make of high-class Irish linen. The sale will last another week.

Hunger is said to be the best sauce. I know a better. It bears a charmed name—"The Pytchley Hunt Sauce." It can be had from all grocers and Italian warehousemen. The recipe, held exclusively by Reynard and Co., Liverpool, is of early-Victorian origin. It was lost to the public for a long time, and is now reintroduced, to the great pleasure of the gastronomical expert, and of the plain man and woman who enjoy a delightful combination of piquant flavours and rich condiments.

There will be one of the very popular sales of work at the Duchess of Somerset's house, 35, Grosvenor Square, on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8 and 9, in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London, which supply well-cooked and nutritious food to poor folk in their own homes, often between discharge from hospital and return to work, and for other well-known good causes. It is a good sale, at which many things not found in shops are sold at quite moderate prices. Queen Alexandra is much interested, and usually attends it and makes many purchases. Easter eggs will be a feature on the flower-stall. At these sales, her Grace of Somerset is always supported by many ladies of light and leading. Admission is only half-a-crown, and everyone is made most welcome.

A. E. L.



A SMART AFTERNOON FROCK.

A brown duvetyn bodice with a lace vest, and a skirt of brown charmeuse with knife-pleated chiffon ruffles; the girdle is of gold brocade ribbon. The dress comes from George Bernard.

Photograph by Shepstone.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

NOT long ago I had a conversation with an American business man just back from Berlin, who was visiting Europe for the first time since the great war. His impressions of the three capitals he had visited—namely, London, Paris and Berlin—were extremely interesting, and, for various reasons, gave one considerable food for reflection.

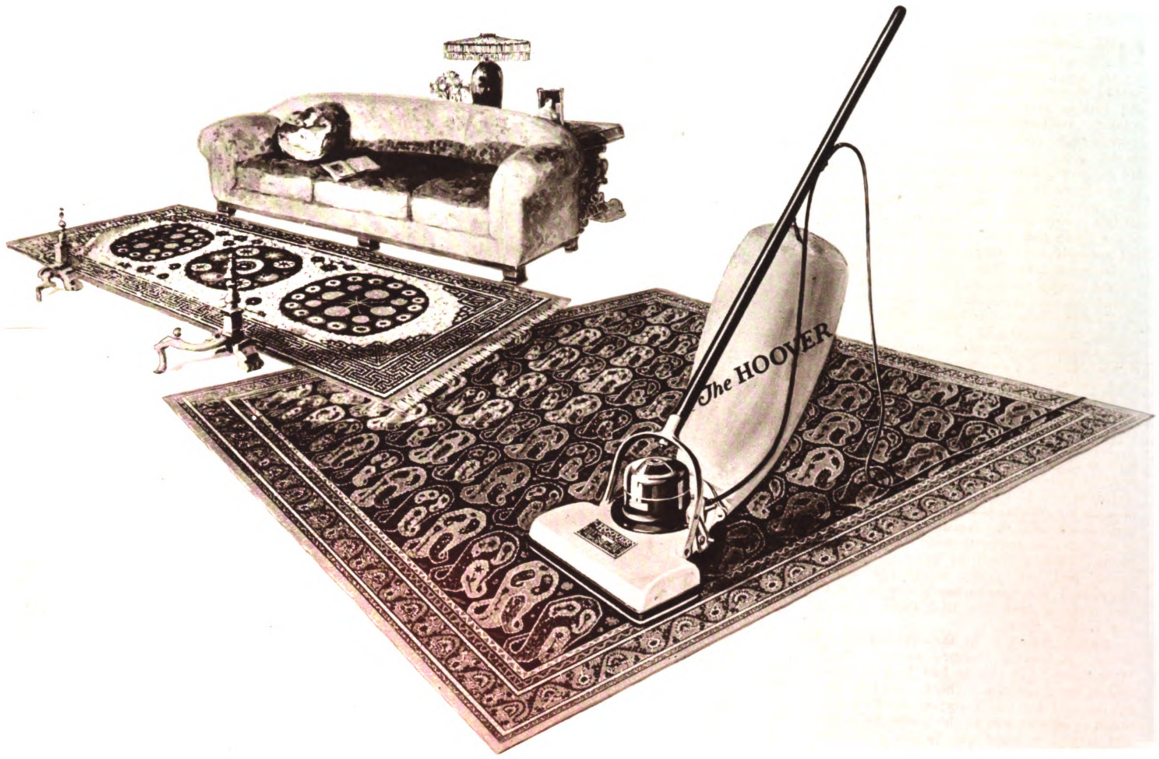
London, he said, was crying poverty, trade was very bad, and everybody he met was talking economy. The Government's wastefulness was the main topic of conversation, and the general impression he brought away was that of a country passing through a grave economic crisis. Arrived in Paris, the same depressing story was to be heard on all sides, and behind the brilliant lights of the Boulevards, and the "window-dressing" of the smart restaurants, there was no disguising the serious fact that the country is in a bad way financially, and that economy is once again, as in London, the cry of the day.

From Paris my friend went on to Berlin, from whence he has just returned with strange impressions of that city, the capital of the country conquered, at such a sacrifice of human lives and unlimited money, by the Allies. Never, he says, has he seen such luxury, such gaiety, or such prosperity; here at last is a flourishing town; no talk of poverty or retrenchment. No thought of the bill that has eventually to be met for those five years of devastation is allowed to stem the tide of gaiety or deprive the citizens of one single luxury. The effect on the visitor is quite extraordinary!

The net result of this European tour will be to send our American friend back to his country with the singular impression that the only prosperous country is that of the vanquished nation—surely a strange anomaly. And yet, supposing someone long dead were to come to life to-day, and, hearing for the first time of the Great European War, should ask to be shown some proof of the victory over Germany claimed by the Allies, what, for instance, could one point to here in Paris to prove the truth of the statement?

Nowhere in this country can we turn for proof of our hard-won Victory; rather must we journey to the Frontier, where the ravages of war cease with startling abruptness, and travel through the untouched enemy country to the banks of the Rhine, where at last we can point to our Armies of Occupation as final evidence that we are indeed the victors we claim to be.





Actually it costs less to own a Hoover than not to own one. For this efficient cleaner saves the money you now spend on having your carpets cleaned. As it scatters no dust to soil curtains or walls, it makes less frequent those bills for laundering and redecorating. Even of more importance is the sparing of your rugs from avoidable wear. By its exclusive ability to beat out all pile-wearing, embedded grit, as it electrically sweeps and cleans by suction, The Hoover will pay for itself over and over in the prolonged life and beauty of your carpets. A Hoover retailer will be glad to demonstrate.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS.

THE experiments of Dr. Augustus Waller at the Royal Institution last month left nothing to be desired on the ground of clearness. Starting with the hypothesis that the emotions of the mind can be detected by the lessening of the electrical resistance of the skin of the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, he proceeded to put an assistant, whom he pronounced to be perfectly normal in this respect, into a chair in sight of the audience and to connect electrified metal plates held in the hands with two Wheatstone bridges and a galvanometer in such a way as to produce a perfect balance. When the patient was subjected to an actual or threatened prick with a pin, the resistance was lowered, the balance disturbed, and the spot of light thrown by the mirror of the galvanometer on the screen moved along the scale accordingly. This new form of what has been irreverently called "spot-hunting" pleased the audience enormously.

Dr. Waller, during the brief hour alloted to him, had probably no time to explain the details of the phenomenon, and one is, therefore, thrown back on one's own unaided intelligence for an explanation of the physical part of the process. It seems, however, that the most obvious explanation of what occurred is that fear, with most persons, produces a more or less slight perspiration of sensitive surfaces like the palms of the hands, and thus, by increasing the conductive power of the skin, diminishes correspondingly the resistance to the current. It is not surprising to find that individuals differ considerably in this respect, and Dr. Waller went so far as to divide mankind into the three classes of normal, "imaginatives," and sensitives respectively, in which last category he included spiritualistic mediums. Somewhat unexpectedly, he seems to have measured the extent of the reaction in these classes, not, as one would have expected, by the extent of the deflection produced on the galvanometer scale, but by the part of the body on which it manifested itself. Thus, he said, with highly sensitive persons, the mirror was deflected when the conducting plate was applied to the arm or the upper part of the leg instead of to the palm or sole, and so on.

The authority of Dr. Waller, who is, among other things, Director of the Physiological Laboratory of London University, stands so high that one hardly dares to offer any criticisms on these experiments; but a thing that struck one on witnessing them was that only one emotion, *i.e.*, fear, was experimented with. This was, no doubt, due in part to the difficulty of producing any other in a satisfactory way before a large and enthusiastic audience; but it must be owned that it would have been more convincing if some other could have been used, if only by way of control. Fear is perhaps the most primitive, and certainly the most easily manifested, of all human emotions, but there are many others, such as joy, grief, anger, doubt and pity, which play a more important part in the life of civilized man, and it would be most instructive to see how Dr. Waller's apparatus would respond to these. It is not for a mere layman in such matters to suggest methods to so experienced an experimenter as Dr. Waller, but the alternate presentation of a real and fictitious demand for income-tax might at the present crisis be sufficient to produce all these emotions in turn.

This apart, however, there can be no doubt of the extreme importance of the discovery, if the emotions can be tested and measured as is now suggested. It will, in the first place, go a long way to remove the barrier, for a long time tottering, which our ancestors set up between physics and metaphysics, or, more popularly, between the seen and the unseen. That some of the emotions, when sufficiently accentuated, translate themselves into external action by trembling, stuttering, and so on is, of course, an everyday experience; but if all of them could be made to do so in a detectable way, we should be a long step nearer to the Palace of Truth. Not only could the malingerer, as Dr. Waller himself suggested, be found out and made to work, but the method might be used for the detection of suspect criminals, and in time, perhaps, might come to add another terror to cross-examination in Courts of Law. But from this to the investigation of the physical causes of emotion we shall probably not have far to go, and we might then obtain a further insight into the workings of the brain, of which Señor Ramon y Cajal's discovery of the neurone afforded us a first glimpse. We might even go further, and do something towards clearing up the hitherto unexplained difference between the brain of man and that of the lower animals. Why, for instance, should the first dawning of anger in the brain of a dog cause the hair of his neck to lift perceptibly, while in the human being it would only be shown by the tightening of the muscles of the lips and a certain intentness of the eyes? Yet this is only one specimen of the problems to which Dr. Waller's experiments might seem to suggest a solution.—F. L.



UNVEILED BY THE LORD MAYOR: THE NEW PANEL IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE—"THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE" (1838), BY STANHOPE FORBES, R.A.

The panel, which was unveiled by the Lord Mayor in the Ambulatory of the Royal Exchange on February 23, is the gift of the Royal Exchange Assurance in commemoration of its Bi-centenary. The picture shows the scene in Cornhill during the burning of the second Royal Exchange, on the night of January 10, 1838. The present building was opened by Queen Victoria six years later. The first Royal Exchange, opened in 1569, was burnt in the Great Fire of 1666.

Messrs. Berger's advice to householders to "Paint Now," instead of waiting for the spring, would benefit others besides themselves. For one thing, it would, as they justly claim, help to reduce unemployment. They also point out that labour and material would be cheaper now than later on, while better results would be obtained during the absence, at this time of year, of dust, flies, and blistering sun. Messrs. Lewis Berger and Sons, Ltd., of Homerton, London, E.9, are the well-known makers of Berger Paints, including colours, enamels, and varnishes. They offer free colour schemes to suit data submitted by bona-fide decorators.

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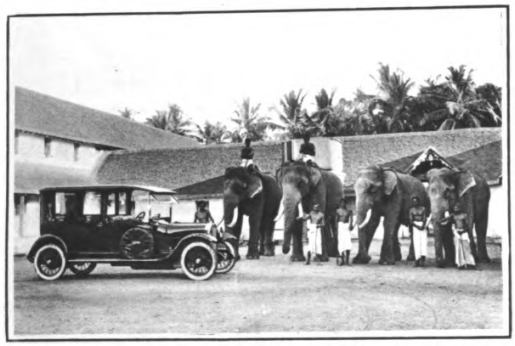
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Quarterly Car Licenses.

It has been notified by the Ministry of Transport that renewals of quarterly car licenses will be obtainable on filling up a short form at any Money Order Office within the area in which the car is usually kept. Arrangements are being made so that these renewal licenses can be taken out within any period from March 10 onward. Where no license has been obtained for the period Jan. 1—March 24, application must be made to the County Council or County Borough Council within whose jurisdiction the car-owner lives.

It looks as though some of us would be able to obtain license renewals before the original license is issued at all! The organisation of the licensing authorities appears to have completely broken down, since there are many motorists who paid their tax during January and are still awaiting the license which was to follow by post. The Ministry of Transport granted a further period of grace—thus again making a virtue of necessity—regarding the display of the ticket-of-leave until the 14th instant.



INDIAN ROYAL "VEHICLES" OLD AND NEW: A SUNBEAM CAR AND THE STATE ELEPHANTS, BELONGING TO THE MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE.

I have not heard of any extension of this period, though, as I have said, there are still thousands of car-owners who have not seen their bits of blue paper. At the moment of writing my own has not arrived, and I am wondering what is going to happen if some of those who, through the failure of the licensing arrangements, are not able to comply with the law should chance to receive summonses for their default. Is it certain that the Ministry of Transport has power to instruct the police not to prosecute under its own Order, once that has been issued, and has become practically the law? And what happens if one should be convicted and fined for failing to show the license one does not possess? Is there a remedy against the licensing authority, that is really the offender? It seems to me that there is only one certainty about the business, and that is that the Ministry of Transport need not have been in such an indecent hurry to get its powers.

A Fuel Economy Test.

At the suggestion of the *Motor Owner*, which is providing substantial prizes, the Royal Automobile Club will shortly carry out a series of very interesting fuel economy tests. The intention is that on one day a series of exactly similar tests will be carried out in various districts. The test will be one purely of economy, and, while the prime idea is to encourage the economical adjustment of an existing carburettor, any form of appliance or accessory which, being fitted to a car, achieves economy, will not be debarred from the test. The Club has not, of course, lost sight of the fact that by fitting an expensive accessory it might be possible to achieve a monetary economy which might be less in value than the cost of fitting the accessory, and, consequently, the Committee of the Club, when making the awards, will take into consideration the outlay involved in achieving the results attained.

This seems to be a very timely and necessary test. Motor fuel, petrol and benzole alike, costs a great deal of money nowadays—much more than is justified by the costs of production and distribution. We are in the hands of a monopoly, and the only way we can get even at all is by using less fuel. I am perfectly certain that there is not one car in fifty which is giving its maximum possible fuel economy. Taking a line through my own car, by careful adjustment of the carburettor and by the fitting and judicious use of a Bowden air inlet, I can obtain an average consumption on tour of forty miles to the gallon, which is not bad for an 11·9. The general consumption of cars of the same type and make is, so far as my own observation goes, about thirty-two miles per gallon. Obviously, if I can get eight more miles per gallon than the average, it argues that the latter is too low, and that an all-round improvement in consumption could be made if owners would only take the trouble to study carburettor adjustment more. The *Motor Owner* deserves the thanks of the motoring community for its idea.—W. W.



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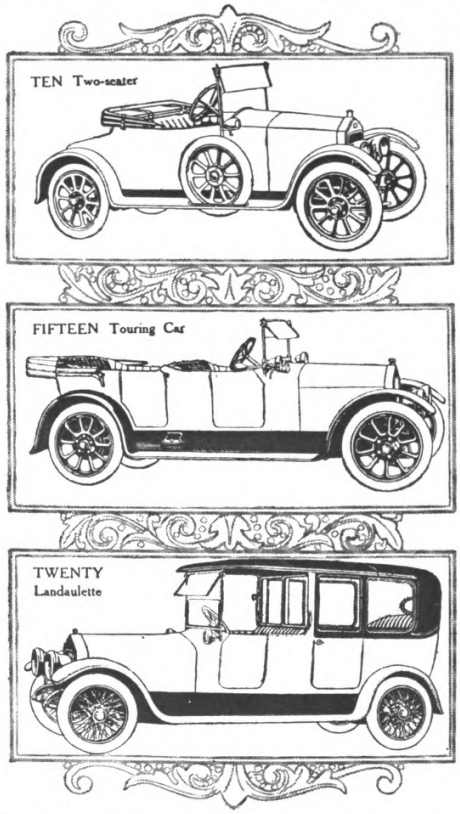
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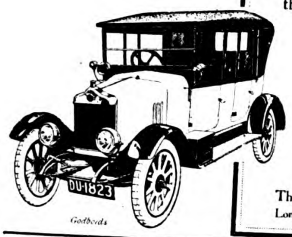
I am, Yours faithfully,
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A SOCIAL CONVENIENCE." AT THE ROYALTY.

TWO acts of genuine comedy, in which the dialogue is kept consistently and as it were spontaneously witty, and the humour of the situations proves as telling as the wit, are all too rare a thing in the theatre not to be accepted with gratitude when provided as in Captain Harwood's new piece at the Royalty, "A Social Convenience," no matter what may come afterwards. A dramatist who thus legitimately for upwards of an hour evokes from his audience peals of delighted laughter is too much of a public benefactor to be reproached because he does not follow his stroke through, and about half-way in his story changes its key and plays for safety. Half a comedy is better, vastly better, than none at all. Yet there can be no harm in telling Mr. Harwood that his forte is the comic, and that his weakness is sentimentality. His idea of the gentleman co-respondent hired to deputise for a politician who does not mind robbing a friend of his wife, but objects to damaging his career by a scandal, makes an exceedingly happy start, and no less promising is the development which shows the married woman in question finding the deputy more attractive than his owlish principal. But with the appearance on the scene of an ingénue who falls in love with the stranger, and mars the tableau in which he arranges to compromise himself with his host's wife, there enters a complication which has tempted the author into deserting comedy for the sake of a sentimental ending. Mr. Dennis Eadie is delightfully easy as the hired co-respondent, but looks too much a man of the world to have been fascinated by Miss Stella Jesse's childish, amateurish ingénue. Mr. Nigel Playfair gives a droll thumbnail sketch of the head of a divorce agency; Mr. Hubert Harben's politician strikes just the right note of priggishness; and Miss Hilda Moore, in the rôle of the wife, if rather wooden in her elocution, conveys successfully enough the impression of neurotic unrest.

"THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW." AT THE GARRICK.

It is better to be frank with the clever author of "General Post," and assure him straight away that he has tried to do the impossible in his new Garrick play, "The Fulfilling of the Law," for Mr. Harold Terry is sufficiently young and has had sufficient success to be able to bear the truth. His leading actors, to be sure, do wonders with their material. Miss Constance Collier puts colour and burlesque vivacity into the part of a sort of adventuress heroine; Miss Mary Rorke gives us a refreshing picture of warm-hearted motherhood, though a little uncertain in her Irish accent; Miss Dorothy Tweedy makes much of the humours of a Welsh maid; and Mr. Arthur Wontner struggles gallantly with the self-made troubles of a marionette who is half-quixote, half-cad. But even their skill cannot secure acceptance for a preposterous plot. For what reasonable person can stomach for a moment the crazy chivalry of Sir Brian Dobree? Having won a married woman's affection, he calmly tells her of his indifference to her, and of his plot against her to make her husband and her rival happy. Incredible as is his brutality towards one woman to help another, one could almost have forgiven him this if, in agreeing to marry Mrs. Avenell, he had not maintained his martyr air and had recognised even so late that she was worth all her stage companions put together, were it only for her sense of humour. Miss Collier brought out engagingly—nay, fascinatingly—that side of her, and so, thanks to her and her colleagues' acting, the *première* was not without its compensations.

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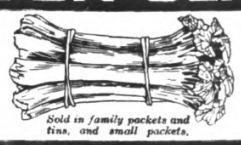
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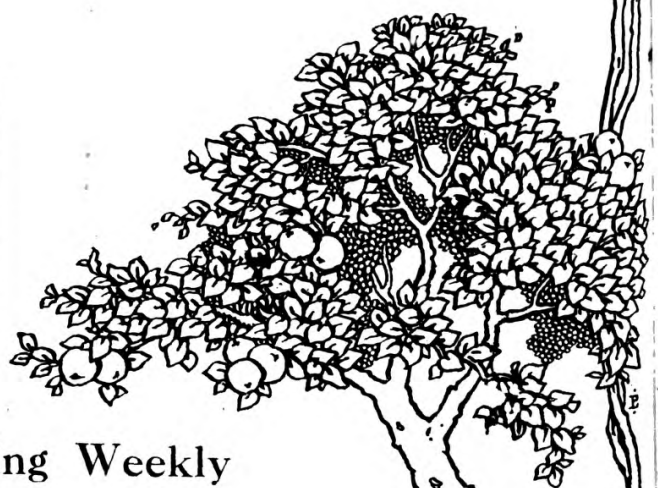
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1921.

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IN UNIFORM AND WITH MONOCLE: GENERAL VON SEECKT LEAVING AFTER THE FINAL CONFERENCE.



ENFORCING THE ALLIES' DEMANDS ON GERMANY: MARSHAL FOCH; WITH GENERAL WEYGAND.

THE DISMISSAL OF THE GERMAN DELEGATES AFTER THEIR REJECTION OF THE ALLIES' REPARATION TERMS: THE CLOSE OF THE MEETING AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The Conference at St. James's Palace on the subject of reparations ended, on March 7, in a rupture between the Allies and the German delegates, who declined to accept the conditions demanded. They left for Berlin on the following day. The Allies took steps to put in force the Ultimatum previously delivered to the Germans, including the occupation of Duisburg, Ruhrort, and Dusseldorf. Orders were telegraphed by Marshal Foch, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, and General Maglinse, to the French, British, and Belgian troops on the Rhine, to proceed with the occupation of the three towns. At the Conference, General von Seeckt, the German Commander-in-Chief, wore uniform, and had the air and appearance of a typical Prussian officer.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



THE ceremonies of March 11 at Oxford add to the Queen's degrees that of D.C.L. Her Majesty already holds four academic distinctions; she is twice a Doctor of Music and twice an LL.D. The two former were conferred in 1902 and 1903 by the Universities of Wales and of London respectively; the two latter in 1907 and 1920 by Glasgow and Edinburgh. The Oxford D.C.L., coming so soon after the admission of women to full academic status at that University, bears unmistakable significance, and may be held to ratify an innovation much discussed. Queen Mary has always been a friend to the higher education of women, and is herself a student of philosophy, taking, it has been said, special interest in the works of Herbert Spencer.

Another interest of the Queen's is reflected happily in the first number of a new quarterly, the *Star and Garter Magazine*, conducted by the patients and staff of her Majesty's Home for Incurably Disabled Ex-Service Men. During the rebuilding of the Star and Garter at Richmond this Red Cross institution has been transferred to temporary premises at Sandgate. The periodical gives a lively account of the removal—no easy task where so many helpless patients were concerned — effected without a hitch in a single day. Every phase of life at the hospital is represented in the magazine, a very bright affair, which promises to fulfil admirably its intention of affording a vital and enduring link between the Home and its supporters throughout the world. It is good to know that surgical treatment has improved many cases at first believed hopeless. The new journalistic venture comes as a timely reminder of war-worn soldiers and sailors, many of whom must pass the rest of their days in hospital.

The ranks of ex-Service men have been swelled lately by a troop of another kind, those Temporary Civil Servants whom the broom of national economy has swept out of Whitehall. "In the clubs the young men's talk is all of jobs," a more fashionable counterpart to the box-rattling of the unemployed on the street. Literary ex-Temporaries have at least one compensation—a heightened appreciation of famous passages in "Little Dorrit." Many men, who in normal times could never have hoped to see the Departmental Machine from within, can now read the Circumlocution Office chapter with new understanding.

In justice, it must be admitted that the huge leisure of the Tite Barnacles has been curtailed. Hustle—incredible though it may seem—has invaded Whitehall. Nowadays men (and women) work there at high pressure, often putting in unpaid overtime to an extent that would give a good trade-unionist an apoplexy. But certain features of routine remain unchanged, and those who have come to know bureaucracy at first hand realise how accurate are many details of Arthur Clennam's visit to the Circumlocution Office. Gun-cleaning is no longer practised in the State's time, but the ritual of Minutes, Files, and eternal reference from official to official endures. In its general effect the novelist's picture is marvellously accurate. Permanent officials might not see this, but the bird of passage, who looked inside with an outsider's eyes, can bear fresh testimony to Dickens's knack of evolving essential truth, in the long run, from his web of merely comical exaggerations.

Here, not inappropriately perhaps, one may interpolate a note on the secret history of a new London landmark. Early in the war, the building designed as the headquarters of Agriculture and Fisheries was handed over to the Ministry of Munitions and rechristened "Armament Buildings," these words being superimposed on the proper domestic title already cut on the monolith over the door. Recently, when the Department of Husbandry and Pisciculture at length got possession of its own offices, the temporary title, "Armament Buildings," was removed, revealing the original legend. But that—"Board of Agriculture and Fisheries"—was now out of date and had to be chipped away. It seemed a great opportunity for millennial symbolism to replace "Armament Buildings" with "Ploughshare House." But the Powers-that-Be did not rise to it, and the fresh inscription merely records the erection of the former Board into a full-fledged Ministry.



THE WOMAN EXPLORER WHO HAS MAPPED THE LIBYAN DESERT: MRS. ROSITA FORBES, WHO REACHED THE OASIS OF KUFRA.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes has just accomplished a remarkable exploit which entitles her to take rank as a notable explorer. She has travelled from Cyrenaica to Egypt by an entirely new route; has mapped hitherto unexplored districts; and has visited Kufra. She is only the second European to reach this oasis, the headquarters of the Senussi, and, to accomplish this, had to disguise herself as an Arab woman, taking the name of Sitt Khadija, wearing Moslem dress, speaking Arabic and reciting the Koran. She found the journey very perilous; was chased by a robber band; nearly parched with thirst, and, on another occasion, almost starved. She discovered uncharted wells and made the journey to Siwa by a waterless route never before followed by a European. Mrs. Forbes is well known to readers of "The Illustrated London News" by reason of an article describing a previous journey, published in this paper on August 7, 14, 21, and 28, 1920.—[*Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*]

Judicial ignorance, that other enduring idiosyncrasy of office, has just been raised to the sublime, most fittingly by the act of Mr. Justice Darling. The learned Judge, it appears, was moved in a recent trial to ask the question, "Who is Old Nick?" This leaves the Connie Gilchrist query, hitherto the standard example, a mere "also ran," most mild and excusable by contrast. Darling, J., so excellent in light verse, should not thus go back on his great colleague in that pleasant art, Thomas Ingoldsby, who made Old Nick his very own.

But there is a further aggravation of culpability. It was a professional lapse, a cut direct to a legal brother, for (see "The Lay of St. Cuthbert") "Nick is pretty well up in the laws." Perhaps, however, Sir Charles was preoccupied with his Martial Elegy on the Burial of the Unknown Warrior, performed to music last week at the Albert Hall.

One incident of these past days, it is to be hoped, will not become a legal precedent—the use of hypnotism as a means of extracting admissions from accused persons. Almost simultaneously with the story of hypnotic inquisition came another of a condemned prisoner respited because he had committed murder during a "brain-storm." If one abnormal mental condition be an excuse, surely another abnormal condition should not afford condemnatory evidence.

Only hypnotism, if even that, could resolve the wistful and romantic question posed in a letter written by a French missionary in New Caledonia to M. d'Andigne, a member of the Paris Municipality. This is nothing more or less than the starting of an inquiry into the present whereabouts of Joan of Arc's armour. The writer of the letter, a Lorrainer and devotee of the Maid, has cherished for half a century a poetical dream that the armour, a gilded suit, in which Joan was taken prisoner at Compiègne, must have been conveyed to London, and may exist in some collection. Nothing short of occult means seems likely to help the search. Those who believe in such mysteries hold that personal belongings do retain some trace of their owner's personality, and that this is communicable to the sensitive. But the Quest of the Armour of this Dead Lady must remain, one fears, in the limbo of forlorn yet charming fantasies. Where is the new François Villon to write a new Ballade on this most intriguing theme, although it could only end with the same refrain as his song of Roman Flora, Archippiade, Thaïs, Héloïse, and the rest? "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Tell me, what realm to-day may hold,
Where shall we find, in hall or fane,
That armour of proof, enwrought with gold,
Jeanne wore on the field of Compiègne,
In the hour that saw her fortune wane
And yielded her grace to a captor's jeer?
Nay, quest not the treasure, for quest were vain
As to seek for the snows of yesteryear!

So a Ballade might begin; but any attempt to imitate Maistre François is a hanging matter. "May the Muse pardon us of her grace!"—J. D. S.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, HOPPÉ, IAN SMITH (EDINBURGH), LAFAYETTE, WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, BASSANO, C.N., TOPICAL, MANUEL, PHOTOPRESS, KUNZEMÜLLER, AND LARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



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THE LABOUR VICTORY AT PENISTONE: ALDERMAN W. GILLIS M.P.



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ELECTED AN R.A. ENGRAVER: MR. WILLIAM STRANG.



AN EMINENT DERMATOLOGIST DEAD: THE LATE DR. P. S. ABRAHAM.



A LABOUR VICTORY AT KIRKCALDY: MR. TOM KENNEDY, M.P., CHAIRED.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: PRESIDENT HARDING (LEFT) GREETED BY MR W. J. BRYAN.



A COALITION VICTORY AT WOOLWICH: CAPT. R. GEE, V.C., THE NEW MEMBER.



KILLED IN A SINN FEIN AMBUSH: THE LATE COL. H. R. CUMMING, D.S.O.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED TROOPS OF OCCUPATION: GEN. DEGOUTTE.



A PIONEER LARYNGOLOGIST DEAD: THE LATE SIR FELIX SEMON.



EX-SPEAKER, U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: THE LATE MR. CHAMP CLARK.



A FAMOUS FRENCH AUTHOR RECENTLY LECTURING IN LONDON: M. PAUL LOYSON.



THE "UNCROWNED QUEEN" OF MESOPOTAMIA: MISS GERTRUDE BELL.



A RULER WHO DIED IN EXILE: THE LATE KING NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO.



THE NEW COMMANDANT OF R.I.C. CADETS: BRIG.-GEN. E. A. WOOD.

Mr. James Wilson (Labour) defeated Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, the new Minister for Agriculture, in the by-election at Dudley.——Alderman Gillis (Labour) headed the poll in the Penistone by-election.——Sir John Lavery has been elected a Royal Academician, and Mr. William Strang a Royal Academician Engraver.——Dr. Phineas Simon Abraham was Dermatologist to the West London Hospital.——Mr. Tom Kennedy (Labour) defeated Sir Robert Lockhart (Co. Lib.) in the by-election at Kirkcaldy.——Colonel-Commandant H. R. Cumming, Military Governor of Kerry, was killed in an ambush near Clonbannin on March 5.——Mr. Warren Gamaliel Harding took the oath as twenty-ninth President of the United States at Washington on March 4. He recently visited Mr. W. J. Bryan in Florida.——Captain R. Gee, V.C. (Co. Un.) defeated Mr. Ramsay Macdonald (Labour) in the by-election at East Woolwich.——General Degoutte is Commander-in-Chief of the Allied troops of Occupation at Mainz.——Sir Felix Semon, the eminent throat specialist, died on March 1, aged 72.——Mr. Champ Clark was formerly Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.——M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, the famous French author, arranged to lecture at the Institut Français in South Kensington on March 10. On the 16th he is to be entertained to dinner at the Lyceum Club. The chair will be taken by Lady Frazer, who has translated one of M. Loyson's books—"The Gods in Battle."——Miss Gertrude Bell, a Staff Political Officer in Mesopotamia, will attend the Conference regarding that country to be held in Egypt, with Mr. Churchill present.——King Nicholas of Montenegro died at Antibes on March 1. He was buried at San Remo on March 4.——General Wood has succeeded General Crozier (resigned) as Commandant of R.I.C. auxiliaries.

FAR AND NEAR: ROWING; "RUGGER"; DELHI; ÆSCHYLUS A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., WALTER BENINGTON, SPORT AND GE



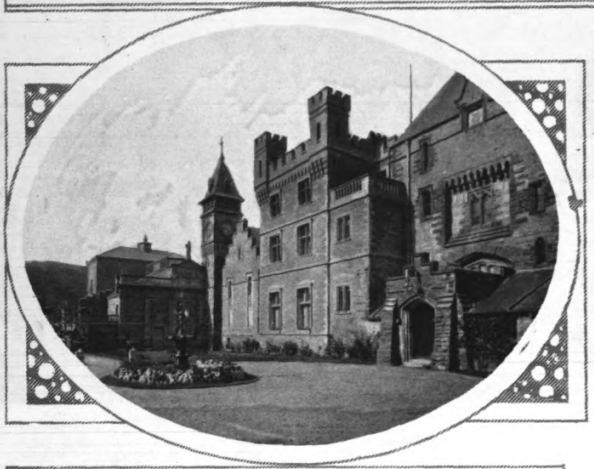
IN TRAINING FOR THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW PRACTISING AT MARLOW.



ÆSCHYLUS AT CAMBRIDGE: MR. RYLANDS AS ELECTRA.



AT DELHI: THE DU AND GENER



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THE ORESTEIAN TRILOGY OF ÆSCHYLUS AT CAMBRIDGE: AGAMEMNON (MR. W. L. RUNCIMAN, TRINITY) ENTERING HIS PALACE.



THE MI-CARÊME CARNIVAL IN PARIS: THE CAR OF THE QUEENS, WITH A WOODEN-LEGGED POSTILION.



THE ARMY v. R.A.F. (STRIPED JERSEYS) "RUGGER" MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB: HOT WORK IN A LOOSE "SCRUM."

The University Boat Race will be rowed on March 30. The photograph of the Cambridge crew shows (*left to right*) Messrs. H. O. C. Boret, A. G. W. Penney, A. B. Ritchie, A. D. B. Pearson, H. B. Playford, J. A. Campbell, the Hon. J. W. H. Fremantle, P. H. G. H. S. Hartley (Stroke), and L. E. Stephens (Cox). The Oxford crew shown are (l. to r.) Messrs. P. Mallam, F. B. Lothrop, D. I. Coates, D. T. Raikes, W. E. C. James, R. C. S. Lucas, G. O. Nickalls, S. Earl (Stroke), and W. H. Porritt (Cox). Changes have since been made in the Oxford boat.——Cambridge has recently witnessed a remarkably fine production of the Oresteian trilogy of Aeschylus—the "Agamemnon," "Coephoroe," and "Eumenides," condensed into a single play and acted, in the original Greek, by members of the University. Nine performances were given at the New Theatre. The acting, and the music by Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, were alike excellent.——The Duke of Connaught inaugurated the two new representative Indian Chambers—the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly—at Delhi on February 9. General Lord Rawlinson is Commander-in-Chief in India.——The Welsh National Memorial Associati

CAMBRIDGE; MI-CARÊME IN PARIS; GERMANS IN LONDON.

RUSSELL, TOPICAL, ROL, AND FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.



OF CONNAUGHT (RIGHT) LORD RAWLINSON.



AS CLYTEMNESTRA AT CAMBRIDGE: MR. R. C. N. BARTON



IN TRAINING FOR THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE: THE OXFORD CREW PRACTISING AT HENLEY.



THE ORESTEIAN TRILOGY: ORESTES (MR. D. H. BEVES, KING'S, ON THE LEFT) AND ELECTRA (CENTRE) AT AGAMEMNON'S TOMB.



THE HOME OF THE SINN FEIN "PRESIDENT": MR. DE VALERA'S HOUSE IN WICKLOW, CRAIG CLIATH (GREYSTONES).



THE KING ENJOYS WATCHING "RUGGER": HIS MAJESTY (SECOND FROM LEFT) AT THE ARMY v. R.A.F. MATCH.



SINCE RETURNED TO BERLIN AFTER REJECTING THE ALLIED DEMANDS: DR. SIMONS AND OTHER GERMANS IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

has bought Craig-y-Nos Castle, the seat of the late Baroness Cederstrom (formerly famous as Mme. Patti, the singer).——Mr. De Valera, the Sinn Fein leader, is said to have paid a flying visit to his house in Co. Wicklow, Craig Cliath (or Greystones) since his return from America, but, when a Pressman called there recently, was said to be "not at home."——At the Mi-Carême (mid-Lent) Carnival in Paris, twenty-three "Queens" rode in a decorated car. The Queen of Queens was Mlle. Yvonne Beclu, a typist.——The King watched the Rugby football match between the Army and the Royal Air Force, at Queen's Club, on March 5. The R.A.F. won by 26 points to 3 points.——The German delegates to the London Conference left for Berlin on March 8, after receiving the Allies' announcement that the ultimatum would be enforced. Our photograph shows, from left to right (in front), Herr Roedinger, Dr. Simons, and Herr von Simson; behind, Dr. Kep and a German detective. On the front page of this number is a photograph of General von Seeckt, the German Commander-in-Chief, who represented the War Ministry on the delegation.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

"OLD PICTURES" as a title of an auction catalogue suggests nothing or it suggests all. It is the *ignis fatuus*, the Friar's lantern, or the alluring *Fata Morgana* which lead errant collectors into stray paths of art. Old canvases, with their hall-mark of seeming age, their bismuth evanishments, and their masterly ineptitudes, mesmerise the uninitiate, whose first introduction into the world of pigment disturbs their equilibrium. The world of art is so different from the Wool Exchange and Mincing Lane! Here is the halo of romance unknown in those babels of commerce. The tyro is goaded into action: behold him bidding for unknown Holbeins, conglomerate Vandycks, and nebulous Lelys and Knellers; but he dearly loves a Leader—that is something he really appreciates. Monsieur Jourdain, who spoke prose for forty years without knowing it, is not dead.

So much for pictures in general. But of old pictures in particular, the dispersal by Messrs. Christie on March 4 of Mary Lady Carbery's collection from Castle Freke, Cork, falls into another category. The portrait of Susan Lady Carbery by Beechey, standing on a terrace with a harp, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1799, sold for 340 guineas. Nicholas Maes we know, with his masterpieces at the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, and at the National Gallery, London (where there are four). Here is a family group—the interior of a Dutch château, with a gentleman, his wife, and family, and through the open window a view of the church of Dordrecht. This is signed, and dated 1656, and brought 3000 guineas. Dirck Stoop misled Walpole by his Christian name, Roderigo in Portuguese, or Dirck or Thierry, which he used as he fancied, and by the suggestion which the painter made of a supposed brother Pieter. Walpole accordingly made three men of him; but there is only one Dirck Stoop, with free clouds and sky and quivering motion. He outrivals Meissonier in romantic posture; he suggests the freedom of the Dutch colonials of the South African veldt in his wonderful horsemen; and when he likes he can be the George Morland of Holland without anyone suspecting it—as in the "Forge," with a farmer shoeing a white horse. Wilson's wonderful landscapes went awry in his own day, but are acclaimed nowadays. It was Vernet, the great French painter, who told Wilson to study landscape. But his own generation neglected him, and he had to solicit the post of librarian at the Royal Academy. A Wilson is here offered, a "Lake Scene," with boats and figures in the foreground; and the composition of Wilson is always quietly and dreamily classic. It is as though the southern sun of Italy had silently and nebulously illuminated some haven of England wherein the painter might for the moment catch that passing glimpse of poesie. From the collection of Lord Redesdale comes a Guercino of the "Madonna and Child with the Infant St. John," in a landscape. A Gierveldt portrait of a gentleman is noticeable. Morland came forward in a new guise to the general collector. His canvas of "A View in the Isle of Wight," with a wreck and figures landing salvage, is Turneresque in its outlook. Morland's coast scenes have a wonderful strength and beauty.

On the same day Messrs. Puttick and Simpson were selling Chinese porcelain, embroideries, and



A REYNOLDS COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: THE PORTRAIT OF MISS EMELIA VANSITTART, PAINTED IN 1773.

Miss Emelia Vansittart was a daughter of Mr. Henry Vansittart, Governor of Bengal, and afterwards wife of Mr. Edward Parry, Director of the East India Company. This portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds will be offered for sale at Christie's on March 18.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

Chinese objects of art, the property of the late Venerable Archdeacon Gray, and other properties. The cover for a state umbrella embroidered with the Immortals standing on waves among clouds with dragons and phœnix, and a pair of *cloisonné*-enamel figures of quails, were noticeable; these latter were on the original wood stand, carved as a fruit-tree. Two fine cylindrical vases at once claimed the attention of connoisseurs, painted with scenes with the Chinese Empress and attendants in a summer-house. They were K'ang-hsi porcelain. Such examples as these are becoming rarer, and collectors must not tarry.

A three days' sale of books by Messrs. Sotheby on March 14, 15, and 16 included a collection of English plays of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There are first editions of Drayton's "Polyolbion," 1613; "Paradise Lost," 1668; Oliver Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," two vols., Dublin, 1762—an unknown and unrecorded edition. The same firm on March 17 and 18 are selling books from the library of Mr. J. P. Heseltine. The "Memoirs of Casanova," for the first time translated into English, twelve vols., suggests the thought that Thackeray liberally used these memoirs to build up his fascinating history of "Barry Lyndon," that Irish adventurer and card-sharper. There are quaint Bible pictures, 294 wood-cuts by Petit Bernard, printed at Lyons in 1553, the first edition in English. Who reads Anthony Trollope nowadays? Here are first editions of his "Last Chronicles of Barset," and others. In the first complete edition of Homer's Iliad, by Chapman, *circa* 1612, one's thoughts go to John Keats, the young poet who was fascinated in dipping into this volume.

A great sale-making precedent in prices of primitive pictures and early English portraits is that of Messrs. Christie's on March 18, being the dispersal of the collections of the late Mr. J. F. Austen and of the late Sir William A. Clavering, Bt., and of others. One may hesitate between a Morland "Keeper and Poachers" or a Perugino "Madonna." A Cuyp portrait of Admiral Van Tromp may be set against a Gainsborough portrait of an "Officer of the 4th Regiment of Foot," in scarlet military coat, standing on a seashore. A fine Hoppner comes to the front in the portrait of Charles, Duke of Richmond, in scarlet military uniform, wearing the Order of the Garter. It has a good pedigree, being from the collection of Mr. T. Baring, and having been exhibited at the New Gallery in 1899-1900. A Raeburn portrait of John Home is interesting. He was a minister and a dramatist, the author of "Douglas," which prompted some of his compatriots to exclaim "Whaur 's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?" He fought in the Royal Army in the rebellion in 1745, and was taken prisoner at Falkirk.

A Reynolds portrait of Miss Emelia Vansittart, daughter of the Governor of Bengal, was painted in 1773, and represents the sitter in brown dress with blue riband in her hair, holding a pet spaniel. Another Reynolds portrait is Mrs. Nisbet as Circe, in white muslin dress, with panther by her side, with landscape background. Two Botticellis, one "The Nativity," and the other the "Virgin and Child with Saints," will not go unchallenged by the *cognoscenti*. The interesting "Fight between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ," by Bartolommeo di Giovanni, has been exhibited at Burlington House and the New Gallery, as has also Filippo Lippi's "Madonna and Child Enthroned with Saints," where Renaissance art is exuberant with its details of costume. "The Clavering Children," by Romney, painted in 1777, shows the painter disengaged from his Lady Hamilton series; at the same time, it indicates where certain modern portraitists have obtained their freedom of air and space, the leaping hound, and the windy heath. Romney's "Lady Napier," an austere dame, was an ordinary sitter. But Romney had his thoughts elsewhere; the cabinet-maker came to London and never went back to his wife in Westmorland for thirty-seven years. "This country wife would ruin everything. How could I have her here and keep her bottled up, and how could I present her? Fancy Lady Hamilton having a talk with her! Fancy me, with these deep, classic, thronging conceptions, Titanic glimpses of nature and the passions, presenting a missus who says 'Yes, Mum,' and 'No, Mum,' and calls me 'our George'!" But his wife nursed him till he died, and Lady Hamilton died in a garret at Boulogne. Such is Fate. But Romney stands as the painter of Lady Hamilton always, and one recalls Browning's "Time has its Revenges." Remembering all and forgiving all to the artistic temperament, we forget the human and linger over the divine.



A ROMNEY PORTRAIT COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: LADY NAPIER, WIFE OF THE SEVENTH BARON NAPIER.

Romney's portrait of Lady Napier will be included in the sale at Christie's, on March 18, of Early English Portraits and Works by Old Masters, belonging to the late Sir William Clavering, Bt., together with a number of important Italian pictures.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

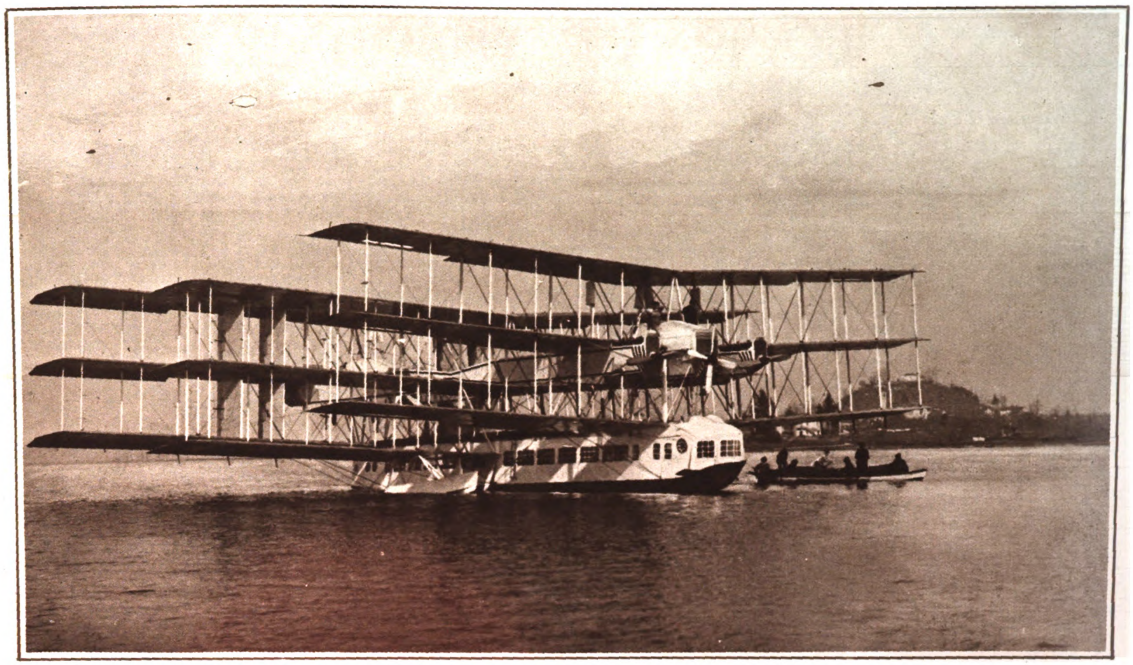


AN OPEN-AIR PHASE OF ROMNEY'S ART: "THE CLAVERING CHILDREN," PAINTED IN 1777.

This picture was also in the collection of Sir William Clavering, and will come up for sale at Christie's on the 18th. The two children are Thomas John and Catherine Mary Clavering. The boy succeeded to the title as eighth Baronet. The girl died unmarried in 1785.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

An Accident to the World's Largest Flying-Boat: The Giant Caproni Seaplane.



DAMAGED DURING HER SECOND TRIAL FLIGHT ON LAKE MAGGIORE: THE MONSTER CAPRONI SEAPLANE "NINEPLANNEN," DESIGNED TO CARRY ONE HUNDRED PASSENGERS.

The new giant Caproni seaplane, whose construction has taken a year of secret work, made her first trial flight over Lake Maggiore on March 2, carrying only pilots and 1½ tons of ballast. She rose to a height of 21 feet, and flew for about 400 yards. During the second trial flight on March 4, something went wrong, and the seaplane alighted badly, damaging the central keel and underparts. The crew were not injured. The machine, which is called the "Nineplannen," is at present the largest flying-boat in the world. Her total weight is 30 tons, and she is driven by eight 400-h.p. Liberty motors. The wing-span is 130 feet. A still larger seaplane has been ordered from the Caproni Brothers for the United States Navy Department.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.A.]

The Fabled Home of the Virgin Destroyed by Fire: The Holy House of Loreto.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN MIRACULOUSLY TRANSPORTED FROM NAZARETH TO ITALY: THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO, WITH THE FAMOUS "VIRGIN" OVER THE ALTAR.



ONCE BELIEVED TO BE THE WORK OF ST. LUKE: THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD—NOW DESTROYED.

A fire occurred on the night of February 23 in the Santa Casa, or Holy House, in the famous basilica at Loreto, on the Adriatic coast. The whole interior of the Holy House was destroyed, including the famous wooden statue of the Madonna and Child over the altar. Legend ascribed the figure to St. Luke. The body wore a rich robe, covered with gold, silver, and jewels. The Holy House was believed to have been the Virgin's home at Nazareth, miraculously carried to Italy after the Saracen conquest of Palestine in the thirteenth century. It stood in the middle of the church, enclosed in a square marble casing. The church itself was not damaged by the fire. The fire was apparently caused by a short circuit in the electric-lighting apparatus recently installed, but it has since been reported that the Bishop of Loreto received warning last January that criminals intended to set fire to the sanctuary by bombs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ANDERSON (SUPPLIED BY PROF. FEDERICO HALBHERR) AND AGENZIA FOTOGRAFICA ITALIANA.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IN "NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS" (Dent; 9s. net), Mr. Joseph Conrad, though he compares this collecting of more or less fugitive papers to a process of tidying up, remains always, and in all places, the master of a pellucid and precise style. We have him here in many an attitude (but never in a platitude): as critic, as statesman, as sailorman, as dispenser of reminiscences, as controversialist with or without the gloves on. "The only thing that will not be found amongst those Figures and Things that have passed away," he says in his prefatory note, "is Conrad *en pantoufles . . . Schlafrock und Pantoffeln!* Not that! Never." And he goes on to liken himself to a certain South American general who used to say that no emergency of war or peace had ever found him "with his boots off." Indeed, we never catch him for a moment in the literary equivalent of dressing-gown and bedroom slippers, though he does not don a Court suit to write in, as Hadyn did. Yet English is only his adopted tongue, and thirty-seven years ago, when he wrote it for the first time (in a letter asking for a berth as able seaman), he could only speak it so as to produce "a series of vocal sounds which must have borne sufficient resemblance to the phonetics of English speech." Yet in the impeccable precision of his style, the words fitting the thought like a glove its hand, I sometimes seem to catch a faint suggestion of a brilliant yet sound scholar translating out of his own language. There is at times, in Mr. Conrad's incomparable English, a slight sense of detachment and disinterestedness, as though an artist were standing away from his picture and looking at it critically. But never do you note in his work those traces and touches of the exotic which are characteristic of nearly all Anglo-Irish poets and prose-writers. Ireland is far more alien to English mentality than Poland. And one proof of this assertion is to be found in Mr. Conrad's "Crime of Partition" (one of three articles on Poland here reprinted), which reminds us that, in all the long and lamentable history of Polish oppression, only one shot has ever been fired that was not in battle—only one! And the man who fired it in Paris at the Emperor Alexander II. was but an individual connected with no organisation, representing no shade of Polish opinion.

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The Pole turned artist is, like M. Paderewski, always a man of action. That is why literature is always life with Mr. Conrad; never a bright and remote and other-worldly sphere like the Moon slowly climbing among the stars to her ghostly noon. When discussing such a practical matter as the "Protection of Ocean Liners," he is a man whose life has been all action, a life of unceasing vigilance in the presence of the strong and insatiate sea. It is his sense of actuality as to what it truly is—not a mechanism nor a block-universe, but a profound and tide-racked ocean—which lends the quality of truth touched with mystery to his novels (also he is a great story-teller) and makes his criticism something more even than a minor art. Here is his definition of the novelist's function—

> In truth every novelist must begin by creating for himself a world, great or little, in which he can honestly believe. This world cannot be made otherwise than in his own image; it is fated to remain individual and a little mysterious, and yet it must resemble something already familiar to the experience, the thoughts and the sensations of his readers. At the heart of fiction, even the least worthy of the name, some sort of truth can be found—if only the truth of a childish theatrical ardour in the game of life, as in the novels of Dumas the father. But the fair truth of human delicacy can be found in Mr. Henry James's novels; and the comical, appalling truth of human rapacity let loose among the spoils of existence lives in the monstrous world created by Balzac.

In the *siccum lumen* of this definition, Mr. Conrad reviews Alphonse Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, Anatole France, Stephen Crane, and Turgenev—and it is in Turgenev's present fate, as compared with that of the convulsed, terror-haunted Dostoievski (who does seem just now to reflect the shaken and unbalanced world of to-day) that he sees the tragical comedy of the literary life. More successfully than any other modern novelist (excepting, perhaps, Tchehov) Turgenev has tried to see the world of men as it is and to see it whole. Yet he is to-day the least considered of the greater Russian novelists, and this sad truth causes Mr. Conrad to declare (addressing Mr. Edward Garnett, whose "study" of Turgenev is an invaluable book) "if you had Antinous himself in a booth of the world's fair, and killed yourself in protesting his soul was as fair as his body, you wouldn't get one per cent. of the crowd struggling next door for a sight of the Double-headed Nightingale or of some weak-kneed giant grinning through a horse-collar." It is true; the truly great novelists "sup late," as Landor said of himself.

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It is not possible to place "WHY WE SHOULD READ ——" (Grant Richards; 9s. net), by S. P. B. Mais, in the same category as Mr. Conrad's book of views and reviews. Yet Mr. Mais has a fine and contagious enthusiasm, and, if we think him a less reliable guide to the comparative merits of Dostoievski than Mr. Edward Garnett, there is no denying that his appreciations are just—and none the worse, I think, for leaning to the side of poetic justice! I could forgive him many more sins of commission and omission than he is likely to commit, for his commendation of the stories of Mr. E. C. Booth (the Thomas Hardy of Yorkshire), and of the poetry of Mr. Francis Brett-Young, whose "Prothalamium" beginning—

> When the evening came my love said to me:
> Let us go into the garden now that the sky is cool,
> The garden of black hellebore and rosemary,
> Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool,

is worthy to be set with Meredith's "Love in the Valley" as a companion piece. Mr. Brett-Young, as I said here some time ago, is the likeliest of all the younger writers to come second to Mr. Conrad, and his new novel, "THE BLACK DIAMOND" (Collins Sons; 7s. 6d. net) shows a distinct gain in scope and power, especially in the quick portraiture of women. He still seems to hover between pure realism and the bright fantasy of his earlier work, the graces of which he still retains. Reserve, without loss of frankness, is a Conradesque quality in his admirable picture of the miner's life of work and play, whence the noble nature of Abner Fellows emerges so impressively. If only he is not tempted into that "grooviness" so amply rewarded by the British public—Mr. W. J. Locke, whose new story "THE MOUNTEBANK" (Lane; 7s. 6d. net), gives us a hero of pleasing irresponsibility, might have been Meredith's successor but for the temptation—Mr. Brett-Young will justify our highest hopes.

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A little orgy of novel-reading has renewed two old literary friendships. "SHE AND ALLAN" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d. net), by H. Rider Haggard, brings two of the protagonists of romance, Ayesha and Umslopogaas, into juxtaposition in a moving yarn of mysterious adventure. "She-who-must-be-obeyed" is still the half-divine, half-malign half-goddess (it appears both Aphrodite and Isis cursed her!), Umslopogaas meets a giant worthy of his axe, and Allan Quatermain is the leader of men he was aforetime. "DODO WONDERS" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d. net) did not please me so much, for Dodo in her fifty-fifth year is irresponsible with an effort, and her doings have degenerated into a sort of brisk facetiousness. But "HAGAR'S HOARD" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d. net), by George Kibbe Turner, a new American novelist, is an extraordinary achievement, with its dreadful picture of Memphis in the Southern States ravaged by the Plague (a virulent form of yellow fever, perhaps), and deserted by its whole population. Mr. Turner's descriptions have a haunting power that recalls the Thucydidean picture of the plague at Athens. It is the most enthralling story we have had for a long time from an American hand.



A FAMOUS FINNISH COMPOSER WHO HAS BEEN CONDUCTING AT QUEEN'S HALL: M. JEAN SIBELIUS.

M. Sibelius recently made his first public appearance in England as a conductor at the Queen's Hall, where his Fifth Symphony was heard for the first time here. He has since conducted other works of his at the same hall, including the Symphonic Poem, "Les Océanides," Valse Lyrique, and Elegie from the "King Christian II." Suite. His "Finlandia" was forbidden in Finland during the Russian régime there, as it stirred patriotic feeling.—[*Photograph by Bredkopf and Härtel.*]



A NOTED BARITONE HEARD RECENTLY AT STEINWAY HALL: MR. DE CARO.

Mr. de Caro, the well-known baritone, gave a successful concert at Steinway Hall on 4 March 4. He was heard in several operatic numbers, and also read passages from his book, "The Art of Singing," demonstrating their meaning.

Photograph by Hana.

A BRITISH AIR-SERVICE STARVED OUT: SUBSIDISED FRENCH RIVALS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



1. BRITISH PILOTS OUT OF WORK AT LE BOURGET: EXAMINING THE ATMOSPHERIC CHART FOR THE LAST TIME.

2. THE LAST CROSS-CHANNEL MAILS CARRIED IN A BRITISH MACHINE: TAKING THEM ABOARD A HANDLEY-PAGE.

3. A FRENCH PARIS-LONDON AIR SERVICE OUSTS THE BRITISH: A FARMAN "GOLIATH" ARRIVING AT LE BOURGET WITH MAILS FROM LONDON.

4. THE LAST BRITISH CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT WITH THE MAILS: A HANDLEY-PAGE LEAVING LE BOURGET FOR LONDON.

For lack of timely financial support from the Government, which would have enabled them to meet competition from the heavily subsidised French machines, Messrs. Handley Page were compelled recently to discontinue their cross-Channel air service between London and Paris. What has been Britain's loss is France's opportunity, for the French Government, apparently, has greater faith in the national value of commercial flying, and is prepared to spend more money in fostering it. The British Air Estimates provide for a future subsidy of £60,000, but the help did not come in time, and meanwhile the British service has had to stop. Mr. Churchill, in introducing the Estimates on March 1, promised the immediate establishment of a Committee to discuss the subject, but this was cold comfort, most airmen thinking that aviation has suffered enough from Committees already.—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRST POINT-TO-POINT: H.R.H. T

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, NEWSPAPE



FOLLOWED BY AN ADMIRING CROWD: THE PRINCE RIDES TO THE START.



BEFORE BEING WEIGHED IN: THE PRINCE WITH LORD DALMENY.



RIDING IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINT: THE PRINCE TAKING A FENCE.



AFTER FALLING AT THE SECOND FENCE:

The Prince of Wales is a keen rider, as he showed in Australia during his tour. Since his return he has done a good deal of hunting. On March 4 he took part, for the first time, in a point-to-point race at the meeting held at Warden Hill by the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. The Prince, mounted on his gelding, Pet Dog, rode in the Grenadier Guards' race for Lord Manners' Cup, and, although he fell at the second fence, came in third out of a field of sixteen. He was delighted with his first experience

THIRD, AFTER A FALL, IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS' RACE.

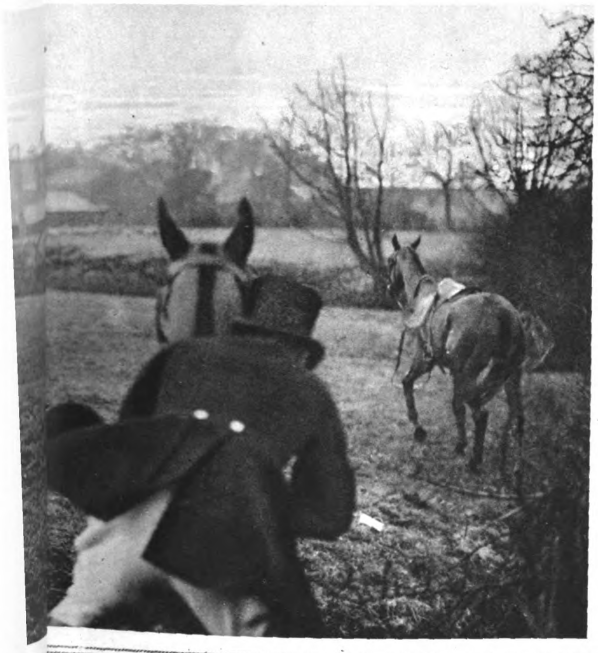
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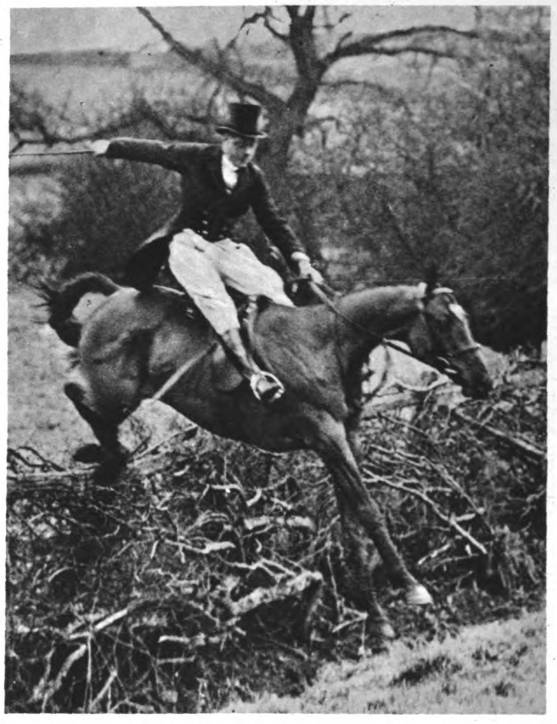
BEFORE THE RACE: THE PRINCE ON HIS GELDING, PET DOG.



AFTER THE RACE: THE PRINCE BEARING MARKS OF HIS FALL.



THE PRINCE (ON FOOT) ABOUT TO REMOUNT.



THE RACE FOR LORD MANNERS' CUP: THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKING A FENCE.

of point-to-point racing, and made light of his fall, which fortunately caused no injury. The winner of the race was Lord Dalkeith, and Lord Henry Seymour was second. Before the race the Prince walked over the course. He had arranged to change at a farm, but as there was not time to do so, he changed in his motor-car instead. He is seen standing at the door of the car in the third photograph from the right in the upper row.

Wonders of Little-Known Central Africa.

No. II.—BLOODTHIRSTY "CORONATION" CEREMONIES ONCE PRACTISED IN BUNYORO. ***By the Rev. JOHN ROSCOE.***

NO king might die a natural death from senile decay or from sickness; when the king was growing old, or was seriously ill, it was his duty to end his life, which was usually done by poisoning himself. The medicine-man attached to the royal residence kept the drugs at hand, and, when commanded, he prepared the potion which in a few moments ended the monarch's life. It was not permissible for the people to speak of the late king as dead: he was alluded to as having passed into another place of existence.



A "TRINCULO" OF UGANDA: THE BUFFOON, OR COURT JESTER, OF THE KING OF BUNYORO.
Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe.

When the king died, it was the duty of the prime chief to have the body stitched in a cow-hide at once; and the death was kept secret until arrangements were made in the royal household for the inevitable war which must follow. Princes and princesses were removed to a distance, and other property was secured. For a few days the sacred cows were milked as though for the king; a particular royal spear was placed in the throne-room when the king was absent during the milking; and the milk was brought in as though the king had only become indisposed. When the death was announced, a cowman, from the number of those who milked the sacred cows, was told to mount a royal hut with a pot of milk from the king's cows; this he raised above his head and shouted: "The king has gone: who will drink the milk?" He then dashed the pot to the ground, smashing it and spilling the milk. When he descended from the hut, he was seized by the soldiers and strangled, and his body was cast out of the enclosure.

At the news of the king's death, rival princes, aspirants for the throne, ran to arms, and men took sides and fought for their favourite prince. The guild of chiefs assembled and kept guard over the body of the dead king until the war ended. For days, sometimes for months, the war continued until the rivals were killed, leaving one only to take the throne. Sometimes several princes aspired to the throne, and each fought with his army, and as one fell, his followers joined one of the other princes, and augmented his fighting force, and the war continued until all the princes had fallen in battle, leaving one prince only. When the victorious prince had finished the fighting, he came and claimed the body of his father, and took it to be buried in a part of the country to which the kings were taken for interment, and where their temples continued to be kept in good preservation. The tomb, or, as it became, the temple, was a large conical hut built after the pattern of the throne-room, and inside was a large pit dug to receive the body. When the pit was dug, it was lined with cow-skins, and had a bed in the middle made of bark-cloths until a height of two feet was attained; upon this the body was laid. Two favourite wives placed the body in position and reverently covered it with one or two bark-cloths. When these wives had arranged the bed neatly they took their places, one on each side of the body, raised the bark cloth and lay down beside the corpse, covering themselves as though in bed. The grave was then filled with bark-cloths, and the widows were left to die from suffocation or from hunger. No earth was put upon the grave; bark-cloths alone filled the cavity, and a mound of them was formed over the grave. This grave was guarded by widows, who were chosen to come and live there under the supervision of the prime chief.

After the funeral, numbers of cows were killed, and a feast was made for the men who had taken part in the interment. The spirits of the cows were supposed to go to form the herd of the king in the other world, while the men who took part in this ceremony feasted as in the presence of the dead king.

The ceremonial cleansing after the funeral was elaborate, the first part being performed by a princess chosen by the new king. For this ceremony she stood with her eyes closed and her left hand over them; in front of her stood the king with the princes, princesses, and people; behind them were ranged herds of cattle. A man with a bowl of medicated water and a bunch of herbs now came, who handed to the princess the bunch of herbs with which she sprinkled first the king and people, then the cattle; finally she sprinkled the fluid over the country, turning to the four quarters of the globe. With the last wave of her arm she opened her eyes saying, "I see such a country"; this became her possession to which she went to live and die, because she must not see the king again.

After this ceremony the prime chief persuaded a child prince to sit on the throne as king. He told him the princes and people wished him to reign; when he was seated, the real king and chiefs brought presents of cattle and congratulated him. The prime chief then stepped forward to the real king and asked him for his present; and when the king said he had given his gift to the rightful person on the throne, the prime chief pushed him gently, as in anger, saying "Give me mine also."



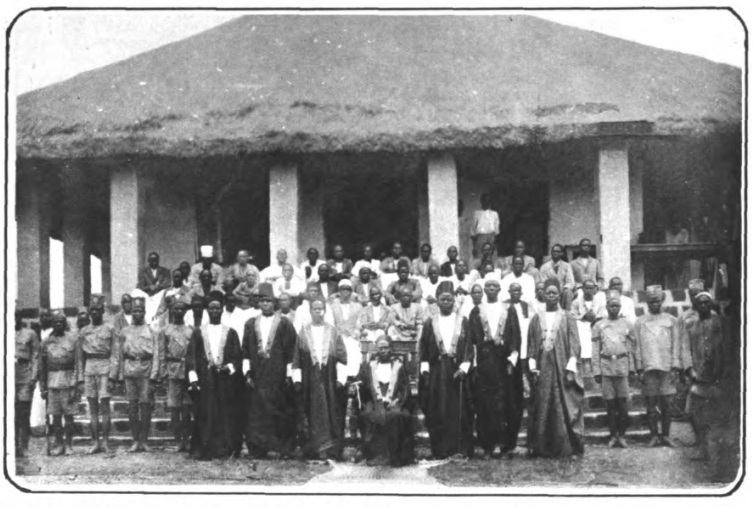
MODERN PROCEDURE INTRODUCED INTO A NATIVE AFRICAN COURT: THE KING OF BUNYORO WITH HIS COUNCIL.—*(Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe.)*

The real king then pretended to be angry and went away rapidly, whereupon the prime chief turned to the make-believe king, saying, "Let us flee, he has gone to collect an army." He then took the young prince to the back of the throne-room and strangled him, and the real king came and took his seat on the throne.

From time to time offerings of cattle were made to the departed king, when the reigning king wished to consult him upon political points. There was a priest with a medium in constant attendance upon the king in the temple, holding communication with him.

Once each year there was a special ceremony when the dead king was said to be reincarnated: a man, chosen from a special clan, was brought and, for a week, reigned as king, dispensing his favours to the people who assembled for the ceremony.

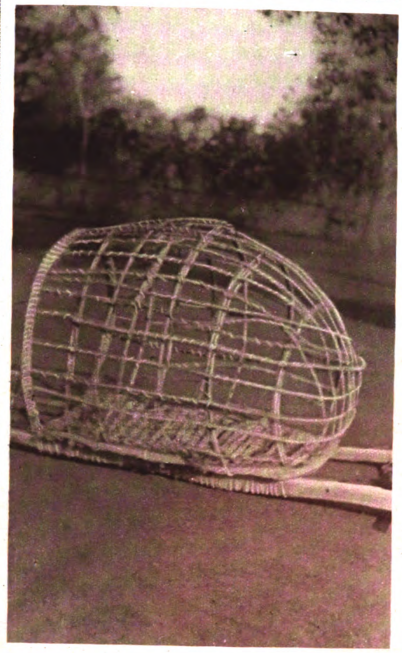
At the end of the week this make-believe king was taken to the back of the temple and strangled by the priest.



THE NEW ORDER IN BUNYORO: THE PRESENT KING WITH MEMBERS OF HIS MODERN PARLIAMENT, AND SOLDIERS IN UNIFORM.—*(Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe.)*

WHERE KINGS NEVER DIED NATURALLY: ROYAL STATE IN BUNYORO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



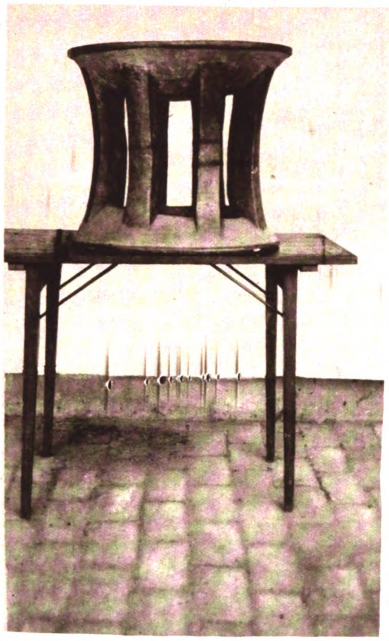
A ROYAL MODE OF TRAVEL IN BUNYORO: A LITTER USED BY FAT PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.



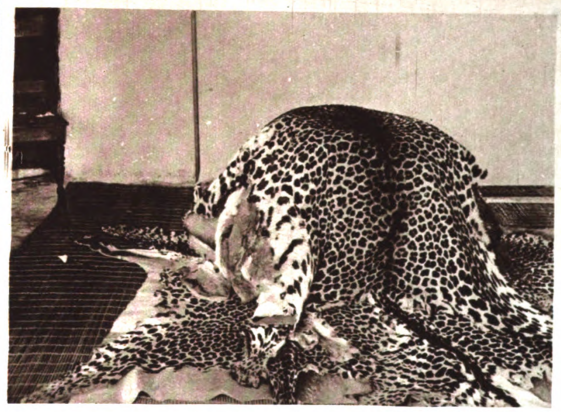
BUNYORO REGALIA AND WEAPONS: ROYAL CROWNS, SWORD, SACRED BOW, AND QUIVERS FULL OF ARROWS.



WEARING THEIR CROWNS, FALSE BEARDS, AND ROBES AS ON OLD-TIME STATE OCCASIONS: A KING AND CHIEFS.



LIKE AN ANCIENT FONT: THE THRONE OF PAST BUNYORO KINGS.

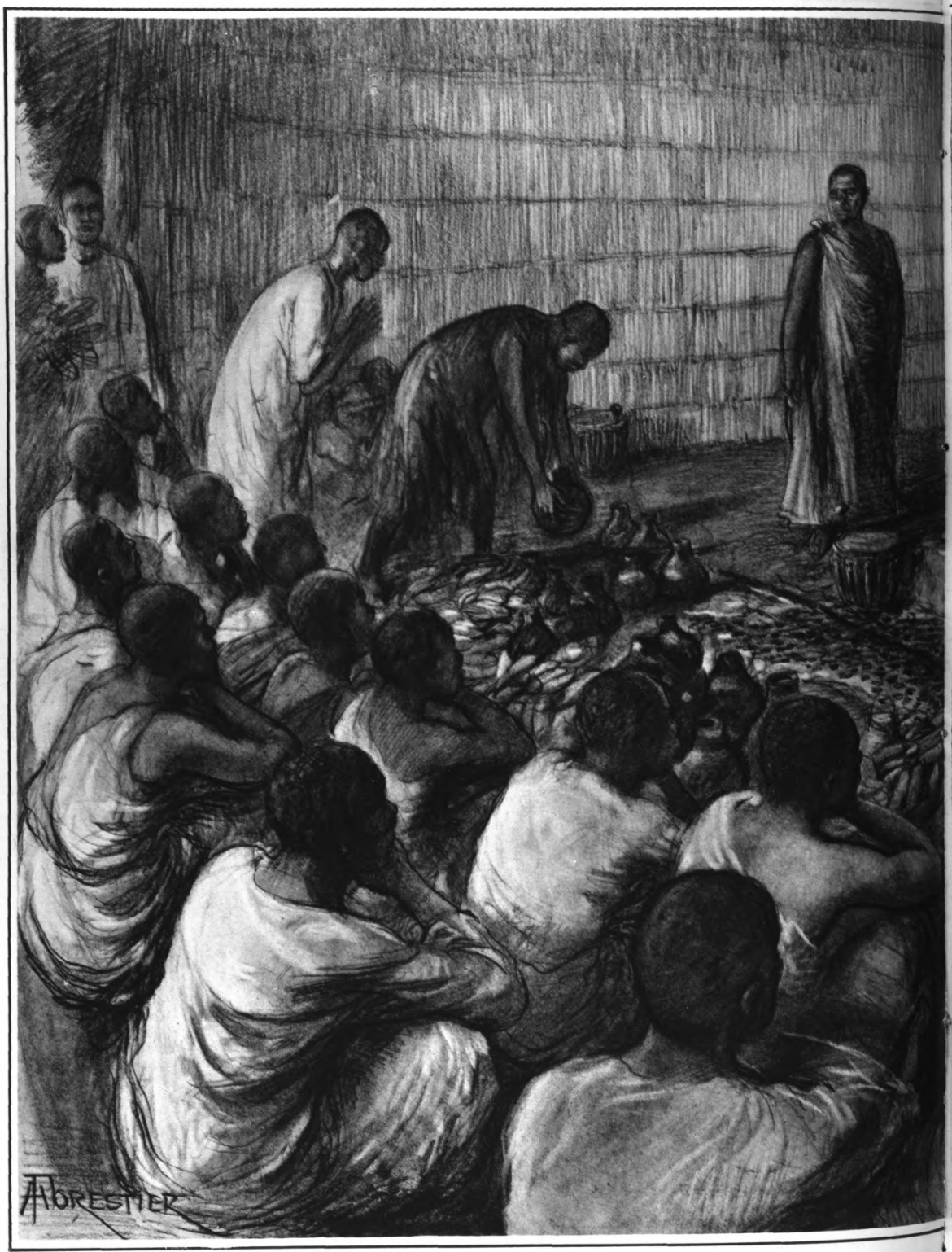


COVERED WITH LION AND LEOPARD SKINS, AND STANDING ON A WHITE COWSKIN: THE THRONE OF BUNYORO.

On the opposite page the Rev. John Roscoe, the well-known explorer, who conducted the Mackie Ethnological Expedition in Central Africa, gives a further instalment of his deeply interesting account of old-time native customs in the Bunyoro district of Uganda, begun in our last issue, in which he described the ceremonies of the New Moon. Here he relates the remarkable procedure that formerly accompanied the death of a king (who usually committed suicide by poison), the inevitable war that ensued between rival princes, and the blood-thirsty ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the victor as the new king. These old barbaric rites have given way before the spread of Western ideas and Christianity. Regarding the first (top left) illustration above, Mr. Roscoe writes: "The litter in which people are carried is used by the better-class 'pastorals,' who are either too fat to walk, as in the case of some women, or are wealthy enough to employ slaves, as in the case of better-class cow-men. The litter photographed belonged to a prince."

DESTINED TO BE STRANGLED AFTER A WEEK'S "REIGN"; A

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL SUPP



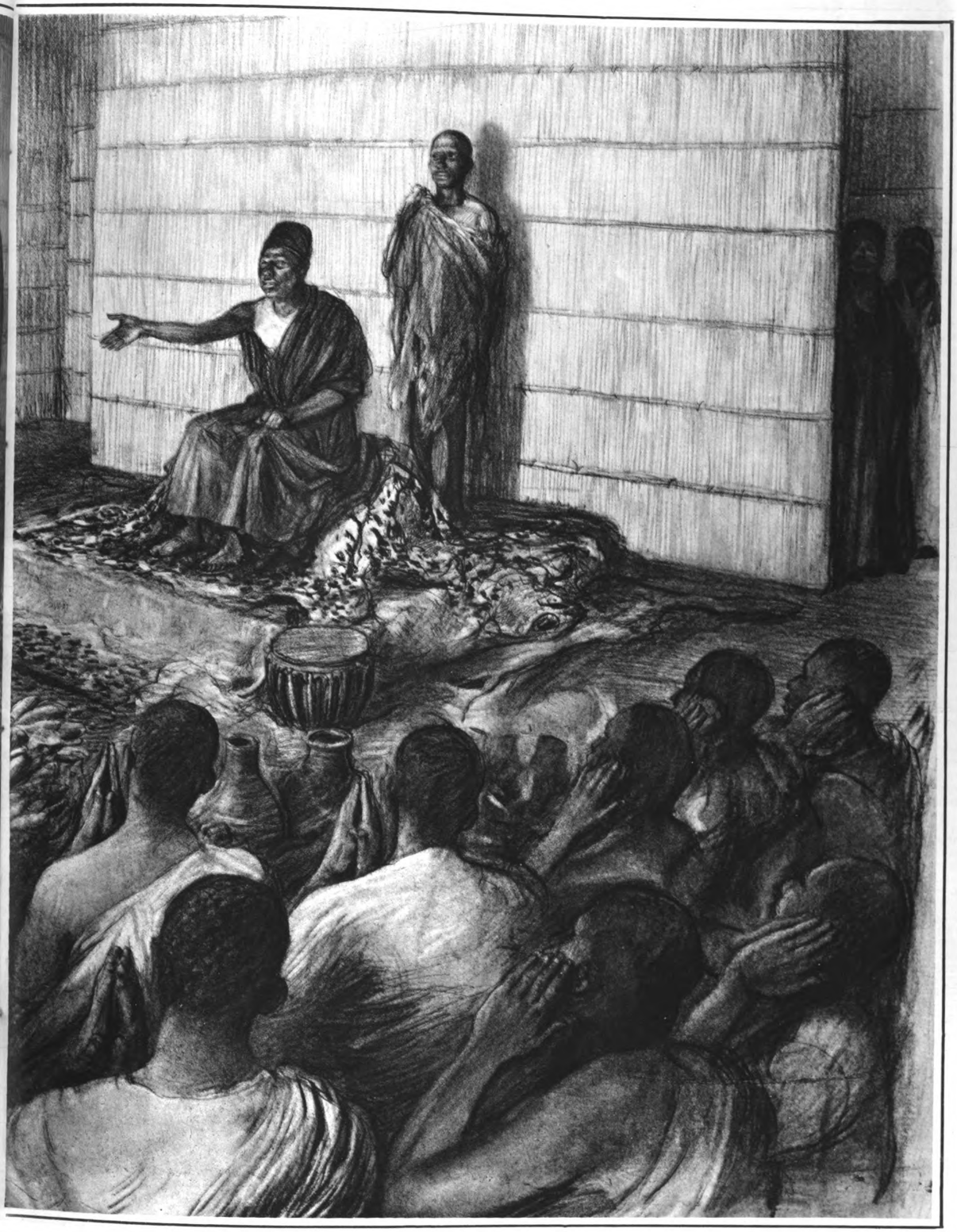
THE SHAM KING DISPENSING LARGESSE OF BEER, MILK, AND PLANTAINS TO HIS

Under the old order of things in Bunyoro, now replaced by more enlightened practices, the passing of a king, as the Rev. John Roscoe records in his article on a previous page, meant enforced suicide for the monarch himself, when too old or ill for his post, burial alive for his two favourite wives, and death by strangling for several men chosen to take unenviable parts in the ceremonies inaugurating his successor, who obtained the throne by war with rival princes. But that was not the end of these bloodthirsty proceedings. "From time to time," we read, "offerings of cattle were made to the departed king, when the reigning king wished to consult him upon political points. There was a priest with a medium in constant attendance upon the king in the temple, holding communication with him. Once each year there was held a special ceremony, when the

"REIGN A MAKE-BELIEVE KING "REINCARNATING" A DEAD KING.

ESTIER, FROM P

SUPPLIED BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



GRATEFUL SUBJECTS: AN ANNUAL CEREMONY FORMERLY HELD IN BUNYORO.

dead king was said to be reincarnated: a man, chosen from a special clan, was brought and for a week reigned as king, dispensing his favours to the people who assembled for the ceremony. At the end of the week this make-believe king was taken to the back of the temple and strangled by the priest." In the drawing the spurious king is seen making use of his seven days' royalty by exercising all royal privileges without restraint. Here he is sitting on the throne in the royal hut, and in the act of making gifts to some of his faithful subjects assembled round him. His minister watches over the proceedings while the gifts are carried away. They consist of beer, milk, and plantains. As each man receives a gift, the assembly thanks the king by joining hands as in the act of prayer, but lifting them to the left side of the face.—[*Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.*]

Statuary of Many Lands: Types of Six Periods.



AFRICAN CARVING IN IVORY: A MASK (SIXTEENTH CENTURY), WITH A FRINGE OF PORTUGUESE HEADS.
By Courtesy of the British Museum.

THE art of statuary, both by sculpture and other methods, such as wood-carving and earthenware, has taken many forms in different climes and ages. On this page, and in the colour reproductions opposite, we show examples from six different sources, ranging from Egyptian and Minoan culture 3000 years ago to African life of comparatively recent date.

One of the most interesting characteristics of ancient Egyptian art is the fact that Egyptian sculptors usually endeavoured, when making a statue of any particular person, to represent the heads and faces of their human subjects as they really were in life. The body, arms, and legs are entirely conventional (though exceptions to this rule, as in the portrait-figures of dwarfs, are known), but the head is really a portrait. We know this, apart from the obvious characterisation of the majority of heads, from the speaking resemblance which the portrait-statues of Kings such as Seti I. or Rameses II. bear to their actual mummies in the Cairo Museum. The famous stone statues of the Pyramid builders, Khafra and Menkaura, and the bronze figure of Pepi I., in the same museum, show this unmistakably as the regular practice as early as 3000-2700 B.C., and many obvious portrait-figures of private persons are known of the same early period.

One of these is the coloured statue, rather larger than life, of the noble Ankheftka, in the British Museum (illustrated opposite), the face of which, perfectly preserved, is evidently a speaking portrait. The figure is in white limestone, with the face and body coloured red, and the wig black, leaving the natural stone for the white waist-cloth. Later in date is the well-known colossal head (here illustrated) of King Amenhotep III., of the XVIIIth Dynasty (about 1400 B.C.), in red quartzite, one of the greatest treasures of the British Museum. The fact that the sculptured representation of the false beard, which the Kings wore as part of their costume, has been broken off, enables us to appreciate more fully than we otherwise could the truth of the portrait. The colossal statue to which this head belonged was set up in one of the temples at Thebes.

This skill in portraiture was never rivalled by the sculptors of other nations till the Greek period. The Assyrians represented their Kings as all exactly alike, without any attempt at individuality. We are, therefore, justified in regarding portraiture as the most striking feature of ancient Egyptian sculpture.

Sculpture of the Minoan period, that brilliant age which was first known as Mycenæan, is extremely rare. But our few examples show that this form of art was boldly practised in prehistoric Greece, and the excavators may at any time reveal new works of unforeseen originality. Yet none is likely to be more astonishing than the Cretan Snake Goddess and her votaries. These figures, one of which is shown opposite, were found by Sir Arthur Evans in the strong-rooms of the Palace of Cnossos, with other sacred ornaments in the same glazed earthenware technique. The goddess was worshipped as Lady of the Underworld. The snake, which lives in the earth, was a creature of the dead.

Mausolos, Prince of Caria, was the Oriental dynast whose tomb at Halicarnassos, one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, was known as the Mausoleum. This was built and decorated by famous Greek artists at the order of his wife and sister Artemisia. Its ruins were utilised by the Knights Hospitallers for building their Castle of St. Peter in 1402 and later, and the site was excavated by Sir Charles Newton, of the British Museum, in 1856. From castle and excavations many remains



EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE: AMENHOTEP III. (1400 B.C.) A COLOSSAL HEAD IN RED QUARTZITE, WITH BEARD BROKEN OFF, FROM THEBES.
By Courtesy of the British Museum. Photograph by Mansell.

of marble sculpture were recovered. The most important, and happily the best preserved, is the noble statue of Mausolos himself, here illustrated.

Not all, or even most, of the Greek terra-cotta statuettes associated with Tanagra were really made at that town, but the first, and perhaps the best, were found there, and so the place has given its name to the whole class. They were the commonest, cheapest products of their time, moulded in hundreds by humble artisans for funeral offerings. Yet their charm and freshness still survive in witness to the undying beauty of Greek art. One is illustrated opposite.

The antiquities of Roman Britain are not conspicuous for beauty. The art of Rome was supplied from Greece; there was little elegance to spare for distant provinces, and barbarous Britain was the remotest of all. Yet the statuette (shown on the opposite page), found at Barking Hall, in Suffolk, in 1795, is not only the finest work of art from Britain, but one of the best Roman bronzes that exist. It certainly represents an Emperor of early date, most probably Nero, in his younger days of unfulfilled promise. There is intentional reminiscence of Alexander the Great in his pose and expression. The right hand held a spear, the left a shield. The breast-plate is inlaid with *niello* and silver.



MEXICAN SCULPTURE: A FIGURE, IN VOLCANIC ROCK, OF THE AZTEC GODDESS CHALCHIUHTLICUE.
By Courtesy of the British Museum.

The excavation of the Greek city of Cyrene, which has been carried out by the Italian Government during their recent occupation of Tripoli, was anticipated in 1861 by two British officers who were stationed at Malta, Major-General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith, then Lieutenant, R.E., and Lieutenant E. A. Porcher, R.N. These militant archæologists explored much of the site, and secured a priceless series of Greek and Roman sculpture for the nation. The special value of sculpture so obtained, in modern excavation, is that the pernicious hand of the restorer, so active from the Renaissance to the early nineteenth century, has not been permitted to deface it. The British Museum is rich in such unspoilt originals. One of the best preserved is the marble statue (here illustrated) of the Emperor Hadrian in Greek dress, crowned with a wreath of pine.

The art of savage Africa is only just beginning to meet with sympathetic appreciation in this country. A fine and imposing example of African wood-carving is shown opposite. This female figure is the handiwork of one of the Baluba tribes which stretch westward across the continent from the region of Lake Mweru. Equally fine is the remarkable ivory mask figured above, which comes from Benin, in West Africa, and of which the eyes and tribal marks are inlaid with iron, and the ornamental collar with copper. With regard to the date of the former, nothing can be said, except that local conditions in Africa render it unlikely that objects of wood could survive for several centuries. The ivory mask must date from the sixteenth century, as proved by the ornamental fringe of the head-dress, which is carved to represent the bearded heads of Portuguese.

The early civilisations of America produced many fine works of art, especially in stone, of which one is shown above and the other opposite. Both are carved in reddish volcanic rock and come from the Valley of Mexico. That opposite is the figure of Xochipilli, god of flowers and games, nearly life-size, and seated in the characteristic native fashion. The other represents Chalchiuhtlicue, goddess of running water, and in this case the eyes and teeth were originally inlaid with stone of another colour. Both these figures belong to the fifteenth century, and are the work of artists of the Aztec period.



ROMAN SCULPTURE: A MARBLE STATUE OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN (117-138 A.D.) IN GREEK DRESS, DISCOVERED AT CYRENE.



GREEK SCULPTURE: MAUSOLOS, PRINCE OF CARIA (353 B.C.) — A MARBLE STATUE FOUND IN THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSOS.

STATUARY OF SIX PERIODS: FROM CRETE TO AFRICA.

COLOUR-PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



EGYPT (3700 - 2700 B.C.): A PORTRAIT STATUE OF ANKHEFTKA IN WHITE LIMESTONE, COLOURED RED.



GREECE (4TH CENT. B.C.): A TERRA-COTTA STATUETTE IN ITS ORIGINAL COLOURS.



CRETE (EIGHTEENTH CENTURY B.C.): A VOTARY OF THE MINOAN SNAKE-GODDESS (GLAZED EARTHENWARE).



ROME: A BRONZE STATUETTE, PROBABLY OF NERO, FOUND AT BARKING HALL, SUFFOLK, IN 1795.



MEXICO (FIFTEENTH CENTURY): AN AZTEC FIGURE OF XOCHIPILLI, IN REDDISH VOLCANIC ROCK.

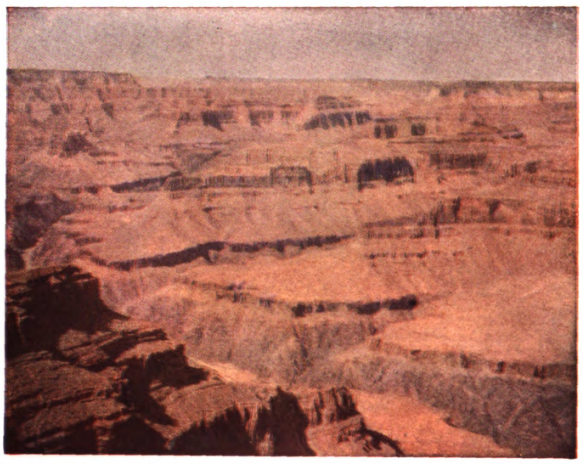


AFRICA: WOOD-CARVING OF A BALUBA TRIBE OF THE LAKE MWERU REGION—A FEMALE FIGURE.

That colour in statuary was a favourite device of ancient art, both in prehistoric and later times, is shown by these remarkably interesting figures, which the authorities of the British Museum, where they are preserved, have kindly allowed us to reproduce by colour photography. Other examples are illustrated not in colour on the opposite page, with a descriptive article. Realistic portraiture was a great feature of ancient Egyptian sculpture as early as 3000 B.C., and the face of the noble, Ankheftka, is evidently a speaking likeness. In Greece of the fourth century B.C., coloured terra-cotta statuettes were very common. Examples were first discovered at Tanagra, which gave its name to the class. Most interesting for its extreme antiquity nearly forty centuries!—is the figure of a priestess of the Minoan Snake-Goddess found in Crete. The statuette, believed to be Nero, found at Barking Hall, is one of the best Roman bronzes extant. Aztec sculpture must have been wrought with stone implements as the ancient Mexicans possessed no hard metals, only gold and copper. The primitive art of Africa has come into vogue, owing to its affinity with modern tendencies. Negro sculpture shown at the Goupil Gallery was illustrated in our issue of February 12.

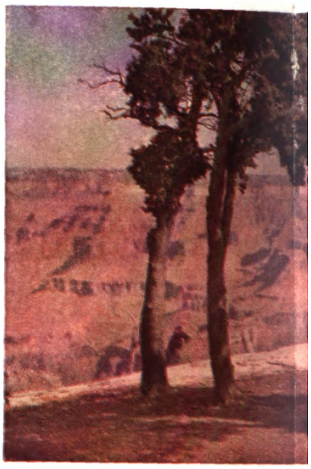
THE "TITAN OF CHASMS" IN NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH

REPRODUCED FROM AUTOCHROMES BY MISS HELEN MESSINGER MURDOCH, F

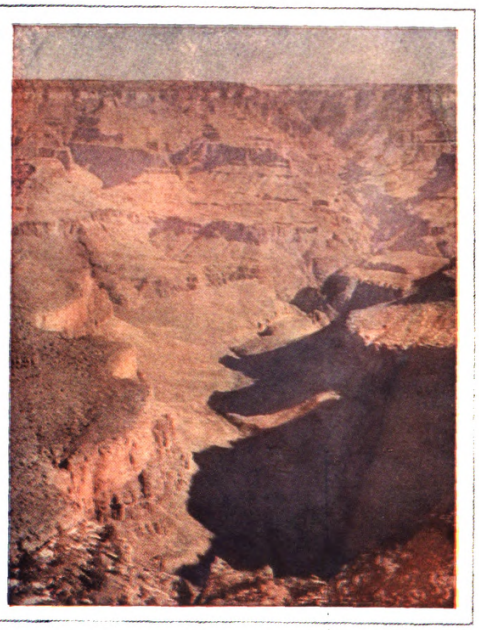


SHOWING A GLIMPSE OF THE COLORADO RIVER A MILE BELOW THE RIM: THE GRAND CANYON FROM HOPI POINT AT NOON.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND, the American novelist, writes of the Grand Canyon: "It has a thousand differing moods. . . . It is like a mountain range—a cloud to-day, a wall of marble to-morrow. When the light falls into it, harsh, direct, and searching, it is great, but not beautiful. But wait! The clouds and the sunset, the moonrise and the storm will transform it into a splendour no mountain range can surpass. Peaks will shift and glow, walls darken, crags take fire, and grey-green mesas, dimly seen, take on the gleam of opalescent lakes o' mountain water."



"CHEOPS' PYRAMID" AS SEEN FROM
A VIEW AT SUNRISE IN



FROM THE HEAD OF BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL (6866 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL): A VIEW ACROSS THE GRAND CANYON.

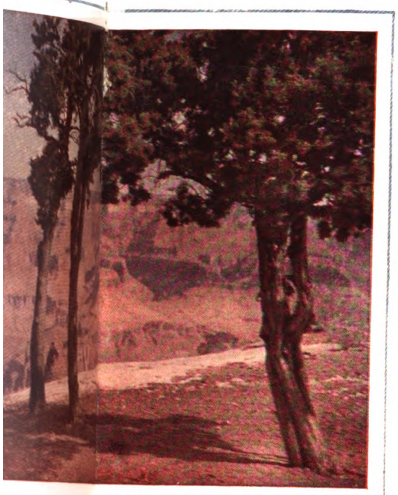


THE "TEMPLES" OF BRAHMA AND ZOROASTER (RIGHT): TWO
ANGEL TRAIL JUST BELOW THE INDIAN GARDEN

These remarkable autochromes, or natural-colour photographs, of the greatest physical wonder of the United States, perhaps of the whole world, were taken by an American lady, Miss Helen Messinger Murdoch, of Boston, who has made the art peculiarly her own. During a two years' tour in Europe, Asia, and America, she took hundreds of autochrome photographs of the famous places of the earth, from Tintagel Castle to the Taj Mahal, and from the Great Wall of China to the Temples of Luxor. But of all the wonder-places that she visited, the Grand Canyon of Arizona is unsurpassed in grandeur, in beauty, and in sheer immensity. "From the rim of the Grand Canyon," she writes, "one looks down into a stupendous gorge 7000 feet deep, 10 to 20 miles wide, and 217 miles long, cut in the heart of the desert. As seen from the point where the Hotel El Tovar stands, the Canyon seems filled with mountains, rising in terraces and

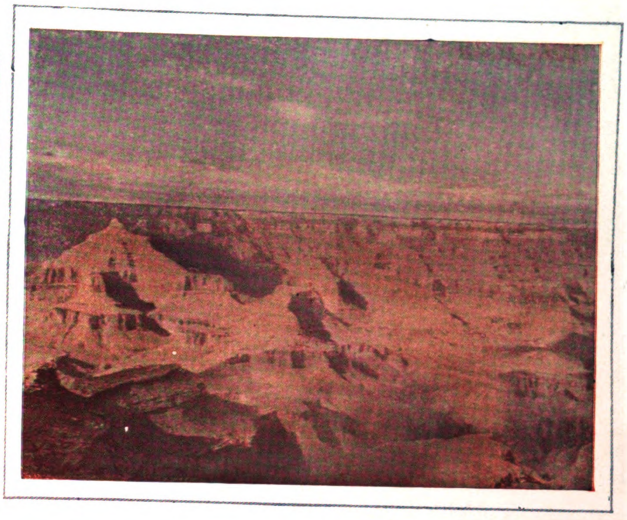
PHOTOGRAPHY: AUTOCHROMES OF THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.

MISS HELEN MESSINGER MUIR, F.R.P.S., OF BOSTON, U.S.A., BY HER PERMISSION. (COPYRIGHT.)

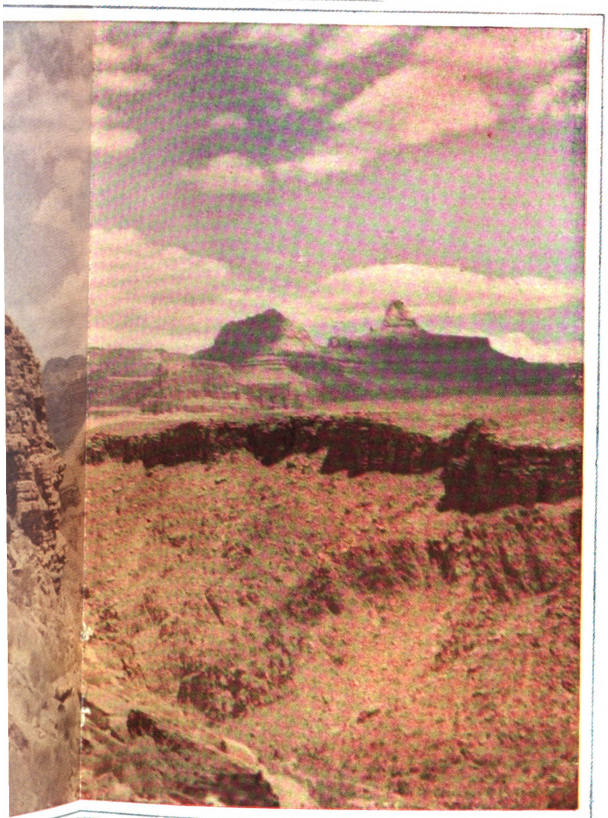


"PYRAMID" AS SEEN FROM THE BRIGHT ANGEL HOTEL: A VIEW AT SUNRISE: THE GRAND CANYON.

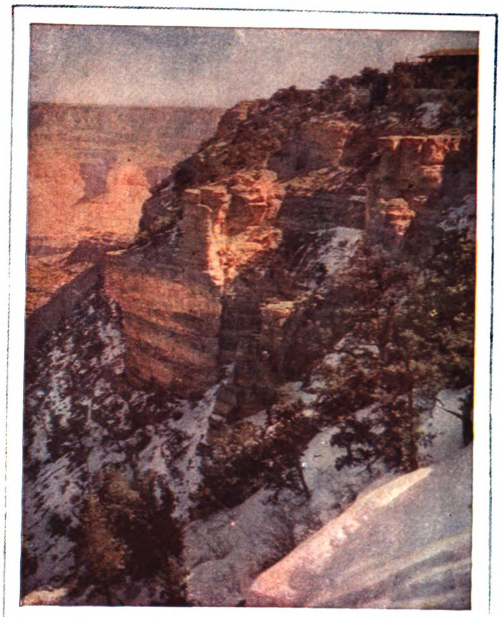
THE late President Roosevelt said: "The Grand Canyon of Arizona fills me with awe. It is beyond comparison; absolutely unparalleled throughout the wide world. . . . Let this great wonder of Nature remain as it now is. Do nothing to mar its grandeur, sublimity, and loveliness. You cannot improve on it. But what you can do is to keep it for your children, your children's children, and all who come after you, as the one great sight which every American should see." The Grand Canyon has inspired many pens to flights of eloquence. Mr. Roosevelt's words are especially memorable.



"ISIS" (LEFT), "CHEOPS' PYRAMID" (CENTRE), "THE BATTLE-SHIP," AND PLATEAU (FOREGROUND): AFTERNOON SHADOWS FROM EL TOVAR.



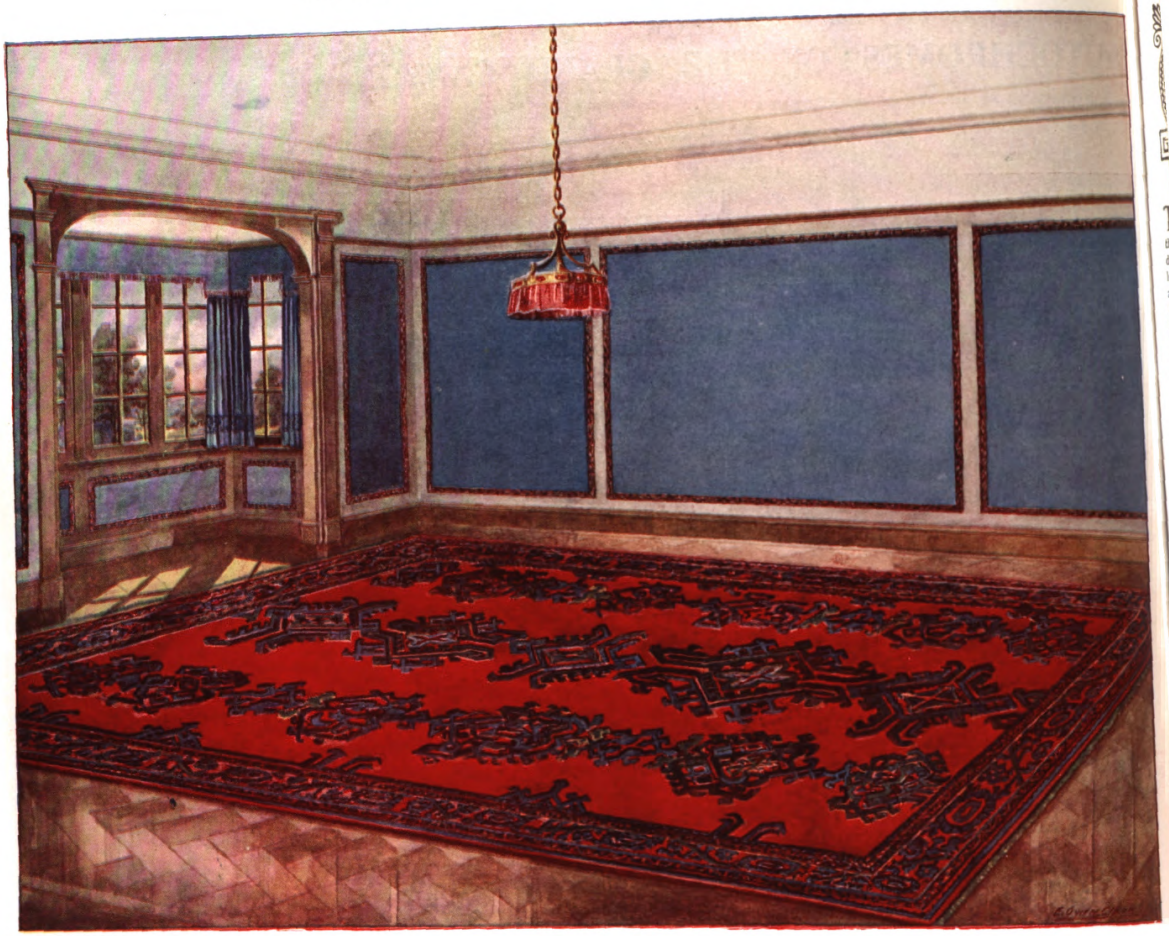
ER RIGHT): TWO MOUNTAINS OF THE GRAND CANYON, SEEN FROM THE BRIGHT INDIAN GARDEN OR PLATEAU (HALF-WAY DOWN TO THE RIVER).



THE "TEMPLE OF ZOROASTER" (LEFT DISTANCE): ANOTHER VIEW FROM THE HOTEL EL TOVAR.

taken by an
nd America.
of China to
d in sheer
d 217 miles
erraces and

peaks, range after range on either side of the Colorado River, running at fifteen miles an hour seven miles (by track) below, and only visible from a few points on the Rim. Hidden away in the many smaller canyons, down in the depths, are level spots where peach trees blossom, while the snow is still deep in the upper regions. Such brilliant hues!—red and yellow limestone, granite, marble, lava, every kind of rock and every shade of colour, blended by the blue and purple of the great distance, constantly changing as the shadows shift with the sun. Nothing green but a few trees on the upper slopes: only a little dusty-looking sage-brush and cactus, and no birds to break the wonderful silence." The Grand Canyon was discovered by Spanish explorers in 1540, and again, in 1869, by Major J. W. Powell, who made an adventurous journey along it by boat on the Colorado River, braving unknown rapids and falls.



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In the Shadow of St. Paul's.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE other day, when it was my privilege to address the Gallery First Nighters—that club of men and women of the workaday world who devote the best part of their leisure to the theatre, waiting in queues in all weathers, seeing every play worth seeing (and often otherwise), hallowing their Sundays by serious and harmonious discussion of their histrionic harvest—the debate turned on the women of our stage. And the inevitable question arose: "Have we great actresses?" We need not discuss the actors; we have them right enough. After much weighing pro and con, we arrived at a kind of consensus. "Yes, we have great actresses; but oh, so few!" Don't blame me for the verdict—I was only one among the multitude; I was the auctioneer of the occasion, and time after time I asked for "any more?" But the bidding was lukewarm, and when the hammer fell we had five names wreathed in the aureole of "Greatness"; and let us candidly admit that, on the heinous principle of "out of sight," we forgot the sixth—Marie Tempest. I could have whipped myself for not having remembered her, this Kitty and Becky of indelible memory, until the sobering east wind without recalled "things which I left unsaid"—as is the penalty of discussion on the spur of the moment without notes or preparation. However, there were five, headed by Ellen Terry, supreme and *hors de concours*, as they say at the Salon in Paris; the undisputed Queen who bears her crown of seventy-three in evergreen laureate. In vain I pleaded for introspection, for addition to the number. I furrowed and burrowed my mental file of criticism of one year and several: there was no response—the plebiscite stopped at the quintette. It gave me much to think over. I was weighing in my mind this one and that one: it is one of my ideals to see the right person in the right place; but I had to silence my would-be preferments. "Greatness," despite Press-agent, advertisement, boom, and first-night delusions, is an ominous word: to use it lightly is to degrade art to patent medicine or face-powder. "Greatness," thrown in the diamond scales, is a thing that awakens, arouses, enraptures a people; it flits through the land like a winged sentence; it scintillates, it vibrates, it lives beyond the whims and tastes and moods of men. It carves names indelibly on the milestones of time. A great actor is discussed by coming generations in the same vein as a great general, a statesman, a builder of empires—the unheard echo of his fame sounds forth by tradition. . . .

. . . .

A few days after this inspiring evening (for these knights of labour surpass in parlance and in thought most of the polished fatuities pronounced in pompous form in Society quarters) I left for France, and I made up my mind to see as much of the theatre as a well-earned holiday would allow—secretly to fathom why we are so much stronger on the male side than on the fairer one; incidentally, to find out whether it was true, which was printed some time ago in a London paper, that French acting had deteriorated since the war.

The latter part of the question may be at once dismissed. Whether you see plays in Paris—and oh! the joy of Guitry in "Le Comédien," by Guitry's boy, the heaven-blessed Sacha! (see it, Arthur Bourchier, secure it at once; the choice can only rest between you and Hawtrey!—or in the provinces, the *ensemble* is usually as round as a circle. Of course there are old 'bus horses, trotting in well-worn lines, *vieux chameaux du métier* who talk to the audience and at the audience—have we not got them too? Of course there are *croûtes*—lovely word of theatrical *argot* for the inept, either pretty or partly bald, with no brains under their pates—have we not got them too? Of course there are a few actresses propelled by other considerations than talent: that a certain number of them exist in the theatrical world of France it would be impossible to deny. But it would be equally untrue to say that they are representative. Of course, we have *not* got any actresses of that type in this country!

In our blessed land merit is the only passport, and sometimes the advertising manager and the Blue Book. But *generally*—I italicise that word—the French actress comes into her own: because she has been trained; because she knows her business; because she has graduated like a soldier; because she has been moulded by a producer; because she is young and not afraid to look old—on the stage; because she has no time or inclination for deification at "five-o'clocks"; because she reads books and knows something of the dramatic literature of the world; because she is an artist first and a lady after; because she rarely marries into the Peerage to continue mediocre acting; because she is merely somebody on the stage and, unless she be a genius, nothing in Society; because she is criticised—often severely—and not "shampooed" by well-meaning and often purblind admirers who prefer her smiling nod to her cold shoulder; because, at well-ordered theatres, especially in the provinces of France, she is engaged for a long season, instead of working in fear and trembling lest a poor run should cast her on the waters; because—most potent "because" of all—she is endowed by Mother Nature with a temperament: not to fence with the word, but to explain it—because she has striven, struggled, lived, lingered, suffered; because there burns in her the godly flame of warm blood and vocation. Because, in fine, to her the theatre is not merely an altar for the worship of "I am I," but the holiest of holies wherein to be canonised you must have the spirit of the Carmelite—ay, perhaps the soul of the pagan!—to reach the kingdom of the artistic heaven.

. . . . .

Here, my readers, lies the difference between the French actress and ours. Her ideal is to aspire to the lofty heights of a Rachel, a Declée, a Sarah, a Duse. To reach them she will defy Calvary and Purgatory, sacrifice body, soul, and salvation. On our cooler strand the supreme price is ephemeral immortality in picture papers, "among those present" at functions, the blessing of Lady X. and Marchioness Y. and Countess Z., a marriage beyond one's social station, applause when entering the stalls on a first night while resting from work, and generally such adulation as is not good for any young woman.

We cannot all have temperament—it is an endowment, like birth in a palace or in a mansion—but we can cultivate that which is in us beyond the drawing-room ballad and the pretty frock. Acting, after all, is a question of losing one's personality in another incarnation—a question of, once more to quote a poignant French saying, "*S'y mettre ou se démettre.*" When that portentous message is understood by our aspirants to a place in the sun, there is the luminous prospect that on our stage, as elsewhere in the community of life, our women will be the equal of men. But the road lies in the narrow, dark alley of the stage-door, whither grope the modest workers, not under the glittering chandeliers of Mayfair and the land of Jazz where the snapshot thrives and the paragraph.



A DEPUTY LOVER: MR. DENNIS EADIE AS DENNIS LESTRANGE, AND MISS HILDA MOORE AS MILLICENT HANNAY, IN "A SOCIAL CONVENIENCE," AT THE ROYALTY.



FEIGNED LOVE TURNED TRUE: MISS EDNA BEST AS POLLY SHANNON, AND MR. DONALD CALTHROP AS REX VAN ZILE, IN "POLLY WITH A PAST," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



WOOING ONE WOMAN TO HELP ANOTHER: MR. ARTHUR WONTNER AS SIR BRIAN DOBREE, AND MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS MRS. AVENELL, IN "THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW."

The three plays here illustrated all contain characters who feign love from various motives. Dennis Lestrange, in "A Social Convenience," deputises in compromising a married woman for her M.P. lover, who does not want to be involved in a divorce case. Polly Shannon, in "Polly with a Past," masquerades as a "cocotte" to help a shy man by arousing another girl's jealousy. The result is a transfer of affections. Sir Brian Dobree, in "The Fulfilling of the Law" (at the Garrick), woos Mrs. Avenell to enable a girl whom he really loves, but who loves Mr. Avenell, to marry the latter after divorce. Miss Constance Collier makes Mrs. Avenell the dominant figure, and her beautiful dresses (by Reville) add to the charm of her performance.—[*Photographs by Stage Photo Co. and Reville Studios.*]

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

III.—"THE GREAT DEPTHS."

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

ALTHOUGH Sir John Ross fished up a Brittle-star (Figs. 3 (left) and 10) from very deep water more than a hundred years ago (1818), little was known of the animal life of the great depths of the ocean till the *Challenger* Expedition of 1873-76. This, like Darwin's voyage of the *Beagle*, was a Columbus voyage, for it revealed a new world—the world of the Deep Sea. It is one of the largest haunts of life, occupying more than a third of the earth's surface; and it is one of the strangest. No one has ever seen it; probably no one will ever see it; for by the deep sea we mean the floor of the great abysses and the layers of dark water near that floor. We can throw a stone into it from the deck of a steamer, but it is a bourn from which no traveller can return.

The world of the deep sea is very deep, for the average depth of the ocean is 2½ miles; and, as vast areas are comparatively shallow, there must be other parts extraordinarily deep. Just as the earth's crust is buckled up into mountains, so it is dimpled down into depressions. The very deep holes are called "deeps"; and the so-called *Challenger* "deep" is nearly six miles deep—namely, 5269 fathoms. If one could

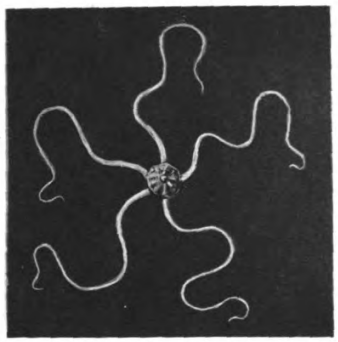


FIG. 10.—ONE OF THE FIRST DEEP-SEA CREATURES KNOWN: A BRITTLE-STAR, SUCH AS SIR JOHN ROSS FISHED UP IN 1818.

throw Mount Everest into this "deep," the mountain would be swallowed up, with 2600 feet to spare. Some of the "deeps" are actually over six miles. In deep water there is great pressure—2½ tons on every square inch at 2500 fathoms—an unendurable pressure, if it were felt. A ship's hawser is squeezed into a rope; a weighted piece of wood is so much compressed that it will no longer float when brought to the surface again; but the deep-water animals do not feel this pressure, their bodies are so permeable.

The deep sea is a very cold haunt, for the sun's heat is practically lost at about 150 fathoms; and there is a continual sinking-down of cold water, rich in oxygen, from the Poles. Throughout the year there is little variation in the temperature, which remains near the freezing-point of fresh water. Eternal winter reigns. Besides the cold of this unfriendly haunt, there is the darkness. Very sensitive bromo-gelatine plates, automatically exposed and closed again at 500 fathoms, show that some rays of light reach that depth; but there is very little light beyond 250 fathoms. The deep sea is a world of dreadful night; the utter darkness (Fig. 7) almost intensified, one would think, by the fitful gleams of phosphorescent light. Perhaps it is like a moor on a dark night with a few stars overhead.

The deep sea is a place of calm, for the severest storms are comparatively shallow in their grip. There are no swift currents, but at most a gentle flow over the beds of ooze. There is no scenery, but a monotony of sweeping undulations like those of sand-dunes. Only here and there are ridges like water-sheds or volcanic cones rising to the surface, perhaps to form the foundation of coral islands. What an eerie picture of a deep, dark, cold, calm, silent, monotonous world!

What of the life of the great deeps? The biggest fact is that there is no "deep" too deep for life. There are most animals at moderate depths; there are more animals on the lime-ooze than on the "red-clay" mud-ooze; and we do not know much about the thinly peopled miles of water between the limit of the light and the floor itself. But the big fact is that wherever the long arm of the dredge (Fig. 1) has reached down, it has brought up living creatures. There is no depth-limit to the distribution of life. Of course, there are no plants in the great depths, except the resting-stages of a few algæ that have sunk down from the surface. We say "of course," because all ordinary plants, green with chlorophyll, require light if they are to live. There do not seem to be even bacteria—those microscopic minions of decay—in the abysses; and that means that there can be no rotting. If a dead whale sinks to the floor of the deep sea it is nibbled to fragments, and all of it is devoured or dissolved, save the cowrie-like ear-bones, which are almost as hard as stone. The floor of the deep sea is a sort of universal clearing-house. If there are no plants, it seems at first sight as if all the animals must be eating one another, which is absurd, as Euclid used to say. The deep-sea fish eats the deep-sea snail, and the snail the worm, and the worm—something else; but that cannot be the whole story. There must be a food-supply from without, and that is furnished by the ceaseless rain of minute creatures, killed or dying at the surface, which sink through the miles of water like snowflakes on a quiet winter day (Fig. 9). The microscopic atomies in their never-ending shower count for much more than the carcases of whales.

The deep-sea animals are of many kinds—very representative. In his last voyage, the late Sir John Murray dredged with an otter trawl with a 50-feet beam at a depth of 2820 fathoms, which is over three miles; and, just as on the *Challenger* Expedition, he brought up an astonishing variety of animals—fishes, molluscs, crustaceans, sea-spiders (Figs. 3 and 6), sea-urchins, star-fishes, corals, and endless minutiæ. There is reason to believe that the deep sea has been colonised by shore animals which in the course of ages have gradually followed the drifting food-particles down the long slope. If a shore animal of to-day were suddenly transferred to the deep sea, it would doubtless die at once; but, with ages for the journey, the transition is possible.

This raises the interesting question of the special fitnesses that deep-sea animals show in relation to the strange conditions of their life. Many of the fixed ones, like the sea-lilies, have very long stalks (Fig. 4), plainly of use in raising the important part of the body out of the treacherous, smothering ooze. Some of them, like the lanky crabs, and the still more lanky sea-spiders (Figs. 3 and 6), have their legs extraordinarily elongated—well suited for walking delicately on the soft surface of the floor. Another fitness may be found in the porous, permeable architecture which enables the animals to be indifferent to the great pressure. If a closed glass vessel is weighted and lowered into deep water, it is soon shivered into dust because the pressure inside cannot be adjusted in any way to the pressure outside. But an open glass vessel is unaffected, since the water gets inside as well as outside. It is the same with a delicate deep-sea sponge, like Venus's Flower Basket (Fig. 4, centre)—the water permeates the whole. Even when it cannot be said that the sea water as such penetrates the whole of the deep-sea animal's body, there is an adjustment of the fluids and gases in the body. The very bones of deep-sea fishes are sometimes so spongy that we can run a needle through them without breaking the point. Yet another fitness may be found in the exquisite sense of touch which many deep-sea animals show; a prawn (Fig. 2) may have a feeler, and a fish a barbule (Fig. 8), very much longer than its body. For a world of darkness what could be better than a highly developed sense of touch? Another adaptation is the huge gape (Fig. 3) of some of the fishes.

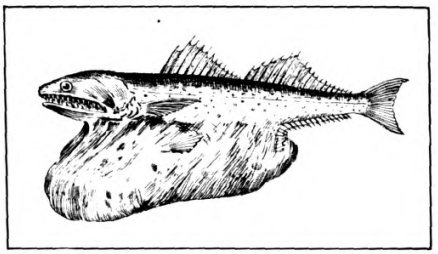


FIG. 11.—A DEEP-SEA FISH THAT SWALLOWS OTHERS BIGGER THAN ITSELF—AND DIES! THE *CHIASMODON NIGRUM*.

This fish is extremely voracious, and will attack and swallow a fish larger than itself, when its body becomes highly distended and death follows.

There is prospect of another *Challenger* Expedition, and we strongly wish that the hope may be fulfilled. There are many unsolved problems in regard to the deep sea; many questions that the splendid results of the 1873-76 Expedition have made us ask. We should like to know how the everyday life of deep-sea animals goes on in the strange conditions—of persistent cold, for instance; we should like to know about the development of the young in these great depths; we should like to know more precisely where the deep-sea animals came from. There is the puzzle of some fishes with very small, almost useless, eyes, and other fishes with very big eyes (Fig. 5c). Are the first dwindling organs that are useless in a dark haunt? are the others taking advantage of the gleams of "phosphorescent" light? And what is the significance of the phosphorescence, or, better, luminescence (Figs. 3 and 8) (since it has nothing to do with phosphorus), of so many deep-sea animals, both of sedentary and free-swimming habit? Is it a guide in some cases, a warning in other cases? is it a lure, or a means of recognition? or is it just a kind of by-play of the body? And what are we to make of the occasional occurrence of bright colours (Fig. 5c) in the animals of the deep sea? Have they any utility at all? or are they simply like the colours of withered leaves, with no use, save beauty? Puzzles there are in plenty; but more important is the big fact that the deep sea, like every other haunt of life, is crowded with beauty, order, and fitness.

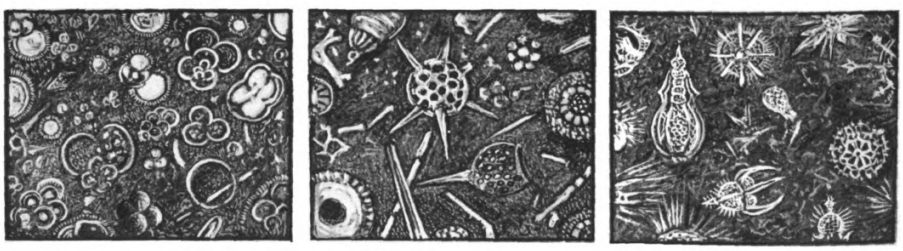
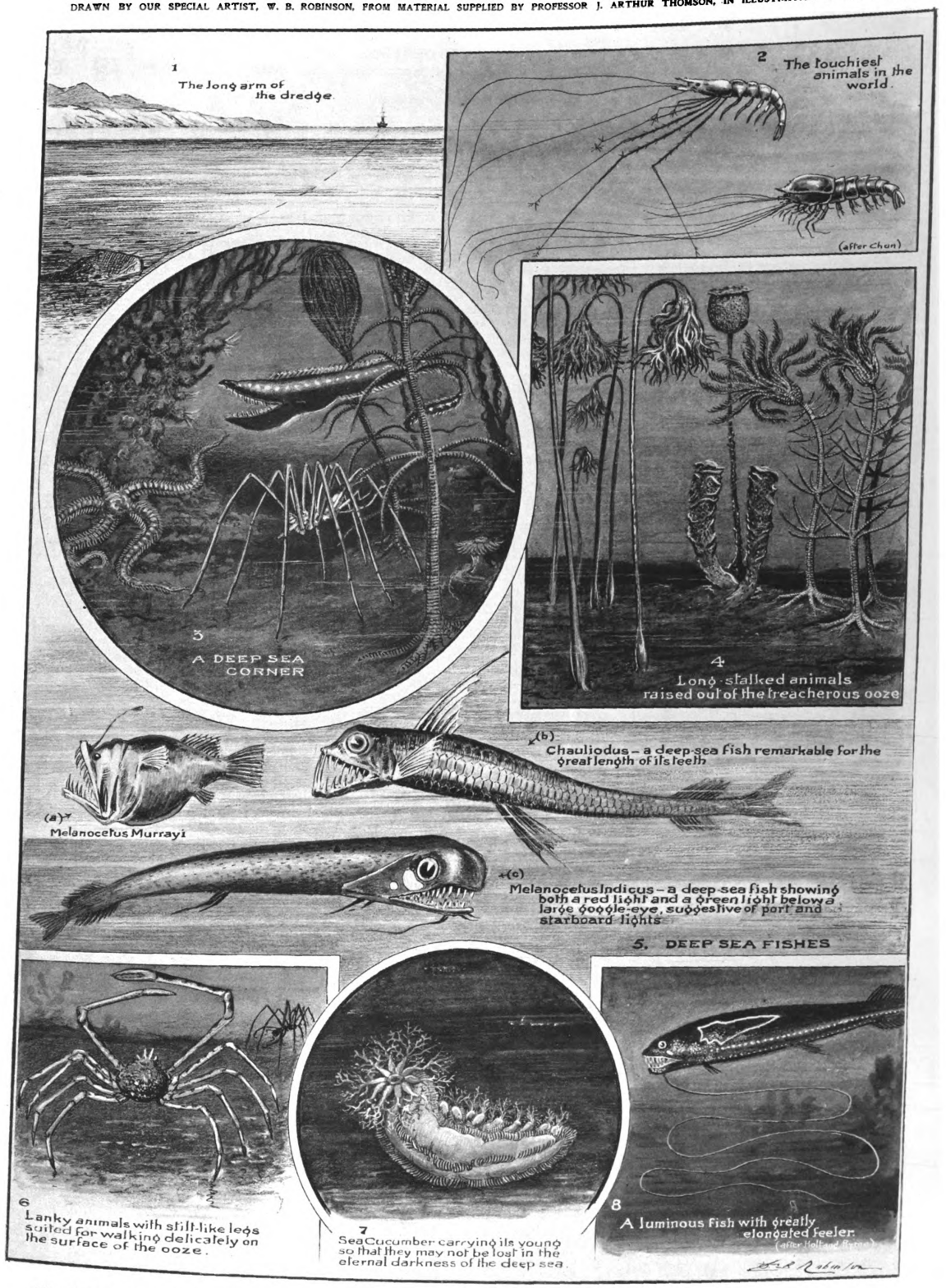


FIG. 9.—THE DEEP-SEA FISHES' LARDER: MINUTE CREATURES, KILLED AT THE SURFACE, SUNK INTO THE OOZE OF THE OCEAN FLOOR.

From left to right the three sections show: (a) Pure chalk ooze made of the sunk shells of pinhead-like animals killed on the surface; (b) Mixed ooze consisting of a variety of fragments and shells; (c) Pure Radiolarian ooze—the flinty shells of small creatures killed on the surface.

HAUNTS OF LIFE: THE DEEP SEA—A WORLD OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.

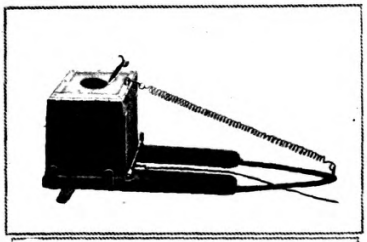


III.—THE GREAT DEPTHS: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S THIRD LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

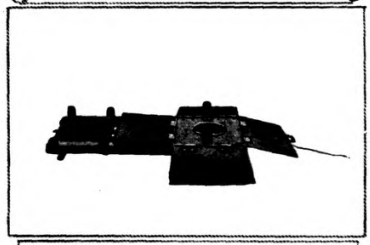
These drawings illustrate the third of Professor Thomson's six lectures on "The Haunts of Life," delivered at the Royal Institution. As in the first two—"The School of the Shore" and "The Open Sea" (given in our issues of Feb. 26 and March 5 respectively)—his own abridgment of his lecture appears on the opposite page. The others will follow in later numbers. "The Deep Sea," he says, "is a very cold haunt. . . . Eternal winter reigns": it is also "a world of dreadful night. . . . but the big fact is that, wherever the long arm of the dredge has reached down, it has brought up living creatures." They are rendered immune from the enormous pressure of water at the lower depths, by the permeability of their bodies. Their food consists largely of "the ceaseless rain of minute creatures, killed or dying at the surface, which sink through the miles of water" to the ocean floor. The fish in Fig. 8 is described by Prof. Thomson in his book, "The Wonder of Life," as a Lamprotoxus, "with a filamentous barbule many times longer than the body."—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO: A MUCH-DISCUSSED PASTIME.

DRAWINGS BY MR. HENRY STANNARD, FROM THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT," BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. WILLIAM HEINEMANN. PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



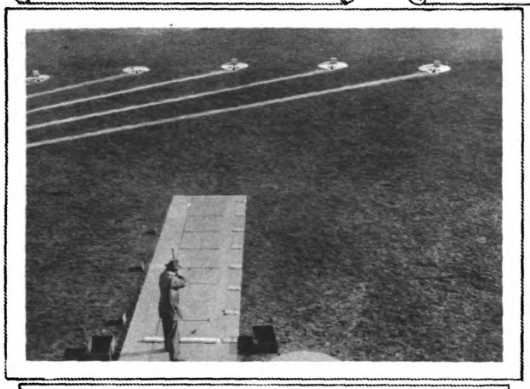
"SHAPED LIKE A BOX . . . THE FRONT HAVING OPENINGS LIKE A CAGE": A PIGEON-TRAP CLOSED.



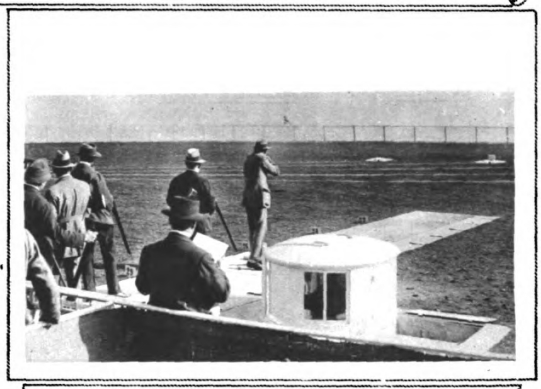
OPERATED BY PULLING A LEVER BEHIND THE GUN: A PIGEON-TRAP OPENED.



PREPARING FOR A PIGEON-SHOOT AT MONTE CARLO: AN ATTENDANT PLACING A BIRD IN A TRAP.



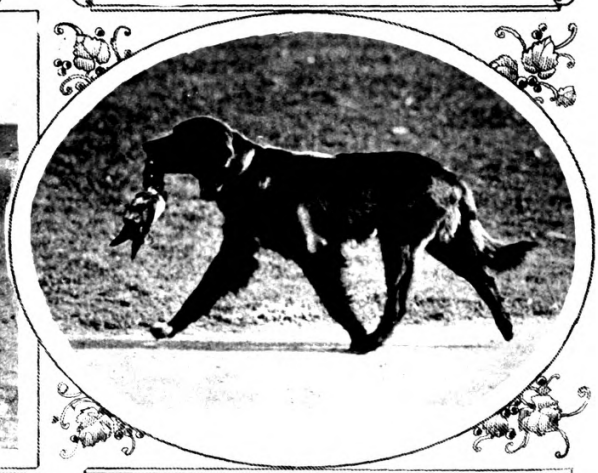
SHOWING THE ARC OF FIVE TRAPS, WITH THE SECOND (FROM LEFT) OPENED AND A PIGEON IN FLIGHT: SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO.



SHOWING (FOREGROUND) THE TRAP-CONTROL CABIN: PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO; WITH TRAP OPEN AND BIRD IN FLIGHT.



WHEN A RELEASED PIGEON FAILS TO RISE: AN ATTENDANT AT MONTE CARLO ROLLING A BALL AT THE BIRD TO MAKE IT FLY.



PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO: A DOG RETRIEVING A BIRD WHICH HAS BEEN SHOT AND HAS FALLEN WITHIN THE BOUNDARY.

Sir Frederick Treves' book, "The Riviera of the Corniche Road," describes pigeon-shooting as "a large, crimson blot" on Monte Carlo. Much discussion has followed. The above illustrations show how the pastime is practised. Five traps are placed at intervals of five yards, forming the arc of a circle, of which the gun is the centre, at a distance varying from 22 to 37 yards, according to the shooter's handicap. A bird is placed in each trap, which is connected by wire with an iron case behind the gun. At a given word a man pulls a lever, which opens one of the five traps, but nobody knows which it will be. The bird must drop and be retrieved within a prescribed boundary, or else it does not count. At Monte Carlo the shooting-ground is at the end of the promontory. Mr. Henry Stannard, in the "Encyclopædia of Sport," says: "The trap in which the pigeon is concealed is shaped like a box, three of the sides being made of sheet-iron, and the front having openings like a cage, so that the bird is enabled to enjoy a full view of the country before it, but none of the gun behind. Thus, directly the trap is pulled and falls flat to the ground, the liberated bird is instantly off in any direction."



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LADIES' NEWS.

LENT has brightened up considerably, from the social point of view, since the King and Queen, the Princes and the Princess, came to town. One thing that has intrigued us women is the dress shows. They are really interesting, not only from the point of view of desiring to know what is to be worn — all self-respecting women must know that—but as a contrast to how we used to get our fashion knowledge. One sits in rows on delightful couches, or on "comfy" chairs, and, for as long as one likes, mannequins parade up and down the space allotted to them, attired in the newest models. Such mannequins they are, too! chosen for their powers of making clothes look their best, and skilled in showing them off. I have seen wistful looks and heard pathetic remarks from onlookers as to the impossibility of getting clothes to look like that on them. Yet orders subsequently given prove that they will not despair, but fulfil the sex's mission and make the best of themselves. That best is, happily, mostly very good.

After two big shows, an hour spent at each, I had to exercise mental digestion, and have arrived at the conclusion that we are very lucky. The modes are charming, not extreme, dainty and very becoming. There are sequins for day-time dresses, which is not entirely an innovation. The manner of applying them, in long lines, in designs such as clusters of grapes, or berries with leaves, in squares, in lattice—always with a purpose, not the careless scattering or close sewing which did obtain—is all to the good. Jet is more in favour than ever, and the grace of falling ropes of jet, beads, or chenille, is made the very most of in imparting an appearance of slimness and length to the figure. Their usefulness in this way, when skilfully employed, is almost beyond belief.

The King and Queen's Afternoon Party at Buckingham Palace was, I hear, a very pleasant affair. Several state rooms, including the old Throne-room, were used. A number of ladies present were glad to put aside their furs, the rooms were so warm and bright. Their Majesties, and members of their family, chatted informally with many guests, and one of the Guards' regimental string bands played. Quite a number of people were present who had not before been in the Palace, and much appreciated the party. It was on similar lines to the royal afternoon parties of this time last year, and was designed to bring into touch with the King and Queen, and with each other, several sections of the great whole that we call London Society.

Viscountess Astor gave a big evening party, following dinner: both were in honour of the retiring American Ambassador and Mrs. Davis, who sailed for the United States on the 9th. They have been most popular and most successful here, being singularly simple, natural, and kindly, in addition to the Ambassador's diplomatic skill and wonderful knowledge of men and matters. No. 4, St. James Square is a fine house for entertaining on a large scale, and the ball-room was open for dancing for the first time since the war. Viscount Astor was, unhappily, indisposed, and unable to be present. The occasion was, in addition to the honouring of the departing Ambassador, also the welcoming of Miss Alice Perley, a niece of Lady Astor's, into Society. This young lady will be presented at the second Court of the season. Lady Astor, with a smart dark headdress, wore a tiara of diamonds, of which the famous "Sancy" diamond forms the centre. Also, she wore neck and corsage ornaments of fine diamonds. The Ambassador took her in to dinner and sat at her right. The Earl and Countess of Reading, Earl and Countess Beatty, Viscount and Viscountess Burnham, and Field-Marshal Sir Henry and Lady Wilson were of the dinner-party, as was also Sir James Barrie. The whole house was gay with flowers, chiefly those that bloom in the spring, sent from Cliveden. There were quantities of diplomatic people present, masses of M.P.s and their womenkind, for Lady Astor considered neither Coalition, Wee Frees, Labour, and other political labels, but asked them all as men and brothers. The party proved a great success, and the Ambassador might have altered Shakespeare and said: Parting is such pleasant sorrow, that I could say good-bye again to-morrow!



THE VOGUE OF TAFFETAS.

Black taffetas is shown to its greatest advantage when made in a rather full style. There is a touch of elegant quaintness about it which cannot be surpassed.—[*Photograph by Crown Inc.*]

There was a tea-party last week at the Officers' Families Industries London Depôt, 21, Beauchamp Place. It is quite surprising what charming things these officers' wives, widows, and daughters make. Lady Patricia Ramsay sent over a few very "nobby" jaunty jumpers to be copied. There are golf-coats, made for women who golf, and who know precisely what is wanted for the game, and what looks best on links. There are wraps to be easily donned for a walk in the garden. The Marchioness of Lansdowne acquired one of these at the tea-party, and so did the Countess of Dartmouth and Lady Emmott. Viscountess Lewisham had some wonderfully made lingerie, and some golf-coats and jumpers. The children's clothes are beautifully made, and the officers' womenkind do so badly need the help the sale of their work affords them.—A. E. L.

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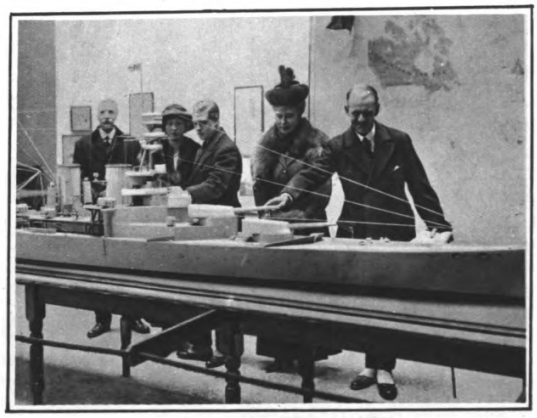
A PLEA FOR THE KINGFISHER.

THERE is a widespread belief among us that birds of brilliant plumage are the product of the Tropics. This is, however, by no means true, for even among those of our own islands there are species which can hold their own in any company; and foremost among these stands the kingfisher. But beauty among the birds has ever been a fatal possession. Of all our native species, none has been so persecuted as this "Sea-blue bird of March." In thousands they have been shot in order that their mangled bodies might decorate women's hats, or make a brave show among the household gods enshrined in a glass case. But it is not for these ends alone that the kingfisher has been so ruthlessly slain. The owners of trout-streams have always borne it malice, convinced that it was a poacher of no mean order, levying a far heavier toll upon the eggs and fry of their coveted fish than the stream could support. Hence they show it no mercy.

But the kingfisher has at last found a champion who speaks with authority. Dr. W. E. Collinge, some little time ago, set himself the task of carefully scrutinising the alleged crimes of this outlaw among fishermen; and his results show, as might have been expected, that the slayers have been persistently slaying their best friend. So that, in striving to increase their stock of fish, they have all the time been defeating their own ends, inasmuch as every kingfisher on a trout-stream has been shot at sight as a reputed enemy, while the real culprits have not only got off scot-free, but have been enabled to increase a thousandfold!

For Dr. Collinge's investigations make it certain that the benefits the kingfisher confers are twice as great as the injuries it inflicts: because he is able to show, beyond a peradventure, that trout larvæ form no more than 7·28 per cent. of its food, while 15·66 per cent. of its diet is made up of insects which are injurious to the fishermen, since they either prey upon trout fry or their eggs. "Neutral fishes," such as minnows and sticklebacks, furnish 53·39 per cent. of its food; while the remainder is furnished by tadpoles, molluscs, crustacea, neutral insects, and worms.

This analysis of the kingfisher's bill-of-fare has been made from an examination of stomach contents, and of the pellets formed of the hard, indigestible portions of the creatures swallowed, which are ejected from the mouth after the fashion of rooks, hawks, and owls, for example. But, besides, much valuable material has been gained by an examination of the remarkable nest of this bird. In one sense it builds no nest, but deposits its eggs upon a flattened-out mass of pellets formed of fish-bones and the hard parts of insects. Such nests, though of considerable thickness, have little adhesiveness, and readily fall to pieces if an attempt is made to remove them from the burrow at the end of which the brood-chamber is formed. Hence there has grown up a myth that the nest of the kingfisher is worth a considerable sum. As a consequence, the authorities at the British Museum of Natural History are frequently offered specimens which have been successfully removed for sums ranging as high as £50!



AT THE EXHIBITION OF GIFTS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS EMPIRE TOURS: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS MARY, THE PRINCE, THE QUEEN, AND ADMIRAL HALSEY INSPECTING A MODEL OF THE "RENOWN."

The Queen, Princess Mary, and the Prince of Wales recently visited the Exhibition of presents made to him during his two great Empire tours, opened at the Imperial Institute on March 2, and to remain open till the end of the month. There are over 500 gifts and addresses from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the West Indies, Samoa, Hawaii, Fiji, and Bermuda. A large model (nearly 20 ft. long) of H.M.S. "Renown," the battle-ship which carried the Prince, has been lent by the Admiralty. The proceeds of the Exhibition are to go to the Boy Scouts Association.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

Now that at long last we know precisely where we stand in regard to the kingfisher as an enemy of trout-streams, we can join with Dr. Collinge in trusting that a very strict and rigorous protection will be afforded this bird in the future. A clause in any new Act of Parliament affecting wild birds should, he suggests, make it an offence to stuff or set up specimens of the kingfisher, excepting under a permit, since this would certainly reduce the present senseless slaughter of this wondrously beautiful and interesting bird. To me there is a strange fascination in watching a kingfisher feeding. Motionless he sits on some perch over the water watching for prey. Suddenly he will rise, hover in mid-air, then dart down, and with a plunge for an instant disappear, emerging with a fish held crosswise in his bill. A moment later he is back on his perch, against which he beats the head of his victim two or three times to stun it, then with a dexterous twist turns it head-first along his beak and swallows it. How this bird, with such small and feeble feet, contrives to drive tunnels a yard or so in length through a bank of solid earth is a mystery. His only rivals in this regard are the sand-martin and the bee-eater.

Our kingfisher has apparently attained his maximum in the matter of splendour of plumage, for this is not only exquisitely beautiful and wondrously iridescent, but the same livery is worn also by his mate and their offspring, from the very first appearance of the feathers. In many species, however, in other parts of the world, the female and young are soberly clad; while in others even the males are in like case. But the interesting story of the coloration and ornamentation of the kingfisher must await another occasion. Suffice it to say that it furnishes some striking facts in regard to the evolution of resplendent plumage. W. P. PYCRAFT.

Elections and rumours of elections render particularly useful at the present time such a work of reference as "Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son), the 1921 edition of which is now available. Besides biographical records of M.P.'s, Judges, and other Officials, it gives polling statistics and much other information, forming a complete Parliamentary Guide, indispensable to all concerned with politics. The preface by the editor, Mr. Arthur Hesilrige, touches briefly on recent changes and innovations.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE NEW MAUGHAM COMEDY AT THE HAYMARKET: "THE CIRCLE."

THERE is so much brilliancy and honesty of workmanship in Mr. Maugham's new comedy, it carries through so artistically to its daring but natural ending its theme of love defiant of convention, that the faults inherent in its over-neat and artificial plot can well be overlooked. Two of its postulates we should, no doubt, reject in cold blood. Would a young wife insist on her husband's entertaining his runaway mother and the Peer with whom she had lived abroad for thirty years in social disgrace? Would her father-in-law, turning up unexpectedly, make a point of meeting these elderly lovers and haunting them maliciously during their stay? To both questions we incline to answer "No." On the other hand, the presence of two such rebels against matrimony and their victim also makes an immensely piquant object-lesson in view of the tale the playwright has to tell. For history is repeating itself in Arnold Champion-Cheney's country house. Innocently enough, his young wife, Elizabeth, and a visitor, Edward Luton, have drifted into love—very modern, tongue-tied love—and, having discovered their natural feelings, they face the situation. There is before them a horrible example in the berouged Lady Kitty and her disreputable Lord Porteous; both give signs of loss of caste. Then, too, Arnold proves amazingly though insincerely quixotic. The old pair are delightfully played at the Haymarket by Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, expert comedians; while Mr. Holman Clark, as their victim, gives off with his inimitable ease verbal fireworks galore. As the prim husband, Mr. Ernest Thesiger is so earnest and impassioned in one passage as almost to disturb the play's note of comedy. Mr. Leon Quartermaine and Miss Fay Compton portray for us modern youth with an almost disturbing fidelity, so matter-of-fact are they in their love-making, so reticent even in their moments of intensity. But theirs is a true picture, as Mr. Maugham's is a true comedy.

"POLLY WITH A PAST." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It would be absurd indeed to expect a girl of Miss Edna Best's short stage-experience to provide the maturity either of physique or of talent required to render wholly plausible the masquerade as a "vampire" of "Polly with a Past." Polly, a Baptist minister's daughter who acts as two bachelors' parlour-maid to secure funds for a musical training in Paris, is called in by her employers to help a friend of theirs in his love-affair with a girl only interested in redeeming the vicious. To tempt this philanthropist, Polly is to be engaged to the youngster and is saddled with a naughty past. All this is sheer fantasy of the most far-fetched type, and it is eked out by familiar tricks of farce and sentiment of the sugary American type. But the very ingenuousness and high spirits of the authors disarm criticism, and their fable works up pace when once it has recovered from a slow opening. The piece passes the time quite pleasantly, and there is Miss Best herself to watch in the capacity of "star." Her performance was not so wonderful as to justify the ungoverned enthusiasm of her first-night admirers, but it is pleasing within its limits, and she is supported by a strong company, two members of which, Mr. Donald Calthrop and Miss Edith Evans, specially distinguish themselves.

CHESS.

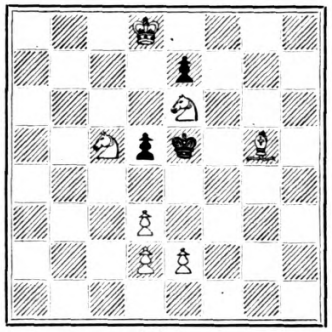
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—If you will look again at Problem No. 3853 you will find it perfectly sound.

H G B.—You have overlooked the correct move.

H F L MEYER.—We acknowledge the receipt of two original problems, which we hope will prove correct.

PROBLEM No. 3855.—BY KESHAB D. DE.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3853.—By R. J. DENSMORE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to Q 8th	Kt takes R P
2. Q to R 5th (ch)	K takes Q
3. P to Kt 4th, mate.	

If Black play: 1. Kt takes B P; 2. Q to B 5th (ch), etc. If 1. K to B 5th; 2. Q to R 5th (ch), etc.; and if K takes P, then 2. Q to R 6th (ch), etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3850 received from P N Banerji (Benares); of No. 3851 from P J Mistri (Bombay), J A Blackmer (Colorado Springs), P N Banerji and Henry A Seller (Denver); of No. 3852 from J B Camara (Madeira), P N Banerji (Benares), Henry A Seller, and R F Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada); of No. 3853 from E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), Francisco Alabert (Barcelona), Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown), and J C Stackhouse (Torquay).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3854 received from A H H (Bath), F S Grant (Lewes), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), Mildred Houseman (Ahuinouth), W C D Smith (Northampton), W Kennion (Wellington College), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), J S Forbes (Brighton), and W J Adams (Stratford-on-Avon).

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in a Club Match at Brighton between the late Mr. BOWLEY and Mr. GROVER.
(Caro-Kann Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 3rd	18. Kt to K 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	19. B to R 3rd	Q takes B P
An innovation with nothing in it that commends itself. It turns the opening into an inferior form of the French Defence.		20. K R to Kt sq	K to R 3rd
		21. B to B 5th	Kt to Q 2nd
		22. B to Kt 5th	
		A sacrifice fully justified by the position, and one that carries the game to a triumphant issue.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	22.	P takes B
4. P to B 4th	B to Kt 5th	23. R takes R	Q takes R
5. P to K 5th	Kt to K 2nd	24. Kt takes P	Q to B 3rd
6. P to Q R 3rd	B to R 4th	25. Kt takes P (ch)	K to B 2nd
7. P to Q Kt 4th	B to B 2nd	26. Kt takes B P	R to R 2nd
Black's game is now very cramped.		27. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	B takes Kt
8. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	28. B takes B	Q takes P
9. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	29. R to Q B sq	Q takes Kt
10. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	30. P to B 5th	R Kt takes K P
Castling would lose at once by 11. B takes P (ch) etc.		31. B takes Kt	Kt takes B
		32. R to B 7th (ch)	K to B sq
11. Kt to K Kt 5th	P to K R 4th	33. R takes B (ch)	
12. Q to Kt 3rd	Q Kt to B sq	If 33. R takes R, Black would win by Q to Q 8th (ch), followed by 34. — Kt to Kt 5th (ch). White, however, does not spoil a pretty and effective ending by any oversight.	
13. Castles	P to K B 4th		
14. P to K R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th		
Leading to the loss of a Pawn, but Black is curiously limited in his choice of moves.		33.	K to K 2nd
		34. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	Resigns.
15. P to R 4th	P to R 3rd		
16. P takes P	Q to K 2nd		
17. P takes B P	Q takes P		

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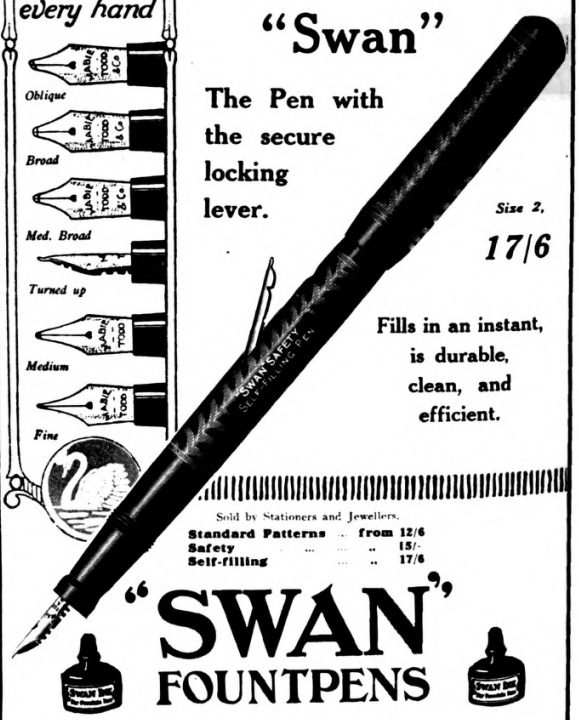
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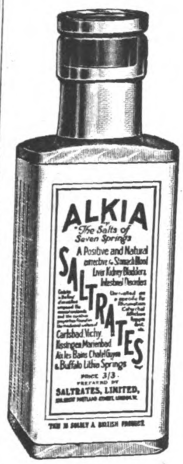
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THE RIVIERA SEASON AT ITS HEIGHT.

WHILST lugubrious patriots at home lament the general state of affairs, when they reach the Riviera they find nothing of that sort matters. How can it? The golden mimosa in cascades on the steeps of the valleys just reflects the sunshine; and the shore, curving in laughing bays, each lovelier than the other, is lapped by a sea outvying the azure sky; whilst every woman one meets is looking her best in white and furs—delightful combination. How is pessimism possible? Of course it isn't.



THE "WIZARD" OF MONTE CARLO: M. CAMILLE BLANC.
Photograph by Enrietti.

In this comfortable frame of mind, battles of flowers become important, likewise fancy-dress balls (all yellow and blue this Carnival), casinos, horse-shows, polo, golf, and, last but not least, picnics.

Carnival is still in our veins, making a brotherhood of fun, despite the superior people. They, of course, fled to their havens, Monte Carlo, or the enchanting golf-links of Mont Agel, that overhang the Principality, and are a joy and source of health to increasing numbers.

These links are the pride and glory of Monte Carlo. They owe their existence entirely to the resolution and disregard of difficulties of Monte Carlo's wizard, M. Camille Blanc, whose magic wand nothing long resists. The rebellious mountain resented having its rocks dynamited for its shoulder, 3000 feet up, to be made a playground. It already carried a big fort on its crest—enough. So it landslid mightily, carrying off greens and fairways and all. Nothing daunted, men carted tons of earth up the zig-zag road of clever gradients and wonderful coast views, remade like the rest. The links are now, old St. Andrews apart, the most celebrated, and certainly the loveliest and best-loved, in Europe. The Club is excellently managed by the popular and energetic secretary, Mr. Galbraith Horn, who made the pretty Evian Links so prosperous last summer.

The Principality, of course, is packed; indeed, the whole Riviera has never, in all its pre-war history, been so invaded by sun and fun worshippers as now.

FRANCES MARY DE BORRING.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THE decision to raise the three great French Generals — Fayolle, Lyautey, and Franchet d'Esperey—to the rank of Marshals of the French Army is a just, though tardy, recognition of their services to the nation.

It was General Fayolle who co-operated so brilliantly with the British troops in the series of battles fought on the Somme (previously he had commanded the 70th Division at Nancy and in Artois); and it was General Fayolle who, when the Armistice came, was given supreme command of the French Army of Occupation, from whence he was recalled to become a member of the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre in Paris.

General Franchet d'Esperey may be said to be the hero of the Battle of the Marne, for it was his army which penetrated the German lines, the immediate result of which was the precipitate retreat of the German Army, and an important turning point in the war. It was General Franchet d'Esperey who withstood the fierce attacks of the enemy on the famous Chemin des Dames, and around the shattered Fort of Malmaison, recaptured again and again from the enemy by dogged French troops under the leadership of a great General.



A "VILLE LUMIÈRE" OF THE RIVIERA: MONTE CARLO BY NIGHT.

General Lyautey's name will be associated for all time with Morocco; by his firm rule and patient administration of that country during the most difficult period of the war he undoubtedly rendered the greatest service to France.

France has honoured the Army through these three distinguished soldiers, and the Army will heartily endorse their promotion to the highest rank of all. Maréchaux Joffre and Foch are already members of the Institut de France, where they sit among the "Immortals," and there are many who would wish to see the three new Maréchaux members of the same distinguished body; but the membership is strictly limited to forty.

M. Poincaré is at the moment drawing all intellectual Paris to hear his brilliant lectures on the origin of the war, the second of which he delivered this week to a distinguished and enthusiastic audience. Famous soldiers and politicians crowded the floor of the hall, and stood patiently throughout the lecture.

M. Poincaré has much to recommend him as a lecturer; he is clear and incisive in his statements, and does not obscure the issue by too much detail; his well-modulated voice is pleasant to listen to, and carries without apparent effort to the farthest corners of the lecture-hall; while his diction, doubtless from long practice in public speaking, is faultless. Add to the foregoing qualities a perfect command of the French language, and you have, perhaps, all the elements of the ideal lecturer. No man is better able to throw light upon the events which immediately preceded the outbreak of the European War, and the world will be the richer for the information he is able to impart.

By a fortunate coincidence (or should we call it by another name?), M. Maurice Paléologue has contributed this month to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the first of a series of articles on the last days of his mission as Ambassador at Petrograd. He paints a brilliant word-picture of the days immediately preceding the declaration of war, when the German Ambassador, acting on urgent instructions from Berlin, was pulling every conceivable wire to retard the mobilisation of the vast Russian armies; of the general atmosphere of nervous tension which pervaded the Embassies chiefly concerned in the great crisis; and of the little incidents which afterwards assumed such immense importance. The veil is lifted on the whole of that most interesting period.

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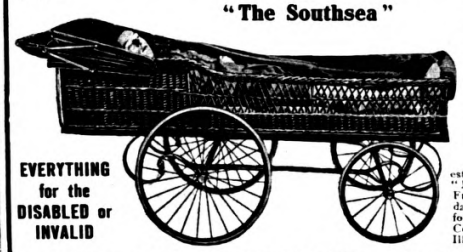
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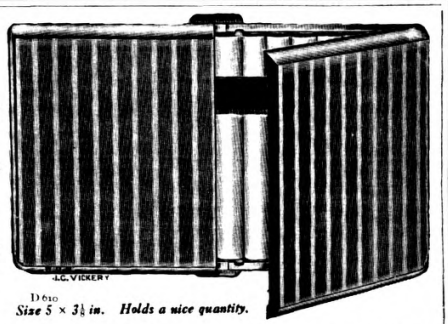


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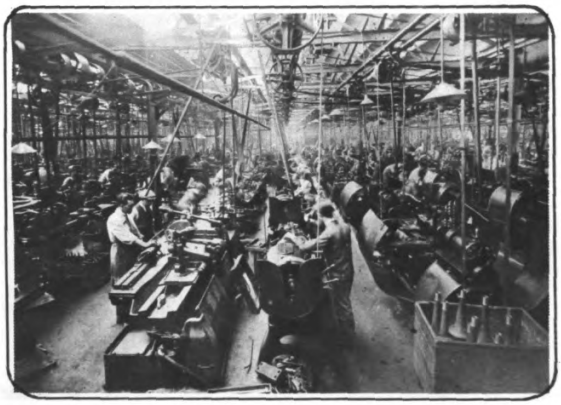
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Car Prices Now and Later.

In view of certain reductions which have been made in the prices of cars, there is a well-nigh universal movement in the trade to guarantee to purchasers benefit from any further fall between now and the end of summer. This guarantee takes the shape of an undertaking on the part of the manufacturer to refund to the present purchaser any difference there may be in the price now paid and any lower figure fixed between the date of purchase and the assigned date—say, six months hence. This has been found necessary in order to restore the confidence of the public, which has held aloof from buying in the hope and belief that prices are destined to undergo a drastic cutting process. It is a very salutary—even essential—arrangement in the circumstances, and should assist in helping sales back to normal by establishing the bona-fides of the manufacturing trade in the eyes of the potential car-purchaser.

Apart from these guarantees, if I were asked for advice in the matter of buying or not, I should certainly say that the proper course is not to wait. In spite of recent price reductions, I do not see how the general trend is to be downward for some considerable time to come. Such reductions as have been made have generally been dictated by the necessity to turn stocks into ready money, and have meant a loss to the manufacturer. In a few cases they have been made as a result of cutting down costs in one way or another. I know of one case in which reduction has been effected by the adoption of methods of finishing which the manufacturer would have scouted two years ago, but which have enabled him to save considerably on his body-work. Added to this, an alteration in equipment by the substitution of a cheap electrical installation for the one that was standard in last year's model meant a further substantial reduction in works' cost. The public has had the benefit—not an unmixed blessing, to my way of thinking—of both these savings. But not every maker is prepared to take this road to reduction, nor is the one who declines to be blamed. Therefore, I cannot see that actual costs are likely to undergo reduction yet. Even if wages come down and material costs should follow, it must not be forgotten that for many months to come makers will be assembling manufactured parts which have gone through at the earlier prices, and thus the cost of the completed car will not undergo change. All things considered, I should say that now is the time to buy, when prices have been forced down by the need for ready cash. They are much more likely to harden in the course of the next three or four months than they are to fall.



WHERE TRADE DEPRESSION IS UNKNOWN: A BUSY SCENE IN ONE OF THE WOLSELEY MACHINE SHOPS.

Wolseley Activity.

Recently I have spent quite a lot of time in visiting various factories in different parts of the country, and, to put it as mildly as possible, I have not been impressed by any general air of prosperity. Last week, however, I had a change by way of a visit to the Wolseley works at Birmingham. Every shop was working full time, and I understand that no fewer than 120 cars a week are being completed, and, what is more to the point, delivered to actual purchasers. Of course, the Wolseley Company has the advantage of being one of the pioneer firms of the motor trade, and of possessing a reputation which is second to none for the production of a sound, reliable series of cars. It is a natural consequence that they should be doing good business when others of more recent growth should find the market depressed against them.

I was particularly pleased to have an opportunity of seeing the methods employed in the construction of the three chassis which form the present Wolseley series of a six-cylinder 24-30-h.p., a 15-h.p. four-cylinder "general purposes" car, and a 10-h.p. four-cylinder light car. I particularly liked the "Fifteen," which is remarkable for its clean design and for the sweet running of the new overhead-valve engine. The "Ten," too, is also remarkable for its new engine, which is generally of the same type as the other. I know of no light-car motor which seems to run quite as smoothly as this new Wolseley. What the car is like on the road I do not know, but on its general design I should say it would rank very far up in the class. All round, the Wolseley Company deserves to be congratulated on the results their policy has produced, especially in a period of acute depression such as we are passing through now.

Theft and the Registration Book.

One of the main reasons advanced in favour of the new Roads Act and its licensing provisions was that these latter—and particularly the "registration book"—would be a safeguard against theft of cars. I myself thought so, and, therefore, supported the idea, while opposing the compulsion to display the license. I cannot see how a thief is going to be able successfully to dispose of a car unless he can get possession of the registration book, which the lawful owner keeps under lock and key at home. Obviously, if he cannot produce the title-deeds of the car he cannot deal with it.

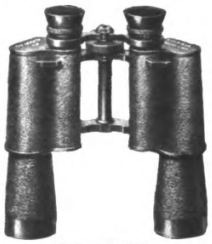
Now, however, my faith has been shaken, because the Ministry of Transport is solemnly warning the public that it does not follow that because the vendor of a car produces the title-deeds he has a right to them. I am inclined to suspect some subtlety here. Does it mean that the Ministry really thinks that all cars belong to it *de facto* as well as *de jure*?

W. W.



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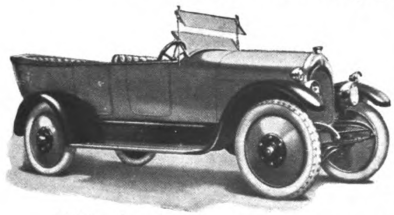
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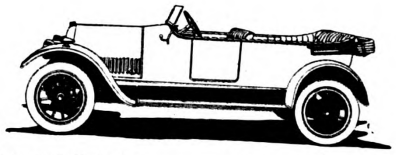
WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?

Mr. W. H. Berry, the well-known Motoring Editor, said, in an article which recently appeared in the *Daily Dispatch*: "Here we reach the problem of what is the best car of the year. Taking everything into consideration—factory, service, design and material used—I have no hesitation in casting my vote for the 16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ 4-cylinder."

Mr. Berry's opinion of the 16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ was based on a thorough examination and trial of this model before it was placed on the market at the last Olympia Show. Hereunder we reproduce one of the many appreciative letters from actual owners received daily, any one of which provides additional testimony to the soundness of Mr. Berry's judgment.

"I feel I should like to write and tell you how well the new 16 h.p. car I had from you last week behaved in the London to Edinburgh Reliability Trial last week-end. During the whole run out and home—a distance of 950 miles, covered in 3¾ days—the car ran perfectly..... J.O."

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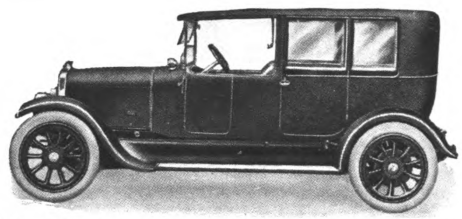
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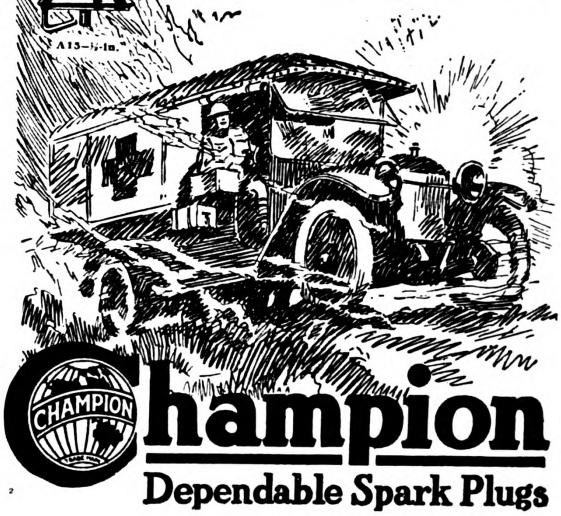


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"THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE."

IN these days a philosopher who takes an optimistic view of life is a person to be encouraged, and we are glad to call attention to a little book which propounds a scientific faith that is full of hope for the future. The author is Mr. Charles Wicksteed Armstrong, and his book is called "The Mystery of Existence, in the Light of an Optimistic Philosophy; to which is added A Brief Study of the Sex Problem in its Relation to Social Evolution" (Grant Richards). The first part was published eleven years ago, but the chapter on the sex problem is new. In spite of its cumbersome title, the work itself is terse and compact, full of concentrated thought, and the author's conclusions are stated very briefly. It is not possible to summarise them adequately in a few words, but it may be said that he divides human consciousness into the subliminal and the supraliminal, and regards it as part of the World Spirit, or God, and as tending constantly towards greater individualisation, knowledge and power, until at last, in the course of millions of years, man will attain complete mastery over nature. He attaches great importance to man's taking a guiding hand in his own evolution by applying the precepts of eugenics, and in the supplementary chapter he brings this doctrine into the sphere of practical politics as the only means of ensuring the safety of the British Empire and of France, and the prevention of future danger from Germany. The book is frankly unconventional, and likely to provoke controversy: at the same time, it is deeply sincere and merits careful study.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.) has been made more useful than ever by the inclusion, in the new 1921 edition, of the names of prominent business men, such as the chairmen and directors of the chief railways and public companies. These additions have increased its bulk by about sixty pages, at the same time enhancing its value as a source of information often not obtainable elsewhere. Its alphabetical arrangement makes it particularly handy for reference.

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Photo Window & Grove

Mr. **George Robey,** the immitable Comedian, writes:—
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"I should advise all who dance much—and who does not nowadays?—to soak the feet daily in a bath to which a small quantity of Reudel Bath Saltrates has been added. They will then never know what it means to have tired, aching feet."
Photo Lafayette

Amongst other theatrical stars of the first magnitude who use and highly recommend Reudel Bath Saltrates are **Sir Harry Lauder, Harry Pilcer, Violet Loraine, Yvonne Arnaud, Lee White, Hetty King, Jock McKay, Daisy Dormer and May Moore Duprez.**

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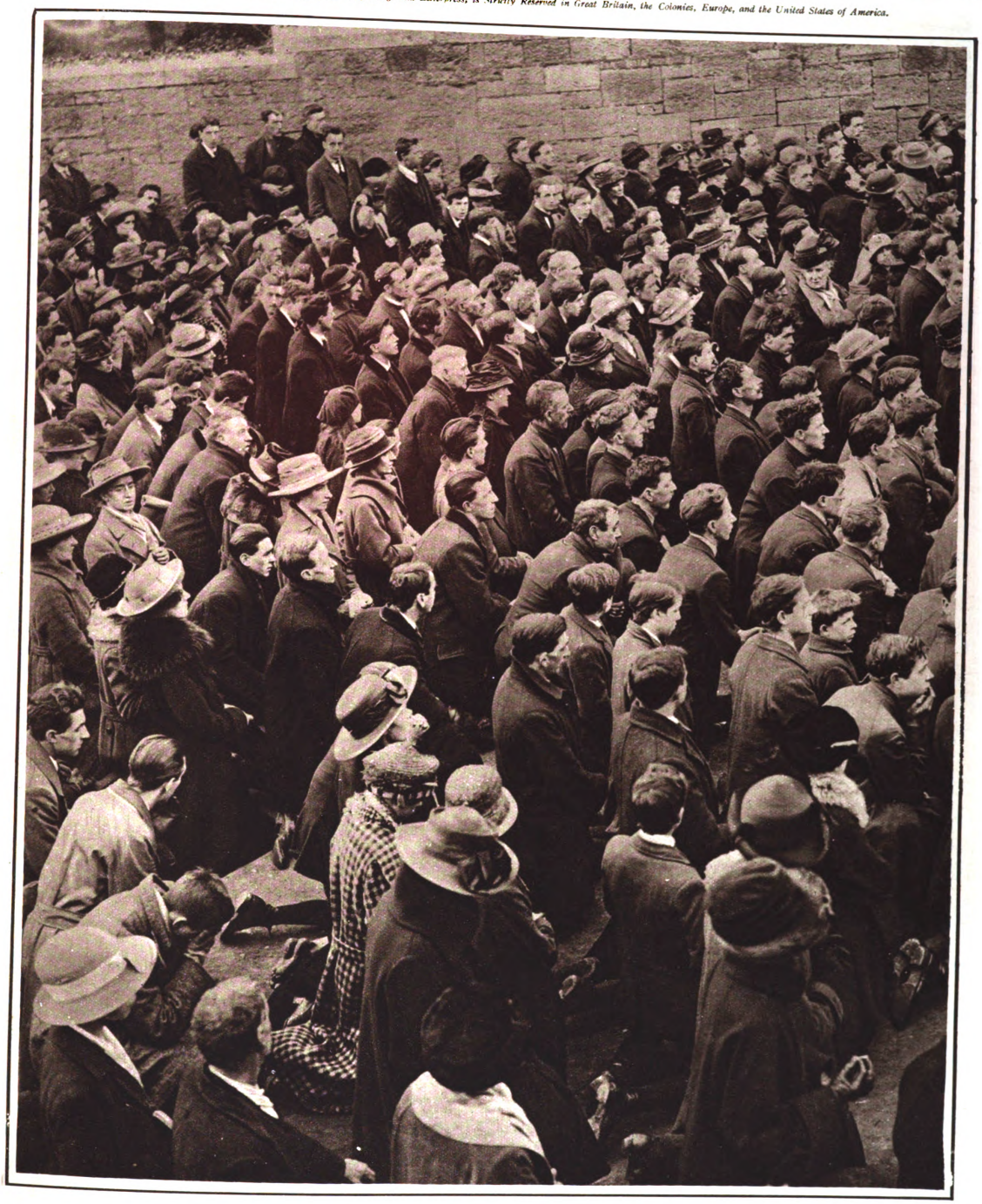
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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1921.

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THE EXCITEMENT AROUSED BY THE EXECUTION OF SIX CONVICTED SINN FEINERS: A GREAT CROWD OF SYMPATHISERS IN DUBLIN, OUTSIDE MOUNTJOY GAOL.

Thousands of people, men and women, knelt in the rain on the road outside Mountjoy Gaol while six men were executed within, on the morning of March 14. The crowd began to gather soon after 5 a.m., when the Curfew Order expired, and the prisoners were hanged in pairs at 6, 7, and 8 o'clock. The first pair executed were Thomas Whelan and Patrick Moran, convicted of complicity in the murders of military officers in Dublin on November 21. The next two were Thomas Bryan and Patrick Doyle, and the last, Francis Flood and Bernard Ryan. These four had been (to quote an official notice) "found guilty of high treason by levying war." As a protest against the executions, no work was done in the city till 11 o'clock, by order of the Irish Labour Party.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL



THE burden of France has been explained copiously enough by economists and statisticians, but it has been reserved for a geographer to state the case most cogently in small compass. With that succinct vividness in which the Gallic pen has no rival, M. A. Demangeon, Lecturer in Geography at the Sorbonne, reviews the question in the light of his own subject, and his work, if translated and widely circulated in this country, should do much to silence those quasi-idealists who condemn the recent strong action of the Allies with regard to Germany. M. Demangeon's essays, published last year, have special significance in view of current events. His main theme is The Decline of Europe, and the shifting of the commercial and financial centre of gravity to America and Japan; but he leads up to it with a thumbnail sketch of the general world effects of the war, and the sufferings of France in particular.

Focussing the situation in a few brilliant pages, this writer first draws a historic parallel with the ravages of the Hundred Years War, the Thirty Years War, and the Napoleonic Campaigns. These, he admits, are dwarfed by comparison, but they serve to emphasise the tediousness of recovery. In the seventeenth century, the iron industry of Champagne, so prosperous under Henry IV. and at the beginning of Louis XIII's reign, was almost utterly ruined by the incursions of the Swedes and Croats. Most of the forges ceased work, and many were never restarted. Even at the close of that century, despite the efforts of Colbert, former prosperity was only partially regained. Remembering these bitter experiences, France understands only too well how long and arduous a road she must travel before she can recover from the immeasurably greater loss of recent years. For the German crime has "sapped the very foundations of civilised existence; intensive cultivation of the soil, the complex labour of highly specialised factories, regular transport services, the easy access of country to country," not to mention the loss in man-power. "In the North the cataclysm has overwhelmed everything." Besides the forests, factories, mines and houses wilfully and wantonly destroyed by the enemy, M. Demangeon bids his readers consider the "Zone of Death," that tract of country 500 kilometres long by from 10 to 25 broad, where not only was cultivation suspended, but the good soil has been transformed into a poisoned desert, difficult to restore to the uses of husbandry. Between 1913 and 1918, France's production of wheat alone fell 30 per cent.; that of potatoes practically ceased.

The problem that faces the French people is, in a word, the reconstruction of their whole economic life. In the work before me, the writer estimates the total damage at 120 milliards of francs, of which 34,600 millions are for dwellings and public monuments, 19,220 millions for agriculture, 4250 millions for coal-mines, 11,140 millions for the metal industries generally, and 22,000 millions for textiles. In view of such a bill of costs, M. Briand had good cause to be firm, and the Allies to strengthen his hands. At the best, France can receive only a fraction of the reparations due from the aggressor, whose paltry offers and subterfuges appear more than ever contemptible under M. Demangeon's concentrated searchlight.

The Prince of Wales has seen the Clyde restored to normal activity, always a fascinating sight, but now greatly shorn of the romance it held in the war years. In those days, to sail from the Broomielaw to Dunoon was to realise to the full Hamlet's line, "Such impress of shipwrights whose sore task does not divide the Sunday from the week." The river was then a microcosm of war conditions. It reflected not only armed preparation, but such immunity as our commerce enjoyed under the sure shield of the Grand Fleet. The first few miles of the voyage revealed merely a great trading seaport going about its lawful occasions; it seemed, but for tied-up enemy craft, as if the arts of peace were undisturbed. Then came another hint of war—a liner on which guns were being mounted. Nameless she was, but one recognised her for an old friend, and recalled with curious emotions a dance on those very decks, one sub-tropical summer evening a point or two west of the Azores. The old acquaintance slid past, and a new region opened. The quays of merchant traffic retired in favour of the shipbuilding yards, that colossal and fantastic world of constructive industry. On the slips lay the very latest inventions of naval warfare, strange and unfamiliar monsters some of them, their particular uses only to be guessed at, and the less said the better.

Lower down, as the stream broadened to an estuary, commerce asserted itself again in yards where merchant vessels were being built or repaired. All the busy riverside towns below Glasgow told the same tale of effort to replace losses due to the enemy submarine. It was symbolic of the Clyde's fidelity, even in the midst of war, to peaceful pursuits, and of her service as a great life-sustainer. Then came the final and prohibitory note of actual war. In quieter times our boat would have sighted the peaks of Arran and Ailsa Craig before she put about; but opposite batteried Dunoon, from shore to shore, heaved the dark line of the protecting boom, and beyond, across the dangerous open waters, a destroyer sped roaring, to remind summer voyagers that to them the unforgettable Clyde of those days must say: "Thus far and no farther."

Memories of the Firth of Clyde, that open door to America, coincide to-day, not inopportunely, with the news that New York is about to lose an interesting landmark—the old office of the *New York Herald*. The building had a curious individuality, and its two-storeyed humility was in edifying contrast with the cloud-aspiring homes of other newspapers. Standing on an island site, at the junction of Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets, Sixth Avenue and Broadway, the *Herald* office was, in a double sense, a centre of publicity, for its spacious arched windows invited the passer-by to watch the wheels go round. From the "side-walk" one could see the paper printed and the staff at work. The *Herald* people lived in a veritable glass house. For the nearest approach, this side the Atlantic, to such journalistic courage, one must go to Paris, where the *Matin* used to exhibit a few compositors at work in a front window. But that was a small effort compared with the *New York Herald's* generous self-revelation.



GREETED BY THE STUDENTS' SLOGAN, "'VARSITY YGORRA": MR. BONAR LAW INSTALLED AS LORD RECTOR OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Bonar Law was installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University in St. Andrew's Hall, on March 11. When he appeared on the platform, the students yelled their slogan, "'Varsity Ygorra, 'Varsity Ygorra," and his Rectorial address was at first interrupted by snores, whistles, and requests for a song. Our photograph shows him with Sir Donald MacAlister, Principal of the University (the right-hand figure of the two seen standing together in the centre foreground), during the proceedings.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

Ingenuous self-revelation touched high-water mark in the case of a humble author just departed—Mr. George Meek, the Eastbourne bath-chairman, whose autobiography was reviewed in high critical quarters. Mr. Meek, whom Mr. H. G. Wells encouraged to write, confesssed that he had given Shakespeare a fair trial, but could see nothing in his plays; he could not stand Scott and Thackeray, but he liked Mrs. Humphry Ward. The bath-chairman evidently read Shakespeare severely for subject-matter, and failing to find it, found nothing else. More fortunate was Stevenson's Shakespeare enthusiast, that boy to whom sense was nothing, sound everything. This "lover of great literature" spent perhaps his last pence on a cheap copy of Shakespeare, although "he understood not one sentence out of twelve and his favourite part was that of which he understood the least—the inimitable, mouth-filling rodomontade of the ghost in 'Hamlet.'" A little more discerning (but not much), yet a man of genuine taste, was R.L.S.'s beggar friend, that picturesque old soldier who "loved the exotic, the unexpected word, the moving cadence of a phrase," but whose critical power did not carry him further than "Shelley was a fine poet, Sir, though a trifle atheistical in his opinions. Scott, Sir, is not so poetical a writer. With the works of Shakespeare I am not so well acquainted, but he was a fine poet. Keats—John Keats, Sir—he was a very fine poet."

Within his own province of appreciation, however, the old soldier justified himself. He, the votary of word-magic, with true instinct put Keats in the upper room. The others were "fine poets"; Keats—John Keats, Sir—was "a very fine poet." Appreciation of poetry for pure sound may be, as Stevenson suggests, commoner than we suppose.

J. D. S.

THE FIRST WOMAN D.C.L. OF OXFORD: THE QUEEN'S DEGREE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.



AT THE OLDEST WOMEN'S COLLEGE IN OXFORD: LADY MARGARET HALL STUDENTS PRESENTED.



ADMIRING "CHILDREN OF THE COLLEGE": HER MAJESTY SEES MRS. JULIAN HUXLEY'S BABY SON.



FROM OXFORD WOMEN'S SOCIETIES: MISS BUTTERWORTH GIVING THE QUEEN A BOOK.



"THE FIRST QUEEN TO APPEAR IN CAP AND GOWN" AT OXFORD: HER MAJESTY, IN HER D.C.L. ROBES, WALKING WITH THE CHANCELLOR (LORD CURZON) IN PROCESSION, AFTER RECEIVING HER DEGREE.



GOOD-BYE TO LADY MARGARET HALL: THE QUEEN CHEERED BY THE STUDENTS ON HER DEPARTURE FROM THE COLLEGE.



THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCIPAL OF OXFORD'S PREMIER WOMEN'S COLLEGE: HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS JEX-BLAKE.

The Queen and Princess Mary, who is seen with her mother in several of the above photographs, visited Oxford on March 11. In the Sheldonian Theatre her Majesty received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, the highest that the University can bestow. She was not only the first Queen, but the first woman, to receive it. The Chancellor, Lord Curzon, referred in his speech to the visits of previous Queens—Matilda, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Catherine of Aragon, Elizabeth, Henrietta Maria, and Catherine of Braganza. Queen Mary, he said, was "the first Queen of England to receive an honorary degree at the hands of the University, and the first Queen to appear in a cap and gown." In the afternoon her Majesty visited Lady Margaret Hall, and was presented with a vellum-bound copy of Sir Thomas Jackson's history of the University Church of St. Mary, on behalf of the five women's societies in Oxford, the others being Somerville, St. Hugh's, St. Hilda's, and Oxford House Students. At Somerville she saw some "children of the College," that is, children of former students.

BRITISH TANKS IN DÜSSELDORF: THE OCCUPATION OF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, PHOTOTRIS



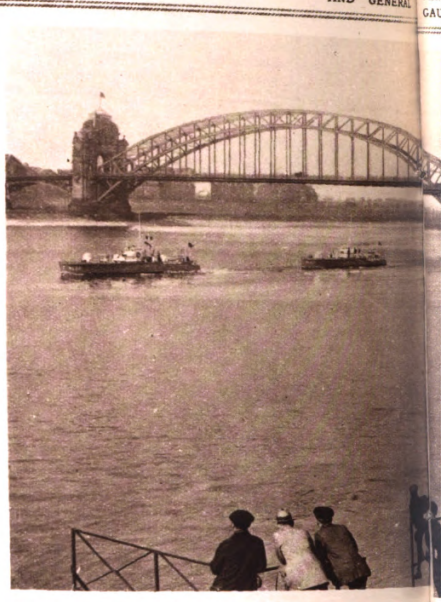
AFTER PLACING WREATHS ON THE GRAVE OF SOLDIERS FALLEN IN THE WAR OF 1870: GENERAL GAUCHER, THE FRENCH COMMANDER AT DÜSSELDORF.



"GOD SAVE THE KING" IN DÜSSELDORF: AND GENERAL



WITH FIXED BAYONETS AND COLOURS FLYING: A REGIMENT OF FRENCH TROOPS MARCHING INTO DÜSSELDORF.



BRITISH COASTAL BOATS ON THE RIVER AT GENERAL MORLAND ON



THE ALLIED HEADQUARTERS AT DÜSSELDORF: THE PARK HOTEL, WITH TWO FRENCH SENTRY-BOXES AT THE ENTRANCE.



FRENCH TROOPS IN DUISBURG, FIFTEEN COLUMN WINDING

Acting promptly in accordance with the Allied ultimatum to Germany at the London Conference, French, British, and Belgian forces advanced in the early hours of March 8 and occupied the three Rhine towns of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort. At the same time the British Rhine flotilla of coastal motor-boats, under Commander Macdonald, moved to an anchorage under the walls of Düsseldorf. The British cavalry, comprising squadrons of the 14th Hussars from Cologne, were commanded by Colonel Brown. They controlled the southern part of the town, while Belgian troops occupied the northern section. British tanks also entered the town and took up a position by the railway. They became an object of great interest to the civilian population, who gave no trouble. The French General Gaucher, who is in chief command at Düsseldorf, has handled the

OCCUPATION OF THE THREE RHINE TOWNS BY ALLIED TROOPS.

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GENERAL MORLAND, THE BRITISH COMMANDER, AND GENERAL GAUCHER SALUTING.



READING THE FIRST FRENCH PROCLAMATIONS IN DUISBURG: GERMAN CIVILIANS, WITH SOME FRENCH SOLDIERS SEEN ON THE LEFT.



DÜSSELDORF: THE RHINE FLOTILLA CARRYING A TOUR OF INSPECTION.



BRITISH CAVALRY IN THE RUHR CAPITAL: ENTERING DÜSSELDORF TO CONTROL THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE TOWN.



MILES FROM DÜSSELDORF: A LONG THROUGH THE TOWN.



BRITISH TANKS ENTERING DÜSSELDORF: THE CHIEF OBJECT OF INTEREST TO THE CIVILIAN POPULATION.

situation with great tact, and is very popular. The British troops are under the command of General Morland. Düsseldorf, the Ruhr capital, twenty-two miles below Cologne, is the most convenient port on the Rhine for the manufacturing districts of Elberfeld and Barmen. It has grown rapidly in the past fifty years, and now rivals Cologne. Duisburg is a manufacturing town fifteen miles north of Düsseldorf, and about a mile from the right bank of the Rhine. Ruhrort, its waterside suburb at the mouth of the Ruhr, a tributary of the Rhine, has one of the largest inland harbours in the world, and carries on an important trade in coal, unwrought iron, and hardware. The manufactures of Duisburg include iron, brass, and copper, for which its position in the Ruhr coalfield makes it especially suitable.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, "DAILY MAIL," CENTRAL PRESS, RUSSELL, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., TOPICAL, VANDYK, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



A FAMOUS THOUGHT-READER DEAD: THE LATE MR. A. O. CAPPER.

MURDERED: ALDERMAN GEORGE CLANCY, MAYOR OF LIMERICK.

MURDERED: MR M. O'CALLAGHAN, EX-MAYOR OF LIMERICK.

A TEMPERANCE REFORMER: THE LATE LADY HENRY SOMERSET.



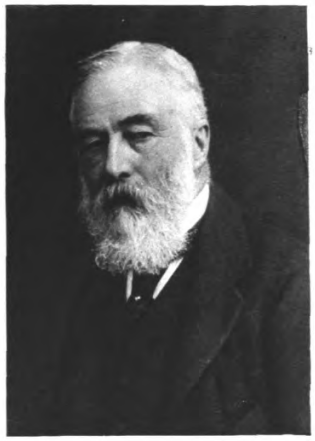
ADVISER ON ARABIA TO THE MIDDLE-EAST DEPARTMENT: COL. T. E. LAWRENCE.



ASSASSINATED IN MADRID: THE LATE SEÑOR DATO, PREMIER OF SPAIN.



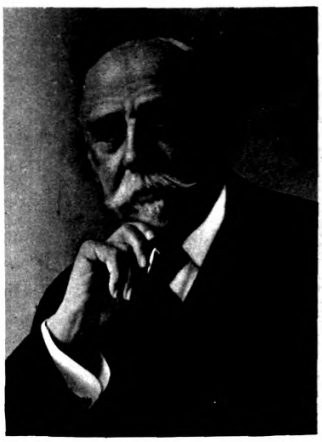
A POPULAR NOVELIST DEAD: THE LATE MRS. FLORENCE BARCLAY.



NEARLY EIGHTY, AND RETIRING: SIR COURTENAY ILBERT, CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



RESCUER OF WRECKED CHINAMEN: CAPT. EVANS, OF "BROKE" AND SOUTH POLE FAME.

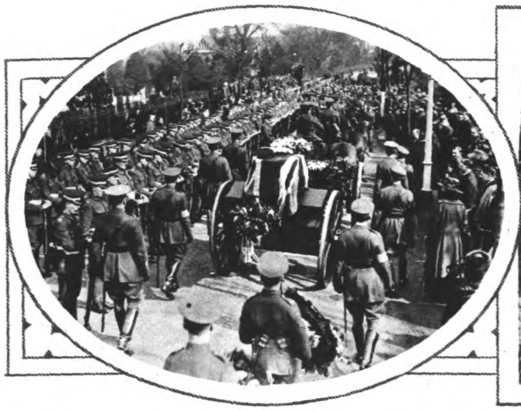


THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FAMOUS LAWYER AND SCIENTIST: THE LATE LORD MOULTON.

Mr. Alfred Octavius Capper, the well-known thought-reader, died suddenly in a taxicab in Paris on March 11.——Alderman George Clancy, Mayor of Limerick, and Councillor Michael O'Callaghan, ex-Mayor, were both shot dead at their homes by armed men in the early hours of March 7. Their wives were both injured in trying to defend them.——Lady Henry Somerset, sister-in-law of the Duke of Beaufort, died in Gray's Inn on March 12. She was long President of the National British Women's Temperance Association, and founded the Duxhurst Farm Colony for Inebriates.——Col. T. E. Lawrence, who did such wonderful work among the Arabs during the war, has been made Adviser on Arabian affairs to the new Middle-East Department. He went with Mr. Churchill to Egypt for the conference on Mesopotamia.——Señor Dato, the Spanish Premier, who was shot dead in his car by motor-cyclists in Madrid on March 8, was thrice Premier, taking office in 1913, 1917, and 1920.——Mrs. Florence Barclay, the popular novelist, died on March 10. Her best-known book, "The Rosary," had a huge sale.——Sir Courtenay Ilbert became Clerk of the House of Commons in 1902.——Capt. E. R. Evans, commanding H.M.S. "Carlisle," recently effected a heroic rescue of 200 Chinamen from the wrecked steamer "Hongmoh." During the war he commanded the "Broke," in the famous sea-fight. Previously he led the British Antarctic Expedition after the death of Captain Scott.——Lord Moulton, the eminent lawyer and scientist, died on March 9. He was a Lord of Appeal.

NEWS OF THE WEEK: IRISH FUNERALS; TEMPLE BAR; ROYAL INTERESTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



AN IRISH TRAGEDY ON THE CROWN SIDE: THE MILITARY FUNERAL OF COL.-COMMANDANT CUMMING (KILLED IN AMBUSH) AT GOLDER'S GREEN.



AN IRISH TRAGEDY ON THE SINN FEIN SIDE: THE BURIAL OF THE MAYOR AND EX-MAYOR OF LIMERICK (SHOT AT THEIR HOMES)—THE SCENE BY THE GRAVES.



ENGLAND v. IRELAND AT HOCKEY: THE KING GREETING THE IRISH TEAM AT BECKENHAM.



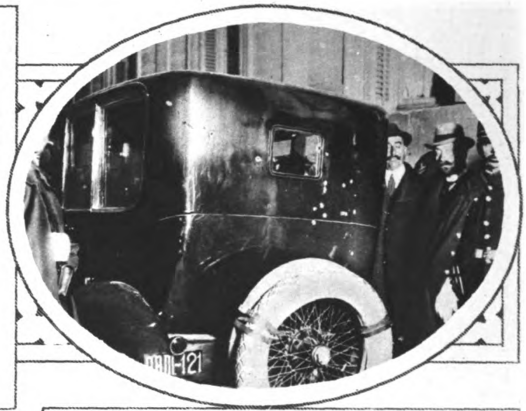
TO BE RESTORED TO LONDON? OLD TEMPLE BAR, NOW IN THEOBALD'S PARK, WALTHAM.



ENABLING BLIND MEN TO FOLLOW FOOTBALL: MR. JOSEPH GIBB WITH HIS INVENTION AT A MATCH.



ROYAL SYMPATHY FOR A MURDERED PREMIER: THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN LEAVING THE HOUSE OF THE LATE SEÑOR DATO.



HOW SEÑOR DATO WAS ASSASSINATED: THE BACK OF HIS MOTOR-CAR, SHOWING HOLES MADE BY THE BULLETS WHICH KILLED HIM.

The body of the late Col.-Commandant H. R. Cumming, D.S.O., Military Governor of Kerry, killed on March 5 in a Sinn Fein ambush, at Clonbannin, Co. Cork, was brought to London and buried with military honours at Golder's Green, on March 10.——The funeral of Alderman Clancy, Mayor of Limerick, and Councillor O'Callaghan, ex-Mayor, who were shot dead at their homes in the night of March 6-7, took place a few days later. Portraits of them appear on another page.——A hockey match between England and Ireland took place at Beckenham on March 12. The King was present, for the first time at an international hockey match.——A scheme is on foot to set up old Temple Bar, which gave place to the Griffin outside the Law Courts in 1878, at the Embankment entrance of Middle Temple Lane. It belongs to Sir Hedworth Meux, and stands at present on his estate at Theobald's Park, Waltham. His consent to its removal is necessary.——Mr. Joseph Gibb, of Glasgow, has invented a device enabling blind men to follow every move in a game of football. Our photograph shows him using it with a St. Dunstan's man at the English League v. Scottish League match at Highbury on March 12.——The Spanish Prime Minister, Señor Dato (whose portrait we give on another page) was shot by motor-cyclists while driving home in his motor-car in Madrid on March 8. More than twenty bullet-holes were made in it. The King and Queen of Spain visited the grief-stricken widow and daughters, and the King attended the funeral on March 10.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

I HAVE always wondered that M. Anatole France, whose knowledge of the history and psychology of the Middle Ages is unsurpassed, never took for his theme the tragical romance of Abelard and Héloise. Little was known of them, save the half-legendary story of their learning and their love, until Victor Cousin, close on a century ago, edited the famous theologian's writings, and proved that he was among the most virile and original of the great scholastic philosophers. Indeed, his figure passed like a meteor across the intellectual firmament of the twelfth century, and the opposition to his teaching on the part of high-placed ecclesiastics was a striking proof of the far-reaching nature of his personal influence in an age when it was still possible to revive a minor heresy without running the risk of fiery obsequies. I myself once looked through some of the material for a character in Plutarch's vein of this triumphant theologian, whose love-affair—perhaps, in reality, a comparatively minute matter in his historic career—seems to have been disregarded by contemporary masters of disputation. It was the concluding effort of a period of curiosity in regard to the men and affairs of the early Middle Ages, which began with a painstaking inquiry into the amazing life of Gerbert (Pope Silvester II.), which had been summed up in the mystic line—

Scandit ab R Gerbertus ad R post Papa vigens R,

for Rheims, Ravenna, and Rome were the stepping-stones in the progress of the famous scientist to a dubious immortality. From him I went on to other and later celebrities, searching the monastic chronicles collected by Muratori and other documents most faithfully, and everywhere discovering that most modern pictures were but vague and uncritical impressions. But Abelard I dared not adventure on, secretly fearing that the beauty and learning and sweet temerity of the Abbess of the Paraclete might vanish in the cold light of historical truth, and not wishing, furthermore, to see the man greater as a theologian than as a lover. Avoid scientific history if you wish to believe in all the old romances which have lived on the lips of unlearned people!

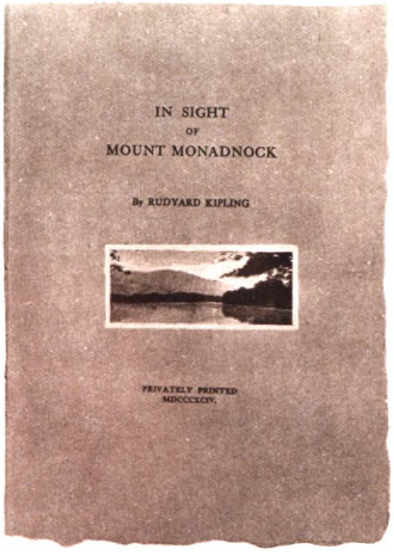
In "HÉLOISE AND ABELARD" (2 vols.; privately printed for subscribers; 63s. net) Mr. George Moore strives to fan the old tale into a new and living conflagration. But he has not, alas! either the knowledge or the temperament to reconstruct the tumultuous and bewildering twelfth century, or to reanimate the protagonists in one of the most renowned dramas in which passion spins the plot. Neither the valiant tenderness of his Héloise, nor the conflict of thought and desire he imagines in the soul of his Abelard (it is too much a *scène à faire*!), ever touches the heart for a moment, and these twain, and all his other characters, move as shades in shadowy places. It is the pastoral element in the book which interests us most—and that means that a false note is heard, or at any rate overheard, throughout, for there was no love of nature in the mediæval mind. He takes unpardonable liberties with historical facts. Thus, he makes Abelard a *trouvère* in his youth (certainly an anachronism!) in order that he may sing love songs to his mistress, and she is made to become the mother of a boy who is named Astrolabe. The notion that the victorious disputant with the mighty St. Anselm at Laon could have graduated in minstrelsy, is a *reductio ad absurdum* of all the implications of mediæval history. In all his other books, and in his recently-published play, Mr. George Moore has always insisted on being the *jeune premier*, the young lover, and here once more his generous egoism insists on monopolising the centre of the stage. He ought to have been one of those handsome actor-managers before whose portraits flappers light little red wax candles saved from their last Christmas tree! But the fatal fault of the book—alas! that I should have to say it of the work of a writer of such variegated talent!—is that it bores one even in its rendering of unsanctioned ecstasies. There is, however, one episode which is in his best vein. That is the account of the journey to Brittany, with its vivid pictures of the countryside through which the Loire flows, and its joyous yarns such as that of the wolf-hunter, who was learning to be merciful to wolves for fear of killing them all and losing his job; and that of the pious parrot which escaped from its cage and was chased by a goshawk, but saved itself and settled its pursuer by screaming aloud: "*Sancte Thoma, Adiuva!*" That is a touch in the true mediæval vein—not, of course, meant to be laughed at—which one can imagine M. Anatole France inventing between one sad smile and the next.

. . . . . .

Mr. Moore, who is most at home in the 'Nineties and is not afraid to be "ninety-ish," would have been better advised if he had given us a romance of the kind that is evoked in remembrance by the mere utterance of the name—Paul Verlaine! He should have transferred his Abelard and Héloise to the Quartier Latin, in the dear, unforgettable days when it had not yet become a sort of white-washed city of mechanical wonders for the gullible tourist.

. . . . . .

Several recently-published books have intrigued me in a week of fine, confused reading. "THE CHALLENGE OF THE DEAD" (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net), by Stephen Graham, is the first example of a new kind of war-book, which will set a limit to the reaction against remembering the world of ghosts "over there" in places the demobbed soldier will never see again, except in visions of the night, when the star-shells break overhead, and the forgotten places stand up black in the sudden pallid green illumination. "LONDON'S RIVER" (same publisher; same price), by H. M. Tomlinson, brings home to us the memories of the *mer infecte* of the great waterway with artistry as powerful and precise as that of Mr. Tomlinson's epic picture of the Amazon, and the serried patience of the endless tropical forest. And for a book of war-pictures, I can commend "I WAS THERE" (Putnam's Sons; 21s. net), by Leroy Baldridge, whose drawings of the scenes and adventures of "Sammy" at the front (1917-19), are faithful and dramatic and appealing.



PRIVATELY PRINTED, AND RARE: KIPLING'S "IN SIGHT OF MOUNT MONADNOCK."

We reproduce on this page illustrations of three of the lots in an especially interesting sale, which will be held by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge on April 4, 5, and 6., and includes a comprehensive collection of the writings of Rudyard Kipling, the property of Captain E. W. Martindell. The particular "lot" illustrated above is described as follows: "In Sight of Mount Monadnock, 8 ll. (last page blank), illustration on title, original wrappers, with title on upper cover, in a folder, the whole enclosed in a half morocco open case, lettered, a fine unopened copy, rare. Privately printed, 1894."

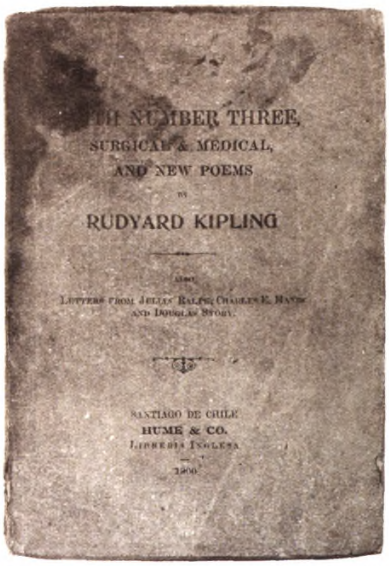
By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



A KIPLING WHICH WAS SUPPRESSED BY THE AUTHOR: "LETTERS OF MARQUE"; ORIGINAL WRAPPERS.

In the catalogue this is described as follows: "Letters of Marque, vol. I., original wrappers, with a design on front cover, lettered; Letters of Marque, No. 1. By Rudyard Kipling. One Rupee, in a folder, enclosed in a half morocco open case, lettered. Withdrawn from Circulation and Suppressed by the Author, a fine copy, exceedingly rare. 8vo. Sampson, Low, Marston & Company, 1891.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



CONTAINING UNCOLLECTED ITEMS: KIPLING'S "WITH NUMBER THREE . . ."

This is described as follows: "With Number Three, Surgical & Medical, and New Poems, also Letters from Julian Ralph, Charles E. Handa, and Douglas Story, original buff paper wrappers (stained and slightly defective), exceedingly rare, the existence of other copies appears to be doubtful. cr. 8vo. Santiago de Chile: Hume & Co. 1900. Contains the following uncollected items: With Number Three: Surgical and Medical, and New Auld Lang Syne."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

MILITARY RACING AT SANDOWN: THREE PRINCES; AN ALLIES' 'CHASE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH, C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, G.P.U., AND L.N.A.



THE FINISH OF THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP: MR. W. FILMER-SANKEY, 1ST LIFE GUARDS, WINNING ON HIS PAY ONLY.



THE ALLIES' STEEPLECHASE: HUGUENOT (RIGHT) LEADING FROM RAZZLE DAZZLE, THE WINNER (LEFT), AT THE FIRST FENCE.



WATCHING THE PAST AND PRESENT STEEPLE-CHASE: (L. TO R.) PRINCE HENRY, THE DUKE OF YORK, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.



WINNER OF THE ALLIES' GRAND STEEPLECHASE: COMTE H. D'OULTREMONT, ON HIS RAZZLE DAZZLE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE MEETING: TALKING TO AN OFFICER WHO RODE IN THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP.



ROYAL INTEREST IN HORSEFLESH: THE PRINCE OF WALES (THIRD FROM RIGHT AGAINST THE WALL) STUDYING MOUNTS AT SANDOWN PARK.



ROYAL ENTHUSIASM: THE PRINCE OF WALES (RIGHT), THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCE HENRY (THIRD AND FOURTH TO LEFT), WATCHING A RACE.

There was a great gathering of officers, past and present, at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park, where, contrary to the usual custom, everyone who had ever held a commission could obtain a pass for the Members' Enclosure. The King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry were present on March 11, the first day, when the chief event was the race for the Grand Military Gold Cup, a three-mile steeplechase. It was won by a neck by Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey's Pay Only (owner up). Colonel Brooke's Secretive (Captain Doyle up) was second, and Sir H. Meux's White Surrey (Major Walwyn up) third. On the second day, a novel event was the Allies' Grand Steeple-chase, in which four French and four Belgian officers rode. Only the Belgians finished, the Frenchmen being unused to the open ditch. Commandant Comte Hermann d'Oultremont's Razzle Dazzle (owner up) won by four lengths from Huguenot (Baron Gaffier up), and Southern Joy (Lieutenant Llame up) was third. These three are seen in the top right-hand photograph.

"I WANT TO SEE THE PEOPLE": THE PRINCE OF WALES AT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE (GLASGOW), PHOTOPRESS, SPORT



WITH HIS HOST AND HOSTESS DURING HIS GLASGOW VISIT: THE PRINCE BETWEEN LORD AND LADY BLYTHSWOOD IN A HOUSE-PARTY GROUP.



THE PRINCE AS ORATOR: SPEAKING AFTER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE SCOTTISH VETERANS' GARDEN CITY AT MARYHILL.



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS: THE PRINCE AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL.



THE PEOPLE OF GLASGOW WANT TO SEE THE PRINCE: H.R.H. (IN THE CAR, RAISING HIS HAT) LEAVING THE KELVIN GROVE ART GALLERIES.

The Prince of Wales, as usual on such occasions, made an immense success of his visit to Glasgow and neighbouring places on the Clyde, the enthusiasm of the workpeople and general public being especially marked. During his visit he was the guest of Lord and Lady Blythswood, at Blythswood House. The house party group (top left photograph) shows, from left to right, front row, beginning with the second figure—Mrs. W. H. Coats, Lord Blythswood, the Prince, Lady Blythswood, Hon. Olive Campbell, and Admiral Halsey. Behind are Lieut. Lewellyn, Mr. W. H. Coats, and Lord Glentanar. The Prince arrived in Glasgow on March 8, and received the Freedom of the City in St. Andrew's Hall. In his speech he said: "I want to see the people. I want to see all those who have made Glasgow what she is, the second city of the Empire."

OF WAR AT GLASGOW, "THE SECOND CITY OF THE EMPIRE."

E (GLASGOW), REPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND I.B.



THE PRINCE'S POPULARITY WITH THE WORKPEOPLE: H.R.H. AT THE FERGUSLIE MILLS OF MESSRS. J. AND P. COATS.



ON THE CLYDE AT PAISLEY: THE PRINCE AT THE WHEEL OF A HYDRO-GLIDER, BUILT BY MESSRS. YARROW.



IN THE THICK OF A GLASGOW CROWD: THE PRINCE (RAISING HIS HAT WITH HIS LEFT HAND) AMONG CHEERING WORKMEN AFTER LAUNCHING THE "WINDSOR CASTLE."



THE PRINCE AND BOY SCOUTS: PRESENTING THE KING'S FLAG TO THE 1ST GLASGOW TROOP.

It was very evident that the people also wanted to see him. Later, he visited the British Industries Fair and the Art Galleries in Kelvin Grove. On the 9th, at Clydebank, he launched the new Union Castle liner, "Windsor Castle," at Messrs. John Brown's yard, where he talked with the workmen and was (to quote an eye-witness) "engulfed in a sea of cheering workers." Next, he laid the foundation-stone of the Scottish Veterans' Garden City, at Maryhill. On the 10th he visited Paisley, where he went over several mills, and in Queen's Park he inspected Boy Scouts and Boys' Brigades. He presented to the 1st City of Glasgow Scouts the King's Flag which they won last year at the Jamboree at Olympia.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

"LOOK ye, my lads, did ye ever see such a fowl as that before? That's the bird which the old Indian kings of Mexico let no one wear but their own selves, and therefore I wear it—I, John Oxenham of South Tawton, for a sign to all brave lads of Devon, that as the Spaniards are the masters of the Indians, we are the masters of the Spaniards." The said bird was a whole Quezal bird, "whose gorgeous plumage, fretted golden green, shone like one entire precious stone," fastened with a great gold clasp on a Spanish hat. The language of "Westward Ho!" reproduces the days of Drake. We like the contemporary account where "the Queen's little pirate whispered in her ear as he walked beside her," and made Queen Elizabeth one of the greatest collectors in the world. Drake, with his one ship and eighty men, came home with gold-dust and silver ingots from Potosi, with pearls and emeralds and diamonds, which formed the cargo of the great galleon which sailed once a year from Lima to Cadiz; he brought jewels which Elizabeth wore in her crown. From the sailor in Limehouse Causeway with his green parrot in a cage to the latest distinguished member of the Royal Geographical Society, the collecting habit has continued. It is true unwise Tommies have brought home sacredly guarded ginger-beer bottles from remote places of the earth, but that was due to their ignorance of ginger-beer and of native art.

Curios of ethnographical interest were sold by Mr. Stevens, of Covent Garden, on the 8th. It is here that Oriental and native work finds an atmosphere. Wonderful throwing sticks, Ju-Ju rarities, savage amulets, slave chains taken from traders, deities of all races, Hindu, Siamese, Chinese, come under the hammer. Here is London's emporium for curios as distinct from elaborate furniture and superlative porcelain.

Objects of vertu from various sources, and a collection of coins, the property of the late Professor Julius Bogdanovitch, of Petrograd, were sold by Messrs. Christie on the 9th. Roman and Byzantine examples and Polish gold ducats only brought £609 in all, being outside esoteric numismatic interest. An oval ivory snuff-box, with a lid surrounded with a border of diamonds on a blue enamel ground, was set with a miniature of Warren Hastings. It was presented to Warren Hastings by Indian rajahs, and had an authentic record from a niece of Mrs. Warren Hastings. One wonders whether it was from the brush of Imhoff, the complaisant husband with whose wife Hastings fell violently in love on the old East Indiaman on the tedious voyage out — till, and by arrangement, Imhoff bought an estate in Saxony, and Mme. Imhoff, after her divorce, married Hastings at Calcutta, and became Vicereine of India.

On the 9th, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold valuable books, the property of a Baronet and others. A Fourth Folio Shakespeare (1685) sold for £120.

On the 11th, Messrs. Christie were selling modern pictures and drawings. A "Lake Scene," by Wilson, with figures in foreground, exhibited something of the master's touch. Alphonse Legros, as Philip Gilbert Hamerton was never tired of telling his contemporaries, was a masterly portraitist in fine line, and a silver-point, the "Head of a Lady" bore this out. A Crome "View on a Norfolk River" came as a harbinger of the centenary celebrations of Crome's death on April 22. There were three Birket Fosters: "The Cottage Garden," "Verona," and "Florence"; and A. D. Peppercorn's "Early Morning," and Cecil G. Lawson's "Harvest Time near Richmond," were echoes of a full time of art in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Leader had a full complement of four canvases, including "Evening,



LEFT BY SIR HUGH LANE, WHO WENT DOWN IN THE "LUSITANIA," TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AND CLAIMED FOR DUBLIN: "THE PRESENT," BY ALFRED STEVENS, THE BELGIAN PAINTER.

The two pictures here reproduced belong to the disputed bequest of the late Sir Hugh Lane, particulars of which are given on the opposite page.

By Courtesy of the Tate Gallery.

Worcestershire," 1886, which sold for 265 guineas; and "A Summer Stream, North Wales," 1884. He has that pictorial sentimentality which attracts the novice and wins the same approval as the hackneyed refrain of a third-rate ballad. J. F. Herring, sen., with his two canvases, "Blue Bonnet, Winner of the St. Leger, 1842," and and "Our Nell, Winner of the Oaks, 1842," found recognition at only 60 guineas each.

Certain old English pottery from the E. H. Coopman collection was sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 11th, together with some Worcester porcelain, the property of a nobleman. Three of Mason's ironstone-ware dinner services, painted with birds and flowers in the Chinese taste, represented a fine pottery. Mason, in his deep blues on utilitarian ware, approached more nearly the Chinese blue than any other potter. An egg-stand, surmounted by a bust of the Duke of Cumberland, brought 94 guineas, and two figures of agate cats, 5 inches high, sold for 95 guineas. Salt glaze, that delicate English ware, was represented by a fine series of teapots, mugs, and teapoys, with coloured decorations. A Porto Bello jug, although faulty, brought 52 guineas, inscribed: "The British Glory revived: By Admiral Vernon: He took Porto Bello with six ships only: Nov. ye 22nd, 1739." The Worcester porcelain covered the gamut of marks, with oval pierced baskets with square mark, plates with crescent mark and *W* mark, and Chamberlain Worcester vases painted with Ariadne, Orpheus, and Eurydice, by Baxter, with gold mark.

On the 15th, at Christie's, among the old English porcelain sold, the property of Sir John Smiley, Bt., were some interesting Worcester examples; and a fine Nantgarw dessert service, painted with flower sprays in colours, had the impressed factory mark. Nantgarw always brings high prices.

Decorative furniture, porcelain, and tapestry were sold by Messrs. Christie on the 17th. This included a suite of Louis XVI. furniture, with settee and six fauteuils covered with Aubusson tapestry with pastoral scenes, and a fine Louis XV. marqueterie secretaire stamped "E V B B ME." The Brussels tapestry included panels with Teniers subjects; but a set of five panels of Mortlake tapestry, the property of a nobleman, fetched a great price: brilliantly woven with subjects allegorical of March, April, May, June, July, August, and September, by Stephen de May, signed "S. D. M." An oblong panel was 9 ft. by 17 ft., and four upright panels were, respectively, 9 ft. by 8 ft. and 9 ft. by 4 ft.

Glass is much collected nowadays, but collectors cannot be too careful: the market is flooded with foreign replicas, and a regular industry exists to simulate old examples. Messrs. Sotheby were selling, on the 17th and 18th, collections from various sources, including a Jacobite wine glass with portrait of Charles Edward Stuart, inscribed *Audentior ibo*, the property of the Rev. Sir Genille Cave-Browne-Cave, Bt.; and a pair of Waterford oval dishes and covers with serrated edges, the property of Lord Willoughby de Broke. Waterford such as this, of unimpeachable authenticity, needs no bush, but it cannot too strongly be advanced that 99 per cent. of the glass on the market purporting to be old Waterford is nothing of the sort. Fabricators have erroneously believed it to be black-tinged or blue-tinged, whereas it is clear and limpid, as a study of the subject will show the tyro. Experts cannot easily determine what is old Waterford, or what was made in Ireland and elsewhere. Some old English porcelain in this sale claimed attention: a set of Rockingham plates bore the griffin mark of the factory, the arms of the Fitzwilliam family, on whose land the pottery stood, at Swinton, in Yorkshire. Some Hepplewhite furniture, a settee, and ten cabriole chairs in white and gold, with shield-shaped backs, were of the right period. Two Chippendale chairs, and two similar corner chairs, with backs pierced and moulded, had a character which invited competition.



SIR HUGH LANE'S DISPUTED BEQUEST OF FAMOUS PICTURES TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY: THE "CONCERT AUX TUILERIES," BY EDOUARD MANET.—[*By Courtesy of the Tate Gallery.*]

FOR LONDON OR DUBLIN? AN IRISH GRIEVANCE IN THE ART WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE TATE GALLERY.



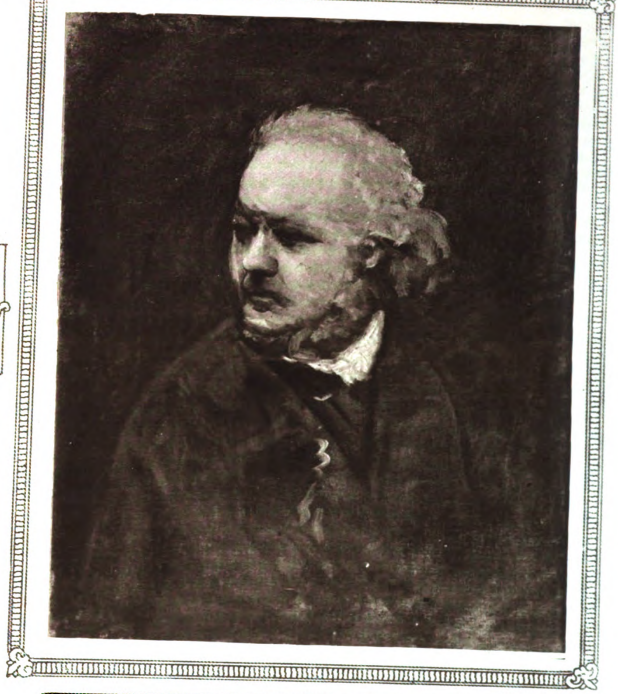
ONE OF THE PICTURES IN THE DISPUTED BEQUEST OF SIR HUGH LANE: "LA DOUANE," BY ANTONIO MANCINI.



IN THE DISPUTED BEQUEST SAID TO NEED AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT: "LOVE'S OFFSPRING," BY NARCISSE DIAZ.



LEFT FINALLY TO DUBLIN BY AN UNWITNESSED CODICIL: "THE BIRD CAGE," BY JACOB MARIS.



IN THE COLLECTION CLAIMED BOTH BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE DUBLIN GALLERY: "HONORÉ DAUMIER," BY CHARLES DAUBIGNY.

Sir Hugh Lane, the famous art dealer and patron, who was among the victims of the "Lusitania," is the subject of a biography (just published) by his aunt, Lady Gregory. He spent thousands on establishing the Dublin Art Gallery, but, provoked by what Mr. P. G. Konody calls "slanderous ingratitude in his own country," he made a new will leaving some forty foreign pictures, which he had previously bequeathed to Dublin, to the National Gallery in London. Later, he revoked this will by a codicil, which, however, was not witnessed, and cannot be legally enforced without a special Act of Parliament. The Secretary of the National Gallery is reported to have said that the pictures will be retained at the Tate Gallery, where they now are, and that a new room is to be built there for a collection of modern French art, of which they will form the nucleus. The National Gallery, it was suggested, would not object to lend them to Dublin, but did not intend to part with them permanently. In that case, the promotion of a Bill to legalise the unwitnessed codicil would rest with the Dublin authorities. It was expected that a question would be asked in the House on the subject. Besides the pictures we illustrate, the collection includes works by Corot, Ingres, Monet, Degas, Gustave Courbet, Eugène Boudin, F. A. Renoir, Camille Pissarro, and Puvis de Chavannes.

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

IV.—"THE FRESH WATERS."

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

THE fresh waters do not occupy even a hundredth part of the earth's surface; but the haunt makes up for its small size by its great variety.

It includes the deep lake and the shallow pond (Figs. 5, 6, and 7, pond life), the brook and the river, the ditch and the swamp. A striking feature about the fresh-water animals is that they are often much the same in widely separated basins. This is partly because water-birds carry the same small animals on their feet from one lake to another; because the wind does the same, and because changes of the earth's crust not only separate valleys, but bring them together again. But the most important reason is probably that the animals that colonised the fresh waters have, for the most part, come from the shore, and that only certain kinds of constitution could stand the change.

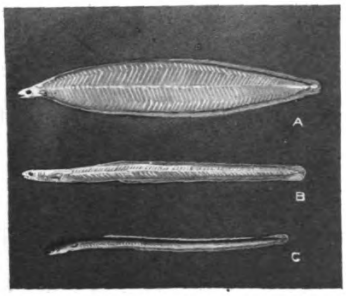


FIG. 11.—THE COMMON EEL: STAGES IN ITS LIFE HISTORY.

A. The second stage, a transparent knife-blade-like form swimming near the surface of the open sea. *B*. The so-called "Glass Eel," with knife-blade body beginning to be cylindrical. *C*. The Elver, which ascends rivers and has now developed pigment.

But why do we think that fresh-water animals came from the sea? May they not have begun to be where they are now? To this good question we cannot give a short answer, but part of the answer is this: Among the first animals to have bodies—namely, the Sponges—we find one family in fresh water, and all the rest—hundreds of different kinds—in the sea. That is a straw which shows how the wind blew. Among the Stinging Animals which come next in order—the sea-anemones and corals, the jelly-fishes and zoophytes—half-a-dozen live in fresh water, and thousands of different kinds in the sea. So in many other cases, and the home of the great majority is likely to be the original home of the race.

To understand the animal life of a lake we must picture the immense numbers of simple plants which float in the surface-waters. They often make the water like green soup; and there are often far more in a pitcher than we can see of stars on a frosty night. These minute plants are the chief *producers*; the animals are the *consumers*, though many of them devour their smaller neighbours, who thus rank also as producers. When an animal dies in the water, the Bacteria break down its body, through a stage of rotting, to salts and gases, which become sooner or later, often with the help of other bacteria, the food of green plants. Thus the Bacteria are the *middlemen*.

The experiment has been made of putting mud and manure in boxes round the edge of a fish-pond. Bacteria worked at the material and made it available for Infusorians. The Infusorians devoured what the Bacteria prepared, and some of them devoured the Bacteria too. A living cataract of Infusorians fell into the pond and formed the food of water-fleas or Copepods, and these again were eaten by fishes. If we believe that fish-food is good for the brain, we may trace the links of a chain between mud and clear thinking (Fig. 12).

The fresh-water haunt is a fine place for the study of the web of life: that is to say, the linkages that bind one living creature to another. The mother fresh-water mussel keeps her young ones in the cradle of her outer gill-plate, and will not let them out until a minnow or some other fish comes swimming past in a leisurely way (Fig. 2). Then the pinhead-like larvæ are liberated; they clap their tiny valves, they exude sticky threads, they fasten on to the minnow, and after undergoing a remarkable change, they drop off, to begin their independent life somewhere else. The two animals are linked together; and it is very remarkable that there should be a fresh-water fish, called the bitterling (*Rhodeus amarus*), that lays its eggs in the gill-chamber of the fresh-water mussel, where they go through their development (Fig. 3).

The pied-wagtail may be linked to successful sheep-farming, for it is fond of the little water-snail which harbours the juvenile stages of the parasitic worm called the liver-fluke, which causes fatal liver-rot in many sheep. If the decline of Greece was partly due to the introduction of malaria, we may link the decline to the mosquito which harbours and spreads the microscopic animal that causes malaria in man. And as there are certain little fishes that greedily devour the aquatic larvæ of mosquitos, we may link little fishes to the decline of Greece.

Life in fresh-water haunts is beset with difficulties. Thus in many parts of the world there is the freezing of the water in winter, which may be fatal even to a resourceful animal like the otter. Some small water animals die off in winter, and only their eggs live on, protected within hard envelopes. Others, like the fresh-water sponge, die away, but do not wholly die, for pinhead-like gemmules, protected within a sphere of capstan-like spicules of flint, are formed throughout the dying body, and start new sponges in the spring. Of great importance is a peculiar property of water. It has its maximum density—that is to say, is most closely packed together—at 4 degrees Centigrade; when it cools below this, towards freezing, it expands. Thus the water at the bottom of the pond rises to the surface as it cools below 4 degrees Centigrade, and forms at the surface a protective floating blanket of ice. For eighty-five days in the year the warmer water of the basin is at the bottom; the pool does not become solid ice; the fresh-water animals are able to continue; and from this many consequences flow.

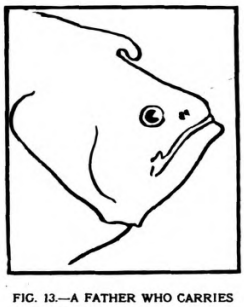


FIG. 13.—A FATHER WHO CARRIES HIS FAMILY ON HIS HEAD: THE CURTUS.

The mature male Curtus carries his family about on top of his head until they are hatched. A double bunch of eggs is attached to the remarkable bony hook on the back of the skull.

In warmer countries the great danger is drought, and many fresh-water animals have learned to lie low in a state of latent life. Some small crustaceans have been known to lie for forty-six years in dried mud, without giving up the power of living when the mud was moistened again. The African mud-fish may remain for half the year in a hole in the mud, with a ventilating shaft rising to the surface and bringing in fresh air (Fig. 8). A fish out of water, indeed!

Another risk—in streams, especially—is that of being washed down to the sea, or carried out into a flood-bed and left high and dry. We can understand, therefore, why many fresh-water animals, such as brook-leeches and insect-larvæ, have gripping organs which anchor them; and why some others, such as the fresh-water crayfish (Fig. 4), shorten down the juvenile stages when the risks of being washed away are greatest.



FIG. 14.—THE EEL'S RECORD OF ITS AGE: RINGS FORMED IN SUCCESSIVE YEARS.

The successive rings indicate the growth of successive years, and thus the age can be read.

Some of the life-histories of fresh-water animals are remarkable (Figs. 1. Gnat; and 13, Curtus). The large sea-lampreys make a stone nest in the bed of the stream, so that the eggs are not washed away (Fig. 10); the young ones live as "niners" for four or five years in the river before they become full-grown and go down to the sea. This is an instance of prolonging youth; but the lampreys have suctorial mouths, and are very well able to look after themselves. The male stickleback makes a nest among the water-weed, and gets more than one mother-fish to visit it and leave eggs there. He then mounts guard, and drives off enemies much bigger than himself (Fig. 9). When the eggs are hatched and the tiny sticklebacks begin to move about, he has still his hands full—if one may say so—keeping them within bounds until they are ready.

Strangest of all is the life-story of the common eel (Figs. 11 and 14). The elvers come up the rivers in spring; each about the length of our first finger, and the thickness of a knitting needle. They form a crowded "eel-fare," usually keeping close to the banks, obeying an inborn impulse to go upstream. The impulse stops when clouds hide the sun, or when night falls. The elvers circumvent water-falls, swarming up the moss-covered rocks, or making a little détour on land. In the ponds and quiet reaches of the river they grow for four to eight years; as they become full-grown, a change comes over them. Their eyes become larger, their skin becomes more silvery, their blood changes, they become restless. They leave the quiet waters and swim excitedly by night down stream to the sea. The North Sea is not cold enough nor deep enough for them; they swim out to deep water in the Atlantic, where they spawn and die. The young ones are, for a while, open-sea animals, swimming near the surface by night, sinking by day; they are like transparent knife-blades (Fig. 11a), with no colour except in the eye. In their second year they become shorter and lighter, with a cylindrical body, and are known as "glass-eels" (Fig. 11b). They migrate shorewards, often journeying over a thousand miles, and there become the elvers with which we began (Fig. 11c). There can be little doubt that the common eel is a deep-water marine fish which has gradually taken to exploring the fresh waters, just as the salmon is a fresh-water fish which has, in most cases, learned to make very profitable excursions to the sea.

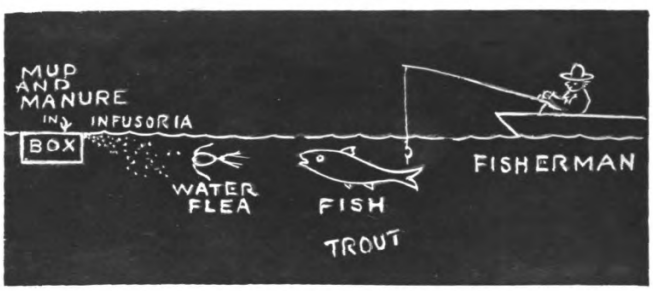
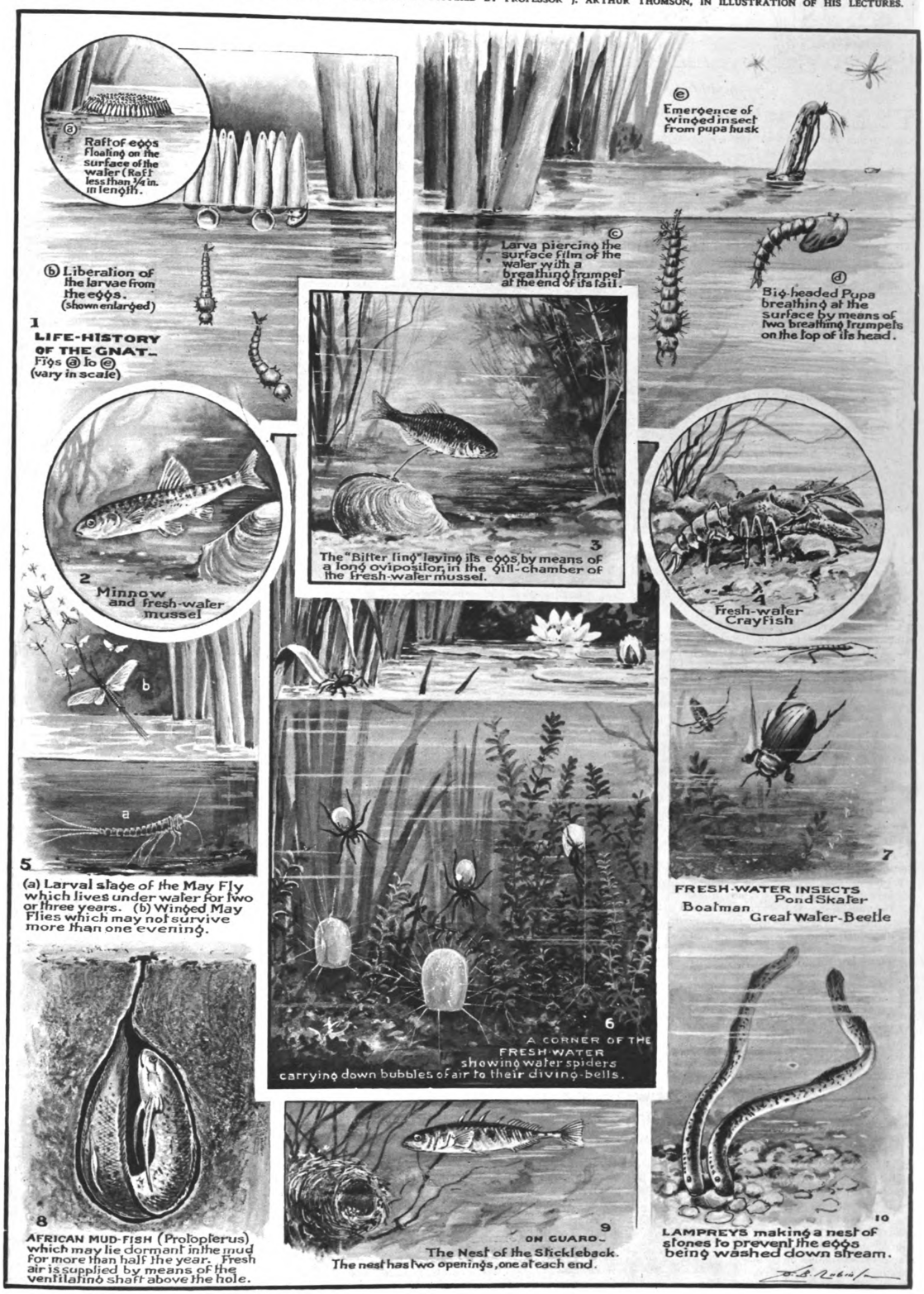


FIG. 12.—"THE LINKS OF A CHAIN BETWEEN MUD AND CLEAR THINKING": PROFESSOR THOMSON'S BLACKBOARD DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE A PASSAGE IN HIS LECTURE.

HAUNTS OF LIFE: THE "DIM WATER-WORLD" OF LAKE AND RIVER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



IV.—THE FRESH WATERS: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S FOURTH LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

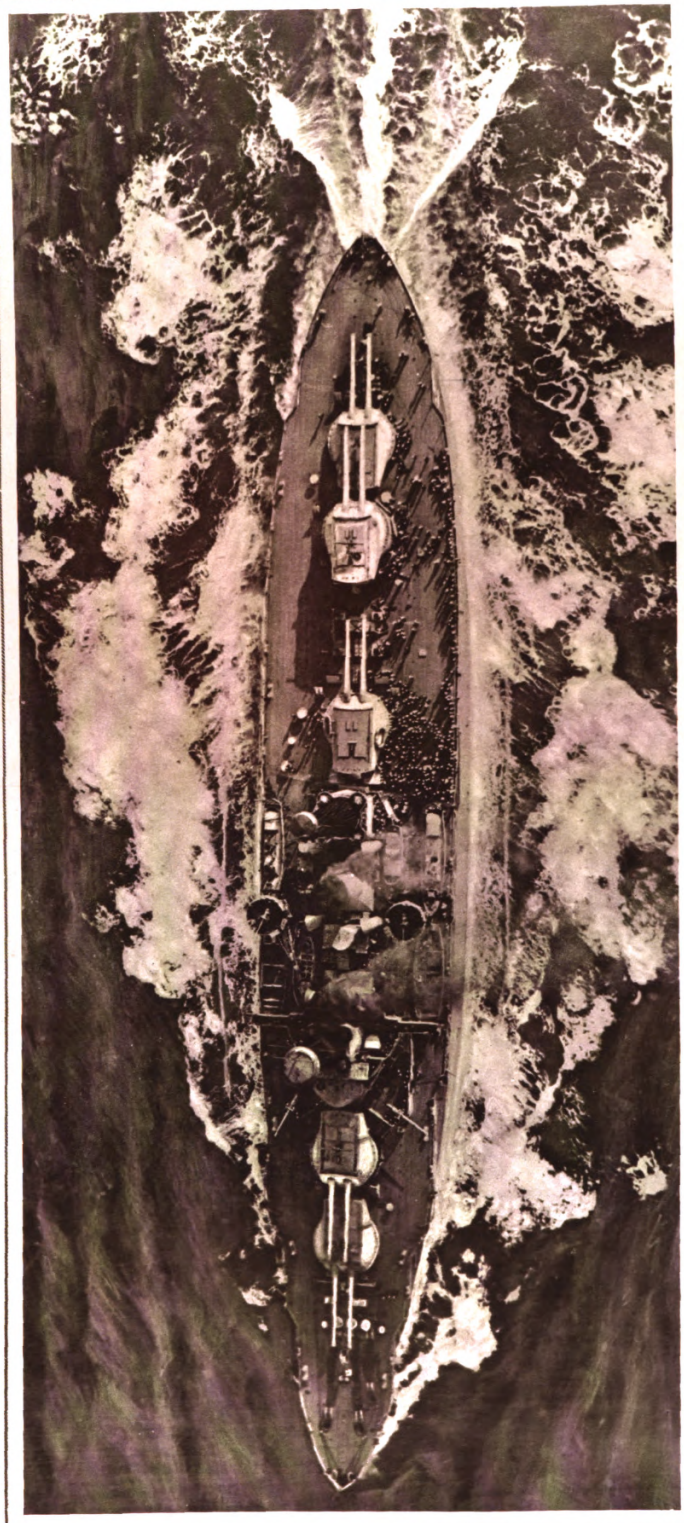
Having dealt, in the abridgments of his previous lectures given in our issues of February 26, March 5 and 12, with the life of the shore, the open sea, and the great deeps, Professor Thomson now turns to the fresh-water life of rivers and brooks, lakes and ponds, swamps and ditches. Fresh-water creatures, he explains, originally came from the sea, and some of them, like the eel and the salmon, still spend part of their time in the ocean. The eel, he says, is "a deep-water marine fish which has taken to exploring the fresh waters." Life in fresh water is made difficult by changes of temperature, and in hot countries by drought, and we learn with amazement that some small crustaceans have remained alive for forty-six years in dried mud! The African mud-fish (Fig. 8) is one of those which thus lie dormant. The water having dried up, it is breathing meantime with lungs instead of gills.—*[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

THE BATTLE-SHIP AS AN AEROPLANE'S TARGET: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. MULLER, JUNIOR, NEW YORK.

"IS the modern capital ship," asks the "Times," "likely to be in serious danger if bombed by squadrons of aeroplanes? Clearly the answer to this question has an important bearing on the building of new great ships for the navies of to-day. In the United States the view that the aeroplane can inflict heavy damage on battleships by bombing attacks from the air has been strongly maintained by Brigadier-General William Mitchell, who was in command of all the American Air Forces in the American Expeditionary Force during the war. He gave evidence on the point before the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, basing his arguments largely upon tests which are made every day in practice by American Air Service men. A blue print diagram of 251 bombs dropped from 6000 ft. upon a target the size of a modern battleship shows, he says, 55 direct hits, 50 within the danger zone, or a total of 41·8 per cent. of destructive hits. The evidence of General Mitchell is quoted by the 'New York Herald': 'In many instances aviators have made 80 per cent. of hits at 10,000 ft.' Air attacks at sea would not, of course, be carried out by single aeroplanes. In attacking a target from a height of 12,000 ft. or 15,000 ft., a bombardment of three groups, each containing about 100 'planes, would be used. These bombing 'planes would be protected by pursuit, or light, swift fighting 'planes. Each squadron would have one observer who directs the squadron on the target. When he throws his bombs, all the others throw theirs, each squadron dropping several tons. It has been said that the British Government, when deciding to abandon airships

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for use with the Navy, pinned their faith to aeroplane carriers. On this point General Mitchell's evidence before the Appropriations Committee, as summarised by the 'New York Herald,' is interesting: 'He would have "floating aerodromes"—swift aircraft carriers capable of making greater speed than the swiftest destroyer or battle cruiser, and with a capacity of 100 or more 'planes.' He argues that the effect of movement of a battleship 'is practically negligible where collective bombing is concerned,' because 'there is nothing on the ground or water that can move more than one-fifth as fast as an airplane.' Gen. Mitchell's evidence was not directed to convince the Appropriations Committee that the moment had yet come for substituting defence by air for defence upon the water; nor did he argue that the building programme of the United States for battle-cruisers and battle-ships should be abandoned. But he did insist 'that the indications are that with proper development air weapons can be so improved as to make naval weapons of secondary importance. General Mitchell's belief seems not to have made much impression upon Mr. Daniels, Secretary for the United States Navy in the Democratic Administration which has just left office. 'We are not taking General Mitchell's advice very seriously in the Navy,' he said, and added, when asked whether he would be willing to remain aboard a battle-ship while General Mitchell bombed it: 'If General Mitchell doesn't handle bombs any more accurately than he handles facts, I should be perfectly willing to let him bomb me all day long.'"

IS THE CAPITAL SHIP OBSOLETE THROUGH AIRCRAFT MENACE?—A BATTLE-SHIP SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

We quote above, from the "Times," an interesting account of bomb-dropping experiments, recently conducted by the United States Air Force, with a target similar in size to a battle-ship. Out of 251 bombs dropped from 6000 feet, 55 direct hits were obtained. The result might be different under war conditions, but it is of importance in considering the question whether the capital ship as we now know it will be rendered obsolete through the development of aircraft.

TWO CENTURIES OLD AND STILL DELIGHTFUL: "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

FROM A PAINTING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

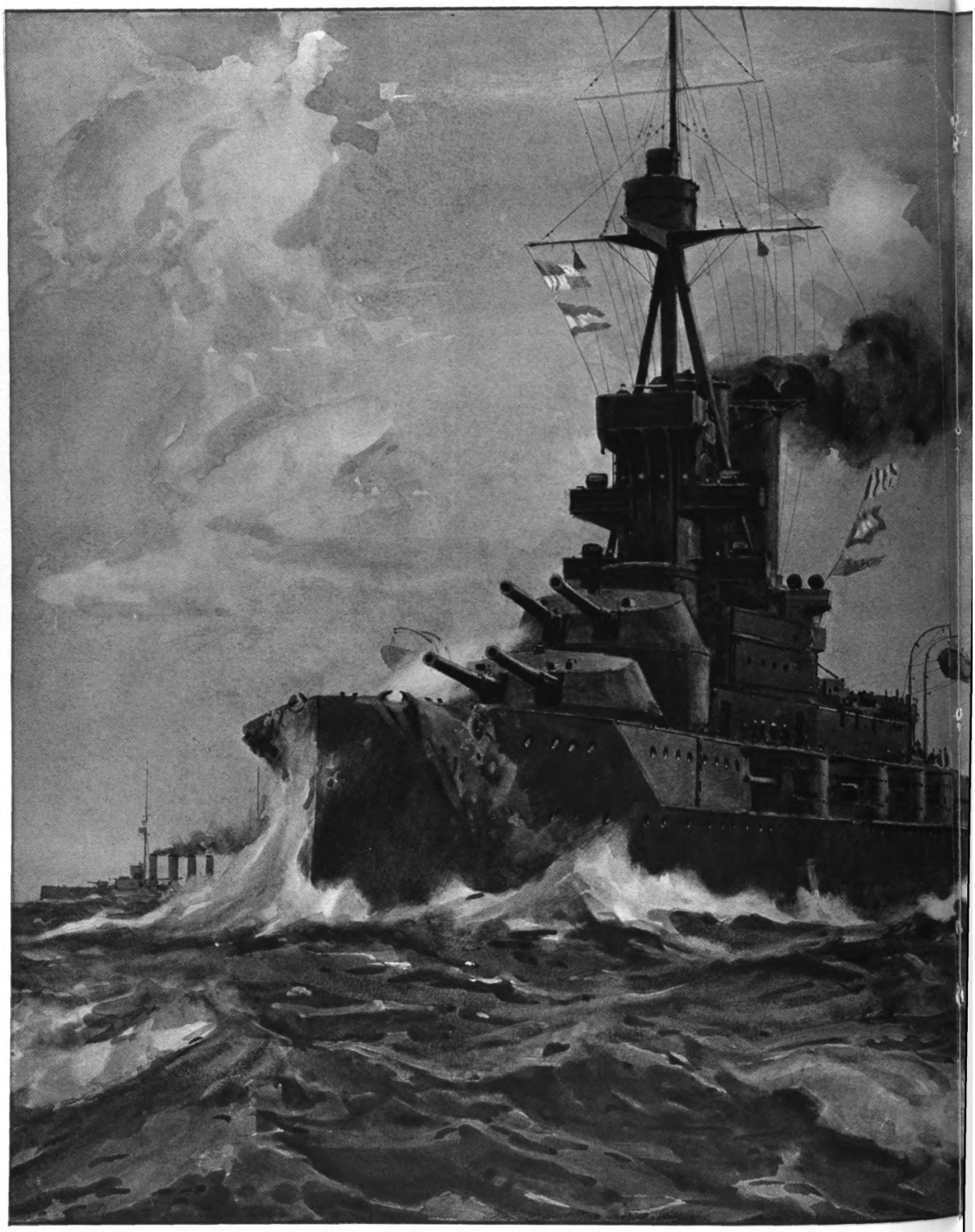


THE PLAY THAT "MADE GAY RICH AND RICH GAY:" "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH—A SCENE ILLUSTRATED IN A WELL-KNOWN HOGARTH PICTURE.

That genius is independent of date is proved by the wonderful success of Mr. Nigel Playfair's revival, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, of that eighteenth-century masterpiece, "The Beggar's Opera," by John Gay. It was first produced in London by John Rich, at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, some two hundred years ago, and was afterwards toured throughout the British Isles. Its triumph was said to have "made Gay rich and Rich gay." As a satire on Society it proved immensely popular, and its wit and charm have survived the centuries, along with the old tunes, now arranged in new settings, with additional music, by Mr. Frederic Austin. Our illustration shows the scene in Newgate (Act III. Scene ii.), where Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit intercede for Macheath. The figures are, as in Hogarth's picture reproduced in our issue of February 19 (left to right): Lockit (Mr. Tristan Rawson), Lucy Lockit (Miss Violet Marquesita), Macheath (Mr. Frederick Ranalow), Polly Peachum (Miss Katherine Arkandy), and Peachum (Mr. Frederic Austin). [*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

TO BE SUCCEEDED BY FLYING SHIPS OR SUBMERSIBL

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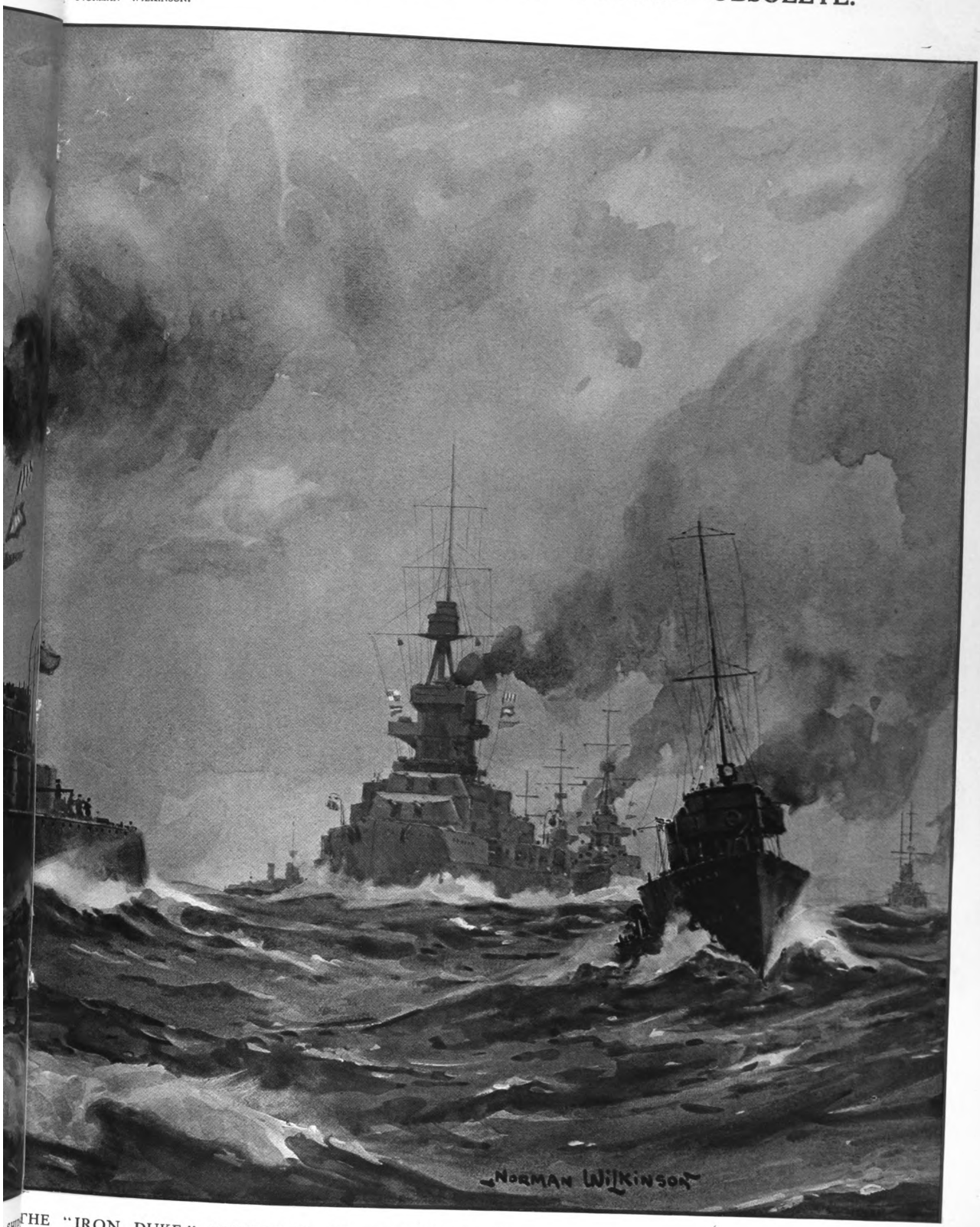


WHAT WILL BE THE CAPITAL SHIP OF THE FUTURE? BRITISH BATTLE-SHIPS—T

The question of the utility and future development of the capital ship has been exercising the minds of naval experts ever since the war. Sir Percy Scott and his school think that the day of the battle-ship, as it exists at present, is over. The opposing school regard it as madness to trust entirely to submarines and aircraft to defend the Empire. The balance between these two opinions was struck by Sir James Thursfield, who wrote: "We cannot afford to scrap the capital ship until we have provided in its place some alternative type—whether submersible ship or flying ship—which is equally qualified to be . . . the capital ship of the future. . . . But these developments are still . . . untried in war. . . . The very narrow escape of 'R 34' from fatal disaster, following closely on the awful disaster of 'K 5,' should give us all very seriously to think on this most vital topic. . . . The whole nation and the whole Empire are face to face with

SUBMBLES? BATTLE-SHIPS THAT MAY BECOME OBSOLETE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



THE "IRON DUKE," "EMPEROR OF INDIA," "BENBOW," AND "MARLBOROUGH."

a momentous crisis in the evolution of our naval policy." The problem has been referred by the Cabinet to a sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Meanwhile the building of further capital ships, since the "Hood," has been discontinued. On the other hand, the United States and Japan are both proceeding with large programmes of battle-ship construction. At the same time the head of the American Air Force during the war, Brig.-Gen. Mitchell, maintains that battle-ships may suffer heavy damage from bomb-dropping aeroplanes. Recent tests with a target representing a battle-ship resulted in 41 per cent. of destructive hits at 6000 ft. Mr. Norman Wilkinson points out that since his painting was done changes have been made in the types of ships represented, topmasts, for instance, being now cut short. The four battle-ships shown are in the above order of names, from left to right.—[*Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.*]



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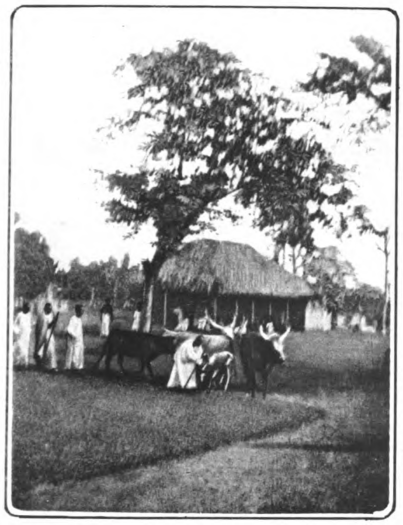
Wonders of Little-Known Central Africa.

No. III.—THE SACRED MILK CEREMONIES OF BUNYORO.

By the Rev. JOHN ROSCOE.

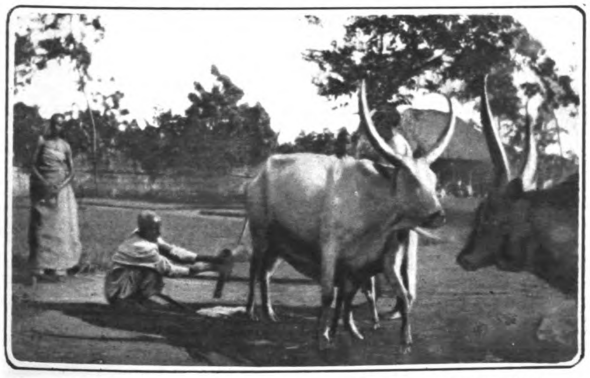
THE subjects of the King of Bunyoro regarded him as a divine being; not only was his person sacrosanct, but also his food. He was expected to bestow his blessing and thereby increase the people and the cattle; he was also expected to preserve them from all evils and to provide them with the necessaries of life.

Because he was so sacred it was considered that his food should differ from that of ordinary people; and, as it consisted mainly of milk, a special herd of cows was provided to supply this. The cows chosen were set apart from the herds of other people and from those belonging to the king for his household use. A particular name was given to this herd, and the men chosen to keep them were taken from special families. The herd was large, and as the cows belonging to it roamed about in distant parts of the country according to the needs of pasture, it was necessary that a number should be kept near the royal residence for the king's daily use. Nine were selected for this purpose, and each morning and evening they were brought before the throne-room to be milked. The men who herded the cows were not permitted to milk them, nor did they come with them into the royal enclosure. A boy called the "herald" brought the animals to be milked. In the early morning the cows came from their kraal, which was near, to be milked before they were taken to the pastures. They were brought in through a private entrance and stood before the throne-room. Again, in the evening, at about four o'clock, the "herald," accompanied by a few companions, sallied forth to bring the cows. This "herald" was chosen from a particular clan, and his person was sacrosanct; moreover, he had to be careful where he went, and what he did, lest by sympathetic magic he should injure the king. If he should fall sick, and be considered in a dangerous condition, he was strangled, because his illness might cause the king ill-health; and, again, should he cut himself and cause blood to flow, this also was considered dangerous to the king. When he went for the cows, he did not go far; they were brought into the vicinity to await him, and were driven to him on his approach. He then walked in front of the cows, while his companions followed driving them. At intervals he uttered a cry to warn people from the path, whereupon men and women fled into the grass or side-paths and covered their faces while the cows passed. When he reached the royal enclosure, there were two chosen milkmen who came forward to take the cows and milk them. A carpet of fresh grass was now laid in front of the throne-room, and the "herald" brought a calf of the animal to be first milked, and allowed it to suck a little; he then drew it back and held it in front of its dam, while the milking proceeded. In the meantime two milkmaids appeared, one of them bearing a horn of water and a brush with a short handle, the second carrying a milk-pot. Each of these women was purified and decorated, having the face, chest, and front of the arms whitened with pipe-clay. The milkmaid handed the brush to a milkman, who rubbed the cow's udder, and handed it back to the maid. He then took his place behind the cow and held its tail, so that it could not whisk dust into the milk during the milking. The maid now turned to the other man and poured a little water over his hands, as he squatted by the side of the cow. After washing, the man held his hands together raised, until the other milkmaid placed the milk pot between his knees, when he milked the amount the cow was expected to give. Neither of these men must look at the women or speak to them, on the pain of death. In this manner two cows were milked, and the milk was carried away into the dairy.



LIABLE TO BE STRANGLED IF HE FELL ILL, OR CUT HIMSELF: A "HERALD" BRINGING THE SACRED COWS TO BE MILKED.

When these cows were milked, and the milk deposited in the dairy, another milkmaid, who was ceremonially cleansed like the other two, came and knelt before the king and announced that the milk had arrived. The king then rose, and, as he did so, the guard at the door announced to the court that the king had gone to drink milk; hereupon men and women knelt down, covered their faces, and refrained from coughing or making any sound, especially from clearing their throat; such an action was punishable by death. When the king returned from the dairy, the guard notified the people, who then rose and went about their duties. The other cows were then milked; their milk was used either to make butter for anointing the king's body, or as a gift to favourite princesses or wives.



HOLDING THE COW'S TAIL LEST IT WHISK DUST INTO THE MILK: ONE MILKMAN ON DUTY READY FOR ANOTHER TO MILK THE COW.

Photographs by the Rev. John Roscoe.



SET READY FOR THE KING'S USE: A ROYAL MILK-POT, FOR THE SACRED MILK, IN ITS BASKET.

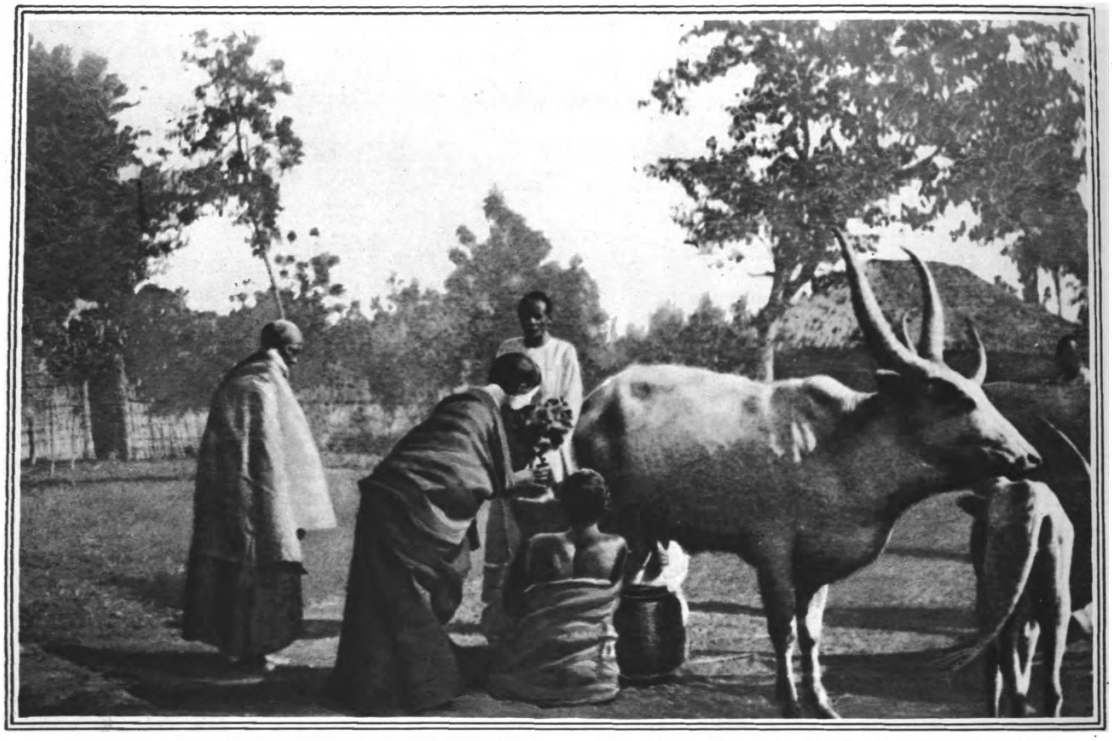
A similar custom was observed each afternoon, when the king took his meal of beef. A cook, who was purified, and had his face, chest, and arms whitened, came at the sound of the royal drums with the food. The king was told by his guard when the time arrived for different duties to be performed during the day; so, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he struck a blow on each of nine drums which hung round the throne-room to announce the time for the meal. The cook, who had the meal prepared in a hut situated near the enclosure, started out, walked round the enclosure, and entered by the private gate through which the cows pass for milking. A boy carried a pot containing the meat, and a second boy carried a basket of other food. The beef was from an animal of the sacred herd, which must be a yearling. The meat was cooked and cut into small pieces ready for eating. When the cook arrived he entered the throne-room and knelt before the king, while the boy placed the pot before him and retired. The cook held a two-pronged fork, which he dipped into the pot, brought up a piece of meat, and put it into the king's mouth; four times he did this, and, should he by accident touch the king's teeth with the metal, he was put to death on the spot. During this meal the people within the enclosure knelt silent, and covered their faces until the king had finished, when they might rise and return to their own affairs. The meat in the basket was given to the king's favourite pages. The four pieces of meat were all the solid food he was supposed to eat. Owing to the stringent rules for the milkmaids and cowmen, their office was held for two days only at a time.



TO HOLD THE SACRED MILK, BROUGHT TO THE KING TWICE A DAY WITH ELABORATE CEREMONY: ROYAL MILK-POTS.

DAIRYING AS COURT RITUAL: PIPE-CLAYED BUNYORO MILKMAIDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



A LESSON IN CLEAN DAIRYWORK FROM UGANDA: A BUNYORO ROYAL MILKMAID HOLDING A BRUSH FOR THE MILKMAN TO CLEANSE THE UDDER OF A SACRED COW.



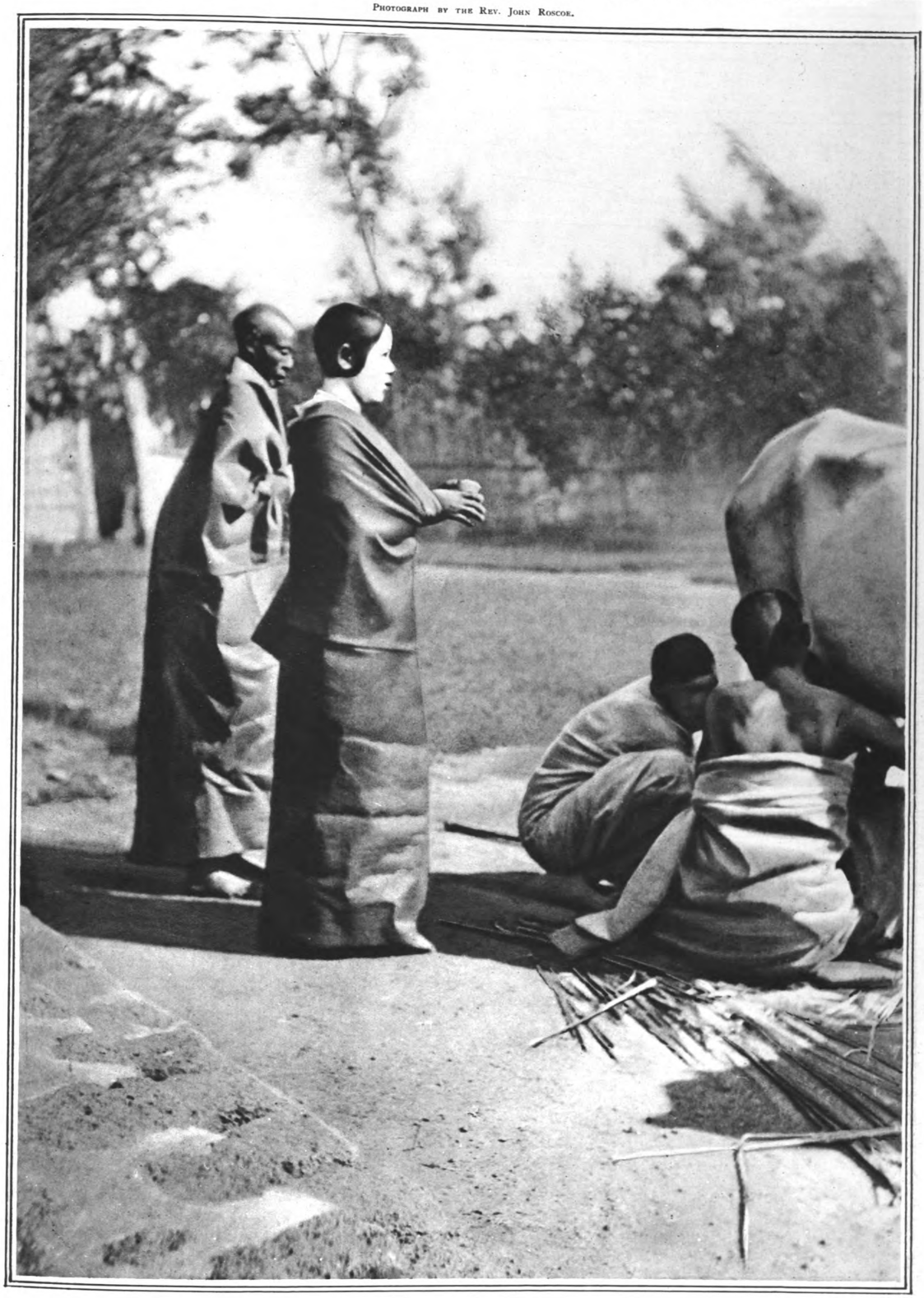
WHITENED WITH PIPE-CLAY: ROYAL MILKMAIDS WITH THE KING OF BUNYORO, ONE HOLDING A WATER-HORN, ANOTHER A BRUSH FOR CLEANSING THE COW'S UDDER.

The remarkable and elaborate ceremonies formerly observed in Bunyoro, Uganda, in milking the sacred cows for the king, and serving him with the milk, are described in an article on a previous page by the Rev. John Roscoe, leader of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa, whose descriptions of the New Moon and "Coronation" ceremonies of Bunyoro appeared in our issues of March 5 and 12. After the sacred cows had been led to the royal abode by a herald (as illustrated on the article page), "two milkmaids appeared, one bearing a horn of water and a brush with a short handle, the second carrying a milk-pot. Each of these women was purified and decorated, having the face, chest, and front of the arms whitened with pipe-clay. The milkmaid handed the brush to a milkman, who rubbed the cow's udder, and handed it back to the maid. He then took his place behind the cow and held its tail (as illustrated on the previous

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WHERE "GOING A-MILKING" WAS PERILOUS: BUNYORO SACRED RITES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



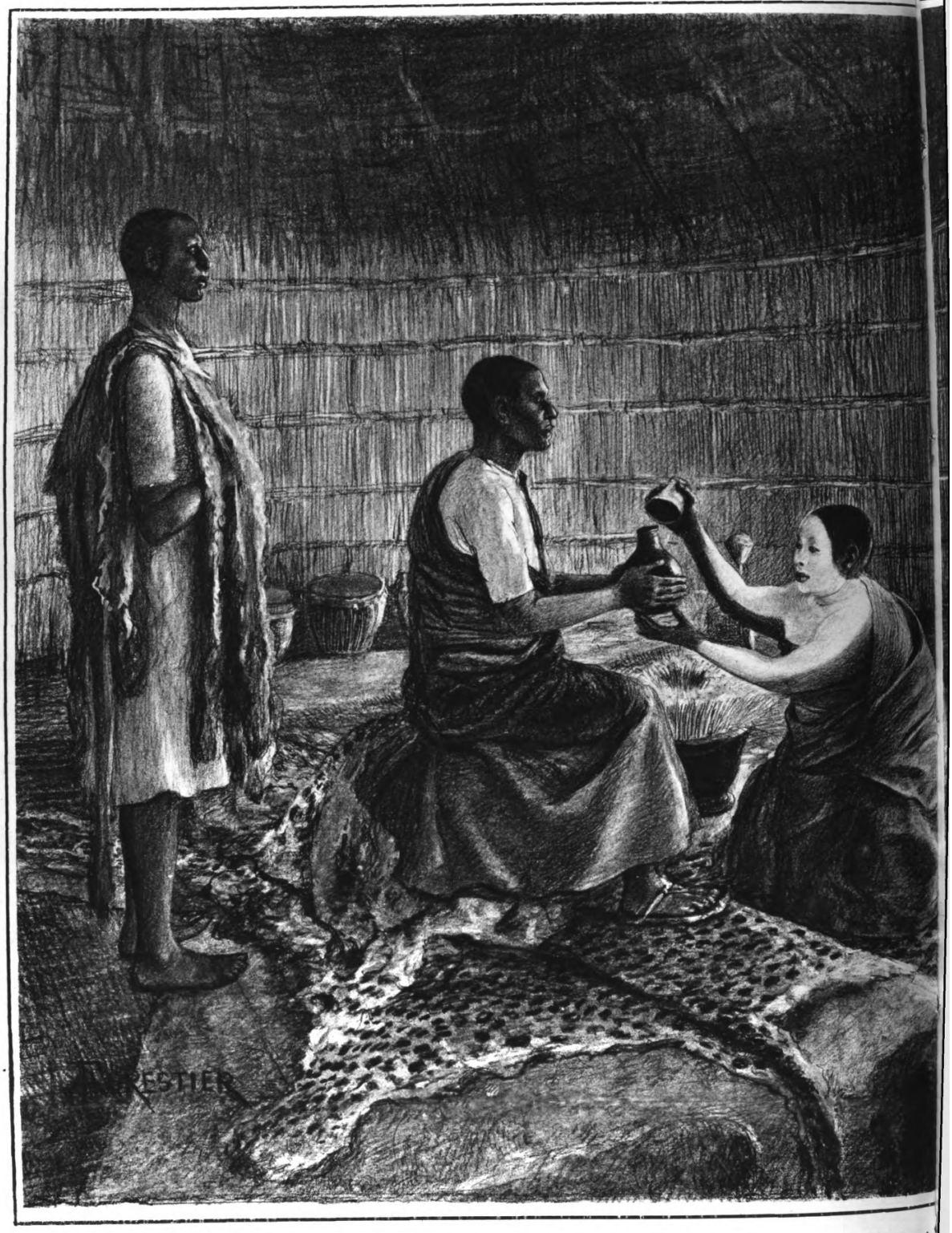
"NEITHER OF THESE MEN MUST LOOK AT THE WOMEN, NOR SPEAK TO THEM, ON PAIN OF DEATH": BUNYORO MILKMAIDS IN ATTENDANCE AT THE MILKING OF A SACRED COW FOR THE KING.

(Continued.)

page), so that it could not whisk dust into the milk during the milking. The maid now turned to the other man, and poured a little water over his hands, as he squatted by the side of the cow. After washing, the man held his hands together raised, until the other milkmaid placed the milk-pot between his knees, when he milked the amount the cow was expected to give. Neither of these men must look at the women or speak to them, on pain of death. In this manner two cows were milked, and the milk was carried away into the dairy." Thus the terms "milkmaid" and "milkman," as applied to the royal rites of Bunyoro, had a meaning the reverse of the usual, for men milked the cows and women delivered the milk to the king. We feel the absence of the light-hearted spirit we are accustomed to associate with "going a-milking," for any little mistake in the ritual might mean death to the delinquent.

READY TO INFLICT DEATH FOR ERRORS OF DETAIL: A

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL

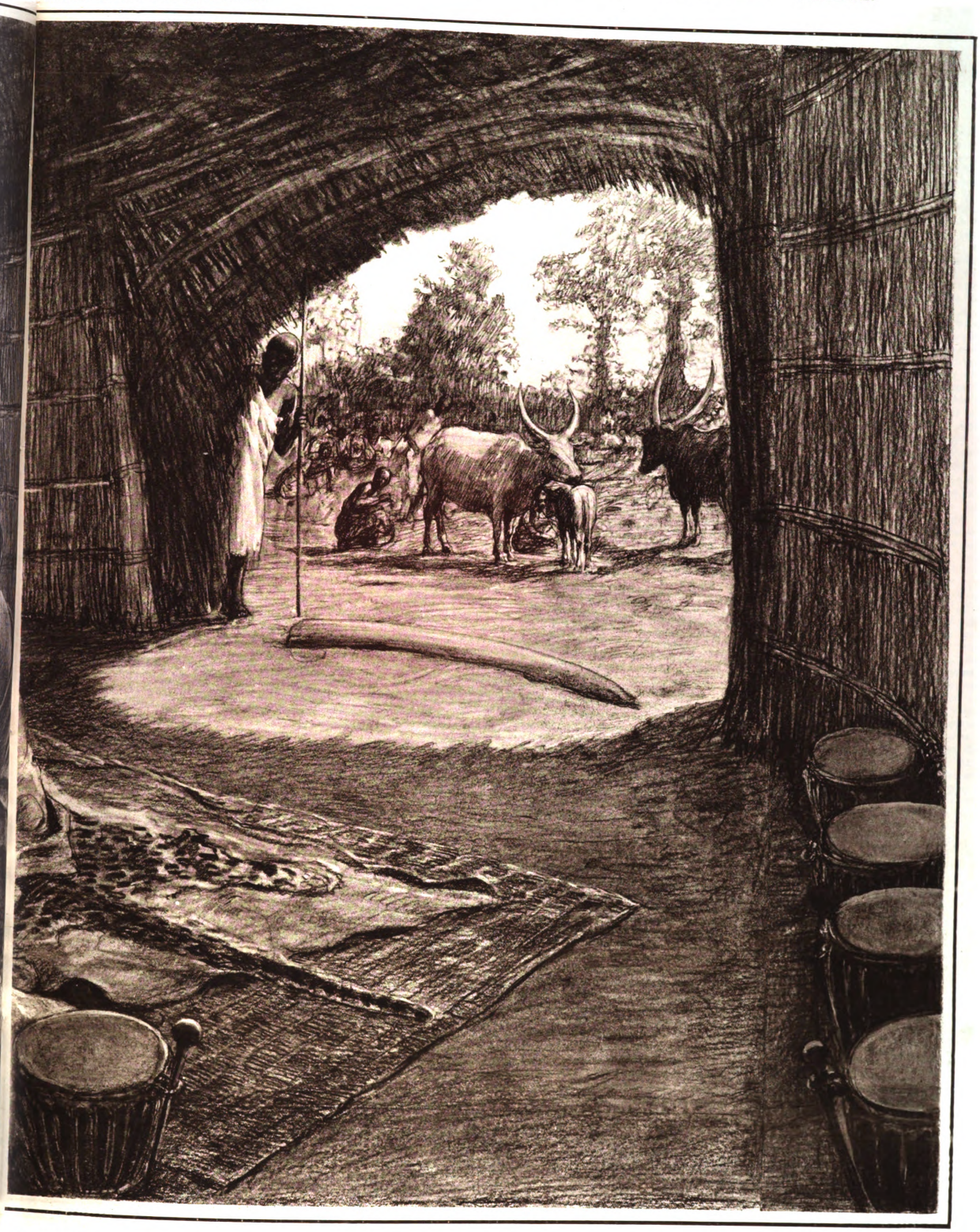


WHERE ONE GLANCE AT THE KING MEANT INSTANTANEOUS DEATH: A YOUTH STANDS BEHIND HIM

This part of the old-time ceremonies formerly observed in Bunyoro in connection with the king's sacred milk is described by the Rev. John Roscoe in his article on a previous page. The king is seen seated on his throne in the throne room, and is about to drink off a pot of milk offered to him by a kneeling milkmaid. She uncovers the sacred pot which she has taken from a vessel (on her right) filled with long grass, wherein the milk-pot is placed to keep its natural warmth. On this vessel is fixed a small stand bearing a sponge used to wipe the king's mouth before and after drinking. The milkmaid does not look at the king, nor the king at the milkmaid. The latter shows the extraordinary adipose development due to an exclusive milk diet. Her face, neck, chest, and the front part of her arms are whitened, and she is clad in soft and beautifully prepared skins. Her hair is natural hair, although at first, owing to the way in which her face and neck are painted, one might imagine it to be a wig of black hair in the

A KING OF BUNYORO RECEIVING HIS SACRED MILK.

FORESTIER FROM DRAWINGS SUPPLIED BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



BUNYORO MILKMAID HANDING HIS MAJESTY THE SACRED MILK, WHILE CONCEALING A LARGE KNIFE.

early Victorian style. Behind the king, on a dais raised only slightly above the floor of the hut (about 15 inches), and covered with splendid lion and leopard skins, stands a youth who is always present near the king, and accompanies him everywhere. He bears a lion skin on his shoulder, but concealed beneath he holds a large and sharp blade, ready to hand it over to his master should the latter stretch his hand out for it, to punish by immediate death the person who should disobey or not observe the very detailed etiquette of the ceremony. At the door, one of the guards is just peeping in to announce to the court assembled in the royal enclosure that the king is drinking. At this news all must kneel and cover their eyes, until the guard says, "The king has finished drinking." Outside are seen the sacred cows. Inside the royal hut are drums tied to the wall, and one at either side of the dais. When needing help, the king struck these drums in turn, always ending with that on his right.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

I FEAR that the brilliant pen of Mr. Harold Terry has been spluttering a little during his quest of a solution to the knotty problem of "The Fulfilling of the Law." For two acts we enjoyed pure comedy, with a little jarring dash of vehemence on the part of the heroine when she attempted to knife the man she was destined to love, in exchange for his untoward embrace. But that was only a moment's aberration, for the tale was fascinating, the dialogue scintillant with a peculiar brightness of humour, and we hoped that the vacillating character of a very wobbly hero would develop into virility and decision. That, however, did not happen: in the third act the comedy strayed perilously near to problem-play seriousness. Somehow, I think, Mr. Terry did not end his play as he intended. This time the game of "General Post" was not so dexterously handled as in the famous comedy which brought Harold Terry deserved fame and fortune.

But I would not linger on the play, because the chief interest was one of its impersonations. Of course, we had both the delightful acting of Mr. Arthur Wontner, with his distinguished style, and the adorable accents of Miss Mary Rorke, who—let me be prophetic—in the right motherly part, will carry London by storm of tenderness; but the unexpected came from Miss Constance Collier. She was the woman who, by the words of her husband, we should dislike as an unwifely, unmotherly, unfeeling creature, but who wound herself around our heart-strings by smiles of witching charm, by an *enfant-terrible insouciance* that was irresistible, by an unobtrusive study of all that femininity means in wile and guile and seductiveness, which revealed the comédienne in an artist hitherto considered as an actress of much heavier calibre. The American stage, which by its methods may prove to our players a destroyer or a master-builder, has done wonders for Miss Collier. It has shorn her of self-consciousness, of an inclination to be ponderous, of a kind of inexpressible handicap, which stood in her way; she has come back a bird of freedom, gaily fluttering in lightness of feather, revelling in her part in natural glee, toying with her dialogue as if she enjoyed the fling of every line; smiling benignly, divinely, on all and sundry around her of whose conquest she is less certain, of whose doubts she made light. A charming impersonation, in fine, of exquisite art, which should mean a long line of fresh woods and pastures new in her London career.

. . . . .

Strange to observe how the merry-go-round of the London theatre changes in an incredibly short time. When recently I took my 'busman's holiday in France, whence I gave our readers some impressions of things seen, I left the London stage in a most roseate condition. There was a rare array of good plays—so many as to make Paris blush with envy and apprehension. Full houses were the order of the day. What a *débâcle* these last four weeks!—eclipses of time-honoured runs, short runs of still-born plays, general depreciation of quality—of the plays, not the acting—on two occasions the "bird," that *rara avis* in the gallery and pit, uttering ominous sounds on the first night. Whence this reaction? For one thing, we both—public and critics—have awakened. We have recognised that there has been too much consideration and concession to judgment ever since the war. For another, money is tight, and the man who pays for his seat no longer says "Give me anything"; he wants something of value for his coin. At length the playgoer has grown tired of stories that harp on the same overtired string—marital infelicity.



A STAGE TABLEAU REPRESENTING THE LID OF A SNUFF-BOX: A SCENE AT THE CHAUVE-SOURIS (BAT), A NEW RUSSIAN THEATRE IN PARIS.

Paris is much interested in M. Nikita Balieff's new Russian theatre known as the Chauve-Souris (The Bat), originally started in Moscow as a night club for players at the Art Theatre, and transferred to Paris after the Russian Revolution. The stage is draped in black velvet, in which are framed various tableaux. Some represent lids of snuff-boxes, old photograph-albums, and so on.

Photograph by Delphi.

Not that the plays bore him, but they irritate a community which is well aware of the unpleasant aftermath of the war—unfortunate marriages galore contracted in the seventh heaven of vain illusions, and now clamouring at the besieged gates of the Divorce Court. It is, after all, a very human feature to resent the rubbing of salt into wounds, and it is therefore unwise to load the theatre with plays which insist on a sore and unedifying phase in our midst. What we want in the theatre in these days of painful remembrance and hopeful reconstruction is romance and tonic stuff, including melodrama; next, a sound handling of the loftier problems of the period—plays of the character of "The Right to Strike," "The Skin Game," "A Grain of Mustard Seed"—above all, the cheering cup of comedy.

. . . . .

As Miss Sara Allgood, the renowned Irish actress, recalls in her appeal for the Abbey Theatre of Dublin, it was from there that the repertory movement began, flourished, and endowed our drama with priceless gems of dramatic art. So there is no need on my part to add exhortation to the words of one who was one of the standard-bearers, and who, in "The White-Headed Boy," so splendidly upholds the tradition of the grand work of the Abbey Theatre. This is what she says—

"The Abbey Theatre is at the present moment in very low water, owing to the terrible state of affairs in Dublin, and in Ireland generally, and Lady Gregory is afraid that the theatre may have to close definitely, unless they get help. So, as most of the first members of the first Repertory Theatre in the Kingdom are playing at present in 'The White-Headed Boy,' we are doing our best to help this splendid movement by giving a matinée of three of the one-act plays representing the first three authors. We propose giving this matinée on Wednesday, March 23. Captain Harwood has very splendidly given us the use of the Ambassadors Theatre free of charge. We now ask the support of the public, and I feel certain we have many friends and admirers who will very gladly help us to keep alive the Abbey Theatre. The plays we propose doing are: 'Cathleen ni Houlihan,' by W. B. Yeats; 'Shadow of the Glen,' by J. M. Synge; and 'Spreading the News,' by Lady Gregory. Please give our matinée all the publicity you can, and accept my grateful thanks. Yours sincerely, SARA ALLGOOD."

. . . . .

George Robey is the darling of the gods, the mortals, and—the critics. We love him for the gift of countless hours of mirth, for what he has done for the country: to praise him is our joy and his due. But this time he has not overrated—that were an unkind word—he has miscalculated his sustaining power. Not that he has tried to give us a one-man show, for in truth Jack Waller, with his delightful musical skits on oratorios and trios, runs him close in space and opportunities, and others are equally well provided with a "chance." Still, he was the head of the firm which bears his name; he was the cynosure, the pivot, the cornerstone of the entertainment at the Alhambra, and for once he seemed out of his element. He seemed strangely nervous and halting; he seemed to dig for jest, instead of collecting it like manna; he had few songs—and those of no importance. And as the whole scheme of the kaleidoscopic entertainment was, for the Alhambra, small, modest, thinly peopled, and archaic of display, we experienced exactly the same impression as when Pelissier, years ago at the same theatre, tried to turn his kite into a Zepp. There is much delightful stuff and flavour in the "Casserole," but there is too little breast, and too much bone, too little sauce, to make it a complete relish.



IN THE CAST OF "THE BILL OF DIVORCEMENT," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S, POSTPONED THROUGH HER ILLNESS: MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI.

MR. NORMAN McKINNEL'S LEADING LADY IN "THE NINTH EARL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE: MISS JESSIE WINTER.

The production of "The Bill of Divorcement," at the St. Martin's, was postponed to March 14 owing to the illness of Miss Meggie Albanesi, who was cast for an important part. Miss Jessie Winter plays heroine to Mr. Norman McKinnel's released convict peer in "The Ninth Earl," with which he has begun management at the Comedy Theatre.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot and Dorothy Wilding.



An Easter Surprise!

Mythology tells of the gifts offered by the elements as worthy of the Deity—a rainbow by Air—a meteor by Fire—a ruby by Earth—a pearl by the Sea, and—it is related—the Pearl found such favour that it was worn on the heart.

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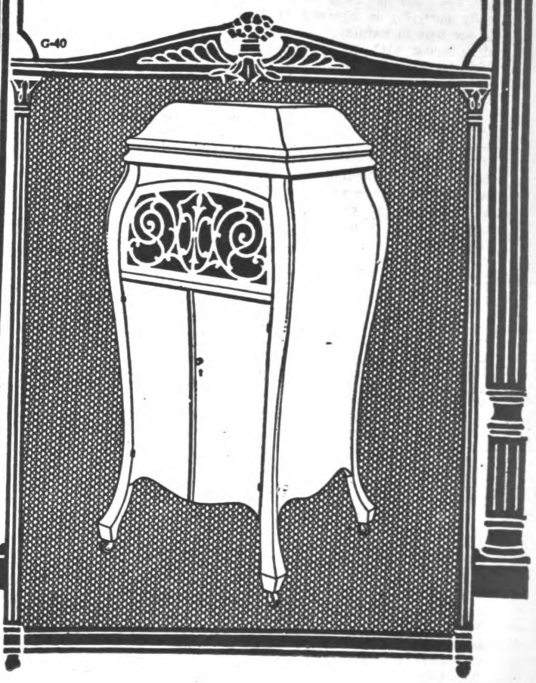
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LADIES' NEWS.

OXFORD gave the Queen a great welcome last week when her Majesty went to take her degree as D.C.L. The first lady in the land was the first woman to receive it. Naturally, the women's colleges at Oxford were delighted at the Queen's visit and at her Majesty's taking the degree, for the other great University has refused to grant any to our sex. Although these great and venerable seats of learning are in accord, even they are not above a little friendly rivalry, so Oxford exceedingly rejoiced in the visit of the Queen and its purpose.

There were a great many ladies of light and leading at the Duchess of Somerset's sale at her house last week. Princess Helena Victoria was purchasing. Olga Lady Egerton, by birth a Russian, was busy for the Russian refugees, and very keen about a *Thé Dansant* for them this week at Chesterfield House, lent by Viscount Lascelles. The Vicomtesse de la Panouse, who was at the head of the French Red Cross here all through the war, was selling. The Marquise Medici, in brown, looked very handsome and elegant; so did the Comtesse du Halquet, Mme. Thierry, and the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld—all delightfully French to buy from and to look at. Nor were our own ladies at all behind in attractiveness. Priscilla Lady Annesley, always decorative, wore a dark sable brown ostrich-plumed hat, with a long silk coat having bands of the now inevitable ciré satin. Tall and fair and handsome, Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli reminded one of another conference than that from which the Germans retired last week, at which her husband's uncle, the great "Dizzy," was a central figure. Lady Inglefield was doing good business with Anglo-Belgian lace. Lady Clanwilliam, tall and elegant, had her daughter, Miss Gwendolen Howard, with her. Lady Clanwilliam has one boy and two girls of her second marriage, and a boy also by her first, Mr. Hubert Howard, who is heir-presumptive to his cousin the Earl of Carlisle, whose only child is a daughter born about eighteen months ago.

Our recent weather has been doing all it can to encourage our incorrigible meteorological optimism, which is a dangerous thing to cultivate in our capricious climate. An American visitor said that all the world knows it usually rains in Great Britain, and that only the Britishers ignore that fact. We are improving, the reason being the style and cut and comfort of Dexter weatherproofs, especially those made of feather-woven Dexter cloth. It keeps out rain and wind, and is yet light and always smart. There is a distinct improvement in our weather caution, as was seen by the number of Dexters at the Grand Military last week. Soldier men and women know what 's what!

Dust is one of our greatest modern nuisances. There was never any real significance in the old saw



AN AFTERNOON DRESS.

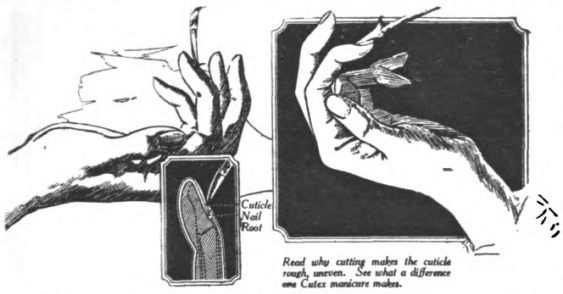
In order that the white front of this black-and-white Canton crêpe dress should not look too startling, it is embroidered in jet. A large picture hat is worn with it.—[*Photograph by Crown Inc., Paris.*]

that "March dust was worth a guinea an ounce," only in so far as it meant dry weather. The deadliest enemy to malignant, microbe-haunted, drapery-destroying, carpet-clogging dust is the "Hoover." It is an absolutely efficient suction sweeper, and it costs less to own one of these than to be without one, because it saves cleaning and renovating bills. It can be switched on to any electric-light plug, and it costs about one penny an hour to work. It beats and cleans as it sweeps. There is no need to dust everything in a room swept by a "Hoover," for it makes no dust. Everyone knows, after a room is swept in the old-world way, the curtains have to be shaken, and everything has to be dusted. When all this dusting has been done, there is still a lot of dust about. Not so with the "Hoover"; it gobbles it all up, and delivers it only to be burnt. Once a house-mother has seen a "Hoover" at work, she will not be happy until she has one. The "Hoover" headquarters are at 288-92, Regent Street, from where an interesting booklet on the easy "Hoover" way of keeping the house clean will be sent to anyone applying.

Among the new fabrics that we are examining with a view to the coming season, few intrigue me so much as one introduced by the famous firm of Liberty and Co. They are made from artificial silk and wool and also from artificial silk and pure silk, and they are wonderfully lustrous and effective, and the colours are those for which Liberty's are far-famed. The name of these most fascinating fabrics is "Sungleam," and they are as beautiful as their name, and will make very lovely day and evening dresses and cloaks, and this is going to be a cloak season. "Sungleam" can be seen at East India House, 220, Regent Street, and patterns can always be obtained by writing a post-card.

The thing that makes a room is its carpet. Every home is being brightened up at this season, so it is real good news that at so celebrated a house as Treloar and Sons, 68-70, Ludgate Hill, there is a reduction in price of fine British Wilton, Axminster, and other of our own makes of carpets. They have also large shipments of Indian and Turkey carpets. There is a stock of all sizes, patterns, colours and textures at this famous carpet shop, and the prices are most moderate. Treloar's are, of course, the world's specialists in economical floor coverings.—A. E. L.

For the Easter Holidays, the London Brighton and South Coast Railway have arranged a period excursion on March 24 to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, leaving Victoria 2.55 p.m., the return fares ranging from 15s. to 22s. 6d. according to distance travelled. The return journey must be made by certain specified trains on Easter Monday evening. Day excursions will be run to Brighton on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday, and to Hove, Worthing, Littlehampton and Bognor on Easter Monday. Excursions to Dieppe on March 24, 25 and 26 have also been arranged.



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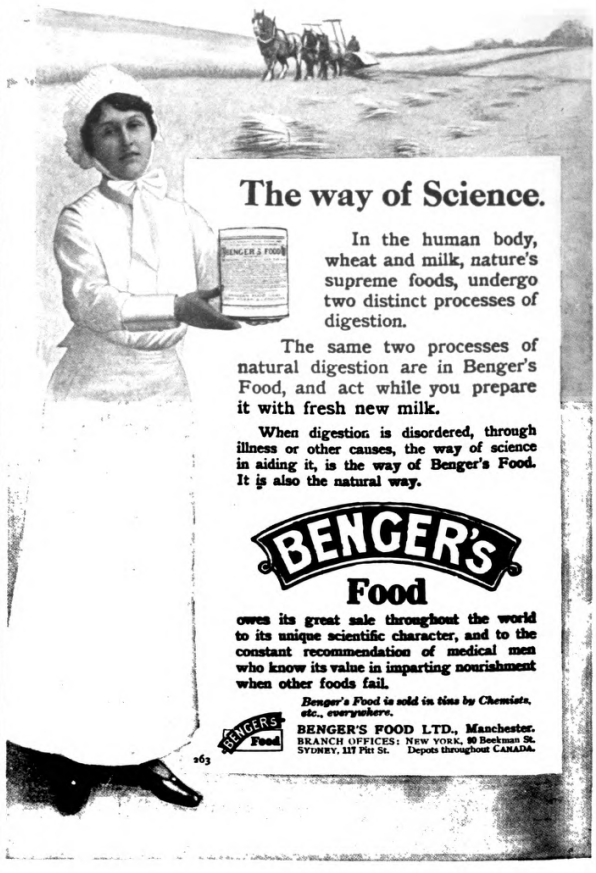
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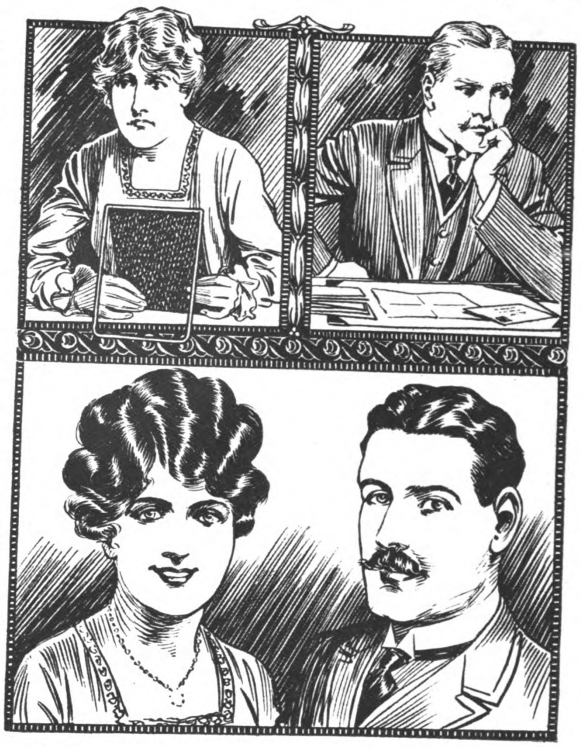
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Illustrated London News, 19/3/21

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PUZZLE OF SLEEPING SICKNESS.

ENCEPHALITIS LETHARGICA, to give it its long-tailed name, has at last attracted the attention of our Ministry of Health, which has issued a pamphlet on the subject giving some statistics which go to show that the epidemic, slight as it was, is now declining. This was, on the whole, to be expected, as it seems to be almost entirely a winter complaint, as influenza is a spring and summer one—a fact which has led to the rather hasty conclusion that the two diseases are identical. Later researches, however, show that this is improbable, as Messrs. Loewe and Strauss, writing in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases*, and Mr. Tralhimer in the *Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry* (both published in the United States), claim that the organism producing the "sleeping sickness" has been isolated, and that it is a spherical body passing through all ordinary filters either singly, in pairs, or (less frequently) in chains, and that it much resembles that long ago identified with infantile paralysis or poliomyelitis. This organism has been found in the cerebro-spinal fluid, the blood, and the nasal secretions of patients suffering from it, and injections from these have proved capable of infecting rabbits and other small animals. On the whole, however, it seems to have a very small power of infection through the breath or otherwise than subcutaneously.

As to the symptoms, although at first sight they are apt to be confused with those of other diseases, they are easily distinguished even by lay observers. The attack generally begins with more or less marked excitement, which in a few days gives place to a positive inability to keep awake for more than a few minutes at a time. The pulse is rapid and temperature high, while headache and a general feeling of lassitude mark the rapidly decreasing intervals of wakefulness. Generally pains in the limbs are present, with sometimes spasmodic twitching or jerks of the muscles. The speech usually becomes difficult or slurred, and a peculiar mask-like expression of the face is observable in the majority of cases. The most certain symptoms, however, are seeing double, drooping of both eyelids, and some local palsy, like shaking of the head or the peculiar rolling of the eyeball called nystagmus; some kind of facial paralysis generally follows quickly.

With regard to the cure, very little is at present known with certainty. Hexamine was at one time thought to be a specific, but a writer in this month's *British Medical Journal* thinks its effect doubtful, although he says at the same time that it can do no harm, if no great good. The removal of a fairly large quantity of the cerebro-spinal fluid by lumbar puncture seems to give certain relief, and this will probably be the treatment in most hospitals if the frequency of the disease increases later. It can apparently be repeated more than once in severe cases, but is open to the objection that it is merely doctoring symptoms without any endeavour to get at the seat of the disease. A case that went the round of the daily Press showed that a lady attacked by it made a complete recovery after being delivered of twins; but this is a remedy clearly impossible of application at will, and one from which, in the nature of things, the much-enduring male is excluded. Whatever ground, moreover, this might afford for the conclusion that the malady is what is called "nervous" is cut away by a case recorded in this month's *Lancet*, where a woman within a few weeks of becoming a mother was attacked by it and died some three weeks later after giving birth to a perfectly healthy infant.

Other guesses as to its origin and methods of propagation have up till now proved equally futile. The theory mentioned in this column a few weeks back, suggesting that the epidemic of hiccough might have some connection with it, seems knocked on the head by a communication to the Société de Thérapeutique de Paris, by Dr. Petges of Bordeaux, that this epidemic, which seems to have lately been prevalent in his district, is entirely rheumatic in its nature, and that he has found aspirin in one gramme doses very efficacious. It has, of course, no discoverable connection with the regular "sleeping sickness," or trypanosomiasis, of Central Africa, which follows the bite of the tsetse-fly, the absence of trypanosomes, the organisms causing this last complaint, being conspicuously absent in encephalitis. Yet the theory that it is due to the bite of some parasite is by no means to be lightly discarded. That the lesser mammals can be infected with it is in itself significant, and the story that has lately appeared in the papers that cats have in some places been found suffering from it in considerable numbers seems to point to one possible source of infection. It would be an excellent plan if the rats and mice—particularly the last-named—in any district where cases of encephalitis have lately shown themselves were caught and their fur examined for anything like unusual parasites. With the filth daily dumped upon our too hospitable shores by shoals of immigrants from the war-stricken districts of Eastern Europe, we may easily receive other pests than Bolshevism.

F. L.



PRESENTED BY SCARLET ROD AND LADY MURRAY: AN OFFERTORY DISH FOR KING HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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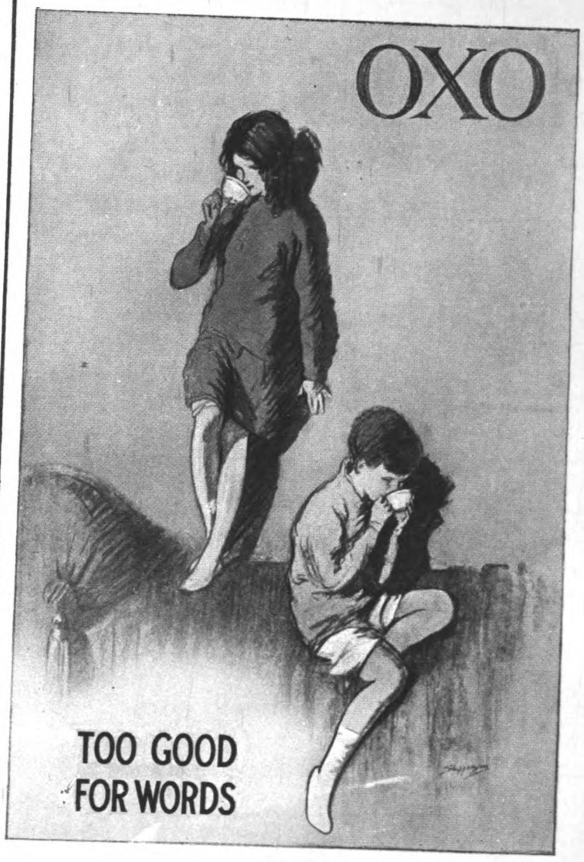


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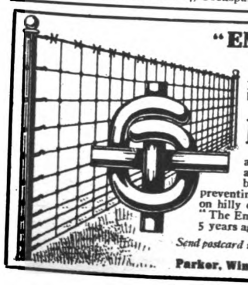
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE NINTH EARL," AT THE COMEDY.

EVERYONE must wish so sterling an actor as Mr. Norman McKinnel good luck in management. He starts with a play of Hugo-like stamp, which, with a hero somewhat in the case of Jean Valjean, enables him to offer a haunting study of a man half-dehumanised by prison life and the isolation resulting from social boycott. This convict is, of course, made an innocent convict in Rudolf Besier's and May Edginton's story. His offence had been manslaughter occasioned by his championship of a defenceless girl—and, to heighten the irony of his situation, on release from prison he is shown as inheritor of a title and estate. The mere sight of the clergyman brings back the cowed, hang-dog look of convict days—the actor's facial play is wonderful in that scene. Once he catches his footman sniggering at him, and—here Mr. McKinnel makes us shudder with his suggestion of ferocity—nearly strangles him. His one comfort is a packet of letters sent him all through his period of imprisonment: did he but know it, the writer of them is close at hand. She is the little girl he befriended. Miss Jessie Winter invests her with quiet charm: Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Halliwell Hobbes are good as a lawyer and a butler respectively; but the triumph in acting is Mr. McKinnel's.

"THE REBEL MAID," AT THE EMPIRE.

"The Rebel Maid," newly produced at the Empire, is veritable comic opera, with a Sullivanesque touch in its score. Really it is a cape-and-sword melodrama, set to music; Devonshire is its picturesque background, and the conspiracy which brought Dutch William to the throne is drawn upon for the plot. Throughout the play, Miss Clara Butterworth makes a dashing and vivacious heroine. Her fine voice is also used to advantage, save that it is difficult to hear the words of her songs. Mr. Thorpe Bates, as the maid's sailor lover, sings fervently and acts no less well. In addition, Mr. Hayden Coffin makes a welcome reappearance; Mr. Leslie Carter is equipped with a "fat" part as villain; and there are excellent low-comedy opportunities for Mr. Walter Passmore and Miss Betty Chester. As for the music of Mr. Montague Phillips, it is content, for the most part, with being melodious, but his orchestration is consistently clever, and now and then he reminds us that he could do more ambitious work, were it wanted.

ADVENTURES OF FIFTY YEARS.

IN 1870, when he was fifteen, Mr. Frank Hedges Butler gratified for the first time the *wanderlust* within him. The occasion was a mere visit to France, from Dover, yet he was able to note: "Saw many soldiers reading the proclamation of the war." His most recent travellings took him to the same country, and again there was war. Between whiles, he saw many things in many places, and adventured boldly on land, on the seas, and in the air. His memories are always of interest and value, often full of colour, ever informative, and fascinating in their contrasts. Witness two very different scenes. The first concerns the monastery at Cartuja, as it was in '78. The monks, of the Order of Certosa, "never spoke to one another except that, when they met, one brother would say, 'We must die,' and the other would solemnly answer, 'I know it.'" The second tells of wine-pressing in the Médoc district at the same period. "I visited the Château Lafite, owned by Baron Rothschild, where the vintage was in full swing. . . . When the troughs . . . were full, men stepped into them, and, while a fiddler played a merry tune, they danced with bared legs a form of quadrille. The movements took them all round the large vessels, and when towards the end they joined hands to finish the dance the grapes were completely crushed. The process occupied about ten minutes."

But let us pass to pioneering days. In 1878 Mr. Hedges Butler was in Paris, and went up in the captive balloon at the Tuileries. Years later, in 1901, he made the first of his hundred free balloon ascents, voyaging from the Crystal Palace in company with his daughter, the late Hon. C. S. Rolls, and Mr. Stanley Spencer, the aeronaut—and, incidentally, founding the Royal Aero Club while in the air. On Dec. 15 of the following year, he made his first solo ascent, covering 115 miles. In July 1906 he went over London with a biograph. In November 1907 he was one of the first two Englishmen to make an ascent in a dirigible airship not belonging to the Government, to start and return to the same point—this from Sartrouville, Paris, in the "Ville de Paris." So much for lighter-than-air craft. He made his first aeroplane flight in 1908 on the invitation of Wilbur Wright, who took him up on his machine at Le Mans.

As to motoring, Mr. Butler had his first experience of a car in 1896, when, at Beaune, he saw a part of the Paris-Marseilles race; and in the following year he was the proud possessor of a Benz, described on the invoice as a motor velocipede, price £120.

With details of such experiences "Fifty Years of Travel by Land, Water, and Air" (T. Fisher Unwin; 21s. net) is filled, together with much that is intriguing of the author's journeyings in Europe, in the United States, in India, in Morocco, in East Africa, in Lapland, and so on; and, latterly, in France, during the Great War.



IN HER MOST GORGEOUS DRESS AS THE PSEUDO GRAND DUCHESS: MISS JOSÉ COLLINS IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

We published in our issue of March 5 a photograph of Major-General Tudor, showing him presenting a medal to a member of the R.I.C., and, to indicate the occasion for publishing it, we titled it: "The Reinstatement of Dismissed R.I.C. Cadets: Major-General Tudor." It has been pointed out that this title might be taken to mean that the photograph shows an actual reinstatement of a cadet. As we have said, the particular man shown was not being reinstated, but decorated. The illustration was given primarily as a portrait of General Tudor, no studio photograph of him being at the moment available, and the ceremony was merely incidental. We much regret that the title was misleading. Had space permitted, it should have read: "Apropos the reinstatement of R.I.C. Cadets: Major-General Tudor decorating a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary."

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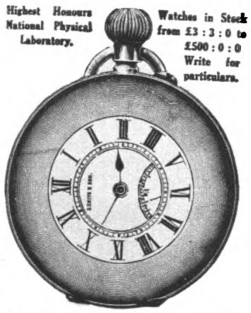


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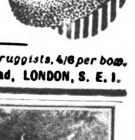
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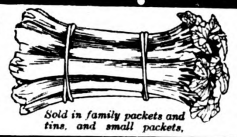


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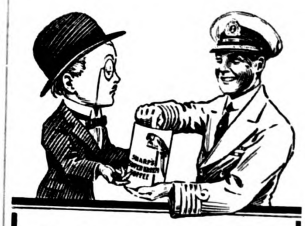
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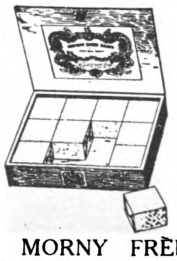
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Light Car Trial.

Mr. S. F. Edge, having become identified with the interests of a certain light car, seems now to be enamoured of the idea of a reliability trial for this class of vehicle. Surely he is a little late in the field, since



THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND HIS ELECTIONEERING CAR: SIR ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN IN THE 11·9-H.P. BEAN, WHICH HE USED AT DUDLEY.

almost everybody whose interests, other than manufacturing, are centred upon the class has been advocating such a test ever since the Armistice. The Royal Scottish A.C. proposed to hold a trial last year, but it failed to eventuate because light-car manufacturers were not ready. The trial was accordingly dropped for the time being, but I believe it is the intention of the Club to attempt to hold it in 1922. I myself have been very keen on seeing such a test, because, like Mr. Edge, I think it would do a vast amount of good. Not only would it assist the public in its judgment as between the good and the indifferent cars in the light classes, but it would also call attention to the really wonderful capabilities of the smaller-powered cars, which, as a rule, are fully capable of putting up performances equal to cars of ambitious size and horse-power. The average good 12-h.p. car will maintain quite as high a touring speed, climb hills as fast as, or even faster than, most of the "twenties" and "twenty-fives," and at half the running cost. There are only two directions in which the bigger class scores. The latter may have from five to seven miles an hour more in reserve on the level, and certainly possesses more passenger and luggage accommodation. The latter is a consideration, admittedly; but there is little in the other.

A Trial Necessary.

For every reason I agree that a light-car trial would be a good thing. Good as it is, the light car is still capable of improvement, and there is nothing like a public trial, under rigorous supervision, for demonstrating both the good and bad qualities of cars. I myself have had considerable experience of these trials, with the result that I have no patience at all with those who argue that they serve no useful purpose. The last extended trial that was held was that promoted by the R.A.C. for light cars, in 1914. I forget what proportion of the entrants fell out altogether as a consequence of roadside failures, but I know it was fairly high. The argument, therefore, is that the light car of 1914 possessed certain inherent weaknesses which needed such a test to demonstrate, and, further, that these weaknesses have been discovered and put right. The last is for another trial to show.

There is one aspect of such trials that I should like to refer to. The conditions under which they are conducted must be changed, and no longer should it be possible for a poor car, jockeyed through by a clever driver with a "non-stop," to obtain highest honours, while a far better one which fails to go through without a stop should be reduced to an "also ran," for something which does not matter. I am able to speak feelingly on this subject. In the 1914 trial, to which I have referred, I was driving a very fine little car indeed, which failed of the non-stop because of a faulty sparking-plug, but finished a very punishing thousand miles over the worst roads and hills within a hundred miles of Harrogate, in perfect mechanical condition. Certain other cars scraped through with non-stops, but would have been off the road altogether if the trial had continued for another two hundred miles. One, I recollect, came in on the last day with a broken front spring, but got its gold medal for completing the trial without an involuntary stop. That sort of thing is farcical; and if, as I hope it will, the Royal Scottish A.C. does promote a trial this year or next, it should give special attention to real performance, as against such results as all who have taken part in such trials know to be quite usual.

W. W.



A CAR WITH A GREAT REPUTATION: A 16-H.P. TALBOT-DARRACQ SALOON.
Photograph by the Albemarle Press.

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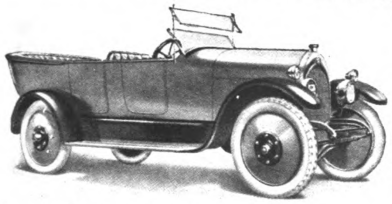
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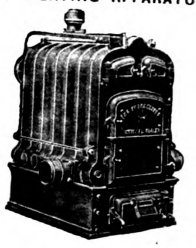
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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris

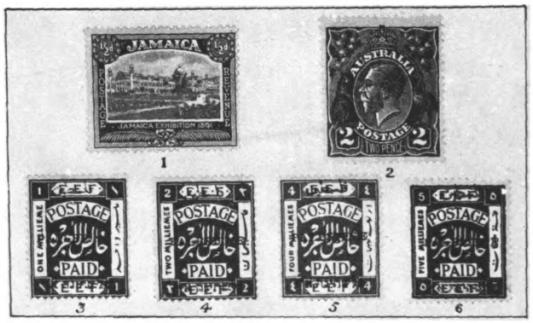
THE French literary world has recently been shaken to its very foundations by the violent controversy arising out of an adverse criticism which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on a certain play taken, more or less, from the Greek by two distinguished authors. The criticism is admitted to have been a perfectly fair one, though perhaps a trifle severe; but there was nothing in it to which exception could be taken as regards language. The authors in question, however, considered that their work had been unfairly treated, and wrote a reply which they desired the editor of the *Revue* (who had, incidentally, written the criticism) should publish. This he refused to do, and hence the controversy on the "*droit de réponse*," which ended, so far as that particular case was concerned, in a judgment in favour of the authors, given in open Court.

The result of the judgment has unfortunately been to kill all intelligent criticism for the time being, and to fill the newspapers with the baldest *comptes-rendus* of the new plays and books now appearing. The famous decision was based on an old law of 1881, Article 13 of which confers "absolute and unlimited" right of reply by the author to any criticism of his work. Now that public interest is really aroused, perhaps something may be done to alter this inconvenient law.

Not long ago, while motoring along part of the old battle line of the Somme, I came across a small white stone column set by the roadside, the apex of which was crowned by an effigy of a simple shrapnel helmet of the pattern worn by the French troops, and the whole encircled by a wreath of palm-leaves for valour. On the front of the column there was carved the simple inscription, "Passant, souviens-toi" (Passer-by, remember), and then the dates of the opening and the closing of the Great War. Something in the simple dignity of the little monument was extraordinarily touching; it said so little and yet so much; none could fail to respond to the mute appeal and bow the head for a moment in memory of those unknown heroes whose sacrifice preserved the soil of France to future generations.

There are indications that a great campaign against social evils is about to be inaugurated by the Government, who seem at last to be alarmed at the high death-rate from tuberculosis, and the rate of infant mortality. A great deal has already been done by private enterprise here, as in England, to educate the mothers of the poorer classes to an appreciation of cleanliness; but what can a few well-intentioned women do towards educating a whole nation? It is time that the State took up the matter seriously.

There is already an able Minister of Hygiene who is very much alive to the situation. At a big public meeting presided over by M. Vidal, forcible speeches were made by M. Léon Bourgeois, M. Raoul Péret, and other distinguished statesmen. To be told that even now 18 per cent. of the families in France live in one room prepares one in a measure for the appalling tuberculosis statistics. This is by far the greatest scourge from which France is suffering at the present time, and, despite the energetic measures taken by the Rockefeller Commission, which has been busy in twenty-six French departments, with almost unlimited funds behind it, they have only been able to touch the fringe of the trouble. It is hard to know how best to combat the evil, which, if not checked soon, will depopulate the country as effectually as any war. Education is slow, but it is the only real and lasting remedy.



1. The first of Jamaica's new series: a ½d. stamp showing the Kingston Exhibition Buildings. 2. A new Australian 2d. stamp: the King's head between a kangaroo and an emu. 3 to 6. Stamps of Palestine under the British Mandate: an E.E.F. set overprinted "Palestine" in Arabic, English, and Hebrew.—(*Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.*)

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

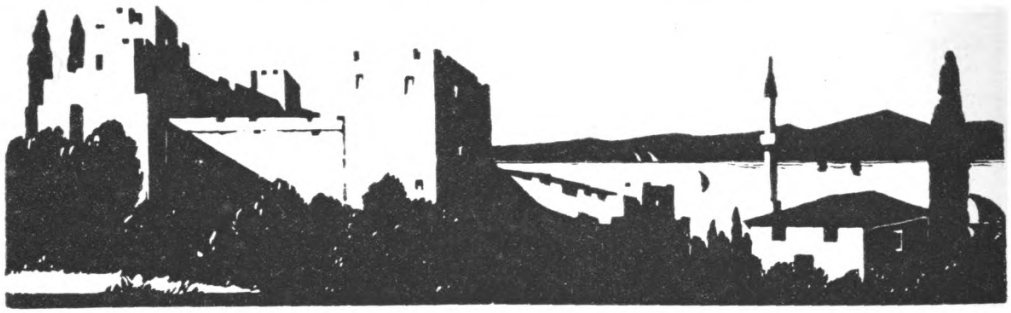
BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

OUR British colony of Jamaica, having no further excuse for issuing war-stamps, is turning its philatelic attention to the concerns of peace. The first of a new series of stamps has just appeared, a ½d. stamp printed in olive-green and blue-green. It is of a large size, and shows a view of the exhibition buildings of the great Exposition at Kingston, the capital, in 1891. The design is one of a series which has been prepared from the sketches of an artist in the colony, and the complete issue will extend up to the 5s. denomination. Each stamp will bear a scene representative of the life and progress of the colony. The stamps are surface-printed on chalk-surfaced paper by Messrs. De La Rue and Co., London.

The Australian Commonwealth has just issued a new 2d. stamp in connection with the raising of the postal tariff. Hitherto the stamp of this denomination has been in the earliest Commonwealth design, showing a kangaroo superimposed on a skeleton map of Australia; this was printed in grey. The new stamp is printed in orange, and, as will be seen from the illustration, it shows the profile of King George in a frame in which a kangaroo and an emu figure.

The first stamps of Palestine under the British régime have arrived. They have already been described by me in these notes, but I now illustrate a short set showing the stamps of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force overprinted "Palestine" in three languages—Arabic, English, and Hebrew. Since I last wrote of these, the Egyptian Expeditionary Force stamps have also been overprinted with an Arabic inscription meaning "Beyond the Jordan," for temporary use under the provisional Arab Government that has been set up under British auspices at Es Salt.

Continental Easter arrangements by the S.E. and C.R. routes (Dover-Calais, Folkestone-Boulogne, Dover-Ostend, Folkestone-Flushing) include the issue of cheap return tickets by the 7.20 a.m. service from Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) to Calais, and by the 8.45 a.m. service from Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) to Boulogne. The Casino at Boulogne will be open during the Easter holidays. Passports are essential. All information can be obtained at the Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station (S.E. and C.R.), S.W.1.



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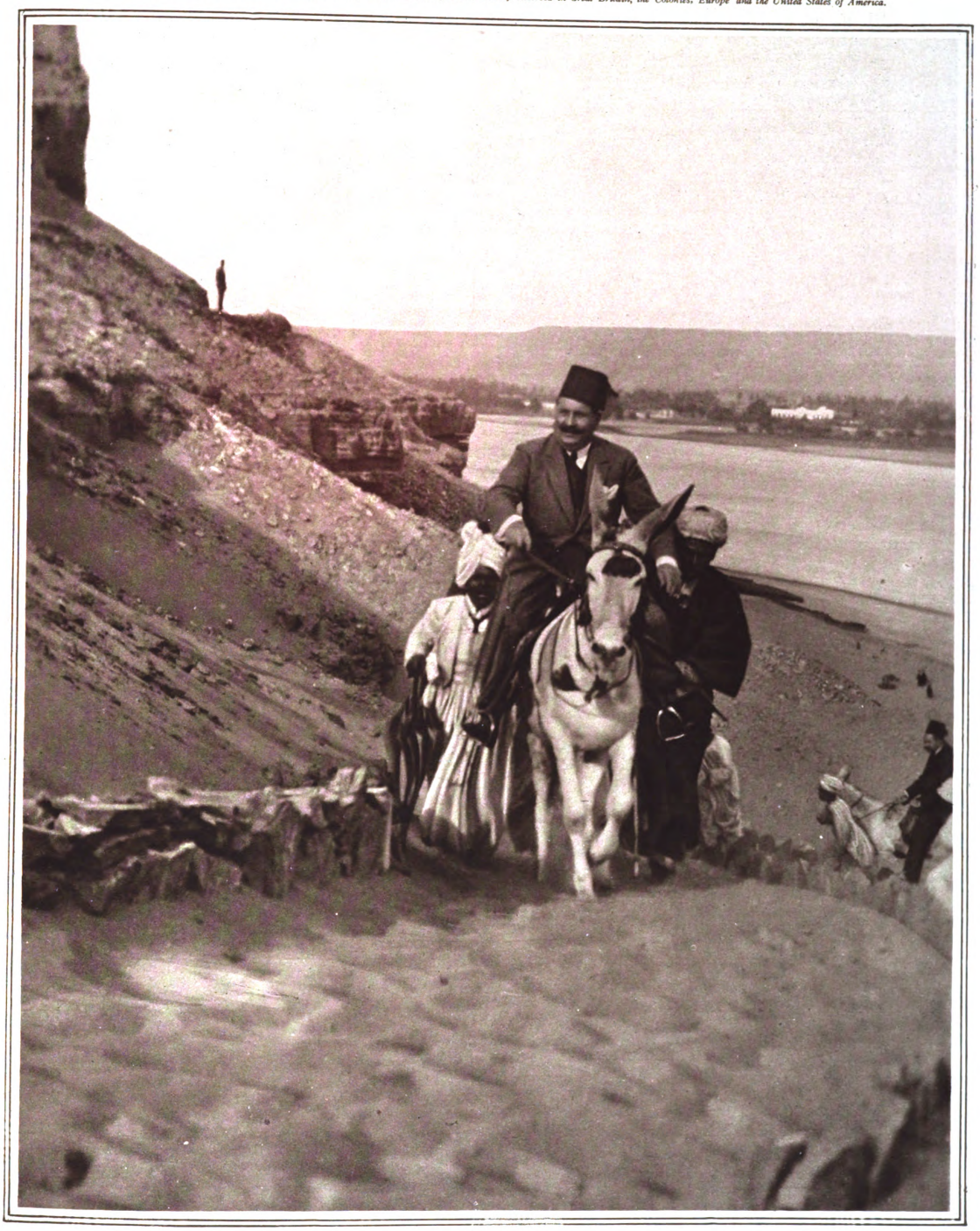
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SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1921.

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THE "PHARAOH" OF TO-DAY ON A JOURNEY IN HIS DOMINIONS: THE SULTAN OF EGYPT, RIDING A DONKEY, AT ASSOUAN DURING HIS RECENT TOUR.

Egypt has been much in the public mind of late, what with the Milner Report and Mr. Churchill's visit for the Middle-East Conference. The Sultan recently completed a tour along the Nile from Cairo to Assouan, visiting the various ruins of the ancient temples on the way. The above photograph of him typifies the changes in Egypt since the Pharaohs of old portrayed in ancient Egyptian sculpture, such as the head of Amenhotep III., illustrated in our issue of March 12. It is also interesting to compare it with the photographs in the present number of models 4000 years old representing scenes in the life of an Egyptian noble.



TO say that the novelist and the dramatist have their keenest competitor in the annalist of crime is only to make a lumbering parody of the neat old saw about truth and fiction. Recently the competition has been unusually brisk, for the world had no sooner rested from four years of legalised killing, during which private violence seemed to slumber, than the Law Courts presented a full calendar of murder cases. The dramas staged there will bear comparison with any of the classical examples, although their full bouquet may not be appreciated until the records appear in carefully edited volumes, secure of a large body of readers who bring to the problems there set forth powers of reflection not usually exercised by the majority of those who idly devour newspaper accounts. The taste for criminal annals cannot be dismissed



A FAMOUS R.A.'S SKETCH OF A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL: JOHN THURTELL, WHO WAS HANGED FOR THE MURDER OF WILLIAM WEARE.—BY WILLIAM MULREADY.

Thurtell, amongst his other activities, backed "Ned Flatnose" in his famous fight with Tom Oliver at North Walsham. His connection with the contest is familiar to all Borrovians. His application to a neighbouring magistrate (Mr. J. B. Petre, of Westwick House, according to Knapp) for the loan of a "pightle" lying among his broad acres, "which he deemed would suit" as a *milling* ground, is one of the most familiar scenes in "Lavengro," the author skilfully indicating, by a few master-strokes, John's theatrical air and style of speech. *See the "Note-Book" on this Page.—By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.*

as merely morbid. Healthy intelligence finds in these records of human imperfection all the materials of tragedy. However bitterly commentators may disagree about Aristotle's precise meaning when he defined tragedy as a purging of the passions through pity and terror, there is no ambiguity in Milton's pregnant adaptation of that saying at the close of "Samson Agonistes," and here it fits in well. From the tragedy of real life, no less than from that of poetic fiction, the reader may rise "with new acquist of true experience."

The fascination of crime, and of murder in particular, rests on a basis so complex as to defy full analysis. De Quincey, in his revel of exquisite persiflage, evades the question: he is concerned only to prove our right to "get into a wery great state o' admiration" (as another eminent phrase-maker would say) at the meritorious performance of a homicide, when tried by principles of taste. The average reader of notable trials does not pretend to be an æsthetic amateur of the criminal's workmanship. All he knows is that with a tale the annalist or able editor has come to him, and he cannot choose but hear. Possibly the appeal may be as much to the Hyde as to the Jekyll that dwells in every one of us. To resolve either case were an endless speculation, involving strange quests down shady and sunny alleys of the soul. Lucretius states the broader aspect of the question, when he notes the pleasure man takes in viewing evils from which he is himself exempt, though "not from delight that any should be afflicted." How far this may apply to Selwyn's and Boswell's curiosity in Tyburn episodes, is doubtful. It is one thing to hear or read the details of a great criminal process; quite another habitually to make a gazing-stock of the condemned at the gallows foot. Byron held that it was good for a man once to see the finishing of the law. The emphasis is on the "once." In Selwyn and Bozzy the thing had become a vice. The reader of notable trials stands on a different plane. Not as a critic of taste in the criminal act, but as a student of judicial method and of human mystery, he accepts the invitation to review the gallery of murderers "from Cain to Mr. Thurtell."

The Mr. Thurtell aforesaid, promised by De Quincey as his *terminus ad quem*, is dismissed by the Opium Eater as "much overrated." He enjoyed, nevertheless, an extraordinary vogue ninety-eight years ago, and he has just come up again in the latest volume of the "Notable Trials" series (William Hodge and Co.). "The Trial of Thurtell and Hunt," edited by Mr. E. R. Watson, gives implicit confirmation of the æsthetic critic's dissatisfaction. Viewed as Fine Art, Mr. Thurtell's performance was certainly "something falsetto," but the record, as a plain tale of villainy and as an exposition of a popular sensation, has undeniable points. Mystery there is little or none as to the fact and as to the chief criminal's psychology.

Thurtell's slaying of Mr. William Weare, of the immortal rhyme, showed the utmost disregard of precaution. Over both crime and trial, John Bull, in Sir Walter Scott's opinion, "became maudlin," and the yellowist of yellow journalism was anticipated in the news sheets fed by a hundred horse expresses plying from Hertford. The proletariat's interest is easy to understand—it was the "bloody news" of the Turnham Green broadside raised to the *n*th power; but Mr. Watson is at a loss to account for the way in which the crime attracted men of refinement. Even Scott was "maudlin" enough to visit the scene, Gill's Hill Cottage. Borrow, in "The Romany Rye," describes the execution, and glorifies Thurtell as a good-hearted fellow. Mulready made sketches in court. But for the prisoner's speech in defence, the trial has no dramatic touch. The accomplices Hunt and Probert are negligible. Yet the bald incident, as a whole, remains to-day as compelling as a melodrama of the most cunning construction.

Apart from the facts, the interest of trial records is heightened by the purely forensic elements. Construction of incident, in the novelist's or dramatist's sense of the term, is not to be expected, although not infrequently a true



THE PRISONER WHO WAS ACQUITTED THAT HE MIGHT TURN KING'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THURTELL: WILLIAM PROBERT.—A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.
By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

story works out like contrived art. But the appointed order of judicial procedure lends to a trial a definite and impressive framework, and the whole effect is that of suspense and climax. The duel between counsel, the minute sifting of evidence, the application of scientific method, lift the proceedings into the region of intellect and soften natural loathing of sordid details. A great speech for the defence arouses emotions comparable only to those of the highest tragedy. Speeches for the prosecution and summings-up, however able, touch a less vibrant chord in our



AN ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT IN THE THURTELL CASE: JOSEPH HUNT.—PENCIL SKETCH BY WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.
By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

hearts, since we too, although not accused, "dwell in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death."

Such a speech was that by which Inglis saved Madeleine Smith from the gallows. The story can be read anew in "The Notable Scottish Trials" issued by the same publisher as the Thurtell and Hunt volume. Inglis made ample use of emotion; but it was his acute analysis of evidence and not his moving appeals to feeling that secured the verdict of "Not proven," always unsatisfactory, but a useful *pis aller* where the jury is not convinced of guilt, and yet cannot decide on full acquittal. Inglis defied the prosecution to show that the accused had arsenic in her possession at the date of L'Angelier's first illness and that the parties had met on the other dates libelled. Just at these points the gaps in the evidence gave the way of escape.

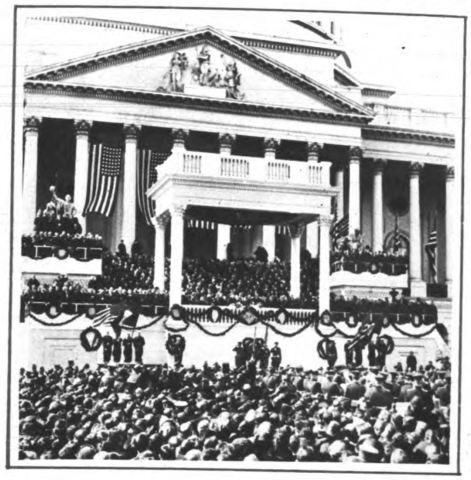
"The Notable Scottish Trials" include also another Glasgow mystery, that known as the Sandyford Place murder, in 1862, a sensation that reverberated far into the next decade. For the peculiarly atrocious murder of a maid-servant a Mrs. Jessie McLachlan was condemned, but the circumstances were so dubious that public opinion forced a reprieve. The McLachlan affair shook the public mind much as the Williams horror agitated London in 1812, but with the addition of embittered party wrangling. All public questions retired before the fierce quarrel as to whether the guilty person was Mrs. McLachlan or that shady and elusive character "Old Fleming," whose name became a hissing and a byword, and was chalked with execrations on walls and hoardings.

All the trials here alluded to are already published in Messrs. Hodge's series. The list, which includes civil cases, is long and still growing. Every volume carries an excellent introduction and notes by an authority, not always a practising lawyer, for the Wainwright and Maybrick cases were edited by the late H. B. Irving. It may be the haunting sense of the thousand risks attending every process at law that makes many readers, both men and women, prefer these records of fact to the most artfully wrought fiction. But analysis is futile. As well try to explain the spell of "Eugene Aram" or the shudder of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

J. D. S.

FAR AND NEAR: PEOPLE OF LEADING; AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AUBERT, TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY AT WASHINGTON: PRESIDENT HARDING DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS.



"KISSING THE BOOK" AT HIS INAUGURATION: PRESIDENT HARDING TAKING THE OATH, ADMINISTERED BY CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE.



SIGNATORY FOR RUSSIA OF THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRADE AGREEMENT: M. KRASSIN.



THE LEAVE-TAKING OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: LORD AND LADY READING, WITH FRIENDS SEEING THEM OFF AT CHARING CROSS.



THE QUEEN AT LIVERPOOL: HER MAJESTY (IN THE BACKGROUND ON THE LEFT) IN THE DINING-ROOM AT THE SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGE.



THE RESIGNATION OF THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE: MR. BONAR LAW.

Many thousands of people thronged the great space before the Capitol at Washington on March 4, when Mr. Warren G. Harding took the oath as twenty-ninth President of the United States. The Bible used on the occasion, the same one which the first President, George Washington, had used in 1789, is illustrated on another page in this number. After taking the oath, the new President delivered his inaugural Address.—— The Trade Agreement between Great Britain and Russia was signed on March 16 by Sir Robert Horne, President of the Board of Trade, and by M. Krassin, the representative of the Soviet Government. —— Lord and Lady Reading left Charing Cross on March 17 for Marseilles, there to embark in the "Kaisar-i-Hind" for India, where Lord Reading will enter on his duties as Viceroy. To the left of Lady Reading (with bouquet) is Mrs. Asquith, and on the extreme left, Sir Alfred Mond. On the right is Lord Crewe.——The Queen and Princess Mary, who, with the King, went to stay with Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley on March 16, visited the Seamen's Orphanage at Liverpool.—— The resignation of Mr. Bonar Law, on grounds of health, as Leader of the House and of the Unionist Party in the Commons, was announced on March 17.

CHOSEN FOR THE HIGHER STAGES OF THE MOUNT EVEREST

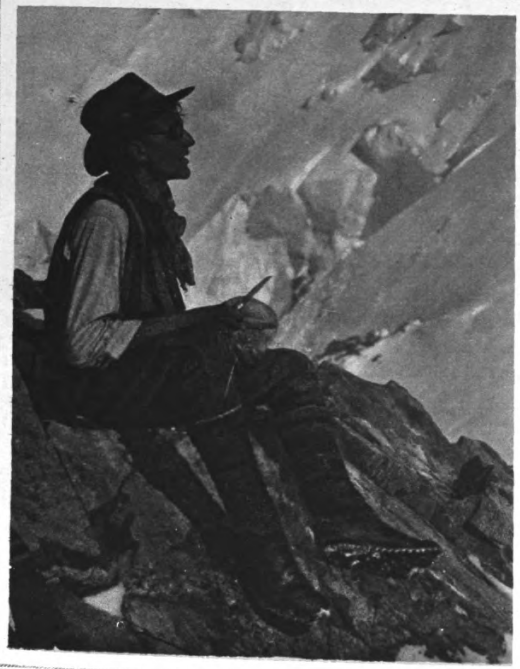
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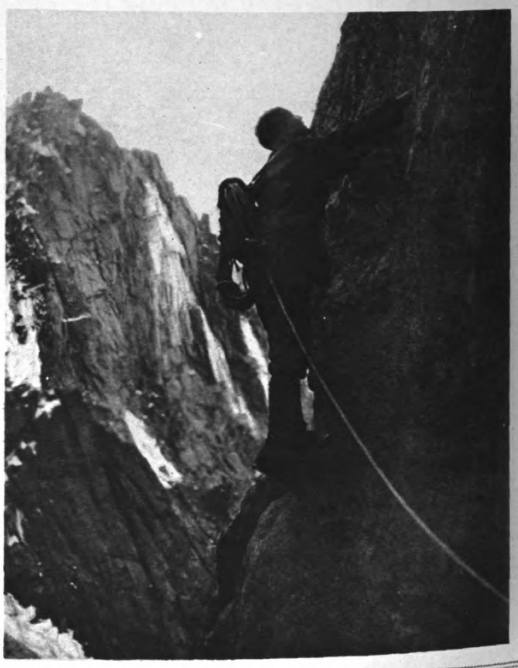
CHOSEN FOR THE HIGHER STAGES OF THE EVEREST EXPEDITION: CAPT. GEORGE FINCH ASCENDING MONT BLANC.



A TEST OF NERVE! CAPT. FINCH DESCENDING A GREAT PERPENDICULAR CLIFF ON MONT BLANC BY ROPE.



SHOWING DETAILS OF A CLIMBER'S COSTUME: CAPT. FINCH RESTING FOR A MEAL ON THE WAY UP MONT BLANC.

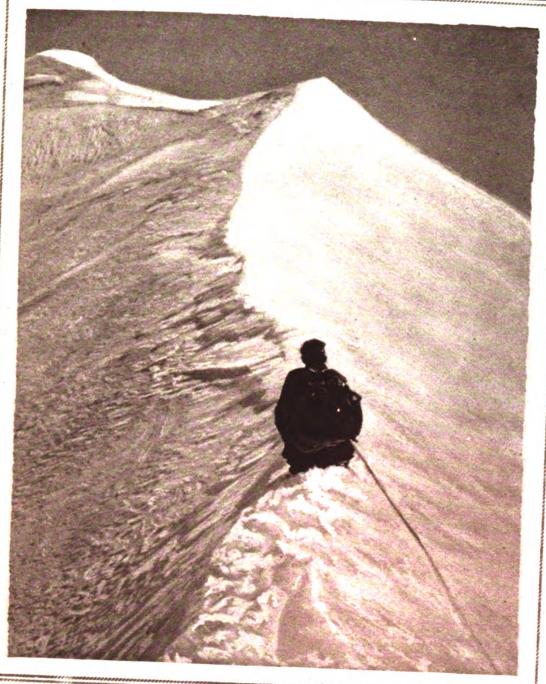


ON ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT PEAKS IN THE ALPS: CAPT. FINCH CLIMBING THE AIGUILLE DU DRU.

For the forthcoming attempt upon Mount Everest, by an expedition under the joint auspices of the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society, the services of some of the most famous and experienced British climbers have been enlisted. Discussing the arrangements recently, Col. Sir Francis Younghusband, President of the R.G.S., said: "As members of the expedition upon whom we shall have to depend for reaching the highest points, we have selected two younger men who have made a name for themselves by their efficiency in climbing in the Alps, Mr. G. L. Mallory and Capt. George Finch. Our party for the reconnaissance is thus complete, and we are now engaged in equipping it in the best possible manner for the important work it will have to do this summer, in examining the mountain from every angle and testing the possible ways by which its

EVEREST EXPEDITION: A FAMOUS CLIMBER AMONG PERILOUS PRECIPICES.

PHOTOS. CENTRAL PRESS.



BREASTING DEEP SNOW ON THE HIGHEST ALPINE PEAK: CAPT. FINCH NEARING THE TOP OF MONT BLANC.



WEARING GLASSES TO PROTECT THE EYES AGAINST THE SNOW GLARE: CAPT. FINCH ON MONT BLANC, NEAR THE SUMMIT.



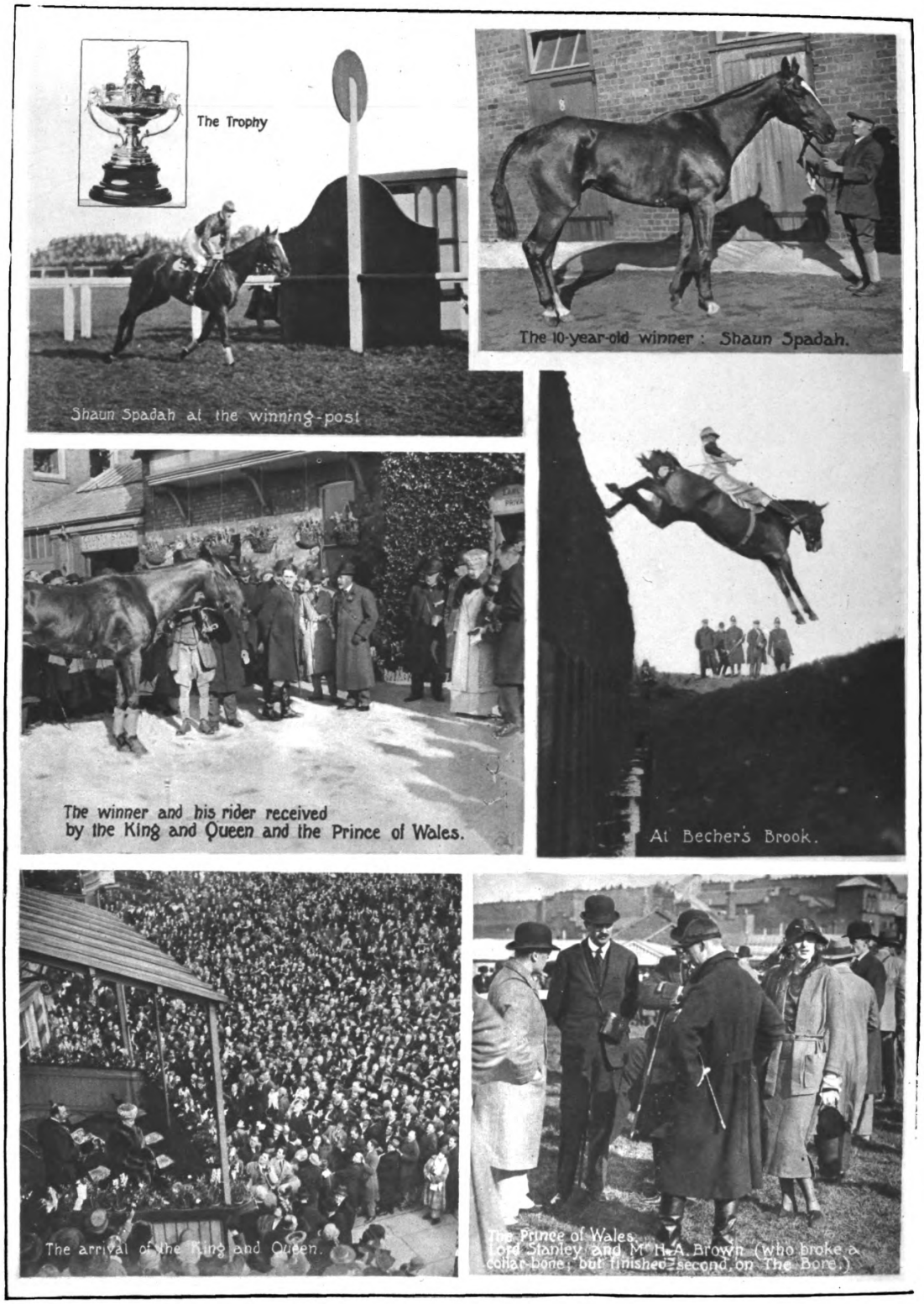
THE MOST DIFFICULT ROCK-CLIMB IN THE ALPS: CAPT. FINCH DURING AN ASCENT OF THE GRIPON.



THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM IN A CLIMBER'S OUTFIT: CAPT. FINCH REPAIRING HIS BOOTS IN A MOUNTAIN HUT.

summit may be reached." Capt. Finch has been climbing for some fifteen years, and his conquests include Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, and Monte Rosa. He dispenses with guides in the Alps. The Everest reconnoitring party is expected to start in May. The actual attempt to climb the mountain will probably be made in the summer of next year. As our photographs well show, the Alps provide tests of skill, nerve, courage, and endurance severe enough to qualify a man for the most difficult mountaineering tasks. The ascent of Everest may not prove harder as regards technical climbing skill; it might even be easier. The extra difficulties will be rather the unknown ground, and the effect of rarefied air at high altitudes on breathing and physical powers of endurance.

THE GREATEST OF ALL STEEPLECHASES: THIS YEAR'S GRAND NATIONAL.

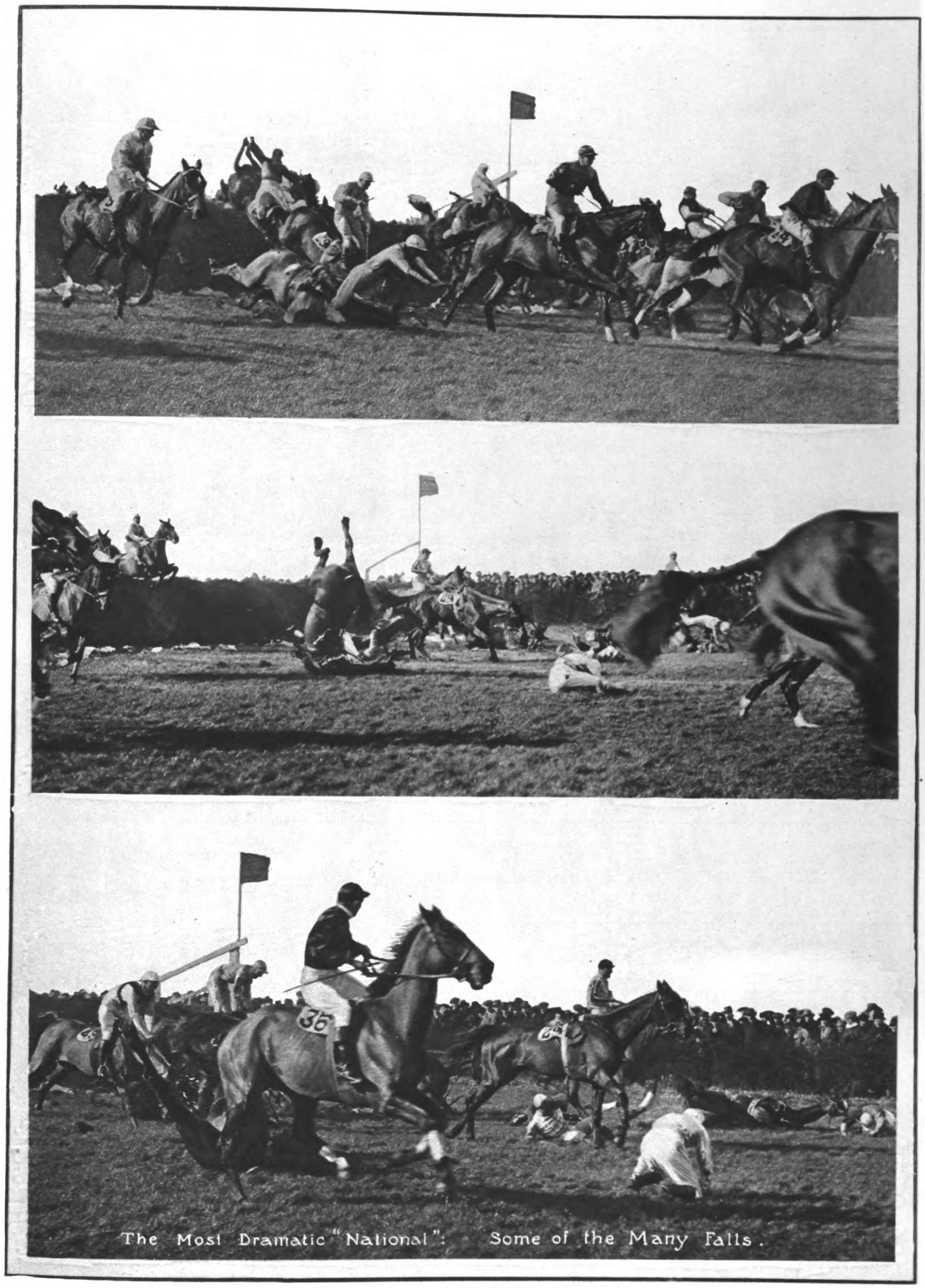


WON BY MR. T. McALPINE'S SHAUN SPADAH (F. B. REES UP), WITH THE BORE SECOND AND ALL WHITE THIRD: THE GRAND NATIONAL AT AINTREE.

This year's Grand National, run over the four-and-a-half miles course at Aintree on March 18, with the King, the Queen, Princess Mary, and the Prince of Wales present, was a record both for the size of the "field" and the number of "spills." No fewer than thirty-six horses ran, and there was an unusually large number of falls early in the race. There were, in fact, only six standing up at the end of the first round. The winner was Mr. T. McAlpine's Shaun Spadah (F. B. Rees up). Second place was taken by Mr. H. A. Brown's The Bore (owner up). Mr. Brown remounted after a tumble, and accomplished a fine feat of riding in finishing with a broken rein. Lord Wavertree's All White (R. Chadwick up) was third, and Mrs. H. Hollins's Turkey Buzzard, ridden by Captain

(Continued opposite.

RUN BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN: THE GRAND NATIONAL.



A RACE IN WHICH NEARLY ALL THE THIRTY-SIX HORSES FELL, EXCEPT THE WINNER: A GRAND NATIONAL WITH A RECORD FIELD AND MANY "SPILLS."

Continued.]

Bennet, came in fourth. Shaun Spadah started at 100 to 9, The Bore at 9 to 1, All White at 33 to 1, and Turkey Buzzard at 100 to 9. Altogether, the race was one of the most dramatic in the long history of this classic event. The weather was ideal, and there was an enormous crowd. In order to avoid the crush, the Grand National horses were not paraded as usual, but were taken straight from their boxes on to the course, and walked round for general inspection. The King and his two sons went round the boxes. The Prince of Wales had been out on the course in the early morning to watch the horses exercise. When the Royal party, who were the guests of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley, arrived for the race, they were greeted with hearty cheers.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

SINCE the war, loud and strident young voices—with a touch of the parade rasp in them, for these critics served when the struggle ceased to be a sport and became a business—have been heard at every corner, insisting that the old poets must be disestablished and their messages cast into the waste-paper basket of oblivion. Poetry must begin again at the beginning, we are told, and discover in the colloquial talk of common people new rhythms and a new poetic diction. So far the plan has not worked out very well, and even the youngest of us—certainly many of the young poets of Oxford and Cambridge, where once more, to adapt Matthew Arnold's famous sentence, we see our Baudelairians all at play—are fed up with the intolerable false *bergerie* of the lesser Georgians, and all the conscious crudeness which is the literary equivalent of the dirty attire of the professional friends of humanity in all ages. It may not be too late for some of these lazy apprentices to an old and honourable craft to learn that the refusal of beauty—the deliberate preference of the ugly and uncouth—is not *per se* a short cut to truthfulness. In "THE PIER-GLASS" (Martin Secker; 5s. net), by Robert Graves, the most virile and sincere of the later war-poets, there is too much which is without a touch of distinction, nay indistinguishable, owing to the author's deliberate rejection of verbal melody or harmony—a strange failing in one who aspires to be the Anglo-Welsh laureate! The chaotic cacophony of such a stanza as the following—

Such *menace* tottering overhead,
Old Jess for ague scolds no more;
She sees grey bobtail flung down dead
Lightning-blazed by the barn-door,

must be deliberately intended, but what a mistake! Strange indeed it is that stuff suggesting coals coming in next door should be written by one who found pity as well as piety in the story of the poor guileless old scapegoat, Christ's most faithful lover, and is the singer of "The Hills of May" in this, his fourth volume—

So she walked the proud lady,
So danced or ran,
So she loved with a calm heart,
Neglecting man. . .

Fade, fail, innocent stars
On the green of May;
She has left our bournes for ever,
Too fine to stay.

. . . .

There is, however, a reaction rapidly gathering force against the war-engendered reaction against poetic traditions, and it is only the mild, pompous old parasitical versifiers—Alfred Austin is the most dreadful example, surely—who will be finally disestablished. The appearance of works of creative criticism, two of them dealing with French poets who were idols of our "ninetyish" mood, is a very significant omen. In "PAUL VERLAINE" (Constable; 12s. 6d. net), by Harold Nicolson, a vanished faubourg of the Bohemian soul rebuilds its romantic walls, and middle-aged exiles are wafted back, and find themselves young and hopeful and most happily unhappy once again. For them, the spirit of Verlaine, as Mr. Nicolson says at the end of his book, "will still limp and linger in boulevard and alley, in book-shop and in tavern; or along those quays whose jumbled outlines glitter in the gay and gentle river as it slides with garbaged waters past church, past prison, and past charnel-house; and so, through soft French meadows, to the sea." It may seem at first sight unnecessary to write a biography of Verlaine, seeing that it has been done so adequately by Lepelletier and Delahaye; but Mr. Nicolson has more than justified his adventure in authorship, for not only does he give us the best life of Verlaine and critical estimate of his work we have got, or can hope to get, but he has made the poor smirched poet's career a thread on which to suspend a really profound and intimate history of French poetry during the second half of the nineteenth century. Verlaine was only at home in prison or in hospital; but if he had had all his life a little home such as he achieved before his death, with Eugénie for housekeeper, and oranges placed along the mantelpiece, as in farm-houses of the Ardennes, to be mimic suns, he might have worked peacefully and at his leisure under the mild discipline of a reasoned domesticity. It is not in cafés, with riotous companions, but in quiet and orderly houses that all the greatest French poetry has been written. The Silenus myth, which flourished in Paris of the 'Nineties, was only true superficially. *Au fond*, this absinthe-minded poet yearned for a peaceful and unperplexed career, and the "exhibitionism" of his later years was merely a reduction of the Symbolist idea in poetry to the prosaic terms of that practical cadging which was forced on him by penury and neglect. He remains rather a poet for the foreigner than for the essential Frenchman. In France of the *bien pensants*—and that is the essential France, after all!—he is looked upon as the author of only one perfect verse—

Il pleure dans mon cœur,
Comme il pleut sur la ville—

and it is thus appreciated, as Mr. Nicolson wittily suggests, because the two lines make up a single Alexandrine with the orthodox break or cæsura. But he was a master of the art of suggesting infinity from the finite, which is the ultimate secret of Symbolism. He did not invent it (nay, it is as old as Catullus), but was able to catch and reflect the floating aspiration, and to give to it a definite cadence and a form. In Verlaine's best verse, "the effect resides in the sparing and skilful use of attributes, in an apparently incidental but vivid reference to minor objects, which for him radiate with emotional significance." And by this method he sets the reader's sentiment of association vibrating, if it be used with absolute tact, as in "Après Trois Ans," which begins—

Ayant poussé la porte qui chancelle,
Je me suis promené dans le petit jardin
Qu'éclairait doucement le soleil du matin,
Pailletant chaque fleur d'une humide étincelle.

. . . .

Mr. Nicolson uses a critical diction which is ultra-modern and his own, but in "CHARLES BAUDELAIRE: A STUDY" (Elkin Mathews; 15s. net), by Arthur Symons, we have once more the heavily perfumed, allusive, suggestive eloquence of the young critics of the 'Nineties. Mr. Symons' book is really a prolonged essay, full of sudden alarums and swift excursions, which ever and anon returns to his subject, adding something to our sense of Baudelaire's significance in the dark hierarchy of the unhappy poets. It is the manner of Whistler in painting a portrait, and in the end we have no exact definition, either of the poet or of the man-in-himself. He is nearest to the truth, perhaps, when he calls Baudelaire our modern Catullus, one who abhorred and adored the flesh as much as did the Roman singer, when he wrote the eternal two-line epigram which Mr. Symons translates so deftly—

I hate and I love; you ask me how I do it?
I know not; I know that it hurts; I am going through it.

The pathos of loving, the pang of satiety—here is the soil out of which the *Fleurs du Mal* blossom to no fruition. He is also Villon in a gas-lit nook. But he is not, after all, immoral—still less non-moral—because the darkness of disillusion hangs about all his baneful splendours of artistry. For if intentions such as this strange artist's pave the roads of Hell, they yet form the roof of Heaven.

. . . .

Two books which light up that inferno in the snows called Soviet Russia, have lately appeared. "RUSSIAN PORTRAITS" (Jonathan Cape; 10s. 6d. net), by Clare Sheridan, gives us pictures, in clay and in words, of Lenin and Trotsky, and the other protagonists of Bolshevism. Russia was a wonder-world to her, a spectacle of brute forces incarnate and frozen agonies, but she was clearly glad to get out of it. In "A PRISONER OF THE REDS" (Murray; 18s. net), by Francis McCullagh, a skilled observer presents a powerful and precise obsession of Soviet Russia as a colossal polity crumbling into dust, in the ruin of which there are only two living things—Typhus and Bolshevism. And he shows that the terror of the Terrorists is this—a menacing certainty that the real counter-revolution is the nature of man who cannot live by bread alone.



PLAYWRIGHTS OF TO-DAY: AUTHORS OF SOME OF LONDON'S LATEST SUCCESSES.

"A Social Convenience" is at the Royalty, with Mr. Dennis Eadie in the principal part. Miss Clemence Dane, the author of two successful novels, "Regiment of Women" and "Legend," has written a brilliant first play, "A Bill of Divorcement," which was produced recently at the St. Martin's. "Ian Hay" (or, to use his real name, Mr. J. H. Beith) is having a big success with his "A Safety Match," at the Strand. Mr. E. Temple Thurston's "The Wandering Jew" is proving an enormously popular production at the New Theatre. Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, the well-known playwright, has struck another "good thing"—"The Circle," at the Haymarket; and Mr. Rudolf Besier, who collaborates with Miss May Edginton, has two successes now running in town—"The Ninth Earl," the new melodrama at the Comedy, and "The Prude's Fall," at Wyndham's.—[*Photographs by Hoppé, Lafayette, Elliott and Fry, and Bertram Park.*]

The Lincolnshire Handicap Surprise: An Outsider Wins, with the Favourite Nowhere.



FINISH OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP: SORANUS WINNING FROM SENHORA AND QUEEN'S GUILD.

The Lincolnshire Handicap, run at Lincoln on March 16, was won by Mr. S. B. Joel's Soranus (Carslake up), which started at 33 to 1 against. Major D. Davies' Senhora (T. Weston up) was two lengths behind, and Sir Robert Jardine's Queen's Guild (P. Jones up) was half a length behind Senhora. Soranus had an accident recently, and his trainer, De Mestre, had only three weeks in which to get him fit. The favourite, Ugly Duckling, was not placed.



STARTED AT 33 TO 1 AGAINST: LEADING IN MR. S. B. JOEL'S SORANUS (CARSLAKE UP) AFTER WINNING THE LINCOLNSHIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

The Prince of Wales Wins his First Race: H.R.H. after his Victory.



RECEIVING AN OVATION AFTER HIS FINE WIN IN THE PYTCHLEY HUNT LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE: THE PRINCE OF WALES, ON HIS OWN HORSE, RIFLE GRENADE, ON THE WAY TO THE WEIGHING-ROOM.

On March 16 the Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Point races were held at Great Brington. There was a scene of great enthusiasm when the Prince of Wales, riding his own horse, Rifle Grenade, won the Hunt Light-Weight Race over three miles of stiff country, out of a field of fourteen. The Prince took the lead at the third fence from the winning-post, and rode a fine finish, winning by a length from General Vaughan (on Suzette), who made a desperate effort to catch him. The Duke of York, who was watching near the post, ran after his brother to congratulate him, and the Prince received an ovation as he made his way to the weighing-room.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.

A WONDERFUL NATURE FILM: YOUNG KESTRELS IN THE NEST.

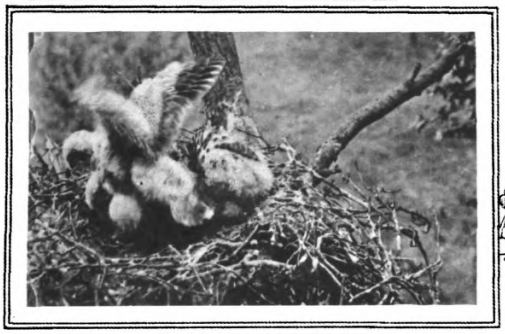
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C., F.R.P.S.



HUNGRY, AND ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THEIR MOTHER'S RETURN: BABY KESTRELS IN THEIR NEST.



THE "ETHERIAL MINSTREL" A TIT-BIT FOR LITTLE HAWKS! MOTHER KESTREL BRINGS A LARK TO BE PLUCKED AND EATEN.



EXERCISING THEIR WINGS: PART OF A REMARKABLE FILM SHOWING YOUNG KESTRELS IN THE NEST.



SHOWING ONE OF THE YOUNG KESTRELS DEVOURING A FIELD-MOUSE: A FILM PHOTOGRAPH.



GREAT EXCITEMENT OVER A FIELD-MOUSE BROUGHT BY THE MOTHER BIRD: YOUNG KESTRELS FILMED.



"I'VE EATEN TOO MUCH! WISH I HADN'T!" A YOUNG KESTREL LOOKING PAINED AFTER SWALLOWING A LARK.

A cinematograph film of remarkable interest illustrating the life and habits of birds in their natural surroundings will be shown to the public at an early date. Baby hawks in their nest in the tree-top may be seen exercising their wings and practising for the time to come when they are able to fly away and take care of themselves. The mother bird, whilst hovering, sights a field-mouse, and swooping down, secures it, flies home, and deposits the mouse in the nest, where it is flayed and ravenously eaten by the young hawks. Another section of the film shows a young hawk, which has sneaked off with a good share of lark to a branch out of reach of the rest of the family. The tail of the lark is seen slowing disappearing as it is swallowed by the greedy little hawk—the latter gives a final gulp, and then looks up with a pained expression, as though to say, "I've eaten too much! Wish I hadn't!" The film is the result of the enter-

[Continued opposite.

THE BIRD-PHOTOGRAPHER'S "O. PIP": FILMING HAWKS IN THE NEST.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C., F.R.P.S.



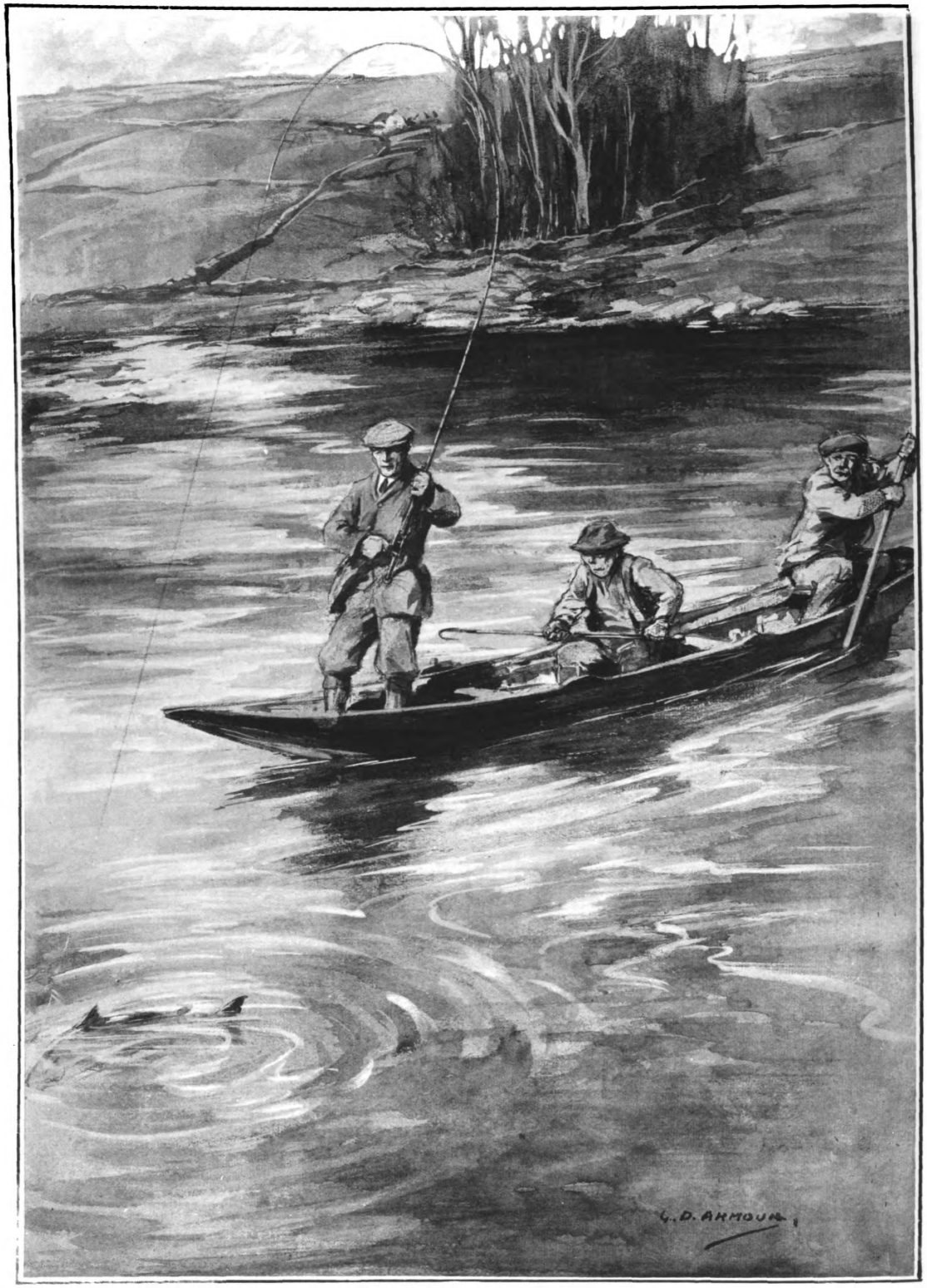
PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE TREE-TOPS: CAPTAIN KNIGHT FILMING A KESTREL'S NEST FROM AN "OBSERVATION POST" THAT TOOK NEARLY TWO MONTHS TO BUILD, SO AS NOT TO ALARM THE BIRDS.

Continued.]

prise and unlimited patience of Capt. C. W. R. Knight, M.C., F.R.P.S., whose methods of photographing up in the tree-tops are shown in our drawing. The cinematograph camera is attached to a bracket screwed to the tree, and the working position is screened by old sacking, with two peep holes—one for the camera lens, and the other for viewing by the operator. The observation-post took nearly two months to build. Part of the sacking is shown removed but in practice the operator is entirely obscured by the covering, which is fastened to the four nails shown on the tree.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE KING OF BRITISH GAME FISH: A SALMON NEARLY PLAYED OUT.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

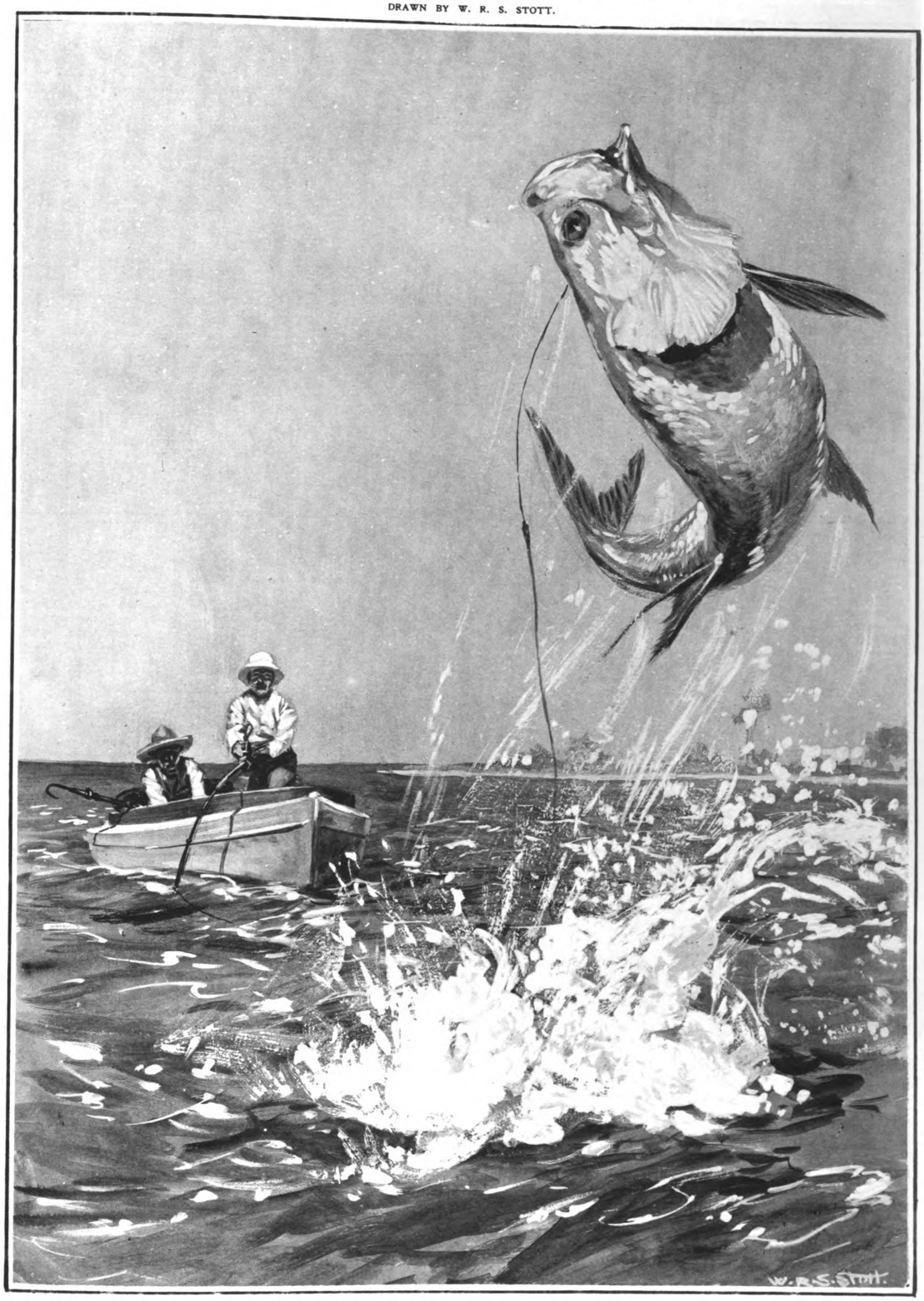


SALMON-FISHING ON THE SHANNON FROM A BOAT PECULIAR TO THAT RIVER: READY WITH THE GAFF—AN EXCITING MOMENT IN A "COT," A CRAFT WORKED BY A SHORT PUNT-POLE.

Discussing the landing of a salmon, the "Encyclopædia of Sport" says: "So soon as the fish lies quiet within reach, let the gaff be put over the middle of his back, and fixed smartly but steadily. The only exceptional circumstance in which the gaff should be put under the fish is when he has to be struck from a boat in deep water, as in the Shannon or on a lake." Fishing in the Shannon is done from a kind of boat peculiar to the river, called a "cot." These boats are managed by the local men exceedingly skilfully. They are fitted for rowing with oars, but, weather permitting, are worked like a punt with poles—shorter than those of the Thames punt—with which the expert boatmen can guide or hold them in any position required. It is quite common to see a local trout fisher sitting alone in his cot and holding it in position in quite swift water while fishing, changing his fly, or doing anything incidental to the sport, as if possessed of three or four hands. The man in the middle of the boat is seen holding the gaff.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

DWARFING THE SALMON TO A MINNOW: A TARPON'S WILD LEAP.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.



"THE GAMIEST OF SALMON COMPARES WITH THE GORGEOUS 'SILVER KING' AS A SATYR TO HYPERION": TARPON-FISHING IN THE GULF OF MEXICO—THE FINEST SPORT ON EARTH.

The Tarpon, the "Silver King," haunts the Gulf of Mexico and neighbouring waters. Some are over 7 ft. long and weigh over 200 lb. "The gamiest of salmon," we read in Messrs. A. W. and Julian A. Dimock's fascinating book, "Florida Enchantments" (Outing Publishing Company, New York), "compares with the gorgeous Silver King as a Satyr to Hyperion. As a game fish, the tarpon is in a class by himself. . . . Imagine a gracefully contorted body, as big as yourself, quivering ten feet in the air, panoplied with a thousand glittering silver scales . . . surrounded by a halo of prismatic drops of flying water. . . . He leaps out of the water, several times his own length, from two to a score of times. . . . He may speed like a race-horse away from you until your 600 ft. of line runs out, or he may dash straight for your skiff, rubbing against it, diving under it, or even leaping over it and tangling you in your own line." A double page of photographs of tarpon-fishing, by Mr. J. A. Dimock, appeared in our issue of July 17, 1920.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

Digger's Luck: A Romance of Egyptian Excavation

KIPLING once remarked that excavating combined all the excitement of gold-mining with an intellectual pursuit. Indeed, it goes one better than mining, for the prospector gets little variety. His result is either positive or negative.

The surprises of digging are many. Surface indications; the location of the site; reports of previous diggers, both plunderers and scientific excavators—all give the archæologist clues as to the nature of what may be expected to turn up below the ground which he has determined to clear. Often his calculations turn out to be wrong; but once in a while his luck is far above his hopes.

In the course of the work of the Egyptian Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art on its concession on the west bank at Thebes, our attention had been drawn to that part of the site south of Deir el Bahri, among the spurs and cliffs of the mountain which separates the Valley of the Kings from the plain. Here, during the troublous times in Egypt, a good deal of plundering had been going on, and in forestalling some of this unauthorised digging I had been fortunate enough to find the burial-place of a young prince of the Eighteenth Dynasty, who had been torn to pieces by ancient tomb robbers in their search for gold, and had then been reburied by the priests of the Twenty-first Dynasty. The tomb had been in an almost inaccessible cranny of the cliff wall, and similar clefts in the rock face looked as if they too might contain hidden tombs.

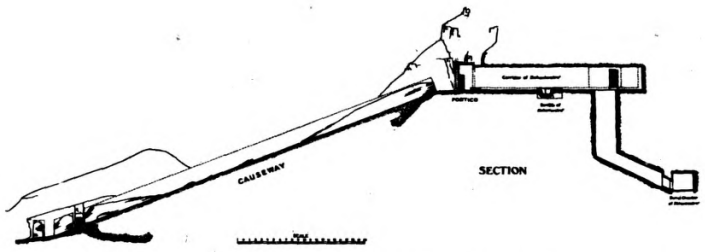
At the beginning of the season of 1919-20, these were thoroughly cleared, but not a trace of occupation was found. A huge tomb of the Eleventh Dynasty—from its size and position evidently that of a high official of the last of the Mentuhoteps—looked as if it might give us a chance of recouping our fortunes. Winlock, who was in charge of the excavations, looked it up, and found that work had been done on it in 1895 by Daressy, and that he had found fragments of finely painted relief there. We could see that the clearing of the forecourt at least had not been thoroughly done, and it was there that the sculpture had been found. Winlock finally decided that it was as good a chance as any, and the men were set to work there.

A very few days' work with a big gang of workmen laid bare the platform which had been the forecourt of the tomb. It had originally been in the form of a portico, and the walls had been built of fine imported limestone sculptured in low relief, and painted with a delicacy rarely equalled in Egyptian art. But of this only a few fragments were found, none of them as much as six inches square, and they only resulted in making our disappointment the keener. Two mauls, so rough that, if found in other circumstances, they would have been taken for Palæolithic implements, suggested the ruthless manner in which the ancient quarrymen had broken up the sculptured blocks for building-stone.

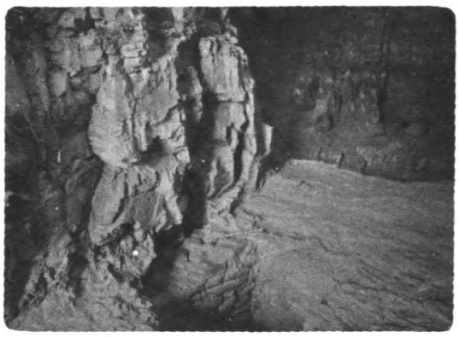
So our hopes were dashed again.

In order to get an adequate plan of the tomb, it was necessary to clear the corridors and the two burial shafts. We were sure that we should get nothing in the way of antiquities in doing this, for the previous excavator had evidently dug them thoroughly, and the débris appeared to be nothing but stone fallen from the walls and ceiling. Still a good plan is better than nothing, and is always of interest to the archæologist, if not to the layman. So, as it is our practice always to clear and plan thoroughly, we felt obliged to do so in this case. Conscientiousness was rewarded.

In clearing the fallen rock from the main corridor, a workman dislodged a loose stone from the side near the floor, and the small chip began trickling into a small dark hole. It was the evening of March 17. Burton was in charge of the work, and was called by the excited foreman. The hole was small, and the passage dark, and even matches helped little to show what was hidden within. A hurriedly written note brought Winlock and myself up from the house with an electric torch. Each of us in turn glued his eye and the torch to the hole in the rock. None of us expect ever again to have such a sight appear to us. "The beam of light shot into a little world of four thousand years ago, and I was gazing down into the midst of a myriad of brightly painted little men going this way and that. A tall, slender girl gazed across at me perfectly composed; a gang of little men with sticks in their upraised hands drove spotted oxen; rowers tugged at their oars on a fleet of boats, while one ship seemed foundering right in front of me, with its bow balanced precariously in the air. And all of this busy going and coming was in uncanny silence."



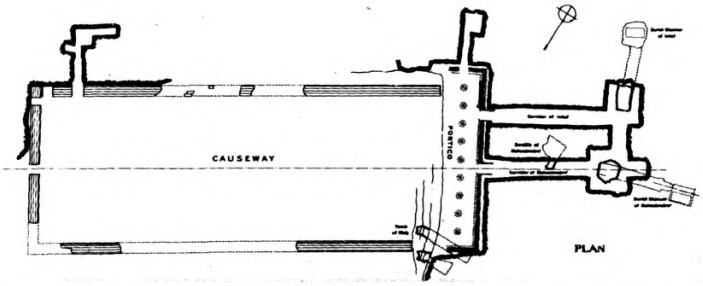
THE TOMB OF MEHENKWETRE: A SECTIONAL DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SLOPING CAUSEWAY LEADING UP TO THE ENTRANCE IN THE CLIFFS.—[*By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.*]



WHERE A GREAT FIND WAS MADE: THE CHAMBER OF MODELS BEFORE IT WAS OPENED.

The photograph shows the brick wall blocking the chamber and the crack above through which the first glimpse of the interior was obtained.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



THE TOMB OF MEHENKWETRE: A GROUND PLAN OF THE CAUSEWAY, PORTICO, AND TWO CORRIDORS RUNNING INTO THE CLIFF.—[*By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.*]

It was too late to do anything except to seal up the crack, set a guard for the night, and speculate till late on what we thought we had seen, and what the morning would bring to light.

The next three days were the busiest of our several careers. To clear that small chamber of its contents before the change of air loosened the friable shale of the ceiling, and yet not to remove the different objects before all the evidence was recorded and the necessary photographs taken, was a job requiring hard work and nice judgment. But it was done; and just in time, for, soon after we had everything out, the stones began to fall.

The set of models, by far the finest as regards completeness and preservation which have ever been found in Egypt—the two companies of soldiers from Meir are the only ones which compare in workmanship—present a picture of the life of an Egyptian noble and the activities on his estates which volumes of writing could not equal.

In the largest scene he is seated in a portico. Beside him four scribes enumerate and record the herds of cattle being driven before him.

From among these cattle the choicest beeves are selected, and they are shown in the model of a cow stable, some eating from a manger, and others being fed from a pile of green fodder. It is evident that they are being fattened—indeed, the model-maker has given them such proportions that they could not squeeze through the doors of the stable if they tried. A third model in this group is the slaughter-house, where two oxen, bound in the manner in which they are shown on the reliefs, are having their throats cut. A further set of three models gives us a picture of the disposition of the produce of the fields. Sacks of grain are brought to the granary, in the anteroom of which scribes take down the amount coming from each farm, and give credit to the proper person. It is measured out, carried up a flight of steps and dumped into bins. In another model, the baking of bread and cakes is proceeding on one side of a dividing wall, and the brewing of beer on the other. The third shows a weaving establishment with women workers.

The most interesting of the house models are two gardens, almost identical. A porch, whose roof is supported by eight brightly-painted columns, looks out on a tank surrounded by seven sycamore trees. In the models, the pool is lined with copper, and may possibly have held water when it was placed in the tomb. These models are especially interesting from an architectural point of view, as few traces of columns from private houses have come down to us.

The noble—he was a prince and chancellor of the kingdom about 2000 B.C., by name Mehenkwetre (an Egyptian equivalent of Heliodorus)—was evidently very fond of boating on the Nile, for no fewer than twelve different boats were found among this collection of models: boats rigged for sailing up stream, and others for paddling or rowing down-stream; comfortable boats, with large cabins and accompanying kitchen tenders, and smaller boats, for afternoon outings on the river.

Such is the life which the prince hoped to enjoy in the future world, through the magical virtue of these models.

AMBROSE LANSING.

Our next issue will contain illustrations in detail of the above-described models, which give a contemporary picture of daily life in Egypt 4000 years ago, of unique and extraordinary interest.

YIELDING SECRETS KEPT FOR 4000 YEARS: CLIFF TOMBS OF THEBES.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

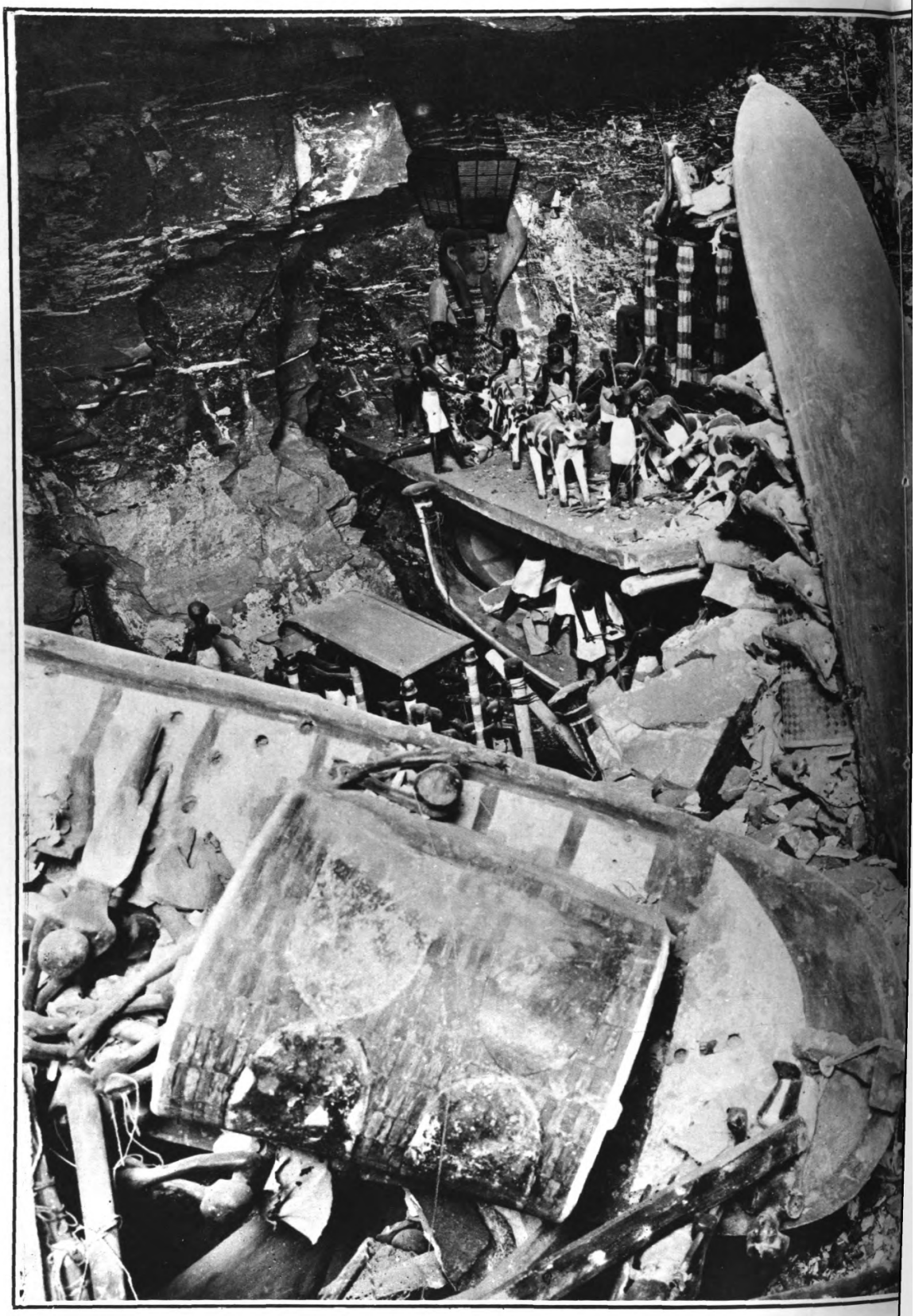


"EACH NOON AND EVENING A PROCESSION OF WORKMEN WENT DOWN FROM THE CLIFF CARRYING TRAY-LOADS OF MODELS": A REMARKABLE FIND BY AMERICAN DIGGERS IN EGYPT.



"GREAT BUTTRESSED CLIFFS OF TAWNY LIMESTONE PRACTICALLY ENCLOSE A DEEP CIRCUS": THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB (RIGHT) AND SLOPING CAUSEWAY LEADING UP TO IT.

The discovery, by American excavators in a cliff-tomb near Thebes, of a small chamber containing numerous little models—servants, boats, buildings, and so on—of Egyptian life 4000 years ago, ranks among the greatest archæological "finds" of recent years. They were buried near the tomb of Mehenkwetre Chancellor and Steward of the Royal Palace, about 2000 B.C., to serve him after death. The thrilling story of their chance discovery is told in the article opposite. "The site," writes Mr. H. E. Winlock, leader of the expedition, in the Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art," is weirdly impressive. The great buttressed cliffs of tawny limestone practically enclose a deep circus a quarter of a mile in diameter. . . . High above, around the rim of the circus, where the cliffs start vertically upward, are the black mouths of the tombs of the courtiers. Mehenkwetre had chosen the side of a mountain spur, grading the slope until he had an avenue 25 yards wide and 80 yards long which climbs the hill at an angle of 20 degrees. . . . We were three days photographing, planning, and removing the models from the tomb to the house. Each noon and evening a procession of workmen went down from the cliff carrying tray-loads."



SEEN THROUGH A HOLE IN A ROCK: A LITTLE WORLD OF F

The "find" illustrated on this and other pages is one of the most remarkable of all cases of "Digger's Luck." During the clearing of fallen rock from a c
thousand years ago, and I was gazing down into the midst of a myriad of brightly painted little men going this way and that. A tall, slender gir

By Courtesy of the Metropolita



OUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO REVEALED BY A BEAM OF LIGHT.

ridor, a small, dark hole was found. An electric torch was fetched. "The beam of light," writes Mr. Herbert E. Winlock, "shot into a little world of four gazed across at me perfectly composed." The discovery, which was made in Egypt, near Thebes, is fully described in an article on a previous page.

MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

SERVITORS OF THE DEAD: MODELS OF AN EGYPTIAN NOBLE'S LIFE.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



SMELLING A LOTUS BUD: MEHENKWETRE LISTENING TO HIS MINSTRELS, A SINGER AND A BLIND HARPER



THE PORTICO OF A THEBAN HOUSE: DETAIL FROM A MODEL OF A GARDEN SCENE.



WITH BASKETS OF WINE-JUGS, BREAD AND MEAT, AND EACH CARRYING A DUCK: MODELS OF GIRLS IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.



AN EGYPTIAN NOBLE'S LIFE 4000 YEARS AGO: MEHENKWETRE IN HIS PORCH COUNTING HIS CATTLE BEING DRIVEN PAST—A MODEL PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE ROCK-CHAMBER BEFORE ANYTHING WAS TOUCHED.

"The twenty-four models which Mehenkwetre had prepared for his tomb," writes Mr. H. E. Winlock, "to supply his wants in the years to come . . . depict the life of the Nile Valley 4000 years ago. . . . On either side of the chamber stood the statues of two girls—one with a basket of wine-jugs, and the other with a basket of meats and breads upon her head, and each with a live duck in her hand. They are carved of wood, half life-size. . . . Largest and most imposing of all was a model showing the noble at the counting of his cattle, in the court-yard before his house. Here he sits, with his son and heir squatting on the floor on one side, and four clerks on the other. . . . The figures average eight or nine inches high. . . . Two model gardens were provided for the soul of the great man—models which . . . are unique. . . . There is a cool, deep porch with gaily painted columns: at the back of the porch a great double doorway. . . . On each boat Mehenkwetre sits in his chair at his ease smelling a lotus bud, with a singer. . . . In one case the singer is accompanied by a blind harper."

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE human interest is a strong factor in collecting; ribands and glasses, snuff-boxes and locks of hair, and other personal relics are on a plane apart. It is difficult to gauge the tastes and predilections of otherwise easily understandable people. There was George Selwyn, wit and man of fashion, the friend of Walpole, who never missed an execution. When upbraided by a Duchess for his going to the Tower to see Lord Lovat's head cut off, he retorted, "I made full amends, for I went to see it sewn on again."

The collection of first editions, apart from intrinsic value, possibly grew from the curiosity to see what a shabby little volume the first edition of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" was, or to handle some of Dickens's serial parts in their green covers, which brought tearful remonstrances from his readers to deal tenderly with the heroine.

A three days' sale on April 4, 5, and 6, of valuable books, chiefly by celebrated English writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, conducted by Messrs. Sotheby, promises to be of unusual character. The largest and most important Kipling collection ever offered for sale, Lots 1 to 213, is to be offered as one lot. It comprises rarities hitherto unknown of this voluminous writer. It includes pamphlets published at a penny, now described as "exceedingly rare," and offered as one lot. The illustrated catalogue alone is an education in Kipling's activities. Robert Louis Stevenson has his first edition of "Treasure Island," 1883, but this came out serially in a defunct journal—"Young Folks' Weekly Budget"—under the auspices of Dr. Japp, published in the early 'eighties by Henderson and Son, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street. The field is large and varied—Harrison Ainsworth, Wilkie Collins, W. W. Jacobs, Gissing, and a score of others, all in first editions. The *bonne bouche* is a rare Shelley manuscript volume, "A Philosophical View of Reform," with notes of some of his poems, and a landscape drawing by Shelley of considerable merit. It is the most important Shelley manuscript item that has appeared for years.

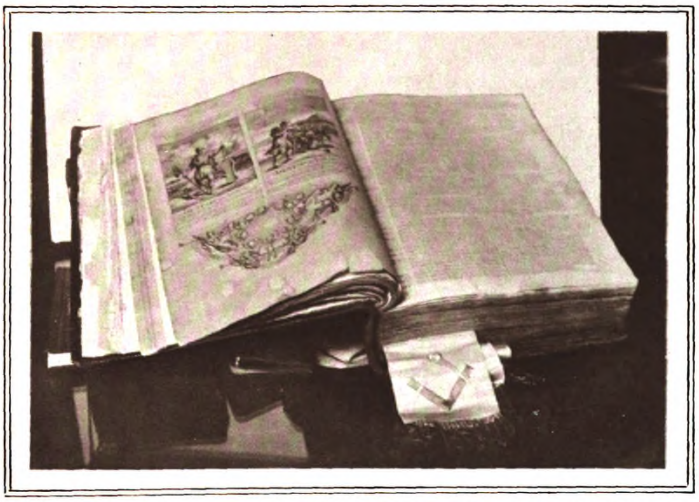
Autograph letters, when they come from a good fount, claim the reverence of posterity. The opening of the closet of a great *littérateur* may open the flood-gates of history. We all watch for the unexpected in unpublished letters. In yesteryears persons of station did not publish their intimate correspondence for a mess of pottage. There was one lady who held certain letters from the Duke of Wellington and threatened to make them public, to which the old Duke retorted laconically, "Dear Fanny, publish and be damn'd."

A two days' sale by Messrs. Sotheby on April 11 and 12 offers unusual items. There are the Redgrave Hall Muniments, manor rolls, charters, and deeds stored since the sixteenth century by Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper under Elizabeth, and his son, the half-brother to Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. The whole is to be offered, some 227 items, as one lot, or sold separately. Here is a chance for Baconians. What Shakespeare-Bacon find of cryptogrammatic virtue may be here enshrined! Other letters at the same sale include Fulke Greville's account of the £10,000 provided to convey the troops to Danzig to assist the King of Poland against the Turks. It has quite a modern ring, especially when we find that the Polish Ambassador, who received £2300, refused to refund it on the ground that the expedition never reached Danzig—"balances irrecoverable" again. A rich pool is that of the collection of autograph letters of the late Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford, the great-grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott. Dickens had his "Edwin Drood"; here is Scott's equivalent of "Edwin Drood"—the unpublished manuscript of a second series of his "Tales from French History." It was commenced in May 1831, laid aside, and never resumed. The publisher's reader was averse from its publication; but here it is, the fragment of a great genius, flickering and on the eve of extinction. The Scott papers embrace some 5000 letters to the Wizard of the North from the great men of his day.



USED AT GEORGE WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION: THE BIBLE ON WHICH PRESIDENT HARDING TOOK THE OATH—THE TITLE-PAGE.

At his inauguration as twenty-ninth President of the United States at Washington on March 4, Mr. Warren G. Harding took the oath on the Bible that was used when George Washington became the first President, in 1789, and stood by the table on which Lincoln's hand had rested. The title-page of the Bible (dated 1767) bears the imprint of "Mark Baskett, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty."—[*Photograph by Keystone View Company.*]



OPEN AT THE PAGE WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON PLACED HIS HAND WHEN TAKING THE OATH: THE HISTORIC BIBLE USED BY PRESIDENT HARDING AT HIS INAUGURATION.

The two illustrations on the left-hand page represent Genesis, XLIX., 13 and 14: "Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea; and he shall be for an haven of ships; and his border shall be unto Zidon. Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens." Zebulun is seen on the left, with net and anchor; Issachar, with an ass, on the right.

Photograph by Topical.

The Messrs. Robinson, Fisher, and Harding sold on the 17th a collection of pictures, the property of the Earl of Leven and Melville, and other properties. Connoisseurs found variety and charm. A red chalk drawing, a study of a lady holding a fan, by Watteau, came from the collection of Lady Henry Bentinck. Some interesting Miervelts, one signed and dated 1617, portraits of ladies, won favour. A Northcote portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds in brown coat, white vest, powdered hair, and wearing spectacles, came up for assessment.

On the 18th, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, in their sale of old English furniture and porcelain, included a set of six Hepplewhite chairs with shaped backs, the tops carved with Prince of Wales' feathers, and a Charles II. walnut marqueterie chest of drawers, inlaid with seaweed ornament.

On the same day the firm sold engravings, etchings, and modern drawings, including one or two nice items. There was a Helleu "Duchess of Marlborough," signed proof; Scott Bridgwater's "Mrs. Carnac," mezzotint, signed proof; some of Frank Short's signed-proof mezzotints after Turner's "Liber Studiorum," and other Turner pieces, including Lupton's "Sheerness" and "Scarborough," proofs before letters. F. Petitjean, with his "Le Coucher de la Mariée" and "Le Bain," in colours, signed proofs, was noticeable. Two portraits had a pedigree as coming from the collection of John Adams of Gosport, who married Caroline Wheatley—Hamilton's portrait of Francis Wheatley (an oval), and Downman's portrait of Mrs. Wheatley. "Morning" and "Evening," by J. Barney, after F. Wheatley, and "The Rapacious Steward" and the "Benevolent Heir" by H. Gillbank, after W. R. Bigg, in mezzotint, came up with untrimmed margins in fine condition.

Messrs. Christie on the 22nd were selling the property of the late Rev. J. F. W. Woodyeare, which included a powdered-blue ovoform vase, Kange-He, in *famille-verte*, enamelled with landscapes, and a pair of cylindrical powdered-blue vases painted with river scenes in blue. Other Kange-He examples offered were a *famille-verte* bowl, enamelled with a procession of boats, and a vase with flowering plants and rocks in panels. A Chelsea dessert service, painted with birds, trees, and branches of fruit, had the coveted gold anchor mark.

The important sale of Italian pictures and early English portraits, one of the most interesting of the season, conducted by Messrs. Christie on the 18th, produced the looked-for prices. In regard to the "Beggar's Opera," by Hogarth, we think of Swift, who suggested the idea of a Newgate pastoral to Gay. It was shown to Congreve, who read it and said: "It will either take greatly or be damned confoundedly." The play is having its run to-day, and Hogarth's picture of the cast (from the Huth collection) which was illustrated in *The Illustrated London News* of Feb. 19, claimed its guerdon from posterity.

"Miss Emelia Vansittart," painted by Reynolds in 1773, made a good price, as did Romney's portraits of the "Clavering Children," painted in 1777, a spirited piece, and "Lady Napier," a sound canvas—all three appearing in *The Illustrated London News* of March 12.

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

V.—"THE CONQUEST OF THE LAND."

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

OVER and over again in the history of animal life, representatives of aquatic stocks have colonised the dry land. Perhaps we should not be far wrong if we said that one of the great unspoken wishes of animals was to get out of the water. In any case, it is almost certain that the great majority of land animals arose from ancestors in the sea, some of them making the transition—which might require a million years—through fresh waters. If it be asked why land animals may not have begun on land, instead of being derived from marine ancestors, part of the answer is that land animals carry about in their bodies the tell-tale evidences of a marine or aquatic ancestry. Thus all embryo reptiles, birds, and mammals have gill-clefts on the sides of their neck, and in two or three cases, in reptile and bird, traces of the gills themselves have been recently found. These gill-clefts are of no use for breathing in reptiles, birds, and mammals; they are historic relics; they soon disappear, except the first one, which becomes a tube leading from the ear-passage to the back of the mouth. Then there is the very remarkable fact that the proportions of salts in the blood have a close correspondence with the proportions in sea-water, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the salt composition of even our own blood represents that of the seas of long ago—the early Cambrian period—when blood began.

The conditions of life on dry land are too difficult for beginners or apprentices. There is much more oxygen available than in the water; but it is not so easily captured. The skin of land animals requires protection, and it ceases to be able to absorb oxygen. In the water an animal can move up and down, along and anywhere; but a land animal is limited to one plane of movement—the surface of the earth; unless, indeed, it becomes a burrower, or a climber of trees, or learns to fly. A third great difficulty of the dry land, as compared with the water, is that it is impossible simply to drop the eggs or the young ones, as so many aquatic creatures do. The dry land is not a good cradle.

When we look at some parts of the dry land—the sand-dunes, the rocky island, the desert, the mountain-top—we feel at once that this is a haunt very much more difficult than the sea or the lake. It is plain that no great colonisation by animals was possible till after plants had prepared the way, and provided food, shelter, and moisture. There seems no doubt that long ages passed before land plants began; for while there are fossil-records of seaweeds in very ancient rocks, there are no definite records of land-plants before the time of the Old Red Sandstone; and it was not till ages after that that grass began to cover the earth like a garment. As to the origin of land plants, it is possible that very simple plants migrated from the sea to the fresh waters, and thence into the swampy ground, and gradually gave rise to a land vegetation, making, as it were, a fresh start. But one of our botanists has recently argued that the highly developed shore-vegetation of seaweeds may have given origin to the dry-land plants. If the coast was slowly raised, as it often was, the great seaweeds might be gradually transformed into land plants.

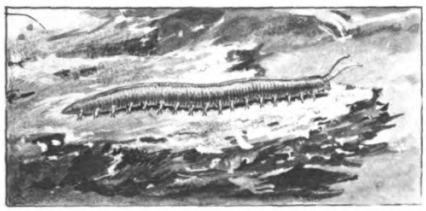


FIG. 6.—A SURVIVOR OF THE LEADERS OF THE SECOND GREAT INVASION OF THE LAND, AIR-BREATHING ARTHROPODS: THE "SHY AND ELUSIVE" PERIPATUS.



FIG. 7.—CREATURES TO WHICH THE SECOND INVASION OF THE LAND LED ON: CENTIPEDES.

In the conquest of the dry land one can distinguish three great invasions or colonisations. The first was the *Worm-Invasion*, led by simple worms, which had begun the profitable habit of moving with one end of the body always in front, and had, for the first time, acquired head-brains. It led on to the earthworms (Fig. 1), and its great result was the making of the fertile soil of the world. The second was the *Air-breathing Arthropod-Invasion*, led by simple jointed-footed animals, surviving in the shy and elusive Peripatus (Fig. 6), a sort of connecting-link between worms and insects. It led on to centipedes (Fig. 7), millipedes, insects, and spiders; and it seems fair to say that its great result was the establishing of a linkage between flowering plants and the insect-visitors who carry the fertilising golden dust or pollen from blossom to blossom (Fig. 8). The third was the *Backboned-Invasion*, led by the ancestors of our frogs and toads, and leading on to reptiles (Fig. 2), birds, and mammals. This was the opening-up of new possibilities for animals, and in the long run it led to man. No doubt there were other colonisations, like that which led to land-crabs (Fig. 3) and wood-lice; or that which led to snails and slugs; but the three greatest attempts to conquer the dry land were made by Worms, the air-breathing Arthropods, and Amphibians.

What did the conquest imply? It meant new ways of capturing the oxygen of the air, which keeps the fire of life burning. Thus insects got their air-tubes, carrying fresh air into every hole and corner of the body—surely part of the secret of their great activity; and amphibians got lungs, probably transformations of the swim-bladder of fishes. It was also a great event, probably beginning on the shore, when certain worms began to have red blood, for the iron-containing red pigment gave an increased power of capturing oxygen, and opened the portal of a more vigorous life. The capturing of air *inside* the body should be thought of in connection with the need for tougher skins, protecting the animal against too much heat and light, and the disappearance of gills.

In the water there is greater freedom of movement, and more "anyhow" movements are permissible; on land the movements have to be more precise and very quick. This meant better brains. The conquest of the land also led to new ways of caring for the young, such as hiding them in underground nests (Fig. 9), or keeping them within the mother's body for a long time before birth, or carrying them about after birth, as in kangaroos and opossums. A water-snail lays its eggs in the water, and they soon develop into free-swimming embryos; the Cape Peripatus carries its young before birth for over a year. When it became possible to take great care of the young creatures, it also became possible for animals to have smaller families without running any risk of losing their place in the sun. And this is curiously wrapped up with the growth of brains and the growth of love. The cod-fish has its two million eggs, and there is terrific infantile mortality; the golden eagle has usually two eggs, and the eaglets get a good start in life.

Of great interest are the betwixt-and-between animals, at present in transition between water and dry land. Thus the big robber-crab (Fig. 3) of some of the Pacific Islands goes up the mountains and climbs the coco-palms and breaks off the nuts. In a case like this there has to be a yearly journey to the sea, for the infancy has to be passed in the old aquatic home. On many tropical shores there is a fish called Periophthalmus (Fig. 4), which skips about among the rocks, hunting small animals, or climbs on the roots of the mangrove trees and looks round with strangely protruding, very mobile eyes.

Along with the dry land we must include the underground world in which many animals have sought safety. It is likely that earthworms sprang from a fresh-water stock (a few of them, like Alma and Dero, have still got gills); when they became terrestrial and discovered the possibility of living beneath the ground, they must have had for a time a sort of golden age, free from enemies. But other creatures made the same discovery, the centipedes first, then some carnivorous burrowing beetles, and, ages afterwards, the mole. This has always been the way of life. Another haunt is the cave, which has given shelter to blind (Fig. 5) and infirm animals, and to those who are in no way weaklings, but simply do not like the light of day.



FIG. 8.—HOW CATS CAN INCREASE THE CLOVER CROP: HUMBLE-BEES—THEIR FRIENDS AND FOES.

"Darwin showed," writes Professor Thomson, "that if the purple clover is to bear seed it must be visited by humble-bees carrying the fertilising golden dust or pollen. The field-mice, or voles, destroy the combs and grubs of the humble-bees. The cat from the cottage kills the field-mouse, though it does not eat it. The more cats, the fewer field-mice; the more humble-bees, and the better next year's clover crop! Such is the web of life."

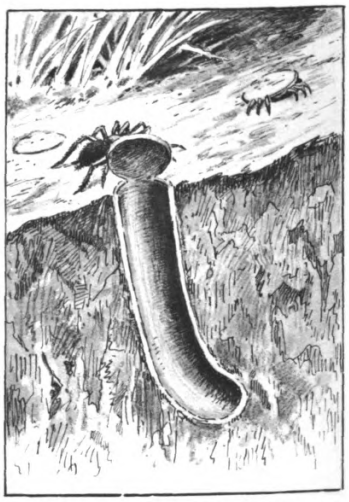
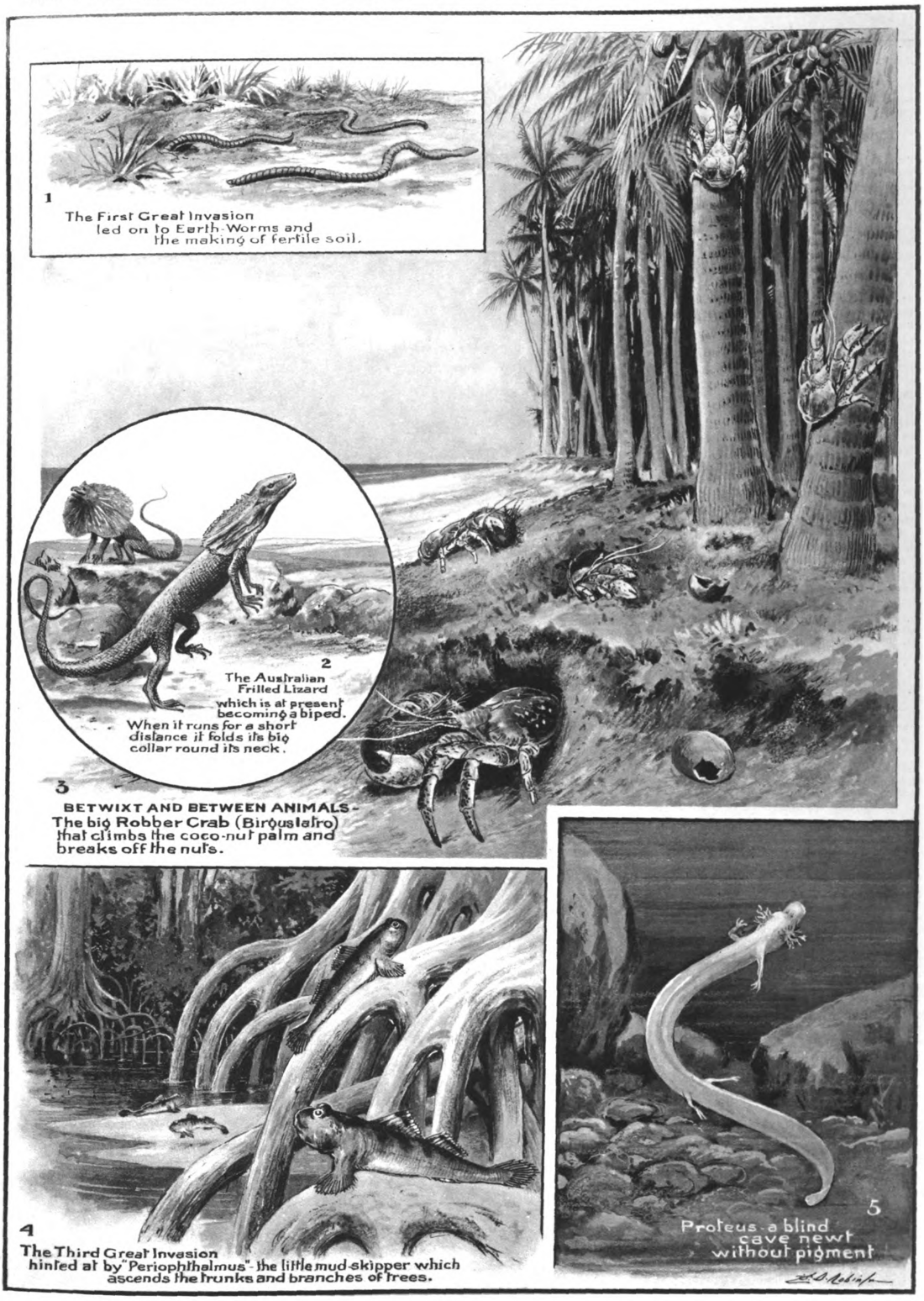


FIG. 9.—THE FIRST PLASTERER AND THE FIRST HINGE-MAKER: THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER AND ITS NEST.

"This interesting little animal was the first plasterer and the first hinge-maker. A carefully hinged door over the top prevents the ingress of all intruders." The nest in the foreground is shown in section, with lid opening. That on the left is closed, and that on the right almost closed, with the spider just disappearing inside.

HAUNTS OF LIFE: AQUATIC COLONISERS OF THE DRY LAND.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



V.—THE CONQUEST OF THE LAND: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S FIFTH LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Professor Thomson has already dealt with his first three lectures—"The School of the Shore," "The Open Sea," "The Great Depths," and "The Fresh Waters"—in his abridgments published, with illustrations, in our issues of February 26, March 5, 12, and 19. In the present number he tells the no less fascinating story of the colonisation of the dry land by aquatic creatures of the dim past, some of whose descendants still survive. In this land-colonising process, he tells us, there were three main stages—the Worm Invasion, the Arthropod Invasion, and the Back-boned Invasion. One of the surviving creatures that recall the last-named invasion is the African Mud-Fish, illustrated in our last issue. There are still some creatures, such as the Robber Crab of the Pacific Islands, in a "betwixt-and-between" stage of transition between the water and the land, and there are many amphibians.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

HEROISM, what an inspiring force it is! Ah! if in my Peter Pannish enthusiasm I had not been a critic, doomed to untoward neutrality, how I should have jumped on my seat at the Philharmonic Hall, and shouted myself hoarse in acclamation of that great comedy-drama, "The Ross Smith Flight," and its hero, who, in the simplicity of the humblest of mortals, yet in wonderful power of graphic description, studded with humour born of happy thoughts, tells a tale so thrilling, so inspiring, so uplifting that it dwarfs the modern romances of fiction, bar those of our prophetic genius, H. G. Wells. A film is not strictly drama, but a film such as this belongs to the World of the Theatre because it makes a theatre of the world, and encompasses in picture and in word all the noble thoughts and emotions of a lofty play. Talk of the educational power of the film—well, here it is *in excelsis*. In this journey of rare adventure and wonderful sights, there is more unobtrusive instruction than in a sheaf of books; above all, there is the manifestation of the virile qualities of valour and perseverance. Let every man, woman, and child behold "The Ross Smith Flight," and profit by its message of patriotism and progress.

. . . . . .

What a splendid, coercive brain has Mr Somerset Maugham! That "devil of a man," as our neighbours say affectionately of very clever people, shares with "G. B. S." the unique gift of setting up impossible propositions and impelling us to accept them seriously as if "people did such things." Besides, a doctor as well as many other things, he knows human nature inside out, and with a wit almost exotic in its nimbleness, he coins phrases as fraught with meaning as complete volumes. But in his audacity, and always inclined to judge humanity with his tongue in his cheek, he sometimes crystallises symptoms into an incorrect diagnosis which imperils the fate of his "case." It is thus in his latest Haymarket play, "The Circle," clever to a fault, vastly interesting, impossible of postulate, yet plausible until well-nigh the end, when his heroine, unmoved by the *beau geste* of her husband to set her free with ample means, elects to leave this man of small horizon, yet human possibilities, to follow the young lover who promises her nothing better than physical pleasure, a life of adventure and, in his own words depicting his character, a kind of purgatory existence that must end in unhappiness. No, my dear Maugham, she would not have gone with him, although you will force us to believe it. After all, you have painted her as a young, impressionable, womanly woman? Such a woman has a heart, and, when it is touched by unexpected revelations of generosity and love in her husband, there is likely to be introspection and reaction. The pit and gallery felt that, and did not mince matters; and we, too, felt sorry that a fine piece of work was blurred by an unacceptable, cynical ending. The acting was as admirable as the portrayals by the author: Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Leon Quartermaine all added to their laurels. By gad, there is some fine acting in London these days!

. .

Yes, there is! Whatever may be said against "The Ninth Earl," by Rudolph Besier and May Edginton—that it is melodrama of a novelette pattern, that it is a one man's play, that it is not of the same distinguished fibre as Besier's usual work—the fact remains that the character-drawing of the ex-convict-Earl is a fine piece of work. There is life in it, and soul, and the tragic note, and such agony as creates infinite sympathy under the surface; there is more—there is a fierce condemnation of our prison system, which degenerates men into automatons, and sends back into the world wreckage instead of mended craft. But that is another story, of such portent that I dare not go further than mere indication in this page. Let all who take interest in criminology



A RELEASED CONVICT WHO HAS INHERITED A PEERAGE, AND HAS NO FRIENDS: MR. NORMAN McKINNEL AS THE EARL OF RADENHAM, IN "THE NINTH EARL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

and the criminal see the play. It will open their eyes, as well as their hearts. Above all, their hearts, for Mr. Norman McKinnel's impersonation is an achievement of such power, such feeling, such human chording of every accent, that I do not hesitate to apply to it the word of which I am so chary—the word "great"! To summarise my impression, I can but think of one tragic character of which this Ninth Earl is a kind of modern counterfoil—King Lear. Yet I would alter one part of the conception which Mr. McKinnel, being actor *and* producer at the same time has not rightly focussed. The long soliloquy in the last act—that self-examination of a lonely soul who, in his solitude, speaks to himself of himself and the woes that rend his bosom — should not be spoken to the audience, it should be uttered, as it were, over the table at which he takes his meal in solitude. That would be the right aspect—the other is theatrical, and not in the picture. This said, there remains but a chorus of praise for the new actor-manager, of whom great things were expected, and who, in one march, has reached the summit. In Miss Jessie Winter he had a charming companion on the thorny path. In the last act she was truly touching—I thought of that symbolic saying: the heart of a woman can turn a desert into a Garden of Eden.

. . . . . .

Do those who follow the blessed work in honour of Shakespeare at the "Old Vic" realise that the young generation is grappling with a titanic task—realise what it means to play "The Merchant of Venice" to-day, "Julius Cæsar" to-morrow, "Hamlet" anon, with endless rehearsals to fill in the gaps? And these herculean efforts are conspicuous—thanks to the vigilance of the "Old Vic's" excellent producer, Mr. Robert Atkins—for their smoothness and ease; these hard-working young people are "word-perfect," however much is demanded of them. This is itself a noteworthy fact, since many a West-End production betrays signs of unreadiness after weeks of rehearsal. When, in addition, individual achievement, unheralded and unparagraphed, reaches a remarkable level, it is a matter for congratulation to the young actors whose devotion and labour are thus rewarded, and to Miss Baylis, whose "Home of Shakespeare" gives them golden opportunities.

Mr. Ernest Milton's "Hamlet," coming, as it does, after a racial and powerful Shylock, an eloquent Mark Antony, and an impassioned Romeo is a stepping-stone in his career. Two years ago his Hamlet was an arresting figure. Now, having lost nothing of his sensitiveness, he has rounded off corners, and broadened his conception. And what he gives us is sincere—free of extravagant "business" invented beneath the midnight oil. We feel that such as this may Hamlet well have been: determined on the deed of revenge, vacillating as to the when and how, brooding at one moment, the next rapid in speech as a river in spate—a slim, lonely figure, his energy lamed by the self-questionings of youth, doubt, and shattered illusions. We may find matter for criticism here and there, but Ernest Milton has shown us something of the very soul of Hamlet.

There is plenty of other talent rallying round the banner of Miss Baylis: Florence Saunders, whose temperament matches her picturesque beauty; Mary Sumner, of the tender notes and gentle dignity; Rupert Harvey, a sound and manly actor, whose Hamlet should prove interesting; Wilfrid Walter — to mention but a few in an enthusiastic company.



THE FRIENDLESS EARL PAYS £2000 TO GET RID OF FALSE ACQUAINTANCES: THE END OF ACT II. OF "THE NINTH EARL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From left to right the figures are: Miss Jessie Winter as Margot Sexton, Miss Frances Wetherall as Mrs. Sexton, Mr. Lindsay as Mr. Sexton, Mr. Fletcher as Andrew Sexton, Mr. Norman McKinnel as the Earl.—(*Photo. Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.*)

. . .

Hail! Hayden Coffin, on your return to comic opera! So the prophecy proffered to you at the O.P. dinner of Grossmith and Laurillard has come true. What feelings must have heaved your breast when, after "umpteen" years, on the self-same stage of the Empire whence started your fame, we greeted you with a rousing cheer! Nor has time marred your youth; evergreen, a better actor than before, a voice still ringing with emotion, you were an outstanding figure in "The Rebel Maid." Now let them give you a real song to sing, and once more you will be the king of the playgoers' heart!

POPULAR WITH PARIS REVELLERS, AS IN LONDON: THE TOY BALLOON.

DRAWN BY RENE LELONG.



A TOY THAT ADDS TO THE GAIETY OF DANCES IN PARIS AS IN LONDON: A "BATTLE OF BALLOONS" AT A MI-CARÊME BAL MASQUÉ AT THE OPERA.

No fancy-dress dance is complete nowadays without a plentiful supply of toy balloons. All in different colours, they add brilliance to the scene, while at the same time they lend themselves admirably to the uses of frivolity. They can be dropped from above on to the heads of the dancers, bandied lightly from hand to hand, kicked about like airy footballs, or driven with mock ferocity into pretty faces and against gleaming shoulders without fear of offence. They evoke naturally a spirit of mirth and joyous frolic. As our drawing shows, the toy balloon is as popular in Paris as in London. The particular scene represented is a Bal Masqué at the Opera during Mi-Carême, got up by the Maison des Journalistes. There was a procession of the Paris theatres, each represented by characters from its current programme. Dancing took place all over the theatre, on the floor of the house, on the stage, in the foyer, and in the galleries. The revelry reached its height when a cloud of balloons descended from the boxes on to the dancers below.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

The Irish Problem Through French Eyes.

The article printed below is a condensation of one by M. Ludovic Naudeau, the well-known French writer, who was sent to Ireland by our contemporary "L'Illustration," in order that he might study the Irish question on the spot and report upon it. M. Naudeau is unbiassed, and it is particularly interesting, therefore, to see how the problem of Ireland appears to a Frenchman of knowledge and experience.

WHEN, on arriving at a hotel in London, I found all the war-time questioning renewed, I naturally thought that it would be much worse when I got to Dublin. But nothing of the kind occurred. I was presented with a pre-war visitors' book, in which I signed my name, and that was all. There were no signs of terrorism. I thought I had been deceived. Where was the terror I had heard so much of?

On my way from the boat to the hotel, I passed through streets which were brilliantly lit; all the largest shops were open; the jewels sparkled in the electric light; there were crowds at the doors of the picture palaces. Huge tram-cars lumbered along; unarmed soldiers walked about mingling with the crowd, some of them flirting with servant girls. In the public-houses men were drinking beer and spirits. As in London and Paris, women, young girls, and children were walking about the streets, obviously quite unafraid. The soft white mist of a mild winter evening increased the feeling of rather dull peacefulness.

I dined late, I wrote some letters, and then decided to explore the streets. The hotel porter warned me that the curfew would soon be sounded, and that no one was allowed to walk about the streets after ten, and that if I did I ran the risk of being arrested, and perhaps even shot. On hearing this, I promptly returned to my room and started studying Irish history. At one in the morning, just as I was getting off to sleep, the sound of an explosion startled me. Then I heard firing, which was going on in the fog at 500 or 600 metres away from the hotel. So people do fight in the Dublin streets at night? Then another bomb exploded, then again the sound of firing, then silence; and I fell asleep, having previously come to the conclusion that such things apparently did happen.

The Sinn Fein Leaders.

The soldiers, the guns that can be seen about the streets—all the forces directed by the Viceroy and Sir Hamar Greenwood—seem so predominant that it is really difficult to believe that there are people mad enough to oppose the orders of Dublin Castle. And yet there exist, in the very heart of Dublin, other authorities, other leaders, who have the sympathy of an immense majority of the population. There is another Governing Force; the English do not see it, cannot discover it; they only feel its organisation. Some London Sinn Feiners, by means unknown to me, recommended me to their Dublin confederates, and, twenty-four hours after my arrival, some harmless-looking emissaries managed to let me have an address where I would meet some of the chief Sinn Fein leaders, who were actually wanted by the police and on the run. I found these leaders, not in the midst of a dark forest, or in the Donegal caves; nor were they desperate-looking fugitives: they were most ordinary in appearance, occupying a commonplace house or office in Dublin. The fact that they were inconspicuous was of great advantage to them. They were men of whom the British authorities heard daily, but of whom they actually knew nothing at all, and whose exact description they have not even got. I did not see Mr. De Valera, it is true, but that was merely because I did not want to see him, and because his lieutenants proved to me how dangerous the smallest imprudence would be to him, and I did not want the responsibility of running him into any risks. But I have often had prolonged interviews with those who belong to the Sinn Fein General Staff, and who a short time previously had conferred with the President of the possible future Republic. One of them said to me—

"What paralyses the British authorities in Ireland is the lack of a good Intelligence Department. They do not know us. They know nothing about us. In India the British Intelligence Department is a marvellous thing. And why? Because it consists chiefly of natives who spy on their fellow-countrymen. But here the situation is different. There are but few Irishmen who are willing to serve Dublin Castle, and those are known, watched, and isolated. Nowadays Irish national feeling is so strong that betrayal is almost impossible. You will understand why presently. Every Irishman does not take part in the Sinn Fein war, but every Irishman feels sympathetically towards us. Our Intelligence Department is the whole nation, unanimously devoted to the idea of its liberation. Consequently, if an Irishman with a sordid mind feels inclined to betray his confederates, he is immediately found out and denounced by all the Irishmen who surround him and who are not traitors. Our strength lies in


IRISH WAR NEWS
THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

PUBLISHED DURING THE EASTER REBELLION OF 1916 IN DUBLIN: THE FIRST AND ONLY COPY OF THE "IRISH WAR NEWS."

The paper is dated "Dublin, Tuesday, April 25, 1916." The article on the front page compares the state of Ireland to that of England if conquered by Germany. Under "Stop Press" (elsewhere) is a statement that "The Irish Republic was proclaimed in Dublin on Easter Monday, 24 April," with the names of seven members of the "Provisional Government."

Photograph supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

the fact that we are fighting in our own country amidst a population which is devoted to us, which sees in Sinn Fein the sword of its people—a population which know, loves, and helps us—whereas the English are not in their own country: in spite of a domination of seven centuries, they know nothing of Ireland. Our island, though insufficiently populated—or rather, depopulated through emigration enforced


IRISH HISTORY THAT HAS REPEATED ITSELF: "AN ATTACK ON THE POLICE BY THE INSURGENTS UNDER SMITH O'BRIEN," IN 1848.

The crowd attacking the police barracks is armed with blunderbusses, pikes, scythes, and pitchforks. The police are firing from the windows.

Contemporary Print, supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

by the English—is nearly as large as Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland put together. The English keep here, on a war footing, 60,000 soldiers, and about 15,000 auxiliary police, and these forces are supplied with several thousand armoured cars, tanks, lorries, and aeroplanes, and that at a minimum cost of £250,000 a week. Well, 60,000 or 75,000 men mean something, but they are quite insufficient to dominate a country like ours. Let us be quite frank. In order to reduce us, England has not got either the enormous army of occupation which would be necessary, or the Intelligence service without which she is helpless. Our tactics are to make the occupation of Ireland very expensive for the British, and a thoroughly bad job. They will end by clearing out. We feel no hatred towards the English individually: you will notice that their commercial travellers and journalists can travel about the country in all security. We only attack the British Government, the representatives of British authority—that is to say, the oppressors who make us suffer."

(Here M. Naudeau goes on to state the difficulties of a Frenchman with regard to the Irish, especially owing to their attitude during the war. He warns them most emphatically that views such as those put forth in the *Irish Review* regarding Germany will never gain them the sympathy of the French.)

The Irish Cause.

Let us put our case clearly. In 1916, intellectual Ireland, exasperated by her hatred of Great Britain, speculated on the triumph of Germany, on which she had founded all her hopes. And it is enough for us to ask ourselves what would have happened to Europe generally, and what would have been the fate of France in particular, if these hopes had been realised, to temper our pity with lucid and firm reasoning, which, however, must not make us misjudge the justice of the Irish cause. Now the Sinn Fein leaders tell us: "In 1916 we did not betray anybody, for during seven centuries Ireland has continued to declare that she was not English, and that she would not be English. . . . Ireland loves France, but her love of France is less great than her hatred of British tyranny. Had she been free in 1914, she would then have spontaneously offered her sword to France; but as she was not free, she had to think of her own freedom first." . . .

English Opinion.

It would, of course, be presumptuous and interfering for us to attempt to arbitrate on the subject of the present state of Ireland, which shows no signs of becoming quieter for some time to come; and it is certainly not our place to meddle in this conflict, of which British statesmen must be better judges than we are as to what is the best means of securing the peace of the Empire. But it will not be indiscreet for us to state that opinion in England differs greatly on the Irish question. . . . Therefore, a foreigner, a friend, should not offend British susceptibilities by carefully examining the contradictory and exasperating aspects of the most complicated of European problems. And perhaps, just because we are impartial (we who desire, in our own national interest, before all things the power and prosperity of our ally), we may be able to make some opportune remarks. Are the measures which Britain uses for the coercion of Ireland always those which are the best for the security of the Empire? Is it expedient, is it prudent, in order to repress the striving after independence of a little Western community, to employ the same means which all European nations use pitilessly in their colonies should coloured races attempt the smallest rebellion? Can a white race, intellectually equal to the most civilised nations, and which has produced many great men, be treated after the manner of a savage tribe? Can a white race, even one of the greatest, hold under its dominion, in Europe, another white race, physically less strong, but morally her equal?

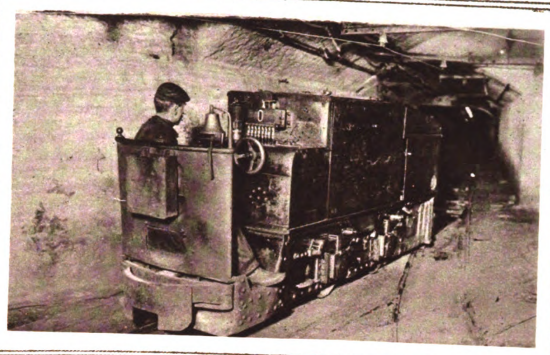
"But who says that Ireland is a nation? Do the Irish *form* a nation? Have they ever been a nation?" protested one of my English friends in Dublin. "You say 'nation.' But what if I reply: 'Not a nation, but a rebel province!' How were the insurgents of La Vendée treated? We English must either decide to evacuate Ireland or, if we think that we must prevent the secession of a territory which we have owned for seven centuries, it is essential that we *should* make ourselves respected, which we cannot do by amiable means. Assassins lie in wait for us daily, we are harassed by a continual guerrilla, and, as it is quite obvious that the whole of Ireland is in the conspiracy, we must punish the whole country in self-defence."

T' is concise declaration was quite logical, but it increased my doubts. Is Ireland a nation? A persecuted nation has the right to use all means to gain its independence. The same means, however, cease to be heroic and become mere criminal folly when used by a rebellious province. Once more, is Ireland a nation? Is there a moral justification for the murders committed? To try and find this out, I travelled for six weeks throughout Ireland—from Dublin to Cork and Limerick, and from Galway to Belfast.

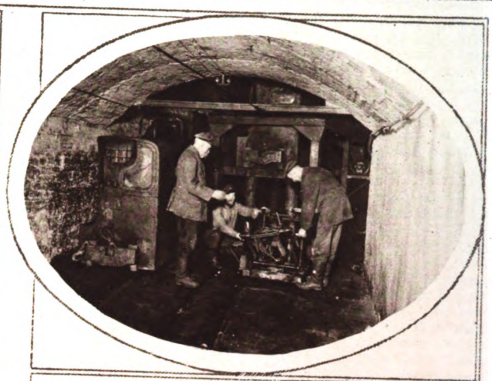
(*To be continued next week.*)

SAID TO FAVOUR POLAND FOR THE PLEBISCITE: SILESIAN COAL-MINERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



UP-TO-DATE MINING METHODS IN UPPER SILESIA: A BENZOL-DRIVEN ENGINE IN THE RICHTERSCHACHT MINE.



FITTED UP HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW GROUND: AN ENGINE-REPAIRING WORKSHOP IN THE MATHILDEGRUBE MINE.



MINERS' CLOTHES HUNG HIGH ON PADLOCKED CHAINS, AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST PICKPOCKETS: A CLOAK-ROOM FOR GERMAN MINERS, NEAR KATTOWITZ.



WOMEN AS COAL-MINERS IN UPPER SILESIA: A GANG OF GIRLS REMOVING A LOADED TRUCK.



WITH RUNNING WATER AT THE SIDE: AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE BETWEEN TWO COAL-MINES NEAR KATTOWITZ.

The province of Upper Silesia in Prussia, on the Polish border, is a centre of interest just now in connection with the Plebiscite to be held there in April to determine whether it shall belong to Germany or Poland. Its importance is largely due to the fact that it contains a great coal-field. The voting is likely to be very close, as the two nationalities are much mixed, especially in the Kattowitz district. It is expected that a large majority of the coal-miners will favour Poland, also most of the peasants and villagers living east of the Oder. The ironworkers, railway employees, and educated classes, it is thought, will vote for Germany. A company of leading Berlin actors and actresses are touring the chief towns with German plays by way of propaganda, as they did in Schleswig. Our photographs, some of them taken 600 ft. below ground, illustrate the modern methods used in Silesian coal-mines, and the employment of women.

LADIES' NEWS.

QUITE a large party had the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley—which is indeed a palatial place, where things are royally done—to meet the most important quartette in the Empire. In 1911 the same party stayed at Plâs Machynlleth as the guests of Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest. The Prince of Wales had not then "grappled to his soul with hoops of steel" the hearts of the people; and Princess Mary was little more than a child. Now this quartette that stayed at Knowsley holds all our hopes and engages all our loyalty. They went up in a train beautifully florally decorated, and returned in one equally beautiful, the flowers arranged by the specialist whose work their Majesties most appreciate. The royal party returned on Monday, and will spend Easter at Windsor, where they will stay for some little time.

At the private view of the American Contemporary Art Exhibition, I found that many people who understand art were puzzled over many of the pictures. The Duchess of Rutland, attended by her stalwart Duke, went from canvas to canvas looking wonderingly at her catalogue and then at the picture. The Duchess of Buckingham, who had a one-woman show of her own work the other day, asked many friends what they thought, and got very varied answers. Lady Randolph Churchill talked of many things rather than art. Lady Leslie and Lady Ribblesdale were other Americans who looked much and said little. Lady Sarah Wilson, very smartly turned out, frankly enjoyed meeting friends, and forgot pictures. Lady Cynthia Graham and her daughter, quite unconsciously, made a more delightful picture than any on the walls. Lord and Lady Sligo made laughing remarks, received many congratulations on their eldest girl's engagement to Earl Stanhope—which is to culminate in a wedding on April 16—and seemed to like a few of the pictures very much.

Princess Margaret of Denmark's engagement to Prince René of Bourbon-Parma disposes of rumours that she was to be betrothed to a British Prince. Her mother was an Orleans Princess, so they are connections. Prince René is one of a family of eighteen, seventeen of whom are alive. The youngest, Prince Gaetan, is sixteen. The ex-Empress Zita of Austria is one of his sisters; and Prince Sixte, an elder brother, figured conspicuously in the war by being the medium for letters trying to make peace for Austria. Prince Sixte married in 1919 a daughter of a Duke of Doudeauville, and they live in Paris, where the newly betrothed couple will live after their marriage. Prince Felix, another brother, married in 1919 the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg. One of her sisters is in the Benedictine Convent in the Isle of



A CHIC TAFFETAS COSTUME.
An entirely new and original idea is this modified redingote effect made of black taffetas with white embroidery.
Photograph by Crown Inc., Paris.

Wight. Being a member of so large a family, the Prince has many connections. Queen Alexandra, who has always taken the greatest interest in her motherless niece, is pleased with the engagement, but would doubtless have liked her niece to settle in England. She has been here a great deal, and loves London.

The Season proper will not really set in before May, although during next month we shall have several weddings of importance, including that of the Earl of Dalkeith and Miss Mollie Lascelles. May promises quite a gay time, and the visit of the Crown Prince of Japan in that merry month will be marked by brilliant entertaining at Buckingham Palace. I believe two Courts will be held, one before and one after Ascot, in June, and things will be kept humming until the end of July. Last season they thinned out rather towards the end of that month.

Dress parades were an excitement of last week. Several big West-End houses showed their models in this way. I noticed in one or two a distinct movement towards the Elizabethan style of dress. It was tentative, and met with approval from several of those whose *flair* for clothes is acknowledged. There were skirts wired out at the hips in the narrow way, which probably fore-ran the all-round distended skirts of the days of good Queen Bess, and there were undoubtedly the straight Tudor bodices. What was not of that time were the fabrics, which were soft, if rich. Elizabethan stiffness was not reintroduced. The ruff made no reappearance at the dress shows, but I saw two white lawn ruffles at the Grand Military on quite smart-looking women, and very becoming they proved. In comparison to Elizabeth's ruffs they were in miniature, but ruffles might blossom into ruffs, given time, and our necks have been left *au naturel* for so long that we should delight in dressing them up again.

A. E. L.

Sapo carbonis detergens is the name by which the medical profession knows Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It was the first of its kind, and it still keeps pride of place. It is specially useful for the nursery, and, indeed, everywhere.

Pleasure cruises to Norway, so popular before the war, are to be resumed by the Orient Company in June. Their new s.s. *Ormuz* (14,167 tons, 10,000 h.p.) will make six cruises, each of thirteen days, sailing from Immingham Dock (Grimsby). The fare will range from twenty-five guineas upwards, and includes meals, attendance and baths. The steamer will navigate many of the best-known fjords, and call at thirteen attractive places. During most of the time the ship will be in sheltered waters. Shore excursions and overland trips have been arranged. A full programme can be obtained from any of the Orient Company's offices or agencies.



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Revised Price List dated 21st March obtainable from all Motor Dealers.



OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris

IN a small glass-factory, not very far from Paris, two enthusiastic men claim to have rediscovered the secrets of the ancient glazier's art, and to be able to reproduce the beautiful old stained glass of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with all the true colourings. The story, as recently told in an open letter to the Ministère des Beaux Arts, is something of a romance.

It was in 1912 that M. Fayet, a well-known art collector, and owner of the famous Abbaye de Fontfroide, a twelfth-century Cistercian monastery, decided that he would replace the windows of the little chapel attached to the Abbaye with the best modern glass procurable. Ten years previously, M. Fayet had employed an artist by the name of Richard Burgsthal to do a series of large water-colours on special Chinese paper, for the great hall of the Abbaye. By placing these between sheets of glass, the discovery was made of the possibility of giving the illusion of stained glass. They immediately set to work to improve on this for the windows of the little chapel, but in 1914 came the war. M. Burgsthal was called to the colours, and remained in the trenches for four years. No sooner was he demobilised than he returned without delay to his researches, and after countless experiments, which resulted first in the discovery of one colour process and then another, the "Chartres" blue, the ruby-red, at last all the old colours were faithfully reproduced. M. Burgsthal claims to have rediscovered the ancient process of colouring the glass *en masse*, so that the raw material is impregnated with the colour, and mixed with a solution of iron which gives the depth of tone. Careful examination of glass taken from the famous windows of Chartres and Rheims Cathedrals has proved this theory to be correct, and now that M. Burgsthal claims to be in a position to reproduce this glass exactly in his factory, his discovery will have a world-wide effect. M. Fayet and M. Burgsthal are now offering to restore the glass in Rheims Cathedral, which suffered so terribly from the German guns. If the French Government decide to accept this generous offer, the scientific world will have an opportunity of seeing for themselves this modern miracle, for it is no less.

It is a long time since Paris has had a really good "Apache" play. In "Cœur de Lilas," Messrs. Tristan Bernard and Henry Hirsch have produced a powerful drama in three acts, which grips the spectators and gives them a series of thrills right to the end. There is, of course, a crime, the reconstruction of which provides an opportunity for some fine acting, and incidentally, too, a little friendly parodying of some representatives of the law. There is, for instance, the fussy *juge d'instruction*, who insists on copious measurements being taken of everything, whether relevant or not to the crime; behind him sits the indifferent and bored *avocat*, who says not a word, but fingers his *dossier* absently throughout the proceedings. Then there is the enthusiastic police-sergeant, who goes off at a tangent on what is quite obviously the wrong scent, and the emotional young clerk who falls in love with the heroine. The piece is full of humanity and works out to an interesting and unexpected conclusion.



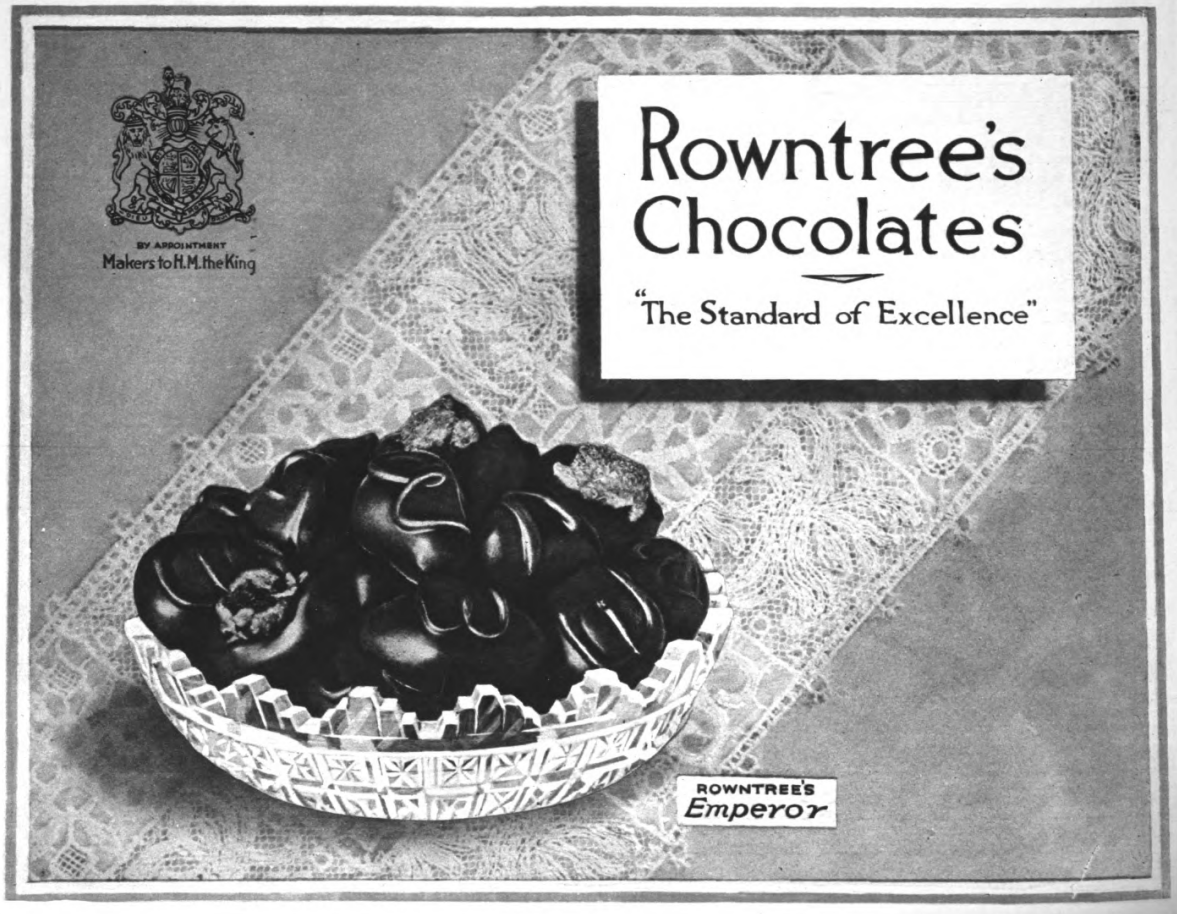
AN IMPORTANT MATCH ON THE NEW COURTS AT LA FESTA: MLLE. LENGLEN AND MAJOR KINGSCOTE PLAYING MISS RYAN AND MR. F. G. LOWE.

At the Porte Saint Martin, "Madame Sans-Gêne" is a very welcome revival, and has come out as fresh and up-to-date as ever. The wit is just as pointed, and the dialogue rings as true as when it was first produced at the Vaudeville in 1893. Even those who remember the brilliant performance of Mme. Réjane, when she created the part of the vulgar, good-hearted washerwoman, have little fault to find with the interpretation of Mlle. Mistinguett, famous on the music-hall stage, whose selection for the part was a happy inspiration of the producers.

NEW ATTRACTIONS AT MONTE CARLO.

LAWN-TENNIS is now an institution among the English who winter on the Riviera. The initiative taken by the Société des Bains de Mer and Cercle des Etrangers at Monaco, the energy of the Nice Lawn-Tennis Club on the Place Mozart, to say nothing of the popularity of the courts at Cannes and elsewhere, no doubt fired the ambition of M. Camille Blanc to score a point for the Riviera in the Principality for which he and his father have done such splendid service. The ideal for Monte Carlo is undoubtedly to provide a pleasure-ground from which no form of attraction is missing, and this is what M. Camille Blanc has achieved. The old music-hall and dancing-room known to visitors of earlier years as "La Festa" has been covered in, and the basement now serves as one vast garage for public and private automobiles. The new arrangements have been much appreciated by tennis players, as the courts are within a few minutes of the sunlit terraces and gardens of the Casino. After the marked success of the recent international tournament held at La Festa, its position and popularity may be said to be definitely established. The courts were the scene of yet another Lenglen victory, and over £1000 worth of souvenirs were received by winning players. The opening of the La Festa courts was, in fact, not only a sporting event of considerable importance, but a social carnival of equal magnitude. A large number of the distinguished visitors to the different towns on the Côte d'Azur assembled to see the play and inspect the new attractions of Monte Carlo.

Travellers to the Continent welcomed the reintroduction, on March 21, of the night service from London to Paris *via* the Newhaven-Dieppe route of the Brighton and French State Railways. Most of the pre-war facilities by this route, including baggage registration, reservation of seats, and through bookings, have now been restored. In the few years prior to the war several improvements were made. Following the addition of the turbine steamers *Newhaven* and *Rouen* to the fleet, came the *Paris*, which materially shortened the sea crossing. Then came the opening of the Pontoise route between Dieppe and Paris in 1913. The journey was thus reduced to 104 miles, a saving of twenty miles over the Dieppe-Rouen-Paris line. A feature of the new Pontoise route is the beautiful scenery, and the absence of tunnels.



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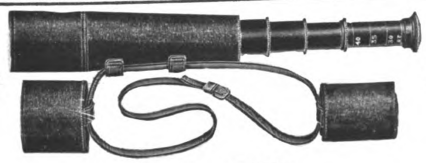


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"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

MISS CLEMENCE DANE can write a play, can work out in the theatre an interesting theme in a way that enchains her audience's attention. The discovery of that fact is worth being enthusiastic about, for our list of accomplished dramatists is none too large. Not only are there ideas in her first stage work; Miss Dane also shows confident technique. We are asked in her story to suppose that the Majority Report of the Divorce Commission has been carried into law; that a wife can, under certain conditions, divorce her husband on grounds of lunacy. The heroine of "A Bill of Divorcement" has thus freed herself from a man she had married too hastily, and is on the verge of marriage with a man she really loves. At this awkward moment her husband comes home professedly cured; for years under ward, he has no knowledge of the state of the law or of his wife's action or feelings, and she has to break the truth to him. It would be plainer sailing for her if she had not a mid-Victorian conscience, a sense of pity, and an instinct for self-sacrifice; therefore the argument weighs with her that he needs her more. But there is a young daughter of the unhappy marriage, engaged to a fiancé herself, but possessing all the frankness, intellectual curiosity, and courage of modern youth. If lunacy often skips one generation, then obviously she ought not to marry, and with tainted blood in her veins ought to look after her father and give her mother her chance of joy in life. So she decides: a rather staggering decision it is in these days, when youth so often claims to be served first. The play is beautifully acted. Both Miss Meggie Albanesi as daughter, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite as the wife, give exquisitely natural performances; Mr. Malcolm Keen puts colour and pathos into his study of the cured lunatic; and Mr. Aubrey Smith's easy, unexaggerated style is also of service to the author.

Pascall's well-known Royal Taste chocolates now deserve their name literally as well as metaphorically, as, when the Queen visited the famous Pascall chocolate factory at Mitcham, she actually conducted one of the operations for making it. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Mary, and attended by Lady Bertha Dawkins, Sir Derek Keppel, and Mr. Harry L. Verney. The royal party arrived in the afternoon, and were received by Mr. Sydney Pascall, Managing Director, and Messrs. Wilfrid G. Pascall, A. P. Jones, and S. E. Perkins, Directors of the Company. The Queen first inspected the rest rooms, large dining hall, kitchen and appointments, and expressed herself delighted with the excellent organisation of these departments, as well as the welfare and new school buildings. The main object of the visit was, however, to see how the chocolates were made, and both the Queen and Princess Mary were most interested in the various processes employed in the manufacture of the "Ambrosia" Full Cream Devonshire Milk Chocolate, the Royal Taste, and Versailles chocolates. They spent some time in the Novelty and Fancy Departments, seeing the making and dressing of the dolls and figures. The Queen was so taken with the figure of Chu Chin Chow that she carried one away with her. Before leaving, Miss Joan Pascall, daughter of the Managing Director, presented the Queen and Princess with magnificent boxes of Royal Taste and Versailles chocolates.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE PASCALL CHOCOLATE FACTORY AT MITCHAM.

A group showing the Queen and Princess Mary, with Mr. Sydney Pascall, Managing Director of the Company, his daughter, Miss Joan Pascall, and other Directors.

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CHESS.

F W RENWICK (Rodborough).—You had better try again at 3854. You should always suspect the accuracy of a solution that begins with a check.

AHMAD MIRZA (Decca, Bengal).—Your other problem will appear in due course, and we shall always be pleased to consider further contributions.

C WILLING (Philadelphia).—Acceptable, as always. Many thanks.

JOHN LOBSHIRE (Toronto).—We fear it would be stirring up troubled waters to recur to the problem you mention; we had too much correspondence over it at the time. In any case, we are not able to put our hands on the position at the moment.

J A BITTANCOURT (Dawson, Yukon Territory).—We do not care, as a rule, to look at positions except on a diagram, but we will make an exception in your case, and report later.

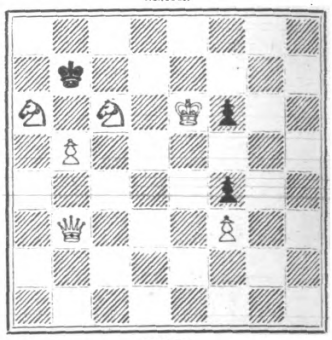
P N BANERJI (Benares).—Thanks for problem, which shall have our careful attention.

DONALD D CAVEY (St. Helier, Jersey).—Your solution is quite correct, and we are pleased to welcome you to our list of solvers.

E L LOVETT (Broughton).—You must try 3853 again. How do you mate if after 1. Q to R 6th, K to B 4th; 2. R to Q sq, Black plays Kt to Q 4th?

PROBLEM No. 3856.—BY H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3854.—BY A. M. SPARKE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to R 4th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Bournemouth, between Mr. O. H. LABONE and Dr. NEVILLE HART.

(*Centre Counter Gambit.*)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Dr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Dr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	23. B to B 4th	R to Q 4th
2. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	24. Kt to Q 2nd	Q R to Q sq
3. P to Q 4th	Kt takes P	25. P to B 3rd	B to B sq
4. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	26. Kt to K 2nd	R (Q 4) to Q 2nd
5. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 4th	27. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to B sq
6. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	28. B to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 4th
7. Castles	P to K 5th	29. Kt to B sq	R to K 2nd
		30. Q to B 4th	P to Kt 4th
Altogether premature. His forces are not sufficiently developed for the contemplated attack, and he should have made his own position secure first by Castling.		31. Q to Q Kt 4th	P to Q R 4th
		32. Q takes R P	
8. B takes P	B takes P (ch)	White is very cool in his defence, and has always something in hand to meet Black's vigorous efforts to retrieve his fortunes.	
9. K takes B	Q to R 5th (ch)		
10. K to Kt sq	Q takes B		
11. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to R 5th	32.	R to Q 4th
12. R to K sq (ch)	K Kt to K 2nd	33. Kt to Q 4th	P to Kt 5th
13. P to Q 5th	Kt to Q sq	34. Q takes P	K to B 2nd
14. Kt to K 4th		35. Q to Kt 3rd	B to R 3rd
		36. B to B 2nd	R to Kt 2nd
Black is now paying the penalty of his haste. Both his King and Queen are separately the objects of an onslaught, which, whilst aimed at either, forms one combined operation.		37. Q to R 4th	R to R 4th
		38. Q to B 2nd	B to B 5th
		39. R to K sq	
14.	P to K B 3rd	He can well afford to let the R pawn go, when its capture only serves to put him in a more favourable position for the final stroke.	
15. P to Q 6th	P takes P		
16. Q takes P	Q Kt to B 3rd	39.	R takes P
17. P to Q Kt 4th	Castles	40. Q to K 4th	R to Kt sq
18. P to Kt 5th	R to Q sq	41. Kt to B 6th	B to Q 4th
19. Q to R 3rd	R to Q 4th	42. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		43. Kt takes R	B takes P
A clever reply, threatening, if 20. P takes Kt, K to R 4th, with an apparently winning game. In face of White's care, however, he cannot escape the loss of two Knights for a Rook.		44. Q to K 8th (ch)	K to R 3rd
		Black wages a gallant struggle to the end. If now it is sought to pin his Queen by 45. B to K 3rd, he mates in three moves by R takes P (ch), etc. Both sides are to be complimented on their interesting play.	
20. Kt to Kt 3rd	R takes P		
21. R takes Kt	Kt takes R		
22. Q takes Kt	B to Kt 5th	45. Q to K 3rd	Resigns.

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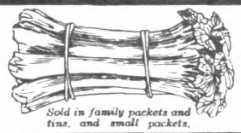
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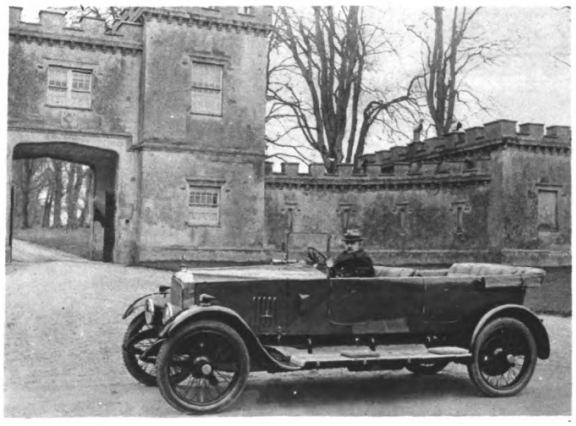


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

No New Motor Legislation.

During the debates on the Roads Act, towards the end of last year, the Minister of Transport clearly foreshadowed the introduction of comprehensive legislation for the amendment of the existing motor laws during the present session of Parliament. In answer to a question addressed to him a week or so ago, he said that none but absolutely essential and urgent measures were to be dealt with this year, and that, therefore, no new motor laws were to be enacted in the meantime. The delay will be all to the good. In the present state of motoring organisation, it would be highly improbable that effective resistance could be offered to any sort of measure the Government cared to introduce. That much was evident while the Roads Act was under discussion. If, therefore, we are to have a respite of a year or two, it will give an opportunity for setting the house in order and for preparing for the strenuous fight that will have to be made if mechanical road transport is not to be saddled with a further set of restrictions and disabilities, which, it must not be forgotten, would be of a much more permanent character than those under which it at present labours. I doubt not that the organisations which represent the interests of motoring will take the fullest advantage of the extra time that will be given them, and that they will immediately take the necessary steps to secure co-ordinated effort. We have suffered too much from decentralisation in the past to tolerate more of the detachment which has hitherto characterised the work of these bodies.



A FAMOUS CAR AT A FAMOUS HOUSE: A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL-KINGTON AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PARK OF LUTON HOO.

Ministerial Sub-Committees.

As the proposed motor legislation has fallen through for the time being, it seems pertinent to ask whether it is necessary to continue the expenditure of public funds and the waste of time entailed on the part of those, officials and others, composing the many sub-committees of the Ministry of Transport which have been inquiring into all sorts of matters connected with motor traction, from dazzling headlights to compulsory examination for drivers. I happen to know that serious differences of opinion exist within certain of these sub-committees, and any decisions they may come to are bound to be controversial. For instance there are two parties within the committee on lights. One holds the view that the problem of dazzle is practically insoluble, unless the risk is taken of cutting actual light down below the safe driving limit. The other seems to think that, as the Minister has set a task, it is up to the committee to make recommendations of some sort. In such circumstances, it would surely be better to suspend the work of inquiry over the summer months at least. In the meantime, it is quite conceivable that scientific research may result in a solution of the many problems involved, and save the committee from stultifying itself by making impracticable recommendations. It is the same with all the rest of these committees. It is of very little use to go on with inquiries which cannot lead anywhere for some time, more especially as the future of the Ministry of Transport is very uncertain after the retirement of Sir Eric Geddes at the end of August.

A London Pilotage Scheme.

The Automobile Association has instituted arrangements whereby tourists and country members can be met, in any part of London or its outskirts, by competent pilots having an intimate knowledge of the Metropolis and its traffic conditions. The men will be available for guiding members' cars by the best routes through or around London. Full particulars concerning this new A.A. service, for which a moderate charge is made, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary at the Association's headquarters. This service ought to prove a boon to motorists whose knowledge of London is sketchy or altogether wanting. There is probably no city in the world in which it is so easy for the motorist to lose his way, especially on the southern exits. Even the Londoner is often at a loss to know exactly what road to take in order to get out southwards or south-eastwards by the shortest way.

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"Daily Dispatch" Nov. 4, 1920.

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The same writer states, in the "Evening Standard" Mar. 4, 1921.

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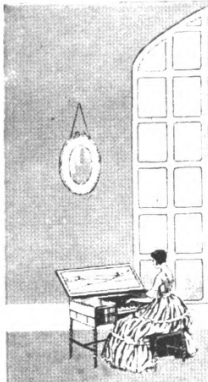
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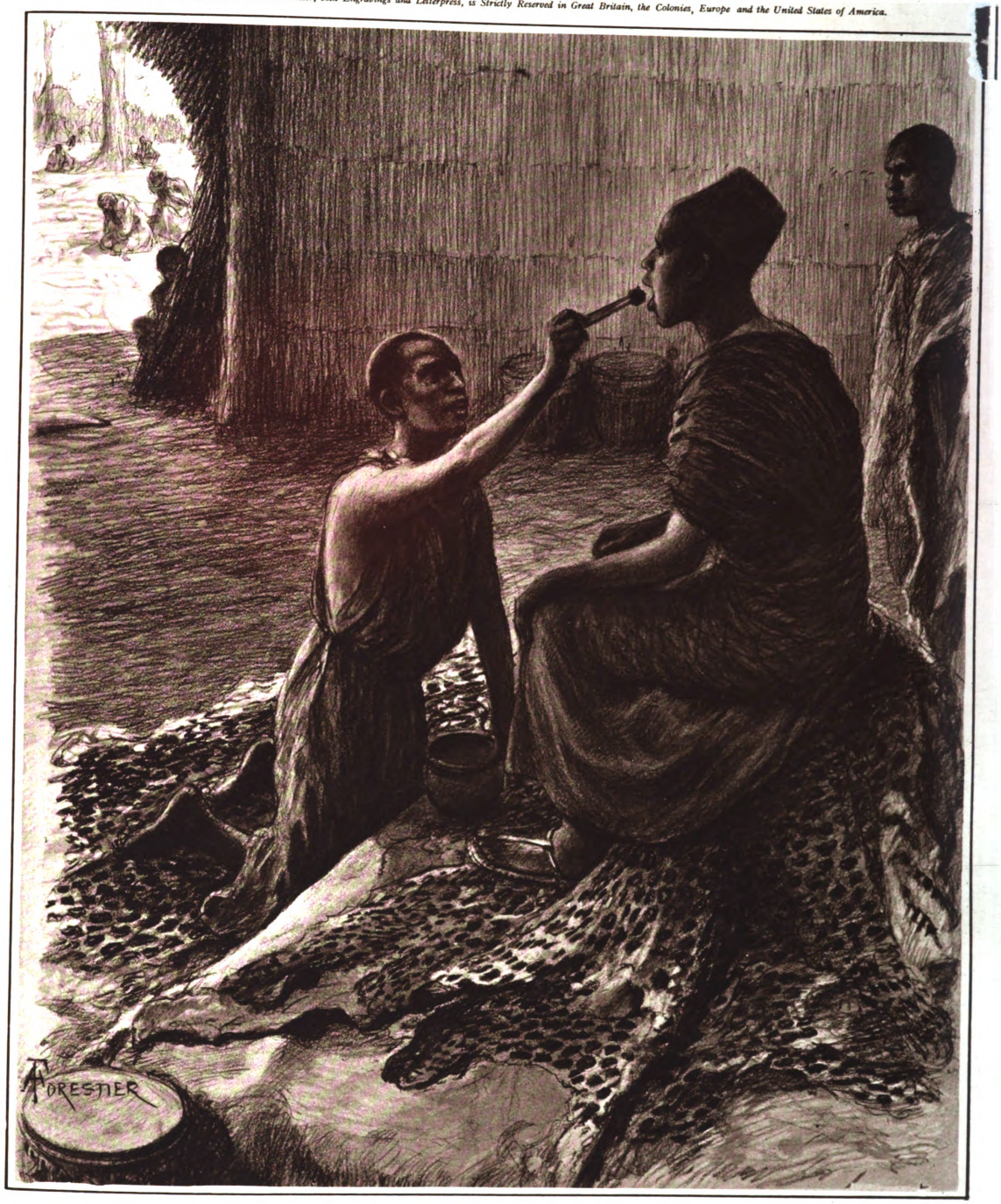
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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1921.

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DEATH IF HE TOUCHED THE KING'S TEETH! A COOK CEREMONIALLY FEEDING A KING OF BUNYORO WITH MEAT ON A TWO-PRONGED FORK.

The remarkable native customs formerly observed in Bunyoro, Uganda, were described in our issues of March 5, 12 and 19, by the Rev. John Roscoe, the well-known explorer, and fully illustrated. Describing how the King took a ceremonial meal of beef, he writes: "A cook, who was purified, and had his face, chest, and arms whitened, came at the sound of the royal drums with the food. . . . A boy carried a pot containing the meat . . . . The meat was cooked and cut into small pieces ready for eating. When the cook arrived, he entered the throne-room and knelt before the king, while the boy placed the pot before him and retired. The cook held a two-pronged fork, which he dipped into the pot, brought up a piece of meat and put it into the king's mouth. Four times he did this, and, should he by accident touch the king's teeth with the metal, he was put to death on the spot. During this meal the people in the enclosure knelt silent, and covered their faces until the king had finished, when they might rise and return to their own affairs."

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



ONCE more young April has turned the florists' windows into the only spring poem that is safe from the sneer of a cynical modern convention. While the spring poet is shown downstairs in the market-houses of literature, the flower-seller is free to make his booth an idyll of the season, a song without words that challenges only criticism in its truer sense, the discovery of beauty. There, if you will have words, you can practise Divination by a Daffodil with Herrick, and with him, too, recall How Lilies Came White, or, leaving the mere prettiness of conceits, hear anew the loftier music of Perdita's rhapsody on the flowers that frighted Proserpine lets fall from Dis's wagon. The spring-time of English song seized its opportunity so thoroughly in this regard, and with such perfection, that intolerance of later effort may be justified; but prejudice may go too far, to the unjust repression of courageous genius.

A word on behalf of the poor spring poet is, in fact, somewhat overdue, were it only for his sublime courage. He knows that to-day he plays a losing match, but no ridicule can stay his pen. For that he deserves some consideration, and it is hard that he should be dismissed unread and with bitter words, or worse, on the mere announcement of his theme, surely the most proper that enthusiastic bard can choose, and not necessarily exhausted because others have done virtuously of old time. As well say that the force of spring itself is outworn. But the ideal of the season, in our treacherous climate, carries a heavy handicap that accounts for much of the poet's discredit. If Spring would only live up to her reputation, her latter-day singers might enjoy an easier time, and their shrift be less short at the hands of their ghostly confessors.

The beginnings of the trouble cannot be determined precisely, but an unlucky word of James Thomson's helped to make it articulate. It is not recorded that J. T.'s own generation cavilled unduly, but in the fulness of time there arose one Thomas Hood, who saw and exposed the fatal flaw in the first line of "The Seasons." It is strange that Hood, that humane spirit, himself not the most fortunate in the rewards of his art, should, for the sake of a jest, have winged a shaft very venomous to other struggling singers in its after-effects, when he rewrote, with damning italics:

> "Spring, gentle spring, ethereal *mildness*, come,"
> Oh, Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
> That thou poor human nature thus could'st hum—
> There 's no such season!

By the time he finished his burlesque, Hood had left the vernal quarter of the year not a rag of reputation. As for the bard who dared to attribute any charms to the season, he was laughed out of countenance, and out of countenance he has remained ever since. It is difficult enough to be a poet of any kind, but to appear as a spring poet is to champion a lost cause to the tune of more kicks than halfpence. So the cause be good, however, the championship is the more honourable: let our poet of spring, then, be allowed at least to open his bulging wallet and show whether he has caught some fresh echo of the awakening year. No matter if he sing only of an ideal too seldom realised in these latitudes: his work will be corrective to an age somewhat debauched with "actuality." If he prove a mere imitator or plagiarist, anoint him with oil, crown him with fillets of wool, and conduct him to the next city, but let that be your harshest usage, for the poor rascal has felt some kindling of divine fire within him, though he may have failed to make it communicable.

Perhaps he spent his remainder sixpence, in days when sixpence does not carry a man very far, on conveyance to Kew, there to see the resurrection of the garden flowers, or if blessed with a shilling or two, he may have pushed as far afield as the Surrey lanes, or the woods where Herts and Bucks rub neighbour Chiltern shoulders, to feast his eyes on primrose and hyacinth, and the delicate green mist of beeches breaking into leaf. Or, city-bound by penury, he may have had to content himself with the florists' window, or the new-dressed morning beauty of Covent Garden bouquets.

Alike in country or town, the result would be the same. The spirit of essential spring-tide laid hold of him, and he knew that her traducers merely clutched at local accidents of weather to vamp up a case. He had sight of the inwardness of spring's joyful mystery, and he knew there was but one way, and that vocal. Perhaps he came off ill, he was no Trumpeter of Seckingen, to convey quintessential spring in a single couplet, but, greatly daring, he celebrated his mistress boldly, knowing that in the very act he courted rebuff. For that chivalry alone he is to be let down lightly, although his effort must remain alms for oblivion.

The universal stirring of the sap has other counterparts in the mind and heart of man than the perilous impulse to song. Once upon a time, April set the pious pilgrim afoot, and although, to-day, the road to Canterbury holds but few professed votaries of Martyred Thomas, the season still prompts to new quests after excellence. It is the hour when social reformers start schemes of spiritual spring-cleaning, and this year, just when the house-painters are getting busy in the West End, and the Hanging Committee is sitting down to its fearful labours on other painters' work at Burlington House, we are urged to consider the claims of Art in Common Life, and the beautifying of everything from cathedrals to sand-bins.

This pilgrimage towards the Periclean ideal that made Athens architecturally "a means of education for all Greece," compels sympathetic support. It has been mooted before, without any overwhelming result, but that need not discount a fresh effort, or discourage the promoters. "It 's dogged as does it," and the new attempt may be symptomatic of a real public movement. One hopes it is. The only consideration that might cause doubt is a fear that the inspiration comes from an elect body of experts, representing the artistic minority. As a nation we are not artistic, and the great body of the British people is not easily moved by projects based on the love of pure beauty. It does not see the necessity. The Renaissance began with a nation essentially artistic: it touched England late and soon withered, for it was, as far as this country was concerned, rotten at the root, and died of theological discussions.

The impulse towards beauty for its own sake was for Ancient Greece and Quattrocento Italy a perfectly natural thing, that became general because of national instinct. It was not initiated and directed by Committees of Taste, still less by any Ministry of Æsthetics. The decorative policy of Pericles was simply the instinctive act of the most representative Greek of his day. He spoke to a people that understood and sympathised; he was not imposing upon the Athenians the views of a remote and specially enlightened caste. Granted that he stood in the van of intellect, he taught, nevertheless, a doctrine that did not bewilder his fellow-citizens in its mere statement. There we are at a disadvantage, and while willing to be optimists, cannot evade scepticism as to the triumph of Art in Common Life.

There can be little hope in any Committee of Taste; for what would be the Taste of that Committee? It would be convened to determine the most elusive of all questions, a question upon which no two men are in agreement. Any decision of such a body would be a compromise fatal to art, and one reflecting probably the opinion of the least artistic but most aggressive members.

As for a Ministry of Æsthetics, or such-like, that would be the entry of the seven devils of the parable. Heaven help the cause of Art in Common Life or anywhere else, if Bureaucracy is to direct it! The mere proposal to work by Committee shows exactly where we stand at present in this matter. Yes, the Spring comes slowly up this way.

J. D. S.



THE NEW LEADER OF THE UNIONIST PARTY IN THE COMMONS: THE RIGHT HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., AND HIS WIFE.

Our photograph of Mr. Austen Chamberlain was taken outside the Carlton Club just after he had been unanimously elected, at a Unionist meeting held there on March 21, to succeed Mr. Bonar Law as Leader of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain married, in 1906, Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas, daughter of the late Col. Henry Laurence Dundas. They have two sons and one daughter.—[*Photographs by Photopress and Hugh Cecil.*]

PROMINENT PEOPLE; AN AMBUSHED TRAIN; A BOMB IN A THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE, AND VANDYK.



GIRTON'S NEW MISTRESS: MISS BERTHA PHILLPOTTS, O.B.E., LITT.D.



THE CREATOR OF "RAFFLES" DEAD: THE LATE MR. E. W. HORNUNG.



A WELL-KNOWN DRAMATIST DEAD: THE LATE MR. C. HADDON CHAMBERS.



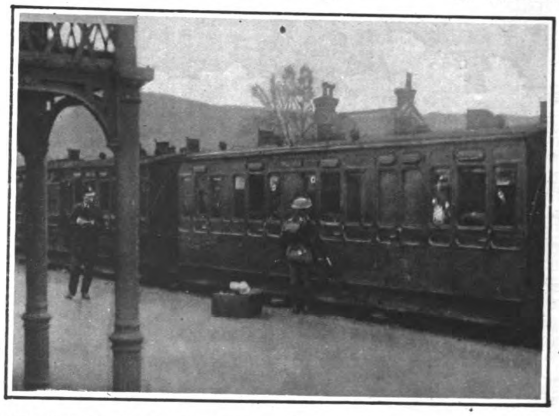
AN X-RAY MARTYR: THE LATE DR. IRONSIDE BRUCE, THE RADIOLOGIST.



A FAMOUS ACTRESS HONOURED: DAME GENEVIEVE WARD, WHO IS EIGHTY-THREE.



AUTHOR OF MUCH-DISCUSSED WAR REMINISCENCES: SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



WITH WINDOWS BROKEN BY BULLETS: THE TRAIN AMBUSHED AT HEADFORD, CO. KERRY, AFTER THE FIGHT IN WHICH NINE OF THE MILITARY AND ONE CIVILIAN WERE KILLED.



A FAMOUS PAINTER DEAD: THE LATE MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.



A TERRIBLE BOMB OUTRAGE IN MILAN: THE WRECKED ORCHESTRA OF THE DIANA THEATRE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



AFTER THE BOMB EXPLOSION WHICH DESTROYED THE FRONT ROW OF THE STALLS AND KILLED MANY PEOPLE: THE DIANA THEATRE AT MILAN.

Miss Bertha S. Phillpotts, Principal of Westfield College, has been appointed to succeed Miss K. Jex-Blake as Mistress of Girton College.——Mr. E. W. Hornung, the well-known novelist, died on March 22, at St. Jean de Luz.——Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, the dramatist, died suddenly at the Bath Club on March 28.——Dr. Ironside, the eminent physician and radiologist to Charing Cross Hospital, died from the effects of exposure to X-rays in the course of his duties.——Miss Genevieve Ward, the veteran actress, who recently kept her eighty-third birthday, has been made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire.——Sir William Orpen, the painter, records his experiences as an official war-artist in his new book, "An Onlooker in France, 1917-1919."——A train conveying twenty-nine men of the 1st Royal Fusiliers was ambushed on March 21 at Headford Station, Co. Kerry. Lieut. C. E. Adams, five soldiers, and a civilian passenger were killed, and three other soldiers wounded died later. On the arrival of a second train with reinforcements, the ambushers were dispersed.——Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., the famous painter of sentimental love scenes, died on March 24, aged eighty.——Many people were killed and injured by the explosion of a bomb in the Diana Theatre at Milan on March 23 during a performance of Lehar's new opera, "La Mazurka." The crime was ascribed to Anarchists.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

A FEMINIST to the core, and one who, long before these days of approaching equal rights, has never wavered in the belief that when woman's brain is fine it is also much more finely attuned than man's, I rejoice at every fresh manifestation of her progress. Latterly she has become a power to be reckoned with in the World of the Theatre. In France, in Holland, in Germany, the woman playwright flourishes; in England her ascent has made great strides since pre-war days, and the recent production of "A Bill of Divorcement" by Clemence Dane, at the St. Martin's, goes to prove that the great problems of life are well within the grasp of the woman dramatist.

Here is a play of stimulation, of polemic force, of penetrating knowledge, of rare analysis of character. Austere criticism might say to the gifted author, when she allowed the returned lunatic to spread desolation in the happy home of the wife who divorced him by virtue of the new law and was about to enter a happy second bond: "You are evolving your story on an illogical basis. You know very well that the man who came back, a fugitive from the asylum, remained hopelessly insane, and that his old doctor would have at once ordered his re-internment as a person incurable and dangerous." But what of that? Clemence Dane set out not merely to illustrate the efficacy of the divorce law now before Parliament; her object was greater: she wanted to place before us two distinct types of woman. One, the mother, weak and yielding, with one foot in the Victorian era of thought, the other vacillating on the side of modernity; the other woman, the daughter, strong, independent, outspoken to the degree of hardness, yet chastened by a classic spirit of self-immolation. For, to save her mother from unhappiness, to allow her remarriage, she sacrificed her own fiancé and would henceforth devote her life to the imbecile, her father, whose blood flowed in her veins, whose taint hovered over her as something ominous to her fate. The idea, painful in its nature, is as portentous as Greek tragedy. The character of the girl is so splendid, so great, that we came away in elevation instead of sorrow. We feel that the war has bred other stuff than things evil, that in widening the horizon of youth and womanhood it has in some way resuscitated altruism and unselfishness as potent as in the annals of the classics. No doubt, on close inspection, there remain issues debatable and open to criticism. But all details pall before the magnitude of the theme, the individuality of the characters, the terseness—and often the beauty—of their parlance, the human chord that vibrates through every scene and continues to echo long after we have left the playhouse. Indeed, the firstling of Clemence Dane—already notable by books of thought and power—is something more than a passing event. As a drama of conflict and intellect, it is of moment. It will open eyes, and brains, and new paths towards better solutions of the marriage question than are vouchsafed by the law of to-day.

The acting is a string of cameos. First and foremost the fine, lifelike, poignant portrayal of the lunatic by Mr. Malcolm Keen—a leap into fame after many years' toil in the provinces. Next, Miss Braithwaite, exquisitely tender and lovable, rising to unwonted emotion. Anon, Miss Meggie Albanesi, the most promising actress of the younger generation, deeply interesting in her study of the modern girl with a heart and a will. Then Miss Agnes Thomas's vivid incarnation of puritanism and yesteryear mentality. Lastly, Mr. Aubrey Smith, perfect as a gentleman and a gentle man. At the end, ovation ringing true.



BEAUTIES OF A DAINTY MUSICAL COMEDY: A PICTURESQUE GROUP IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

I wish that Mr. Ben Greet, that sturdy pioneer of the Bard, whose work in the land of children is both priceless and uplifting, could be prevailed upon to propose to the League of Nations a world tour of "Everyman." His production at the Church House, Westminster, manned by clerks in holy orders and two actresses by profession, is more effective than a thousand sermons. We sat and listened in reverential self-containment, and came away deeply imbued with the spirit of the futility of all things human except good deeds. The monk of the Middle Ages who wrote the mystery was a super-Christian; his theology, unornate with learning, but born from a simple mind and altruism, is as balm to the soul. It silences the *blasé*, it kindles the unthinking, it elevates and spurs those who believe that love of one's neighbour is the universal religion and the noblest, hardest task of men. These clergymen's very artlessness heightened the impression of the two actresses. Miss May Haysack's performance as Good Deeds stood out in diction and feeling. The message of the play went straight to the hearts of the large audiences.

. . . . .

Miss Edna Best is a promising *ingénue* who sprang into fame on the wings of youth in "Uncle Ned," and has ever since been lauded to the skies. As her experience is small, and her immaturity in craft still very marked, it may be of service to her to be candid. That Miss Best has plenty of vim and assurance — so much that it sometimes becomes obtrusive — that she has talent, humour, and a pretty heart-tone, is readily conceded. But behind her work there is more intuition than brain, and though intuition goes a long way in straight parts, it is apt to reveal flaws when the character demands composition and knowledge. Thus, in "Polly with a Past," she has to impersonate the part of a nice girl, who, to reform a snobbish family, assumes the ways and manners of a *cocotte*. As the nice girl, she is just her sweet self and pleasing; as the *cocotte* she lacks *savoir-faire*, chic, devilry. When she tells the tale of an imaginary rescue from a fire — one of those fibs of which a French actress would make a Don Quixote's romance of humour — she misses the inherent fun and *finesse* of the thing; when she is discovered by the Russian composer, who was said to have committed suicide for her sake (a capital life-like study by Mr. Claude Rains), she betrays no emotion whatsoever; when other people are busy and she has nothing to say, she is often merely a bystander apparently uninterested. All that is imperfection, lack of technique and experience. So Miss Best, if she wishes to maintain her vogue, would be well advised not to be led by adulation into the belief that she has "arrived" for good, but to study under the guidance of an experienced teacher and producer—say a Kate Rorke or a Commissarewski. Then, and not until then, will she do justice to herself, and satisfy those who know that even actors born require some making.

. . . . .

"The Human Touch," by Compton Ricketts, is the honest effort of a man who has a cause at heart. A strong vivisectionist, he pleads with some cogency and much painful detail for the dumb animal made to suffer for humanity. To one who is interested in such propaganda, the play is interesting, its sincerity goes home, but—and here is the vulnerable heel—the conclusion is illogical. However, as there are real human touches in the work, it may, with a little technical overhauling, make good in the provinces; and I feel certain that when the author has learned his *métier*, he will give us a play of lasting value. Personally, I thank Miss Agnes Platt for an interesting afternoon at the Ambassadors, illuminated by two capital performances—the doctor of Mr. Franklyn Dyall, and the anti-vivisectionist heroine of Miss Enid Sass. She is an actress to be watched and promoted; she has temperament and feeling.



AN OFFICER IN DISGRACE FOR LOVE OF AN OPERA SINGER: THE ARREST SCENE IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

From left to right the principals are: Mr. Huntley Wright (second from left) as Poire, the impresario; Miss José Collins (descending stairs) as Sybil Renaud, the singer who masquerades as a Grand Duchess; Mr. Leonard Mackay (with arm extended) as the Governor; and Mr. Noel Leyland (second from right) as Captain Paul Petrov. The Captain is arrested for desertion.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

ABROAD AND AT SEA: POLITICAL AND NAVAL OCCASIONS.

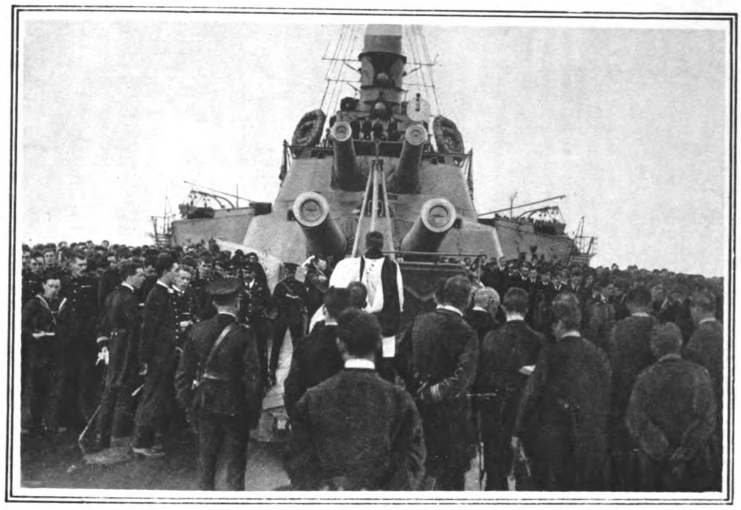
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERLACH, PRESSE PHOTO VERTRIEB (BERLIN), TOPICAL, AND JANSON (HELSINGFORS).



KEEPING ORDER DURING THE PLEBISCITE IN UPPER SILESIA: A FRENCH TANK ENTERING KATTOWITZ.



A PLEBISCITE VOTER BROUGHT IN AN AMBULANCE: AN INVALID ARRIVING AT A POLLING STATION IN UPPER SILESIA.



A REQUIEM OF THE DEEP: THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR "K 5" ON BOARD H.M.S. "BARHAM," SHOWING BUGLERS WHO SOUNDED THE "LAST POST" ABOVE THE BIG GUNS.



"FROM COMRADES AND BROTHER 'BUFFS'": THE WREATH CAST OVERBOARD FROM THE "BARHAM."



REFUGEES FROM KRONSTADT IN FINLAND: SAILORS AND ARTILLERYMEN WHO ESCAPED ON HORSEBACK, AT TERIJOKI.



THEIR FIRST MEAL AFTER ESCAPING FROM KRONSTADT: WOUNDED AND SICK RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AT TERIJOKI, IN FINLAND.

It was announced in Berlin recently that the German Government, "in the certain expectation" that Upper Silesia would be awarded as a whole to Germany in view of the result of the Plebiscite, had instructed the Minister of the Interior to proceed with the Upper Silesian Autonomy Act, passed in November last, providing for the election of a Diet.——A memorial service for the victims of Submarine "K 5," lost with all hands, was held on board H.M.S. "Barham," the flag-ship of the Second Battle Squadron, on March 20. The wreath cast into the sea, as "a token of esteem from Comrades and Brother 'Buffs,' bore the following inscription: "Sleep on, thou Mighty Dead; A glorious tomb they found thee: The broad blue sky above thee spread, And boundless waters round thee.——No vulgar foot treads here; No hand profane shall move thee: But gallant fleets shall proudly steer And warriors shout above thee. Requiescant in Pace!"——Some of the Russian anti-Bolshevist forces who escaped from Kronstadt on its capture by the "Reds" found refuge in Finland.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLUES FOUGHT ONCE MORE

PHOTOGRAPHS B



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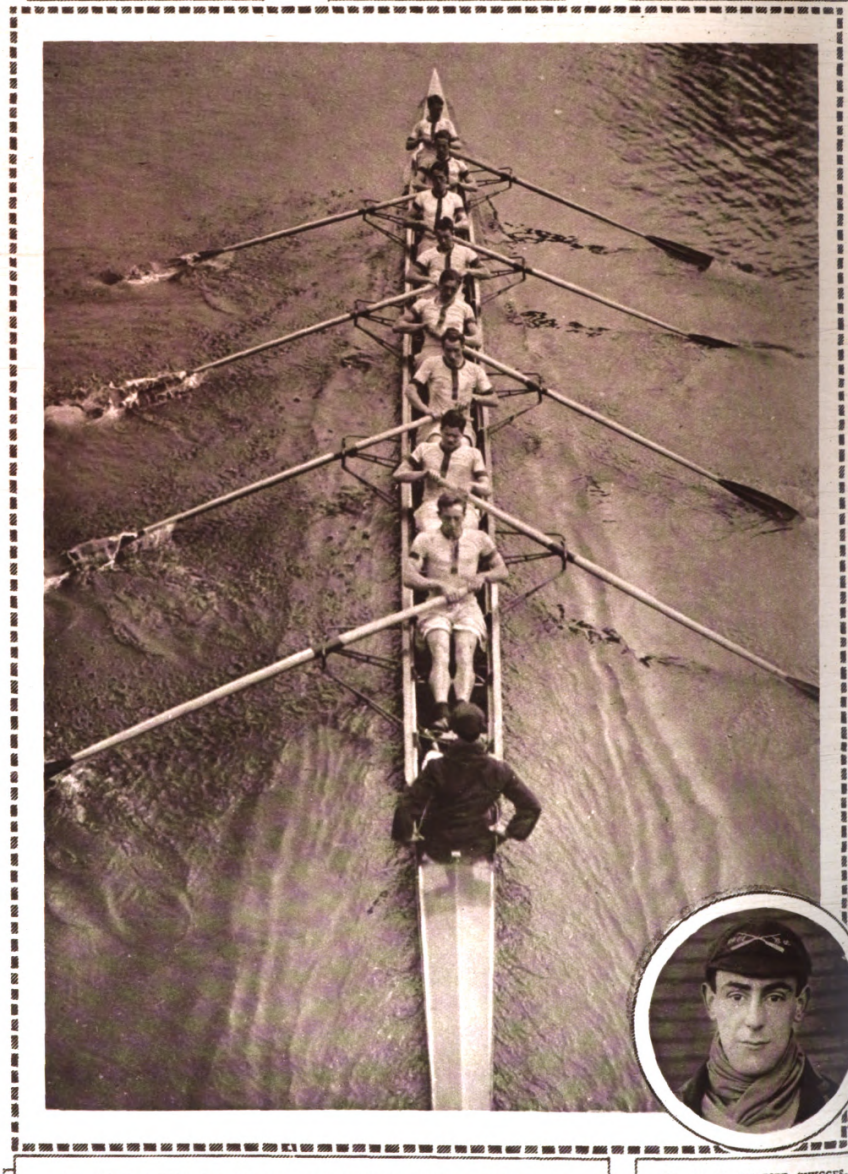
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MR. W. E. C. JAMES
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THE DARK BLUES: THE OXFORD BOAT SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE DURING A FULL-COURSE TRIAL.

MR. W. H. PORRITT (WYGGESTON AND MAGDALEN), THE OXFORD COX.

For the second time since the war, and the seventy-second time since the event was instituted, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race was arranged to take place over the 4¼ miles course from Putney to Mortlake, on March 30. The first inter-'Varsity race was rowed at Henley in 1829, but it did not become an annual event until 1856. Before this year's contest, Oxford had won thirty-eight times and Cambridge thirty-two times, and there was one dead-heat, in 1877. Cambridge won the last race before

THE 72ND OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

From SPORT AND GENERAL.



MR. P. H. G. H. S. HARTLEY (ETON AND L.M.B.C.)



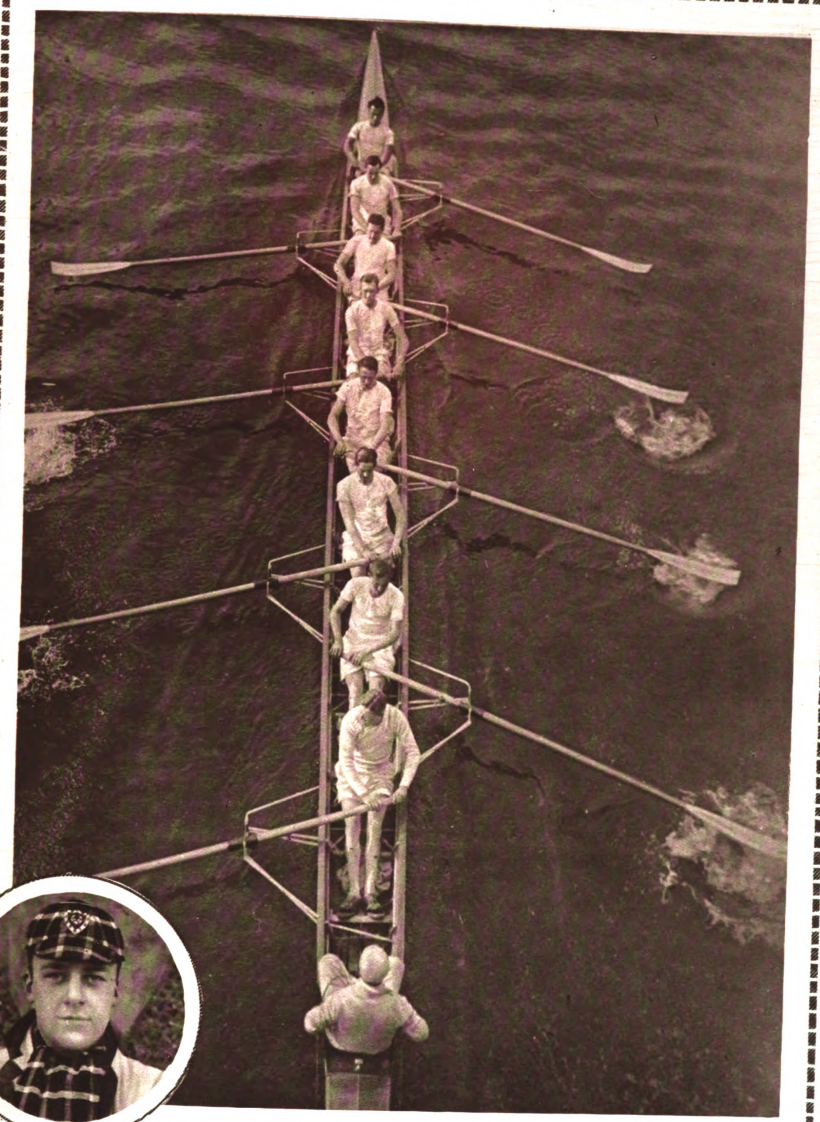
THE HON. J. W. H. FREMANTLE (ETON AND THIRD TRINITY).



MR. J. A. CAMPBELL (MELBOURNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND JESUS).



MR. H. O. C. BORET (ETON AND THIRD TRINITY).





MR. A. D. B. PEARSON (WINCHESTER AND FIRST TRINITY).



MR. A. B. RITCHIE (R.N. COLLEGE, OSBORNE, AND TRINITY HALL)



MR. A. G. W. PENNEY (REPTON AND PEMBROKE).



MR. L. E. STEPHENS (FELSTED AND TRINITY HALL), THE CAMBRIDGE COX.

THE LIGHT BLUES: THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE DURING A TRIAL ROW.



MR. H. B. PLAYFORD (ST. PAUL'S AND JESUS).

the war, in 1914, and the first race after it, when the event was resumed last year after being in abeyance for five years. In 1912 the race had to be rowed over again, as both boats sank on the first occasion owing to rough weather: in the second race, Oxford won. The record time of 18 minutes 29 seconds was accomplished by Oxford in 1911. This year's Oxford crew are seen on the left above, and the Cambridge crew on the right.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE question, What are curiosities, what are curios, and what are objects of art? puzzles the modern auctioneer, with all his cleverness at nomenclature. That "one man's meat is another man's poison" is true in collecting. Ethnological examples fit to illustrate Dr. Frazer's learned tomes "The Golden Bough" will not appeal to the lover of curios in the Horace Walpole sense—the patch-box, the clouded and bejewelled walking-cane, or the pinchbeck buckle. We cannot imagine Richard Burton the Orientalist having held regard for objects which might have won the admiration of Byron. George Borrow would have eschewed the niceties of Bulwer Lytton. It is the same to-day. Collecting is on a wide plane, and its votaries are as the poles apart. Violins and stamps, Baxter prints and coins, flint weapons and Roman glass, hold different sets of collectors enthralled. Mr. Stevens was selling on March 22 a collection of Oriental sacrificial swords, including a curious beheading-sword from Cambodia, and a Nepal sacrificial cleaver, with an eye engraved at the end, dedicated to the goddess Durgha. A rare item came up in the silver-mounted staff or Gnomon stick, carved with figures, formerly used by the Tibetan hillmen for telling the time, as well as a staff. At the same sale, Chinese processional maces, one in the form of the hand of Confucius, were included. South Sea Island fish-hooks, Cingalee feather capes, Tierra del Fuego bone spearheads, New Guinea necklaces, offered themselves as relics of a world that must soon be cinematised and bowler-hatted. Before it is too late, let us snatch the savage charms of primitive man, and treasure them as indicating what once was and is rapidly passing away.

On March 23 Messrs. Puttick and Simpson offered some sound examples of plated ware. Here was a selection for the wise collector, in a quiet market where exclusive specimens did not hold sway. Similarly at the same sale the silver plate, mainly of the George III. era, had much solid work to win approval.

On March 31 Messrs. Christie sold decorative furniture and porcelain from various sources. Some years ago, when Lowestoft was more in the public eye than it is now, a pair of octagonal plates, with powdered-blue ground painted with Chinese river scenes in circular and fan-shaped panels, would have brought a higher price. But Merton Thoms, the great connoisseur of Lowestoft and Longton Hall, is dead. Some Chelsea figures in Turkish costume at the sale were modelled by Tebo, with the impressed mark "T." Tebo is a somewhat ubiquitous modeller, who was supposed to have been not only at Bow and at Chelsea, but at Worcester and Bristol, and even at Etruria under Wedgwood. But there are pieces preserved in the Wedgwood Museum marked T.B.O. and T.T.B.O., which mean respectively "top" and "tip-top" of the "biscuit oven."

Japanese colour-prints and Chinese and Corean drawings come up for sale by Messrs. Sotheby on the 7th and 8th. The Japanese colour prints are the property of Mr. Arthur Morrison, and consequently come under the ægis of a great connoisseur. Perhaps one should turn first to the books on the subject in Mr. Morrison's library to understand the symbolism and decorative value of the various prints coming under the hammer. The European books offer the best tuition to the tyro; they include Bing's "Artistic Japan," Anderson's "Japanese Wood Engravings," De Goncourt's "Outamaro" and "Hokusai," Strange's "Japanese Illustration," Ficke's "Chats on Japanese Prints," and Mr. Morrison's "The Painters of Japan," together with many sale and exhibition catalogues. Armed with these, the collector should have his footsteps guided into the right path. But as these are on the second day of the sale, there is no just impediment why the cautious student should not pay a previous visit to the British Museum or the Victoria and Albert Museum library.



"GATHERING SHELL-FISH ON THE BEACH AT SUSAKI": A JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINT BY HIROSHIGE.

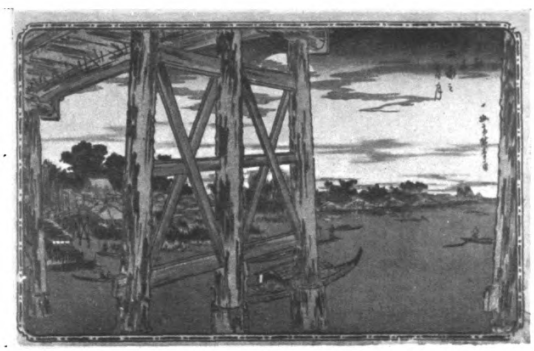


"THE MYOKEN (TEMPLE), YANAGI-SHIMA": A COLOUR-PRINT BY HIROSHIGE, THE FAMOUS JAPANESE PAINTER.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

The *surimono*, or colour-prints, of Japan, originating in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, are to be distinguished from the *kakemono*, or hanging pictures the latter usually on silk, in colours. The former are mainly represented in this collection. These colour prints were somewhat equivalent to our Christmas or New Year Cards, and were sent by the Japanese to friends on various occasions, such as the birth of a son, or similar events. The *littérateurs* of Japan, until stimulated by Western criticism, did not regard these trivial symbols, with their unaffected *naïveté*, their limited and child-like grace, and their wondrous success in colour, as anything more than of ephemeral value. But of recent years intense interest has been paid by European collectors to these sheets of design, representing colour-printing *in excelsis*. The master Hokusai is one of the best-known artists renowned for his delicate studies of women, of street scenes, and of landscapes. Harunobu is another greatly esteemed designer, here represented by a youth going hawking and a woman viewing chrysanthemums. Umtaro (Kitagawa), 1754-1806, has his "Five Festivals," each signed, and the seals of the publisher—"The Seven Herbs," or the festival of the New Year; "The Festival of Dolls," the girls' birthday festival; "The Fifth Day of the Fifth Month," the boys' birthday festival; "The Weavers' Festival," the seventh day of the seventh month; and "the Chrysanthemum Festival," the ninth day of the ninth month. A favourite is Hiroshige (Ichiyūsai), 1797-1858. His "Cherries in Leaf"; his "Twilight Moon"; "Evening Bell," a woman in a boat bowing her head in prayer; "Returning Boats"; and "Night Rain," exemplify this artist as the forerunner of certain pathetic moments caught and developed by some of the Western moderns. Another fine Hiroshige is "Moored Junks," in the light of a full moon with a cuckoo flying by.

In the same sale, Chinese and Japanese drawings, the property of Sir Edmund Trelawney Backhouse, Bt., have an old lineage, and embrace items purporting to be as old, and older than, the Norman Conquest, which, after all, is not old for Chinese art. One picture bears an inscription dated 1342. Some fine Chinese tapestries (wall hangings) are very exquisite work; and some Corean and Chinese silk and paper wall hangings, the property of Admiral James Ley, exhibit some fine portraits in costume. Other properties include further Japanese prints, among which is a fine series of Hiroshige. Certain *kakemono* exhibit that restrained natural humour, such as a group of five baboons on pine trees watching wasps, and a Chinese statesman contemplating matrimony depicted as looking down at a goose with a boy attendant beside him. Of course, a peacock on a blossoming cherry-tree, a peahen and chicks under peonies, a golden pheasant, and fishes resplendent in their scaly iridescence, all afford models which the Japanese artists have seized from nature to make their own eternally.



"TWILIGHT MOON, RYOGOKU": A JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINT, BY HIROSHIGE.



"NIGHT-RAIN, KOIZUMI": A JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINT, BY HIROSHIGE. In the foreground of the picture, on the right, are seen two peasants meeting on the road

This, and the other prints here reproduced, will be offered at Sotheby's on April 7.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

WHERE "OXFORD" TRIES TO UPSET "CAMBRIDGE": A HINDU BOAT-RACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MISS LILLIAN BLACKIE.



PADDLING OUT FROM THE OPPOSITE BANKS: THE START OF THE MANIPUR BOAT-RACE DURING THE PUJA FESTIVAL.



GRAPPLING IN MID-STREAM AND TRYING TO UPSET EACH OTHER: THE RIVAL BOATS LOCKED TOGETHER DURING THE RACE.



A BOAT-RACE WHICH INCLUDES A MINIATURE "NAVAL BATTLE": A THRILLING STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE RIVAL CRAFT TRYING TO OVERTURN EACH OTHER, ENCOURAGED BY A HUGE AND EXCITED CROWD ON THE BANKS.



IN ELABORATE COSTUME WHICH IS DISCARDED FOR THE ACTUAL RACE: MEMBERS OF THE CREWS WEARING CEREMONIAL ATTIRE.



STRIPPED AS THEY WERE FOR THE RACE: MEN OF THE WINNING CREW, IN ORNATE LOIN-CLOTHS, AFTER THEIR VICTORY.

An interesting counterpart of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race is rowed, under very different conditions, every year in Manipur, a Native State lying between Assam and Burmah, governed by its own Rajah under British protection. "The boat-race," writes Miss Lillian Blackie, "takes place in the Holy Puja week, the great Hindu religious festival of the year. This is a time of great religious frenzy and fervour, modified somewhat by the sporting element, of which the boat-race is the chief part. The people during this Puja do no work, and it is a time of ceremony, display, and gorgeous scenic effects. At the race itself the Rajah holds a reception and invites other princes from the vicinity. Thousands of the natives gather on the banks, and it is a very colourful and brilliant scene. The crews themselves are wonderfully and elaborately attired, but they discard some of their decorative costume for the race itself. The Manipuris are very staunch Hindus, and adhere strictly to all the rites and customs of their religion."

THE OLD TESTAMENT FILMED: WONDERFUL SCENES FRO

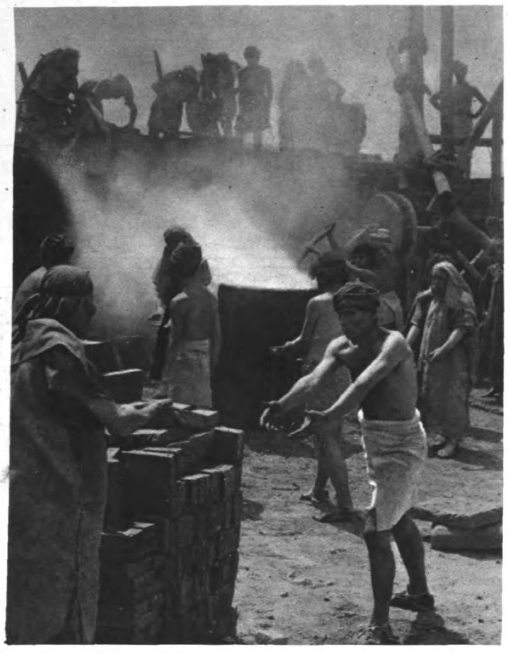
By Courtesy of



"AND IT CAME TO PASS AFTER SEVEN DAYS, THAT THE WATERS OF THE FLOOD WERE UPON THE EARTH": THE DELUGE.



"AND MOSES BROUGHT FORTH THE PEOPLE, THE MOUNT. . . . AND MOSES W



"AND THEY SAID, GO TO, LET US BUILD A CITY AND A TOWER": THE BUILDING OF BABEL.



"HIS WIVES TURNED AWAY HIS HEART AFTER OTHER GODS": PAGAN IMAGES IN SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The Old Testament has provided a rich store of picturesque material for a wonderful new film drama, entitled "The Dawn of the World," which the Astra Film Compa arranged to produce on Easter Monday at the Palace Theatre, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of that famous house, which began its career as a home f English opera. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was engaged to present the film in a prologue and an epilogue specially written by Mr. Louis N. Parker. As our photographs show, t Old Testament story has been treated at once in a spirit of reverence and on a scale of lavish profusion in the matter of setting and costume. Beginning with the Gard

A £1,500,000 PICTURE, "THE DAWN OF THE WORLD."

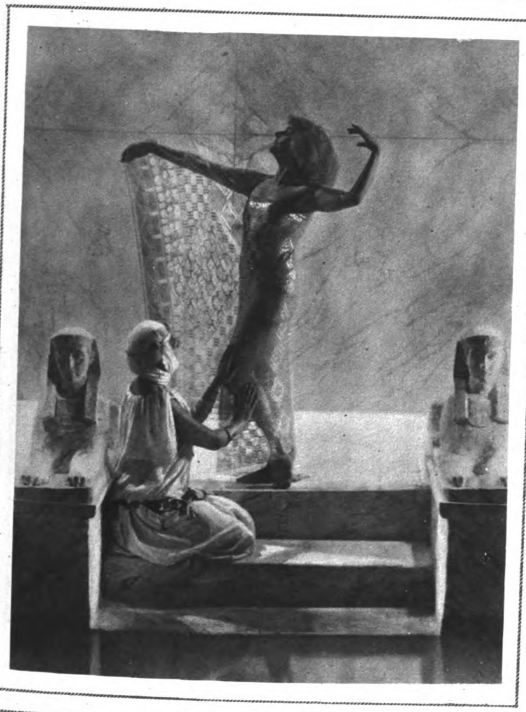
By Courtesy of the Astra Film Co., Ltd.



"THEY STOOD AT THE NETHER PART OF UP": THE LAW-GIVER ON MOUNT SINAI.



"BUT HIS WIFE LOOKED BACK FROM BEHIND HIM, AND SHE BECAME A PILLAR OF SALT": LOT ESCAPING FROM SODOM.



"WHO IS SHE THAT LOOKETH FORTH AS THE MORNING, FAIR AS THE MOON?" THE SHULAMITE.



"SO SHE TURNED AND WENT TO HER OWN COUNTRY, SHE AND HER SERVANTS": THE DEPARTURE OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

of Eden, it goes on through the episodes of Cain and Abel, the Deluge, the building of the Tower of Babel, the escape of Lot from Sodom and Gomorrah, the Captivity in Egypt, the history of Joseph, the Flight through the Desert under Moses, to the reign of Solomon, the visit of the Queen of Sheba, and the love story of the beautiful Shulamite. The film, which was made in Italy, under Signor Armando Vay, the producer of "Quo Vadis," is one of the most remarkable ever shown on the screen. It cost £1,500,000, and took five years to produce, 12,000 people taking part in it, and 250,000 ft. of film being used.

The Irish Problem Through French Eyes.

We continue here the article begun in our issue of March 26, condensed from one by M. Ludovic Naudeau, the well-known French writer, who went to Ireland on behalf of our Paris contemporary, "L'Illustration," to study the Irish question on the spot. It is particularly interesting to see how the problem presents itself to a well-informed and perfectly unbiassed Frenchman.

THREE days before I left for the South, while I was in a picture palace, I heard the sounds of a quarrel proceeding behind me. Three men insisted on one of the spectators following them into the street. He resisted and called for help. Thereupon his agressors shot him in the chest, and while the panic-stricken spectators rushed into the street, the assassins got away quietly. You will, no doubt, ask, What about the police? In order to show their complete neutrality in political conflicts, the Dublin police carry no arms—and that explains many things. On the following day, at one in the morning, when, theoretically, no one is allowed in the streets except the Forces of the Crown, six unknown men broke into McGrath's house, killed him, and got off unmolested. Two executions! And who could have committed them? Only the Sinn Fein agents. Whereupon, the British authorities, without giving notice of their intention, invested a part of Dublin. I saw regular warfare tactics. Some of the streets were barricaded with sandbags, wire netting, and machine guns, and tanks and lorries were mobilised. The houses were carefully searched one by one, and nothing was found. The head of the Republican Army, however, Michael Collins, whom the authorities hoped to catch in this trap, had been warned in time, and just as the troops were going to lay hands on him, he rode off on his bicycle with an umbrella under his arm.

Strange things do happen here. A kind of enthusiasm and stubborn fervour forms a barrier of complicity which unites the whole island, and which it is impossible to discover. This Irish conflict consists really in a mere series of skirmishes, but it is tragic, for all that, and its echoes resound in various parts of the world. The history of the seven centuries is continued: a small people in their obstinacy and proud spite opposing the stupendous interests of the greatest Empire in the world. We shall have to look, meditate, and compare attentively before we can get at the truth, which, doubtless, hides beneath so many alarming symptoms.



THE CHIEF OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY, WHO ESCAPED ON A BICYCLE WHEN DUBLIN WAS INVESTED: MICHAEL COLLINS.

"The British authorities . . . invested a part of Dublin. . . . The houses were carefully searched one by one, and nothing was found. The head of the Republican Army, however, Michael Collins, whom the authorities hoped to catch in this trap, had been warned in time, and just as the troops were going to lay hands on him, he rode off on his bicycle with an umbrella under his arm."

The Origins of the Conflict.

The great political drama, the various aspects of which I wish to analyse, will not permit me to digress about the beauty of the landscape. During the innumerable conversations I have had with Irishmen of all classes in all the localities I have visited, I tried anxiously to determine how I should reply to the question which the French public is asking: Who was first to blame? Is it the English or the Irish who are responsible for this awful series of murders and reprisals which are of daily occurrence in Ireland?

In order to solve this question, it would be necessary to study seven centuries of history, during which period the inhabitants of Ireland never ceased protesting against their inclusion within the United Kingdom. We must confine ourselves to the Parliamentary debates of the last few years on the subject of Home Rule—debates in which the hesitations and contradictions of politicians ended, so I was told, by exasperating Irish public opinion, and did away with the prestige of the Nationalist Party, the leader of which, John Redmond, hoped to get freedom for his country by Parliamentary and constitutional means. The words "Sinn Fein" signify in Gaelic "ourselves," or "by ourselves," the fundamental idea of the party being that Ireland must save "herself." Therefore, it became immoral for the Irish to sit in an English Parliament and swear allegiance to the King of England.

It is strange to note that the Sinn Fein party, which was not very influential up to 1916, gained numerous adherents after the fruitless insurrection of that year. At the beginning, Ireland, as a whole, did not sympathise with the leaders of the rising; but after they had been shot she saw in them martyrs—*her* martyrs—and the country became sentimentally and illogically indignant at the punishment meted out to them. After April 1916, the Sinn Fein clubs began to get very numerous, and this new organisation supplanted the old Nationalist Party, whose policy of Parliamentary negotiations completely lost for them the people's confidence.

It must, however, be admitted—and this I gathered from the various explanations made me—that it is one of the consequences of the Great War which have made the Irish determined to get their national independence. The complete emancipation of the Poles, the Czechs, and the Finns, and other small nationalities, hitherto enslaved, excited the imagination of the Irish, and they say very bitterly and defiantly: "We are the one European nation which is enslaved." During the elections, in which the Sinn Fein party gained a sweeping majority, their chief argument used as propaganda was the comparison between Ireland and Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland, all of them smaller countries; and with Serbia, Portugal, Greece, and Bulgaria, which Ireland almost equals in size.

Ireland was more populated than Norway, Denmark, or Switzerland; and, whereas the annual revenue of each of these States varied from three to nine million pounds, during the same period Ireland paid thirty-five million pounds into the Treasury. And whereas the yearly total of commercial enterprise realised by each of these small States was from eleven to ninety-two million pounds, the figures for Irish trade returns for the same period were one hundred and fifty-one million pounds. Sinn Fein orators thought these figures proved that Ireland was perfectly qualified to declare her independence, especially as in 1914 England had declared that she came into the war to protect Belgium and to liberate other small oppressed nations. Those on the side of the English authorities accuse the Sinn Feiners of having started systematically a campaign of terrorism and atrocities. But the Irish leaders' reply to this is—

"During the twelve months of 1917 not a single policeman was killed in Ireland, but during that same year two innocent civilians were massacred, five died in prison, more than a hundred were flogged or bayonetted, 349 men and women were arrested as political offenders, and twenty-nine leaders were deported. During the twelve months of 1918 no policemen were killed in Ireland. But during the same period five civilians were put to death, thousands of people were arrested, and many were ill-treated during their detention. Two hundred and sixty houses were searched during the night; eleven of our national papers were suppressed; and, in order to exercise pressure on our population, the British authorities began to stop our fairs and markets.

"Owing to these persecutions, in December 1919 the Irish people renounced British rule in Ireland; they nominated their own Parliament and their own Government. Then the rage of the authorities became boundless, and the outrages committed by the police increased. The suppression of the fairs and markets became general; imprisonments multiplied, and twenty-five newspapers were suppressed. Quiet meetings were attacked by armed police and soldiery seventy-six times, and 200 women and children were injured by rifle-butts and bayonets. Finally, eight civilians were massacred.

"It was only after two years of suffering, peril, and persecution that we decided to take measures to ensure our own defence, and that is how in 1919 sixteen policemen were put to death in Ireland. We only did this in self-defence, but we are treated like criminals; the severity of the police was increased, thousands of perquisitions took place, and very frequently this was made an excuse for pillaging the houses. Towns were sacked, numerous dwellings and factories were systematically destroyed, and the perpetrators of these crimes were neither judged nor punished. Eighty-eight men and women were immolated during the first ten months of 1920, and they were innocent, and were not up against the Army or the police in armed conflict. Their murderers kept their jobs in the Forces of the Crown. As the rural elections of June 1920 marked a complete defeat for British rule, this was avenged by the authorities by a recrudescence of its attacks: seventy-two localities were sacked by the troops during the ensuing fourteen weeks."

British Reprisals.

Travelling through Ireland by train, I first thought these accounts were exaggerated. For instance, in Tipperary, the name of which has been so prominent in various unpleasant episodes during the last few months, six or seven houses only had been burned. Killarney only had a few shop windows broken, and I noted the same at Tralee and Limerick. It is necessary to travel through the country by motor to realise the amount of damage committed by the representatives of law and order, and to see also the ruins of the police barracks set on fire by the Republican Army. I think it was at Balbriggan, a small town to the north of Dublin, and Cork, the important southern city, that the destruction caused by the reprisals of the authorities bore the most sinister aspect.

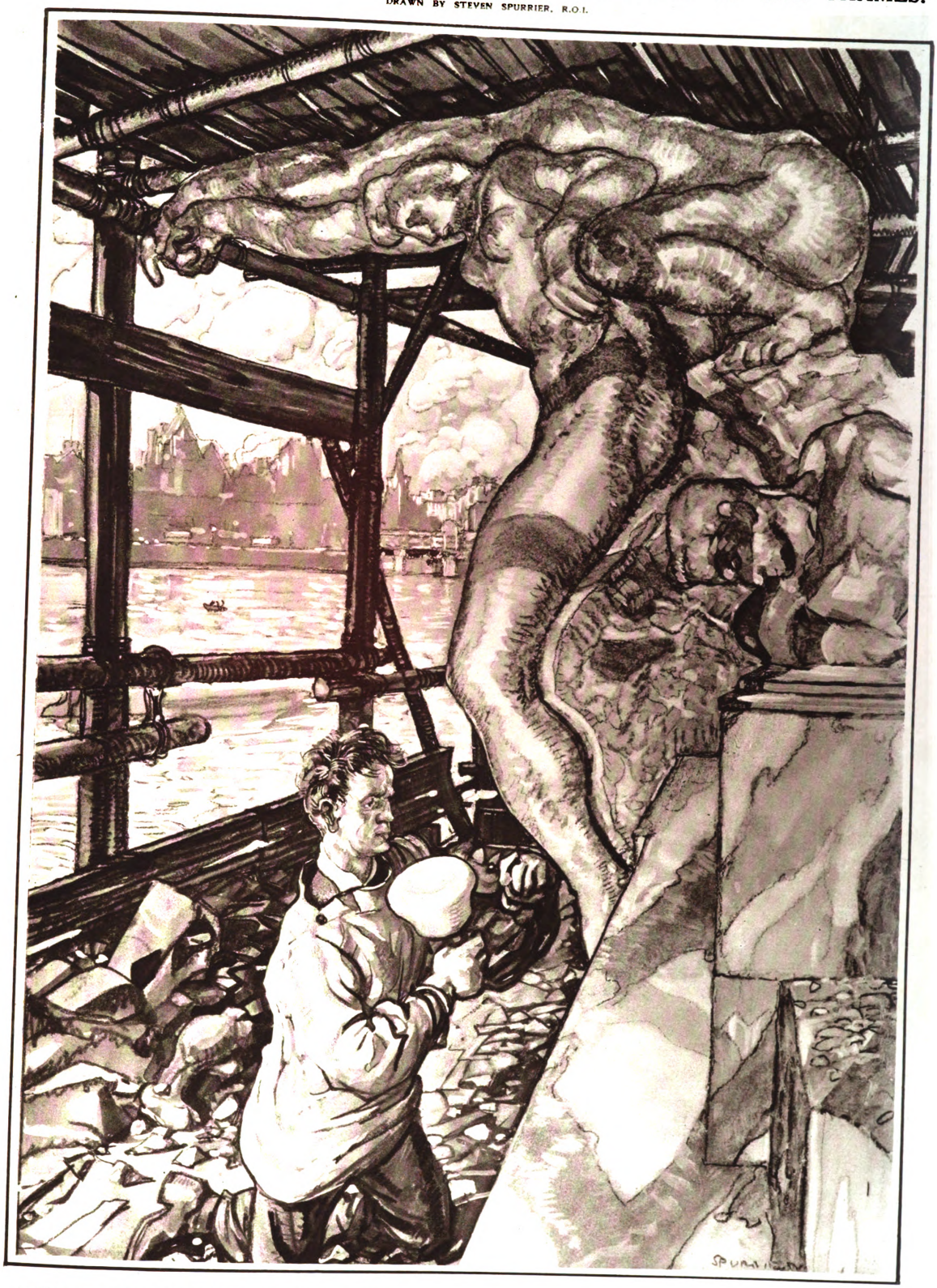
During my journey I realised full well how it was that the *Manchester Guardian* was able to publish under the heading "An Irish Louvain" an account of the destruction of Balbriggan, sacked and partially destroyed on September 21, 1920. And on September 30, 1920, the *Times* itself waxed indignant, and declared that the outrages committed by the soldiery at Mallow, Co. Cork, could only fill the minds of its readers with shame! During December 1920, the British Labour Party sent to Ireland an important commission, presided over by Arthur Henderson, and included amongst its members were a legal and military adviser, the latter being Brigadier-General C. B. Thomson. The account of their findings covers 119 large pages of a closely-printed pamphlet.

Owing to questions of space, I can merely say, on my soul and on my conscience, and in my capacity of an absolutely impartial foreigner, that the results of my investigations corroborated this sad narrative. Those who will read this "Report of the Labour Commission to Ireland," published in London in 1921, will find there accounts of all kinds of acts of violence, pillage and arson.

(To be Concluded Next Week.)

NEW GIANT SCULPTURE FOR LONDON: "THE SPIRIT OF THE THAMES."

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



ADORNING THE RIVER FRONTAGE OF THE NEW COUNTY HALL BY WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: MR. ERNEST COLE AT WORK ON A HUGE SYMBOLIC GROUP.

Now that some of the scaffolding has been cleared away from the river frontage of the London County Council's new and imposing abode at the side of Westminster Bridge, it can be seen that here is a building that will greatly help to enhance the beauty of our river. It will also be noticed that it will balance St. Thomas's Hospital to the west of the bridge. The decoration of the new County Hall has been entrusted to a young British sculptor, Mr. Ernest Cole, who has already, artistically, a world-wide reputation. Previous to the war, he buried himself to work at a statue that eventually obtained him the commission for these sculptures. When the war broke out he joined up and served in the ranks, working all his precious leaves at these groups. He is also engaged on the Kitchener Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was his design. Our drawing represents the sculptor on the scaffolding of the new County Hall, at work on his group representing the Spirit of the Thames, which is at the eastern end of the building facing the river. Another group, to stand over a pediment on the south side, represents the creation of Eve, symbolising London's creative energy. Mr. Cole himself is a Londoner, born at Greenwich.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

VI.—"THE MASTERY OF THE AIR."

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

AGE after age life has been slowly creeping upwards, and who shall say that its progress is going to stop? In other words, for millions of years there has been among animals a search after new kingdoms to conquer, sometimes under the spur of necessity, sometimes prompted by a spirit of adventure. The last haunt to be conquered was the air. Getting into the air meant increase of safety, the possibility of rapidly evading enemies (as when the sparrow disconcerts the cat), a power of rapid movement from scarcity to plenty, or from drought to flowing water, and, last not least, new opportunities of reaching suitable places for laying eggs, or bringing up the young.

The problem of flight has been solved four times by animals, and each time in a different way. In insects the wings are two pairs of hollow, flattened sacs, which grow out from the sides of the body. The insect's body is lightly built, and the secret of the insect's flight is the extremely rapid vibration of the wings. A watch ticks sixty times in a minute, but many an insect, such as a humble bee, vibrates its wings 200 times in a second. When the wings are large, as in dragon-flies, or big butterflies, the number of strokes in a second is small. Some of the strong fliers, like dragon-flies and hive-bees, can cover two or three miles, but the majority, such as house-flies and mosquitos, have, happily, a short range.

The power of flight in insects (Figs. 1 and 3) sometimes rises to a very high pitch. A wasp has been known to fly tail-foremost for a quarter of an hour in front of a bicycle. Dragon-flies are not only very swift, but have an astonishing power of changing their direction instantaneously. When they pass from a sunny to a shaded part they often "soar" like vultures. Bees and their relatives link their hind-wings to their fore-wings so that the two act as one. Beetles (Fig. 1) spread out their heavy fore-wings and clamp them, so that they serve as vol-planes; while the hind pair of wings strike the air. On the other hand, one should notice that some insects fly only once in a lifetime, when they are starting a new generation; and that some insects do not fly at all. The flea makes up for its loss of flight by its power of taking extraordinary leaps. This leads one to notice that it is quite possible that insects used their wings as parachutes in taking skimming leaps along the ground, or from branch to branch, before they used them to strike the air as organs of true flight. Just as a creature must walk before it can run, so perhaps it had to jump before it could fly (Fig. 7).

The second solution of the problem of flight was discovered by the extinct Flying Dragons, or Pterodactyls (Figs. 6 and 12b.), which flourished in Cretaceous and Jurassic times. They varied from a sparrow's size up to a spread of 18 feet; and their wing was a sheet of skin spread out on the enormously elongated outermost finger. How far they could fly we do not know, but probably they were not adepts, for the breast-bone has only a slight keel for the fixing on of the wing-muscles; and we know that in birds a prominent keel is associated with highly developed flying powers (Fig. 13). On the other hand, the Flying Dragons show, as flying birds do, a solidifying of the middle part of the back-bone, giving the wings a firm fulcrum against which to work.

The third solution was a triumphant one: it gave birds their mastery of the air. There seems no doubt that birds sprang from an extinct stock of Dinosaur reptiles which had become bipeds, and it is highly probable that they took long, skimming leaps along the ground before they could fly. It is all uncertain, but in thinking of the bird's conquest of the air, it is reasonable to remember that birds have a high-pitched life, a strong heart, very rich blood, a hot skin, a power of keeping up an almost constant body-temperature, a very good digestion, and the great advantage that the flapping of the wings, even before flight was fully attained, and still more afterwards, must help the breathing. But what made the bird's flight possible was the growth of feathers—feathers with the barbs united together to form a vane to strike the air (Fig. 12c). In the ship the air strikes the sails, in the bird the sails strike the air. How feathers began—perhaps it took a million years to perfect them—no one knows; but they have the same general nature as scales, and perhaps they may be thought of as glorified shredded-out scales.

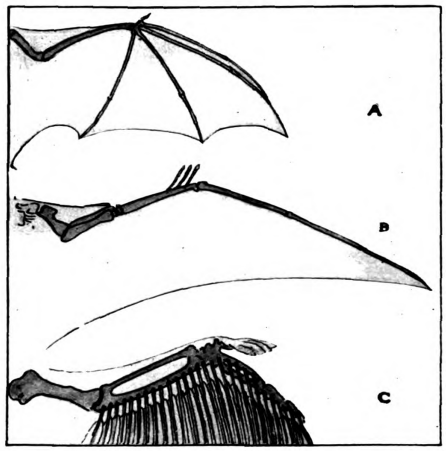


FIG. 12.—THREE OF THE FOUR ANIMAL SOLUTIONS OF THE PROBLEM OF FLIGHT: *A*. THE BAT'S WING; *B*. THE PTERODACTYL'S WING; *C*. THE BIRD'S WING.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Professor J. A. Thomson.

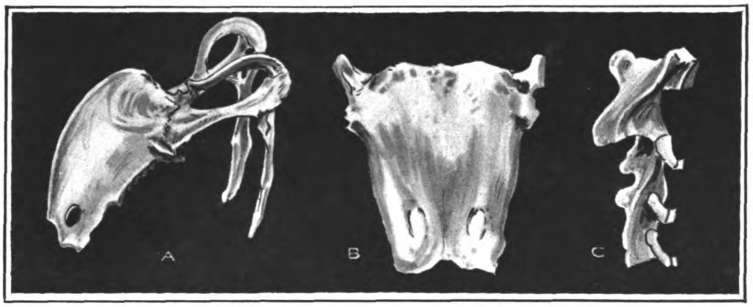


FIG. 13.—"A PROMINENT KEEL IS ASSOCIATED WITH HIGHLY DEVELOPED FLYING POWERS": *A*. KEEL ON BREAST-BONE OF EAGLE; *B*. FLAT BREAST-BONE OF OSTRICH; *C*. SLIGHT KEEL ON BAT'S BREAST-BONE.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Professor J. A. Thomson.

In ordinary flight the wings start vertically above the bird's back—everyone knows how they clap together on pigeons; then they are moved forwards, downwards, backwards, and upwards again. The downward part of the stroke keeps the bird up, the backward part of the stroke makes it speed onwards, the upward part—sideon—simply serves to make the next stroke possible. But these are cold facts. We must think of the Swift never stopping in its triumphant flight from dawn to dusk, save for brief moments at the nest. We must think of the Arctic tern occurring sometimes within the Antarctic circle, literally girdling the globe. We must think of the Pacific golden plover flying from Hawaii for over two thousand miles to its breeding-place in Alaska.

The second kind of flight is gliding, well seen when a gull, having got up a considerable speed, meets, as it flies out from the land, a breeze from the sea, rising upwards from a cliff. The play of this up-current on the under surface of the gull's outstretched wings enables the bird to rest on its oars for a considerable time without checking its seaward flight. But the third kind of flight is more puzzling; and though many wise men have pondered over it, we do not understand it yet. It is well seen in the albatross circling around the ship, or in the vulture describing great spirals in mid-air. It never takes place unless there is some breeze; the bird may tilt its body, but it does not strike with its wings except at long intervals; the movements do not depend on up-currents in the air; the bird goes with the wind and then against the wind. Thus the albatross describes great ellipses around the ship, behaving like an intelligent kite, probably taking advantage of currents of unequal velocity at different levels in the air. Sometimes it seems to rise when sailing with the wind, and to sink a little when it turns and goes against the wind. But the way of the eagle (or, rather, vulture) in the air is still too wonderful for us, as it was for a very wise man long ago.

The fourth solution of the problem of flight was discovered by bats (Fig. 8). They vary in size from two inches to a wing-span of five feet; but the wing is much the same in all. A double fold of skin, beginning at the neck, runs along the fore side of the arm, skips the thumb, and is continued between the greatly elongated fingers (Fig. 12a). This is a true wing that strikes the air, and the flight is helped by the continuation of the fold of skin down the sides of the body to the hind legs, and thence to the tail, if there is one. Quaint creatures these bats: able to hang themselves up by their toes, and to fold themselves up in their arms!

Four times the problem of flight has been solved, but how many times has it been tried? It is very interesting to think of the Flying Fishes (Figs. 10 and 11), the Flying Frog (Fig. 9), the Flying Lizard (Fig. 5), with its skin stretched out on very movable ribs, and the Flying Phalangers, Squirrels (Fig. 4), and Foxes. None of these can really fly. They are clever parachutists that take adventurous leaps. And what shall we say of the Gossamer Spiders' (Fig. 2) long aerial journeys without wings? They are borne along by the breeze which lifts the long threads of silk, which flow out from their spinnerets. Such quaint inventions, along with the splendid failures of the parachutists and the triumphant successes of the true fliers, fill us with a reasonable wonder at the adventurousness of life.

HAUNTS OF LIFE: ANIMAL FLIGHT—GLIDES; LEAPS; PARACHUTES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



VI.—THE MASTERY OF THE AIR: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S SIXTH LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Professor Thomson concludes, in the article opposite, the series of abridgments of his six lectures on The Haunts of Life, which proved so popular when delivered at the Royal Institution. The previous articles—"The School of the Shore," "The Open Sea," "The Great Depths," "The Fresh Waters," and "The Conquest of the Land"—appeared respectively in our issues of February 26, March 5, 12, 19, and 26. "The problem of flight," he tells us, has been solved four times by animals, and each time in a different way." These four solutions were achieved by the Insects, the prehistoric Pterodactyls (or Flying Dragons), the Birds, and the Bats. All but the Birds are represented in the above drawings. "And what shall we say," the Professor asks finally, "of the Gossamer Spiders' long aerial journeys without wings? They are borne along by the breeze, which lifts the long threads of silk which flow out from their spinnerets. Such quaint inventions, along with the splendid failures of the parachutists and the triumphant successes of the true fliers, fill us with a reasonable wonder at the adventurousness of life."

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BRITTANY IN LONDON: COST

DRAWN BY OUR



DRESSED IN BRETON COSTUME: CHILDREN DANCING AND SINGING OLD SONG

Our drawing illustrates a picturesque scene at the Institut Français the other day, when its Director, M. Émile Audra (Croix de Guerre, M.C.), Agrégé l'Université de Lille, gave a delightful lecture entitled "La Vie en Bretagne." It was illustrated by costume dances and songs and magic-lantern slides. group of children, prettily dressed in old Breton costume, historically correct, sang three old songs of Brittany, one of them dating back as far as the fifte century. It is by such excellent interpretative work that this admirable institution is justifying its existence, and drawing closer the bonds of Anglo-Fr friendship. The Institut Français du Royaume Uni (to give it its full title) was founded in 1910 by a young Frenchwoman, Mlle. d'Orliac, now Mme. No

: COST

SONGS AND DANCES AT THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



BRITTANY, TO ILLUSTRATE M. ÉMILE AUDRA'S LECTURE, "LA VIE EN BRETAGNE."

Bohn, and is handsomely housed at 1-7, Cromwell Gardens, lent for five years by the British Government, while the French Government awards it an annual grant. The Institut was affiliated in 1913 to the University of Lille. It was recently inaugurated in its new premises in the presence of the French Ambassador. It forms at once a first-rate centre for British students of French and for French students of English in London. Its facilities include frequent lectures, French plays, a library, courses of instruction, a commercial branch, two Lycées, for boys and girls respectively, and rooms for social intercourse which practically amount to a club. The Secretary, Mr. G. S. Sandilands, will supply full information.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

Twice as Old as Caesar: Models of Ancient Egypt

THE dramatic discovery by American archæologists of a rock-chamber near Thebes containing a set of models buried near the grave of an Egyptian noble of 2000 B.C., named Mehenkwetre, and representing all the details of his daily life, was described in our last issue by one of the excavators, Mr. Ambrose Lansing. He told how the contents of the chamber were first seen, by the light of electric torches, through a crack in the rock above. The leader of the expedition, Mr. Herbert E. Winlock, Assistant Curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, describes the objects found as follows—

"As we worked along through those three days and nights we began to realise what it was that we had so unexpectedly discovered. The tomb was that of a great noble of four thousand years ago. He himself had been buried in a gilded coffin and a sarcophagus of stone in a mortuary chamber deep down under the back of the corridor, where the thieves had destroyed everything ages before our day. Only this little chamber had escaped, and it was turning out to be a sort of secret closet where the provision was stored for the future life of the great man.

"He could not conceive of an existence in which he would not require food and drink, clothing and housing, such as he was used to in this life; and, being a rich man, naturally he wanted an estate in eternity like that which he had owned on earth. His philosophy carried him beyond that of the savage chieftain who expects a horde of servants to be slaughtered at his grave. He attained the same end by putting in his tomb a host of little wooden servants, carved and painted, at their daily tasks, working before little portraits of himself. The spirits of these little servants worked eternally, turning out spirit food or sailing ships upon a spirit Nile, and his soul could enter any one of the little portraits of himself at will to reap the harvest of their labours. In short, we had found a picture of the life the great noble hoped to live in eternity, which was nothing more or less than the one he had led on earth forty centuries ago.

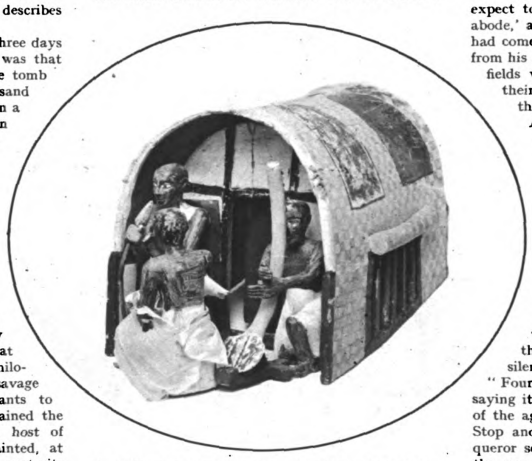
"The first thing we had seen when we had peeped through the crack had been a big model nearly six feet long, showing the noble seated on a porch among his scribes, taking the count of his cattle as they were driven past. In the back of the room we found, under a lot of other models, neatly stacked, the stable where these same cattle were being fattened, and finally when we came to move one big box-like affair in the far corner—a model I had tried my best to get a peep into and almost fallen headlong in the process—we found it was the butcher-shop where the cattle's life history ended. The night we worked in the tomb by lamp-light we got a peep into a granary where diminutive scribes sat writing down the quantity of grain being measured and carried to the bins by hard-working labourers. And later we ran across the bakery where the grain was ground and made into loaves, and the brewery where the home beverage was being fermented in tall crocks and then decanted into round-bellied jugs. Lansing extricated two canoes manned by fishermen, who hauled a miraculous draft of painted wooden catfish and perch in a seine; and I picked the fallen stones out of two gardens in which copper ponds—that would hold real water—were surrounded by little wooden fig-trees and cool, shady porches. Then there was a carpenter-shop, and another shop where women spun thread and wove cloth. The very threads on their distaffs and spindles—frail as cobwebs though they were with age, had remained unbroken in that eternal stillness.

"The business of the great man entailed a lot of travelling, and his idle hours were passed in pleasure sails or fishing trips on the Nile or on the still backwaters of the marshes. On the celestial Nile he would want to go voyaging or yachting too, and therefore a dozen model boats were put in the chamber. We found them setting sail, the captain bossing the sailors who sway on the halyards and set the backstays. A man throws his whole weight against the pole as they put off from the bank, and another stands by in the bow with a fender in case they bump against another vessel. When they travel down-stream against the north wind, the mast and sail are lowered, and the crew man the sweeps. The noble himself sits under the awning in front of the cabin smelling a lotus flower, while his son sits on deck beside him, and they both listen to a singer and an old blind harper. Inside the cabin squats a steward beside the bunk, under which are shoved two little round-topped leather trunks. A kitchen-boat follows, and the cooks get ready a meal to be served when evening comes and they are moored to the bank. There were yachts, to be sailed with the wind or paddled against it, and a low raking skiff, from the bow of which two men are casting harpoons, while others land an enormous fish over the side.

"Thus had the great man lived, and so did he expect to live after he had gone to his 'eternal abode,' as he called it. Finally, the funeral day had come. His body was brought across the river from his mortal home in Thebes, through the green fields where the wondering peasants leaned on their hoes to watch it pass, and then up through the rocky gorges to his tomb. A long procession followed him, each model borne on the head of one of his serfs, and a crowd of peasant girls and women from his estates brought baskets of wine and beer and baked meats for the funeral banquet. Even their contributions were expected to go on for ever, and statues of two of them, half life-sized, had been made to go with the models in the chamber. There we found them, towering above the horde of miniature men and beasts, looking over at us with grave, wide-open eyes. Four thousand years they had stood thus silent.

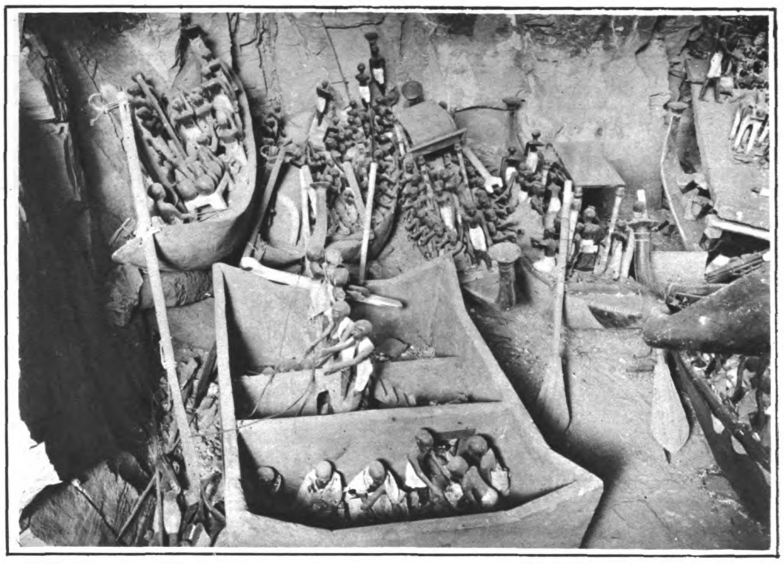
"Four thousand years is an eternity. Just saying it over and over again gives no conception of the ages that have gone by since that funeral. Stop and think of how far off William the Conqueror seems. That takes you only a quarter of the way back. Julius Cæsar takes you half-way back. With Saul and David you are three-fourths of the way, but there remain another thousand years to bridge with your imagination. Yet in that dry, still, dark little chamber those boats and statues had stood indifferent to all that went on in the outer world, as ancient in the days of Cæsar as Cæsar is to us, but so little changed that even the finger-prints of the men who put them there were still fresh upon them. Not only finger-prints, but even fly-specks, cobwebs, and dead spiders remained from the time when these models were stored in some empty room in the noble's house waiting for his day of death and burial. I even suspect that some of his grandchildren had sneaked in and played with them while they were at that house in ancient Thebes, for some of them were broken in a way that is hard to explain otherwise. Possibly that is a wild guess, but at any rate there is no doubt of what had happened to them in the little chamber in the tomb on the day of the funeral. After all of the models had been stowed away and the masons had come to brick up the doorway, they had found [illegible] of the boats in their way. So one of them picked it up and laid it to one side on top of the granary, and under bow and stern he left a great smear of the mud he had just been mixing for mortar. There those smears still remain.

"The little models had to be parted after all these ages together. Half of them went to the Egyptian Government under the terms of our concession, and are now on view in the museum in Cairo. The others can be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York."



BEGUILING A VOYAGE ON THE NILE WITH MUSIC 4000 YEARS AGO: MEHENKWETRE SITTING IN FRONT OF HIS DECK CABIN LISTENING TO A SINGER AND A HARPER.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

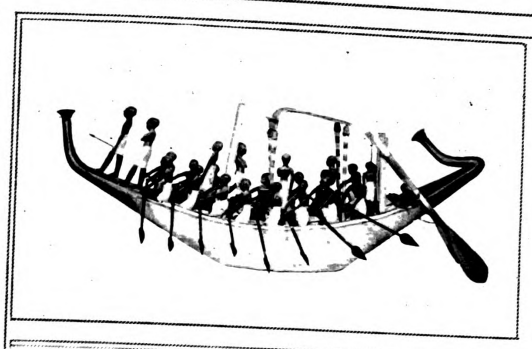


FOUND IN 1920 JUST AS THEY WERE LEFT BURIED ABOUT 2000 B.C.: MODELS OF NILE CRAFT, WITH THEIR CREWS, AND AN EGYPTIAN GRANARY—AS SEEN IN THE ROCK-CHAMBER WHEN FIRST OPENED.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Photographs by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Expedition Staff.

FOUND IN A ROCK-CHAMBER: NILE CRAFT OF 4000 YEARS AGO.

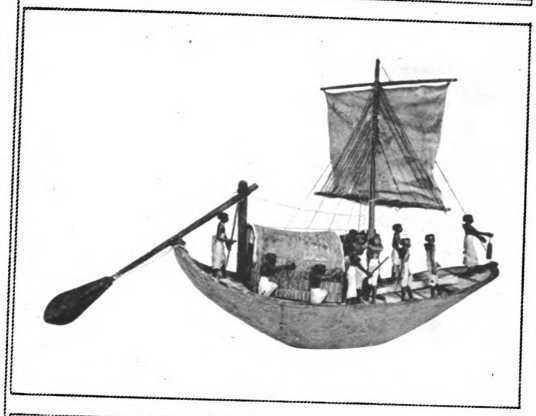
BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



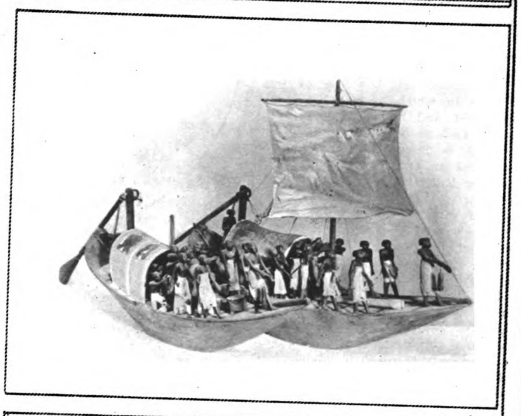
MANNED BY A CREW OF SIXTEEN, WITH SPEAR-SHAPED PADDLES: AN EGYPTIAN PLEASURE-BOAT FOR SHORT TRIPS, WITH SAIL DOWN.



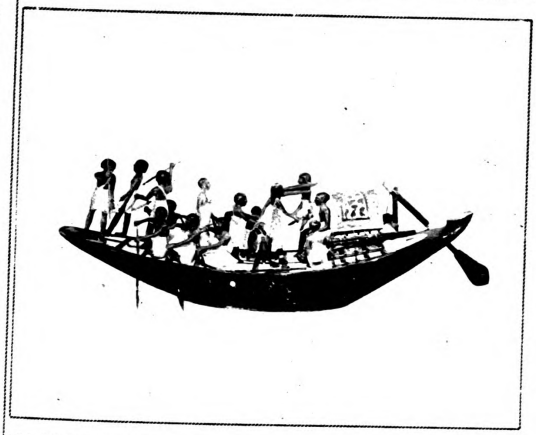
WITH KITCHEN TENDER ALONGSIDE (LEFT): AN EGYPTIAN NOBLE'S CATERING ARRANGEMENTS ON HIS NILE TRAVELLING-BOAT.



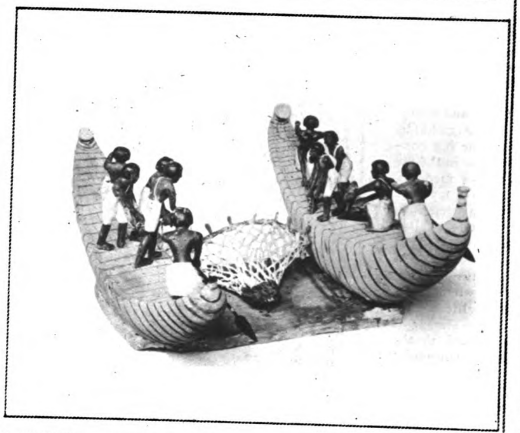
MAKING FAST THE BACKSTAYS AND HAULING ON THE HALYARDS: A TRAVELLING-BOAT SETTING SAIL FOR A VOYAGE ON THE NILE.



SETTING SAIL: A NILE TRAVELLING-BOAT (ON THE RIGHT), WITH ITS KITCHEN TENDER (LEFT) ALONGSIDE.



SPORT ON THE NILE FORTY CENTURIES AGO: A NOBLE (SITTING BEFORE HIS CABIN) WATCHING THE CREW HARPOON FISH.



FISHING ON THE NILE ABOUT 2000 B.C: HAULING A SEINE BETWEEN TWO PAPYRUS CANOES PROPELLED BY SPEAR-SHAPED PADDLES.

These model craft, made about 2000 B.C., and recently discovered in a rock-chamber in Egypt (as described opposite), give a vivid contemporary picture of boating on the Nile forty centuries ago. "There are four travelling-boats," writes Mr. Herbert Winlock, "30 or 40-footers supposedly, but in the models about 4 ft. long—with crews of from 12 to 18 sailors, besides helmsmen, bowsmen, and captains. They set a great square sail, and we see the little sailors making fast the backstays and hauling on the halyards. Coming against the wind, the mast was lowered in a rest, the sail stowed on deck, and the crew got out the sweeps. On each boat Mehenkwetre sits in his chair. . . . The kitchen was upon a second boat which followed behind and was moored alongside at meal times. On board women ground flour; men baked . . . and in the cabins joints of meat were hung up and racks of beer and wine jars were stowed. For shorter trips and pleasure sails there were yachts—long, narrow, green vessels with high, curling prows and stems. . . . When the wind was contrary, mast and sail were lowered, and sixteen members of the crew got out their black, spear-shaped paddles to propel the boat. . . . The master and his son sat under a little open canopy. For sport there is a little, narrow, light-draught skiff for hunting birds and spearing fish in the backwaters. In the bow stand harpooners, and the enormous fish struck by one is being landed over the gunwale. Lashed to the side of the cabin are the poles and stakes for bird-nets, and a boy and girl are bringing live ducks, which they have caught, to the master and his son who sit on deck. Finally, there are two reed canoes drawing a seine full of fish."

LORD AND LABOURER 4000 YEARS AGO: ANCIENT EGYPT REVEALED.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Photographs by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Expedition Staff.



FASHIONED FORTY CENTURIES AGO: THE LARGEST MODEL IN THE ROCK-CHAMBER—THE NOBLE AT THE COUNTING OF HIS CATTLE DRIVEN PAST HIM.



EACH CARVED LEAF PEGGED IN PLACE: AN EGYPTIAN GARDEN, WITH FIG TREES.



CARPENTRY IN ANCIENT EGYPT: SAWING AN UPRIGHT BEAM INTO PLANKS; CUTTING MORTISES WITH CHISEL AND MALLET.



FAT-STOCK BREEDING IN ANCIENT EGYPT: CATTLE IN THEIR STABLE ON A NOBLEMAN'S ESTATE BEING FATTENED FOR SLAUGHTER.



A GRANARY IN EGYPT 4000 YEARS AGO: SCRIBES RECORDING THE GRAIN WHICH LABOURERS MEASURE AND DUMP INTO BINS.



"MILL LASSES" OF ANCIENT EGYPT: WOMEN SPINNING FLAX, WHILE OTHERS WEAVE ON FLAT LOOMS ON THE FLOOR.

In these wonderful models, 4000 years old, we see vividly portrayed the daily life and industry on an Egyptian nobleman's estate near Thebes about 2000 B.C. Describing them, Mr. Herbert Winlock writes: "Largest and most imposing of all was a model showing the noble at the counting of his cattle. The scene is laid in the courtyard before his house. . . . Here he sits with his son and heir squatting on the floor on one side, and four clerks on the other, each busily recording the count on a papyrus roll. . . . Herdsmen lead and drive past the beeves—red, black, piebald, and speckled. The little figures average about eight or nine inches high. . . . Next in the life history of the ox is the stable where he is fattened. . . . Finally comes the last scene in the slaughter-house. The beeves are thrown on the ground and trussed up for butchering; a scribe with pen-case and papyrus roll is present to keep the accounts; a head butcher superintends the killing, and two men make blood puddings over braziers in the corner. On a balcony at the back the joints of beef hang on lines to ripen. At the granary clerks sit with papyrus rolls and tablets keeping the account, while two men scoop up the wheat in measures and load it into sacks, and others carry it up the stairs to dump it into three capacious bins. By the front door there sits a boss with cane in hand superintending the work. Then comes the

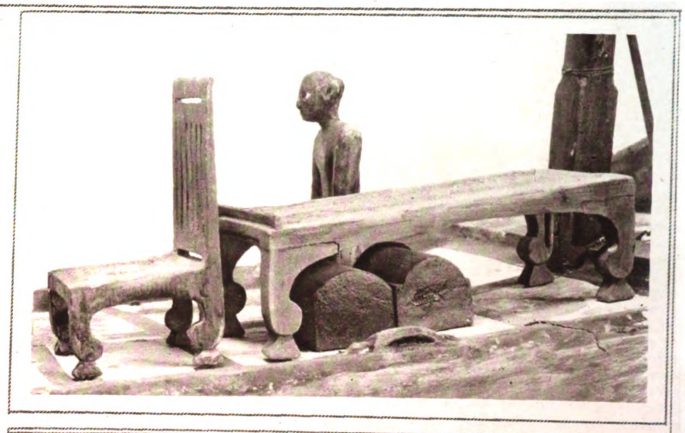
[*Continued opposite.*

IN 2000 B.C.: A SLAUGHTER-HOUSE, BREWERY, AND BAKERY IN EGYPT.

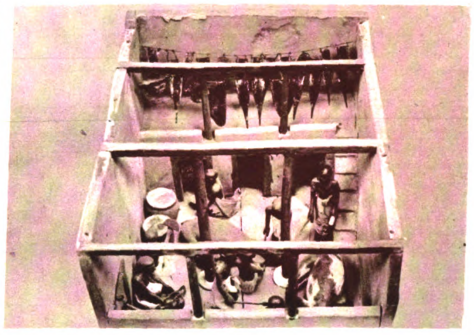
BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE EXPEDITION STAFF.



A NOBLE EGYPTIAN LANDOWNER: MEHENKWETRE AND HIS SON.



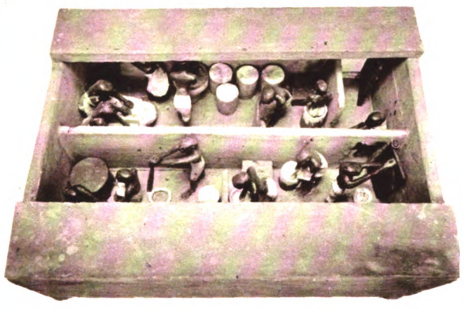
INSIDE THE NOBLE'S CABIN ON BOARD HIS NILE TRAVELLING-BOAT: THE STEWARD, WITH TRAVELLING-TRUNKS UNDER A BUNK



THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE: BUTCHERS AT WORK IN THE FOREGROUND, AND JOINTS OF MEAT HUNG ON THE BALCONY AT THE BACK.



THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE: KILLING OXEN, PLUCKING GEESE, AND MAKING BLOOD-PUDDINGS; WITH A SCRIBE HOLDING A PAPYRUS ROLL.



A BREWERY AND A BAKERY SIDE BY SIDE: (ABOVE) BREWERS MAKING BEER, AND (BELOW) COOKS MAKING BREAD AND PASTRY.



BREWING AND BAKING: (LEFT) A BREWER POURING BEER INTO JUGS; (RIGHT) WOMEN GRINDING FLOUR; BAKERS MAKING CAKES.

Continued.]

bakery and brewery combined in one building. In the first room two women grind the corn into flour, and a man makes it into cakes of dough, which another treads into a mash in a barrel. Near by, the rising mash stands in four tall crocks, while the yeast ferments, and when it has finished working, another man pours it into a row of stoppered jugs which stand along the wall. In the other room is the bakery. Men are cracking the grain with pestles; women grind the flour; men mix the dough, and make fancifully shaped loaves and cakes, which others bake in ovens. Handicrafts take up two models. The women spin and weave in one shop, and the carpenters ply their trade in another. . . . Two model gardens were provided for the soul of the great man. . . . There is the high wall which shuts out the outside world. Within, a little oblong pool of copper, so that it will hold real water, is surrounded by fruit trees, and facing it is a cool, deep porch with gaily painted columns. . . . The trees, made of wood with each little leaf carved and pegged in place, are typical of the naïve realism of all the models. The fruit is shown, not growing from the twigs, but from the main stems and branches, so that there shall be no doubt but that the sycamore fig is intended. . . . In the cabin of one (boat) sits a steward beside a bunk, under which are tucked two little round-topped travelling-trunks."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

BOTH in the letter and in the spirit "MY CRICKETING LIFE" (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s. net), by P. F. Warner, is the best book of reminiscences of cricket and cricketers we have had since Nyren's "Cricketer's Tutor" appeared with its immortal portraits of the Hambledon worthies. Mr. Warner does not deliver any of the surprising phrases which occur in the famous chronicles of Broad Halfpenny down, causing critics to regard Nyren as a rustical disciple of Sir Thomas Browne, or else to insist that his name was borrowed by some man of letters. Nowhere do we find any passage comparable with Nyren's vindication of the nobility of the beer of then and there: "Not the modern horror under the same name that drives as many men melancholy-mad as the hypocrites do; not the beastliness of these days, that will make a fellow's inside like a shaking bog—and as rotten; but barleycorn, such as would put the souls of three butchers into one weaver. Ale that would flare like turpentine—genuine Boniface!—this immortal viand (for it was more than liquor) was vended at twopence a pint." You cannot buy such ale nor such prose nowadays at any price, and it is not Mr. "Plum" Warner's fault that he cannot get all this poetical swerve and spin into his straightforward stuff, which, none the less, has the high merit of being always on the wicket, so that the reader who is really and truly in love with the greatest of our national games will not, dare not, miss a line of what he has written. It is the fault of a too genteel and gingerly age, which compels us to write about our diversions in the same too discreet style as is thought appropriate to politics and economics. The late Albert Knight, the famous Leicestershire professional, who was seen reading Horace in a quiet corner before going in to bat in a Test match down under, was the only chronicler of modern cricket with a touch of the poetic genius which transcends all the power of the psychological style so popular to-day among sporting writers (Mr. C. B. Fry is, or was, a master in that mode). Even the humour of exaggeration so curiously exploited by the American baseball expert seems beyond those who write with authority, and also as journalists, on a sport which is a phase of English life to-day, and very much more than a mere game, as hockey is, or lawn-tennis.

. . . . . .

Yet there are passages here and there in Mr. Warner's book which, being packed with the humour of circumstance and bright with his joyous love of cricket, fascinate us as much as anything in Nyren's portrait-gallery. How charmingly, for example, W. G. presents himself in the author's first Middlesex v. Gloucestershire match at Clifton. He arrived on the ground in white flannel trousers, a cutaway black coat, and a black hat, half topper, half bowler, and his jocund cry booms across the years that have been: "Eight o'clock to-night, Webbie; don't forget; it's down the well." The Middlesex side were dining with W. G., and "it" was champagne. And here is a pleasant sketch of rare old Tom Emmett, when he was the professional coach at Rugby, Mr Warner's school—

He had a prominent nose, which was not altogether subdued in colour, a mischievous eye, and a merry laugh, and he carried himself very erect, a Yorkshire cap crowning his grey and well-shaped head. He was a good coach, if, possibly, a little too keen on knocking the cover off the ball—a fault on the right side—and he was indefatigable in his zeal. "Lash at it," was a favourite expression of his, whenever a half-volley outside the off stump came along, and "if you come to her, come" was the way he urged one to drive. He taught one to play back in the right way—*i.e.*, to move the right leg back, and in the line of the ball—but he would allow no facing of the bowler.

Mr. Warner is particularly judicious in his remarks on teaching boys the art of batsmanship, which can only be done on plumb practice wickets. "A sticky wicket," he observes, "is an entirely different thing from a dangerous wicket, and boys must take their chance of this; but the rough, dangerous wicket must go in the interests of the game." He attributes the fine, fluent style of Australian batting and the extraordinary number of outstanding batsmen produced in the island continent, in spite of a population which is meagre in comparison with ours, to the fact that boys there always learn the game on true, fast wickets. As an expert in the art of captaincy, which makes eleven men into an eleven and, what is more, a band of brothers, he is able to criticise the style of world-famous batsmen and bowlers from a wealth of intimate knowledge not vouchsafed to the ordinary first-class cricketer, much less to the average spectator. W. G. Grace, Trumper, and Ranjitsinhji are the greatest batsmen of all time, in his opinion; and the last-named, if not the greatest of all, was yet the pioneer of the modern style of batting with its two-eyed stance and subtle back-play. Blythe he thinks the finest slow bowler seen in our days, Barnes the best by far of the medium-paced artists, and Lockwood the greatest fast bowler, because he was not content with tear-away expresses (as Tom Richardson was) and had a most dangerous slow ball. But it is the spirit of the book as much as its letter which fascinates us, and there could be no better motto for the young player than Mr. Warner's saying: "I have tried hard to keep a straight bat and a modest mind." Such, indeed, is the sportsmanship of cricket, which is nothing more nor less than chivalry adapted to homely, joyous purposes.

. . . . . .

The late William de Morgan's novels were notable for their deft characterisation (how often we get a living, nay a loving, impression of some cabbie or charwoman who incidentally enters his story), simple and kindly philosophy of life, easy ambling style, and that singularly refreshing lack of ethical thesis or artistic theory which causes his still, calm books to reproduce the significant aimlessness of ordinary life. He is never seeking a *scène à faire*; like the true dramatist, as contrasted with the mere playwright, he creates living, breathing characters, and lets them do what they like, and sees what happens—I believe he once confessed that his *personæ dramatis* were always getting out of hand and doing unexpected things. In his posthumous novel, "AN OLD MAN'S YOUTH" (Heinemann; 9s. net), the missing chapters of which have been filled in by his wife, we have the first instalment of a life history, manifestly autobiographical, which would have required many volumes if he had lived to complete it. It would have been a Dexter Street (a curious contrast to "Sinister Street"), by a young-old author rebuking the brilliant and self-conscious achievements of old-young artists, such as Mr. Compton Mackenzie, with its deeper love of human nature and profound understanding of what was, and still is, the essential London of kindly Londoners. It is sad to think this the only instalment we shall ever see, for the book has all the old charm of a reality beyond realism, and Jacky Pascoe becomes for us a living person, old and lonely and garrulous, writing down for his own amusement anything and everything he remembers of his past. The chapters entitled "The Story" (as distinguished from "The Narrative of Eustace John") are written by Mrs. de Morgan, and they fill the gaps adequately, even if not as brilliantly as "Q" finished R. L. Stevenson's "St. Ives."



A LEADING AMERICAN WOMAN NOVELIST: MRS. EDITH WHARTON.

Mrs. Wharton was born in New York in 1862. Her maiden name was Edith Newbold Jones, and she married Mr. Edward Wharton, of Boston, at the age of twenty-three. Her first novel, "The Greater Inclination," appeared in 1889, and has had numerous successors. Her "Ethan Frome" is reckoned the greatest American short story. She has travelled much, and her later work, including "Fighting France" (1915), "French Ways and Their Meaning" (1919), and "In Morocco" (1920) has strengthened the ties between France and America.



A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN NOVELIST: MR. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER.

Mr. Hergesheimer's stories, long and short, are very popular in the States. They include "The Lay Anthony," "Mountain Blood," "The Three Black Pennys," "Gold and Iron," "Java Head," "The Happy End," and "Linda Condon." Last winter he published "San Cristóbal de la Habana," a charming impression of the city of Havana.

Photograph by Robert H. Davis.

As fascinating as this or any other prolonged act of psychical mimicry, is "DEADLOCK" (Duckworth; 9s. net), by Dorothy M. Richardson, the most advanced of the ultra-modern psychologists in fiction. A professional critic was asked the other day by a puzzled reader what Miss Richardson's novels were about, and he replied, "Mostly about a quarter of an hour." No doubt, if a complete analysis were made of the thoughts, emotions, motives, reflections, etc., of a quarter of an hour of anybody's life, the results would fill at least one novel. Miss Richardson does not go quite so far as that in her presentation of the stream of tendencies which she calls Miriam—it is herself, of course, for she could never have seen so much of what is happening, within as well as without, to another person. But other novelists stand on the banks of a river of personal existence, while Miss Richardson pulls you down into it, and it is well worth submitting to the process once or twice. For my part, I now know all I want, and a good deal more, about Miriam, and should stoutly refuse to read another instalment of Dorothy's—I mean Miriam's—autobiography, were it not for the brilliant flashes of insight into character in the making which illuminate the psychological deeps. Compared with Miss Richardson's analysis, the most profound reaches of "The Egoist" or of Henry James' stories are mere weed-grown shallows.



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Revised Price List dated 21st March obtainable from all Motor Dealers.

NEWS FROM FOUR CAPITALS: ATHENS, WASHINGTON, PARIS, AND BERLIN.

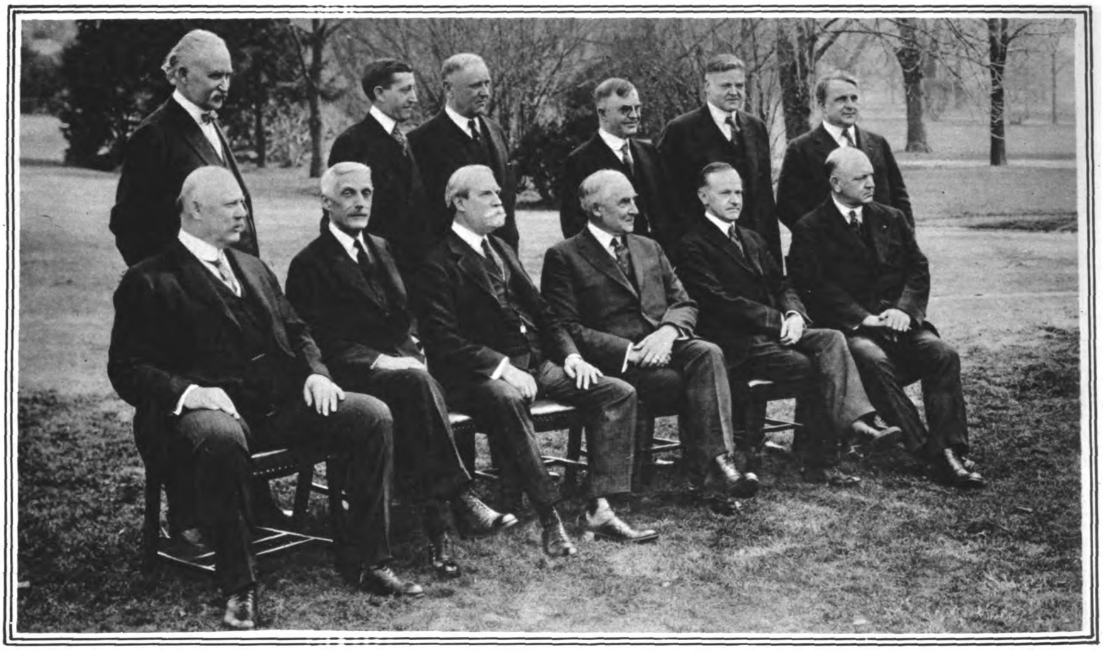
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, AND THE GENERAL PHOTOGRAPHIC AGENCY.



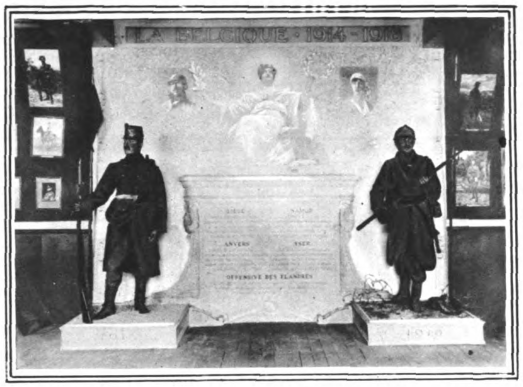
THE GRÆCO-ROUMANIAN ROYAL MARRIAGES: THE RETURN OF THE GREEK CROWN PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE TO ATHENS FROM BUCHAREST.



THE WEDDING OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA AND PRINCESS HELEN OF GREECE: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GREECE AT ATHENS CATHEDRAL.



THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES: PRESIDENT HARDING (FOURTH FROM LEFT, SEATED) AND HIS CABINET MINISTERS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.



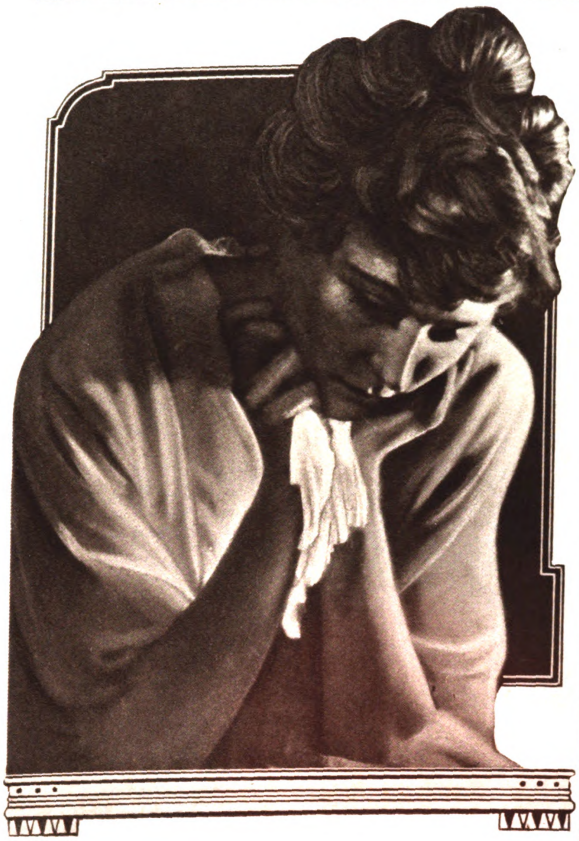
A BELGIAN WAR MEMORIAL IN PARIS: THE MONUMENT RECENTLY UNVEILED IN THE MUSÉE DE L'ARMÉE, AT THE INVALIDES.



THE ASSASSINATION OF AN EX-GRAND VIZIER OF TURKEY IN BERLIN: THE FUNERAL OF TALAAT PASHA, AT THE CEMETERY OF ST. MATTEUS.

The wedding of the Crown Prince George of Greece, Duke of Sparta, and Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania, took place at Bucharest Cathedral on Sunday, February 27. They afterwards went to Athens by sea, arriving March 9, for the marriage next day of Prince George's sister, Princess Helen of Greece, to the Crown Prince of Roumania.——The group of the new American Cabinet shows, from left to right, seated in front: Mr. J. W. Weeks (Secretary for War); Mr. A. W. Mellon (Treasury); Mr. Charles E. Hughes (Secretary of State); President Harding; Vice-President Coolidge; and Mr. Edwin Denby (Navy). Standing behind: Mr. A. B. Fall (Interior); Mr. W. H. Hays (Postmaster-General); Mr. H. K. Daugherty (Attorney-General); Mr. H. C. Wallace (Agriculture); Mr. H. Hoover (Commerce); and Mr. James J. Davis (Labour).——The Belgian War Memorial in Paris was inaugurated by M. Barthou and the Belgian Minister of War.——Talaat Pasha, ex-Grand Vizier of Turkey, was shot dead in a street in Berlin on March 15, by an Armenian student, named Solomon Teilarian, in revenge for the Armenian massacres, in which his own parents had perished, and for which he held Talaat responsible.

RLIN.



Forty—
The Dangerous Age

DANGEROUS, not because of the change Nature is making in her body, but dangerous because of the infecting Pyorrhea germs in her mouth. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. The germs breed in little pockets about the teeth, travel through the blood stream, and frequently cause rheumatism, anæmia, nervous disorders or other serious ailments. Medical Science has proved this.

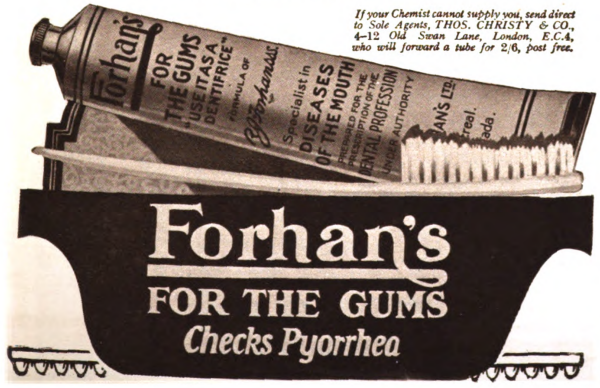
Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. See your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's to-day.

How to use Forhan's

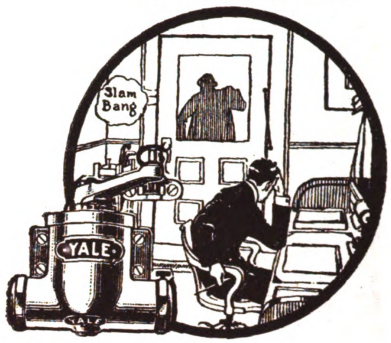
Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THIS is to be a marriage month, May not being considered auspicious for matrimony. Such considerations still hold weight with some people, although the fashion is to laugh at the old superstitions and put up new fetishes. The Earl of Dalkeith's wedding to Miss Mollie Lascelles will be quite an interesting affair, and is to take place on the 21st in that beautiful old church, St. Margaret's, Westminster. On the 16th, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Lady Eileen Browne, eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Sligo, will be married to Earl Stanhope, besides which there are a number of other wedding dates fixed. The King and Queen will be out of town, but only at Windsor, from where this time last year they motored to town fairly frequently to fulfil engagements.

Lord Desborough is likely to gain real gratitude if he can get his Bill passed to stabilise the Easter Holiday. It would be so much more convenient, and the time of year better. Now that the holiday is over, everyone is in favour of the fixed Easter, from a quite illogical feeling that it would be still in front of us. The weather is much commended, for it has played few of its old tricks; even the Grand National was accorded a glorious day. It was a wonderful exposition of tailor-built clothes. Nothing looked smarter than striped or checked tweed skirts, well cut, and in some instances pleated, with plain cloth or velvet coats the colour of the ground of the tweed. Sometimes they were bound with braid, sometimes not. I also noticed that high neck-wear appealed to the sporting ladies, and remarkably smart it looked. Black taffeta scarfs, tied in what men know as waterfall fashion, beneath a high black band, over which were turned-down points of starched white lawn, in an up-to-date version of stocks worn by what we call gentlemen of the old school, were much in favour. There were, of course, more ethereal chemisettes of silken muslin and lace, daintily made up with ribbon and finished with frills. These were becoming and pretty, but disdained harmonious relations with the severe tailor build of some of the suits. In hats alone colour prevailed, and of colours the reigning two were red and blue, purple coming in a good third. It is a long way back to the "National" now, but it was the last great big assemblage of well-dressed women I attended.

There is a besetting anxiety for men and women alike, when one of the marks that stern old gentleman with the scythe puts upon them is the turning white of hair. It is the most aging mark he can contrive, and he is rather fond of making it, greying our locks too soon for our liking, and often really too soon for our years. A friend tells me that her hair is growing younger. Seeing me smile, she said, "No such thing, not a wig; not a hair that is not home grown." It turned out that she was using "Astol," a new restorative; neither a dye nor a stain, nor any other such thing, it simply gives back to tired hair vigour and colour. Certainly, her hair looked all right. She had read about a free trial in *The Illustrated London News*, sent to 20, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1, for one, and been so pleased that she has persevered, with a result of rejuvenation that spreads over her whole person, through circumventing this most spiteful time-mark.



THE CHARM OF TAFFETAS.

Tiny tucks on the bodice and longer ones on the skirt are the only adornment of this black taffetas frock, save for the demure-looking pink rosebuds scattered about with artful carelessness.

Photograph by Shepstone.

Easter has brought out a great show of sports coats, jumpers, skirts and stockings. Such smart stockings!—some with real decided contrast stripes, some with shadowy stripes, others in heavy spun silk in checked and round designs; all manner of leg coverings in silk and wool have been seen on golf-links and seaside promenades, and at hotel *thés dansants*. Coats have been greater favourites than jumpers. Girls say that the coats are more becoming to the figure, and are less trouble to get off and on. It was also quite apparent that knitted dresses have by no means run their course. I saw one most beautifully made in silkena, with a dainty border round the hem, and a sash with a border and fringe. It was in crimson lake, and it looked very smart, and was most becoming to a creamy-complexioned, dark-eyed wearer.

The horse has quite come into his own again for racing, 'chasing, riding and hunting. The Row, too, is far more full than it has been for a long time so early in the year. No doubt there are people who continue to regret the days of formal equestrian attire for the morning or afternoon ride. Assuredly they are not those who ever had to wear it. Men whose correct, strapped-down trousers necessitated an upright position when out of the saddle, and whose topper silk hat and eyeglass were so special a care that sometimes the glass was screwed into the brim of the hat; women whose length of habit skirt swaddled their legs, whose tight habit coats uncomfortably compressed their bodies, and chignons and top hats afflicted their heads, must love the really suitable and businesslike-looking riding-dress of the Row to-day.

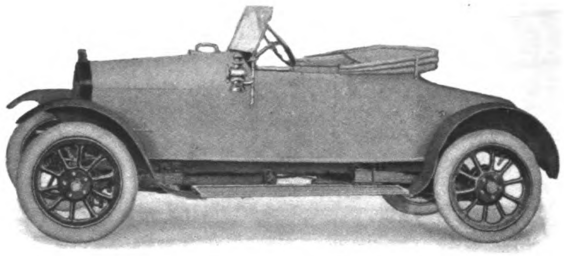
A. E. L.

When illustrating the coal-mines of Upper Silesia, in our issue of March 26, and writing in advance, we inadvertently followed an earlier statement that the Plebiscite in that country would take place in April. This, of course, was incorrect, as it was actually held on Sunday, March 20. Although Germany obtained a large majority in the aggregate, much of the coal area, as indicated in our note, favoured Poland. It was said that the Allies, in allocating the various districts according to nationality as shown by the poll, would probably assign to Poland the important mining centres of Rybnik and Pless, and the industrial district of Tarnowitz.

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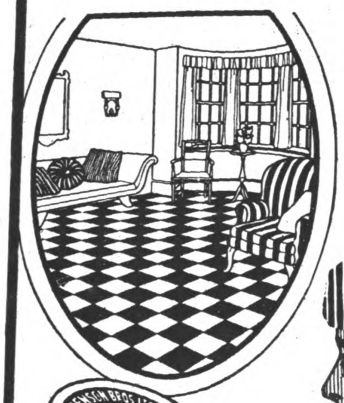
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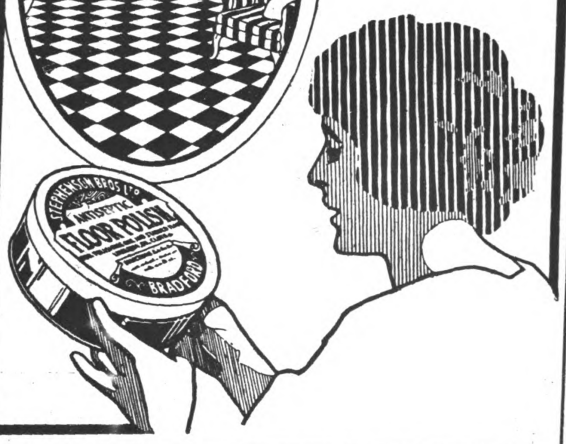
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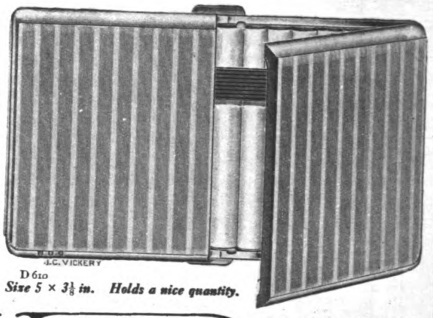
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

RUMPLESS FOWLS.

THE perpetuation of what are commonly called "freaks" of nature, or "sports," has always exercised over the breeder of domesticated animals a strange fascination. Dogs, fowls, and pigeons seem to have furnished the most striking instances of this instability of character, or tendency to throw "sports"; and the breeder, by selection, has contrived to produce some really extraordinary creatures; such as Pekingese spaniels, hairless dogs, short-faced tumbler pigeons, and rumpless fowls, to mention but a few of the host that might be named.

Some little time ago, Mr. W. Territ presented to the British Museum of Natural History a rumpless, or tail-less, fowl from his famous pens. Unfortunately, I had no opportunity of examining this in the flesh, but the further gift of a hen has given me the opportunity I desired, to discover whether any traces remained either of the tail-feathers or the oil-gland. And though I searched most carefully, I could find neither.

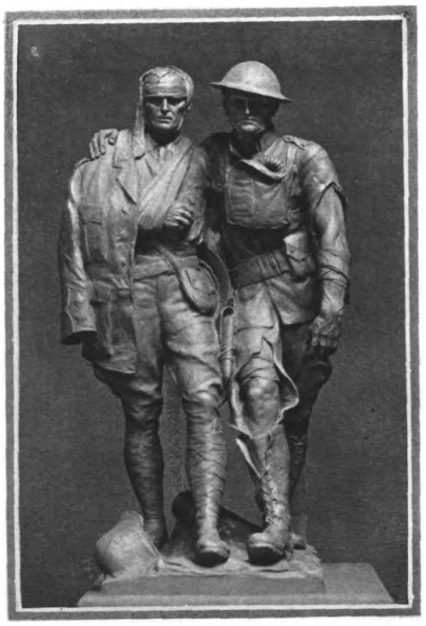
The absence of these structures is more than merely curious. Among wild birds, both are absent only in some of the ostrich tribe; but in the bustards, many pigeons, and parrots, the oil-gland is wanting, though they have well-developed tail-feathers. In no other gallinaceous birds, however, wild or domesticated, are either the tail-feathers or this gland absent. The domesticated birds might well, it is plain, dispense with both, yet they show no sign of decadence.

The oil-gland is popularly supposed to serve for the purpose of anointing the feathers, and to be particularly well developed in water birds. Even in scientific text-books it is assigned this function. When, years ago, Charles Waterton ventured to state that no evidence could be adduced in support of this view, he brought down upon himself much hostile criticism. But he was right. What purpose the gland actually does serve has yet to be discovered. Long since I ventured to point out a number of water birds which, though possessing a large oil-gland, would be quite unable to make any use of it as a "preen-gland," owing to the peculiar structure of their beaks. As, for example, in the scissor-bill, the open-bill stork, the whale-headed stork, and the darters. If it were so essential as a dressing for the plumage, then the ostriches, pigeons, and parrots, which have lost it, should fare badly; but such is not the case.

But to return to the rumpless fowl. Though birds displaying this peculiarity have been known for at least three hundred years, they cannot be regarded as representing a distinct race, for this tailessness occurs sporadically, apparently, among very widely different breeds. They are "sports," in short. But they transmit their peculiarities to their descendants. They are represented by birds of very different types. There are bantams and giants; rose, single, and cup-combed. Years ago the favoured colour was black; the birds recently presented to the Museum are of a beautiful golden buff, spangled with black and white. Though the appear to be good layers, they are said to be pron to produce infertile eggs. As table fowls they ar excellent, but they lack that favourite "tit-bit, the "parson's nose," owing to the loss of the bone which normally support the oil-gland

The older breeders believed that the rumples fowl was derived from a wild species found in th jungles of Ceylon, and known to the natives a the Wallikikilli, or Cock of the Woods. This beli was shown to have had a purely mythical origi

Many years ago, specimens were exhibite at the Birmingham Show that "stood as u right as the penguin duck; in fact, as erect a a hawk." These birds were exhibited under th name of Gondooks. The plumage was of shining black with a metallic lustre, they ha "top knots" in place of a comb, and ver short, heavily feathered legs. Except for the bizarre appearance, birds of this type seem t have had little to recommend them, and the accordingly died out. To those who ar attracted by the problems of evolution, an riddles of heredity, these "freaks" are extremel interesting and instructive. W. P. PYCRAFT.



TO AMERICANS AND CANADIANS WHO FOUGHT IN THE GREAT WAR: A MEMORIAL FOR THE ALPHA DELTA PHI CHAPTER HOUSES.

The memorial is by Capt. Robert Aitken, who served with the A.E.F. It represents a Canadian officer and an American officer, wounded, helping each other on their way from the battlefield. The original is in the Alpha Delta Phi Club, New York; and a replica is to be placed in each of the twenty-five Alpha Delta Phi Chapter Houses in the United States and Canada. The Chapters in question supplied some 2300 fighting men.

It is announced by the London, Brighto and South Coast Railway that, in order t reduce the time allowed for transit at Diepp both outward and homeward bound, the Frenc State Railway Administration have arranged fo passports to be examined on the trains betwee Dieppe and Paris (and *vice versa*) by the da services leaving Victoria (Brighton Railway) 10 a.m. and Paris (St. Lazare) at 10 a.m.

Since March 21 the Folkestone-Boulogn Day Service leaving Victoria (S.E. and C.R at 8.45 has been resumed. In pre-war day it left London at 10, and that time will be r verted to when summer time recurs on April By this train fares to Paris are cheaper than b any other day service. Pullman cars will run Folkestone, connecting with one of the newe steamers. "The business man's service" to Pari the 16.50 from Victoria (S.E. and C.R.), no (also since March 21) leaves at 19.5. The tim of arrival in Paris is practically the same before. Corridor carriages vestibuled to th Pullman cars make it possible to serve all class with meals between Victoria and Dover.

Among the illustrations of the Grand Nation in our issue of March 26 was a photograph the handsome trophy which went to the winner the race. This trophy, we should like to mention, w the work of Messrs. Elkington, the well-known silve smiths and jewellers.

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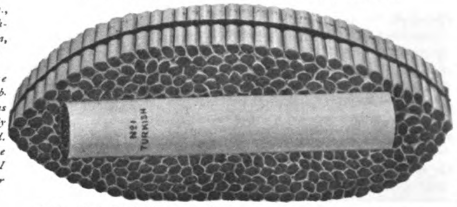
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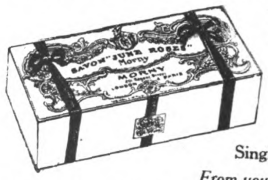
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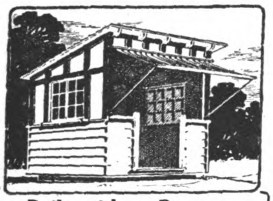
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE HEART OF A CHILD." AT THE KINGSWAY.

THE fairy tale of King Cophetua and his beggar-maid exercises a perennial attraction, so that there is a strong probability of a career of success for Mr. Gilbert Frankau's adaptation of his mother, "Frank Danby's," romance, "The Heart of a Child," wherein the legend is employed with the variations of Cophetua being presented as a modern young peer and the girl he seeks out being made a factory hand who wins a name on the stage. Sally Snape was, apart from her gutter origins, not so bad a match for "Frank Danby's" Lord Kidderminster. With good looks and charm to begin with, she had achieved for herself reputation, and the considerable income which stage popularity brings. She had learnt to speak nicely, and to dress with taste; she was free from the smallest taint of vice or flashiness; she had never made herself cheap by flirtation, and was instinctively loyal. A boy of no particular ability or force of character, such as "Kiddie" was, might think himself lucky to come across such a treasure and win her love. Instead Sally has to defend herself in one scene from a burst of undisciplined passion, and in another would have been compromised but for the intervention of a fairy-godmother type of chaperon. We move, it will be seen, in the atmosphere of the novelette. Fortunately there is Miss Renée Kelly at hand, with her attractive personality, her naturalness in speech and action, her pretty smiles and affecting tears, for the audience as well as the hero to fall in love with; while, in the two big scenes of the play, her sincerity in emotion is backed by an engaging ingenuousness on the part of Mr Arthur Pusey, as the boy-peer.

"GRUMPY," AT THE CRITERION.

American audiences, during Mr. Cyril Maude's tour of their country, took a special fancy to "Grumpy," and to the English comedian's acting in its title-rôle. The actor has expanded the part since he was last seen in it some eight years ago, so that his performance in Messrs. Hodges and Percival's piece can fairly be said to be richer in humour than ever. He has a strong company assisting him, prominent members being Mr. Arthur Whitby, Mr. James Dale, Mr. Scott Gatty, and Mr. Drelincourt Odlum; while, on the distaff side, honours are equal as between Miss Ann Trevor as heroine, and Miss Phyllis Stuckey—a most piquant maidservant.

"NIGHTIE NIGHT," AT THE QUEEN'S.

The two American women authors, Martha Stanley and Adelaide Matthews, who are responsible for the new farce at the Queen's, might have shown better stage-craft with advantage, but they have invented some really comic situations, and they have contrived to keep up a good pace for their story, so that the result is a fairly exhilarating evening's entertainment. No good-humoured playgoer could help laughing at the spectacle of two young ladies surprising each other in night déshabille and falling simultaneously into hysterics; and if other scenes in which Miss Dorothy Minto figures merely amount to exhibitions of wild gymnastics, patrons of farce are not too exigent in their demands, and Miss Minto is unsparing of exertion. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the programme was the appearance of Miss Evelyn Laye, hitherto associated with musical comedy, in a play without musical accessories. With naturalness of manner and personal charm to reinforce the appeal of her prettiness, there seems every prospect of this young actress's making good in work that calls for some exercise of intelligence.



SOLD FOR £1300: A GENERAL OFFICER'S LARGE GOLD PENINSULAR MEDAL, FOR THE BATTLE OF VIMIERA, WITH GOLD CLASP FOR MAIDA; AND THE SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL FOR MAIDA.

Both the medals were awarded to Brig.-Gen. Wrothe Palmer Acland, of the Coldstream Guards, who was appointed Major-General in 1810 and a K.C.B., and died in 1816. They are described as unique. Messrs. A. H. Baldwin and Sons, bought them the other day for £1300, at the sale of the Birkin Collection.—[*By Courtesy of Messrs. A. H. Baldwin and Sons.*]

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

No Driving License Examinations.

Questions were asked in the House recently relative to the alleged proposal to impose an examination in the case of applicants for motor-driving licenses. Mr. Neal, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, said that the Government had never regarded the driving license as anything more than a ready means of identification; it was in no sense intended to be a certificate of ability or fitness. He said that the Minister of Transport was not in favour of examination, because of the necessity which would arise of setting up an expensive service of highly skilled examiners, and was not convinced that such a system of bureaucratic control was necessary. This, from the head of the most bureaucratic of all Government Departments, sounds rather like Satan rebuking sin. There is, however, a good deal of comfort to be derived from this pronouncement, which appears to forecast the abandonment of what most well-informed people in touch with the Transport Ministry had regarded as a fixed intention.

Headlight Dazzle.

The R.A.C. has just issued two very interesting certificates dealing with the results obtained from tests of two devices designed to minimise the glare from motor-car headlamps. One of these shows the effect which a public test has on development, and relates to the "Grubb" non-dazzle attachment. It may be remembered that Sir Howard Grubb designed a lamp to deal with the dazzle problem, which lamp was submitted to the Club some time ago, when the certificate of performance was published. The results of the more recent trial show a distinct advance beyond those obtained by the first lamp. A further interesting point is that, while the original invention was a lamp complete, this second device is an attachment to an ordinary head-lamp. The certificate sets forth that the test demonstrated that a driver using the lamps in question, when approaching a pedestrian so dressed as to be seen with difficulty, would be able to pick him out

[*Continued overleaf.*

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The popularity of **"Eve,** The Lady's Pictorial" has now reached the phenomenal! The first issues disappeared from the bookstalls as though touched by the proverbial magician's wand. The issue of **"Eve,** The Lady's Pictorial" for the 6th April will be greeted with a still more wonderful reception.

In it there will be a great new attraction—a prize of £100 will be offered for the best short story sent in by one of our readers, but for details of this competition you must study the pages of our number of April 6th.

A Few of the Weekly Features:

An Essay by Richard King.
Eve said unto Adam.
A Paris Letter.
A Letter from Leicestershire.
Confetti.
Confessions of a Well-meaning Woman, by Stephen McKenna. Illustrated by Fish.
Beautiful Photographs.
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(Continued.)

at a distance of 220 feet from the car, providing he was no farther from the centre of the beam than 10 feet; and, similarly, that the driver would see a pedestrian stepping into a roadway 30 feet wide when 208 feet away. At an eye level of 4 feet the dazzling effect of the lamps ceased at a distance of 206 feet from them.

The second device submitted was the "Flatlite" reflector made by the Hertford Record Company. This is an additional reflector inserted within the existing lamp. The results show that a driver using these lamps would be able, at a distance of 138 feet, to pick out a pedestrian dressed as in the former test, if within the beam, which at the distance is 20 feet wide, or he would see a foot-passenger stepping off the kerb into a 30 feet roadway when 89 feet away. Dazzle ceased, at an eye level of 5 feet, at a distance of 225 feet from the lamps.



THE COMING OF THE MOTOR-CYCLE TAXI: B.S.A. MACHINES IN BIRMINGHAM READY TO START FOR BRIGHTON, TO BE USED THERE.

A number of these B.S.A. motor-cycle taxis are in use in Birmingham and other large towns.

Fleecing the Unwary Motorist.

The A.A. informs me that cases are being brought to its notice in which, owing to official errors in the calculation of horse-power, motorists are being served with demands by registration authorities for the payment of a higher tax than that for which they are actually liable. For example, an A.A. member recently declared his car as being slightly under 25-h.p., the tax payable being £25. The registration authority concerned actually amended this to 26-h.p., and obtained payment of £26. Upon the matter being raised, however, the excess amount of £1 was refunded. The moral seems to be that car-owners should carefully verify the actual horse-power rating of their cars — particularly where these are of foreign manufacture—before accepting the calculations of the registration authority as being correct. The manufacturer or concessionnaire will usually be able to supply the necessary information, but, alternatively, the A.A. will advise in any cases of doubt.

A Starting Trouble and Its Cure.

A recent experience and the way out may be worth recording for the benefit of motorists who may have suffered from starting trouble. My car has never been an easy starter, but was especially bad when the engine was hot and had been stopped with the extra air-inlet open. In some cases I have actually had to inject petrol into the cylinders before I could get a start—an experience I have never had with any other car. The engine has a detachable cylinder-head, and when I had it off recently for the purpose of decarbonising, it struck me that the plugs were badly pocketted, and that here might be the solution of the starting trouble. I thought that what probably happened was that the pockets filled with weak mixture or burnt gases, and formed a cushion which the gas velocity when the engine was swung by hand was not high enough to sweep out. So I procured and fitted a set of long reach plugs, and the results appear to have verified the theory. I now have no trouble in starting, whether the engine is hot or cold.

W. W.

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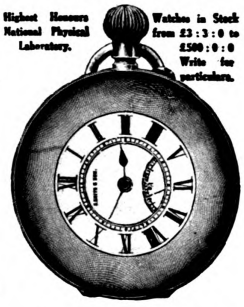
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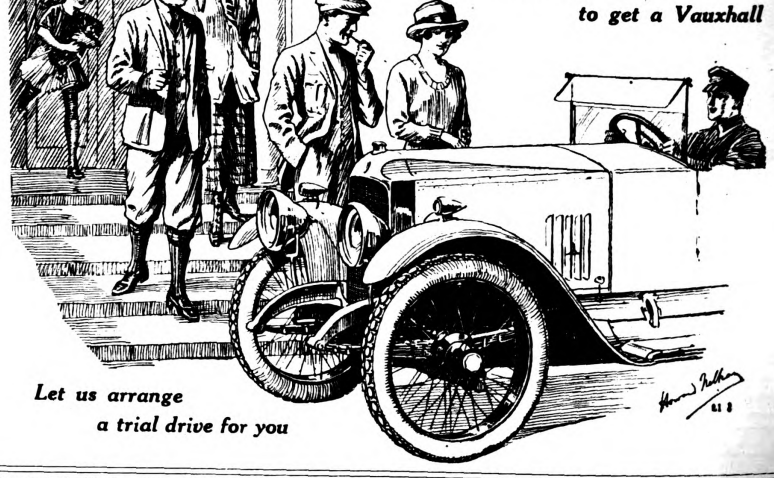
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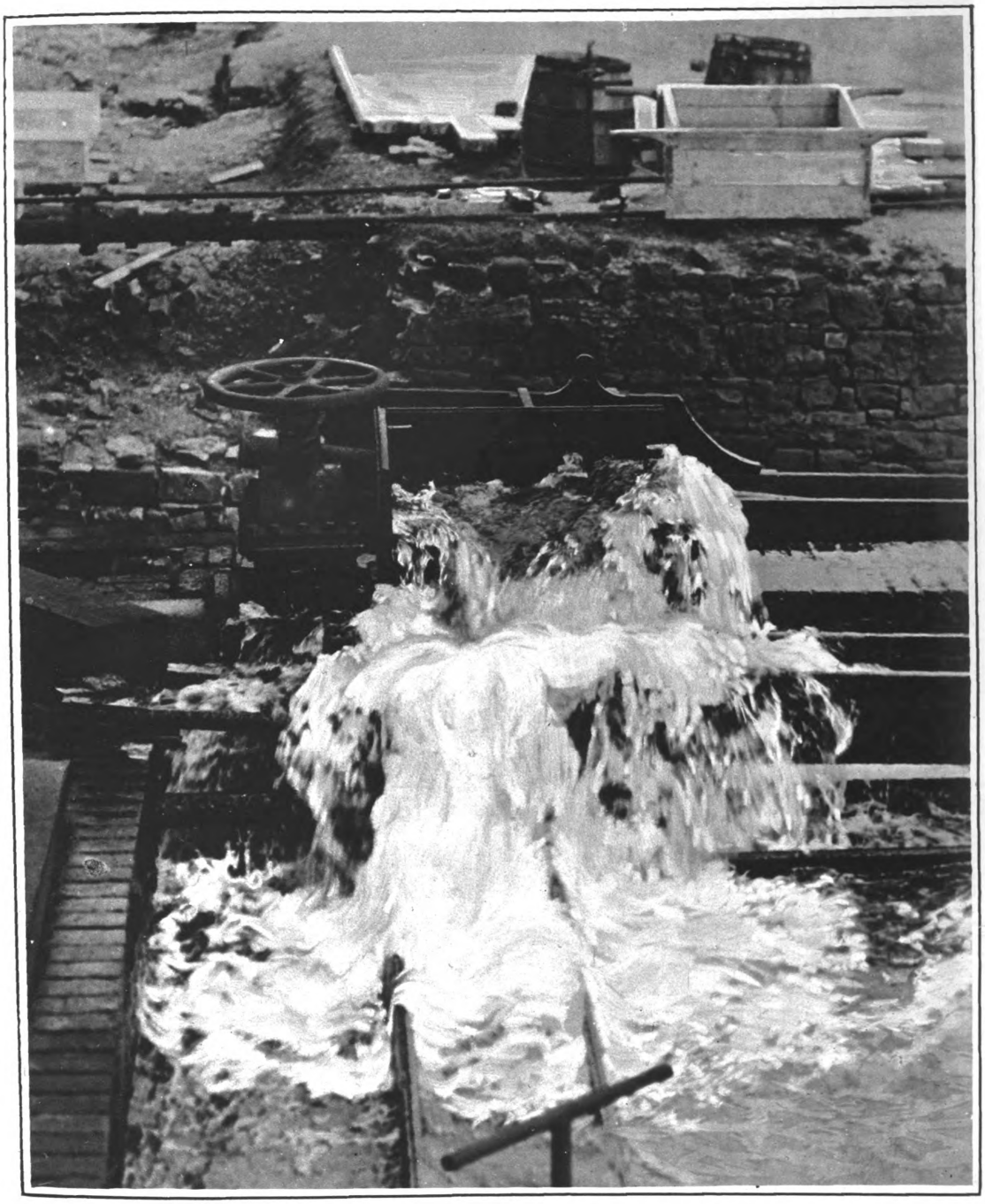
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1921.

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WORK WHOSE STOPPAGE MEANS "THE EQUIVALENT OF A COLOSSAL EXPLOSION" THROUGHOUT THE RHONDDA VALLEY: WATER, PUMPED BY VOLUNTEERS, POURING OUT FROM THE LWYNPIA PIT AT 3000 GALLONS A MINUTE.

It was reported on April 3 that the local miners had consented to 25 men being employed at Lwynpia to keep the pumps going, but next day such an arrangement was denied, and a miners' meeting at Porth passed a resolution that every man, irrespective of grade, including managing directors, must be withdrawn. When this photograph was taken, however (on April 4), the pumps were still being worked by volunteers, members of the clerical staff, draughtsmen, and so on. The general manager of the Consolidated Cambrian Collieries, Mr. Hedley Clarke, said that stoppage of the Lwynpia pumps would mean calamity. Owing to geological formation, the water has increased to 3000 gallons per minute, enough to fill a headway 18 miles long in 5½ days. It would soon cause a pressure of 520 lb. per square inch, which would blow down barriers between pits, and "the disturbance would be equivalent to a colossal explosion through practically the whole Rhondda Valley." It may be well to point out that the miners deny that there has been a "strike," and ascribe the stoppage to a "lock-out" by the coal-owners.

PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.



"MR. SPEAKER," more than any other public official, upholds the saying that "the individual passes but the type remains." The closing days of the present week see the retirement, amid universal regret, of a First Commoner who has sustained for sixteen years with increasing credit the burden of a duty second to none in honour and difficulty. In Mr. Lowther seem to be gathered up all the virtues of a tradition formulated by age-long practice. The Chair of the Mother of Parliaments can be filled only by a man of specialised training, talents, and abilities. Personalities must vary, but the Speaker, *qua* Speaker, conforms to a well-defined ideal of which few First Commoners have fallen short. That the right man is so often found is only another tribute to the collective wisdom and acumen of the House, and to its power of interpreting and transmitting its principles from generation to generation.

To give another turn to Bacon's overworked words, Mr. Speaker must be at once a full man, a ready man, and an exact man; "he had need have a great memory," and although he certainly does not "conferre little," none the less "he had need have a present wit." In his case, these qualities cannot be rigidly referred to Verulam's assigned sources, each to each, in separate compartments. It may be taken that he neglects none of the means, yet he may derive his Parliamentary virtues mostly from one, and that Conference alone. There he has before him the open book of Man, and of History in the Making, and hourly he listens to Logick and Rhetorick (good and less good) in practice. Although, as Moderator, he sits outside debate, yet on occasion he also must be "Able to Contend." Thence, too, he may draw his power to be Witty, reinforced, doubtless, by his private studies in the Poets and the Schoole-men. What these may be does not precisely appear, but he proves himself, at need, a nice judge of language and of the values of words, with a subtlety, at times, that can hardly be engendered by the Mathematicks. It was pure Philology, a science scarce arrived even at swaddling-bands in Bacon's day, that gave Mr. Lowther the cue for his famous ruling on the questionable epithet "impertinent," as applied to an Honourable Member's remarks. "Doubtless," said Mr. Speaker, "the term implied that the Honourable Member's words were not pertinent to the question before the House." This was at once admitted frankly, and a threatening incident closed in laughter.

While upholding precedent with a jealous arm, Mr. Speaker must be quick to respond to the sense of the House in times of crisis, and to act as it directs in vindication of principle. At that, we may take it, we have long arrived. But there was a day when Mr. Speaker Finch, a courtier (type now extinct), refused to put the question when ordered by the House, and "at last took to weeping," which watery precedent of his own he followed once more on the second day of Remonstrance, and even made to leave the Chair. But young Mr. Denzil Holles, the Earl of Clare's second son, with kindred remonstrant spirits, held Mr. Speaker Finch down until it should please the House to rise, in fact, until the House had finished its business. Certain scandalised reactionaries were found to cry, "Let Mr. Speaker go!" but the House locked its doors even in the face of the King's Usher, and, the Speaker being in the Chair, no matter how, but *there*, Parliament dealt Absolutism three shrewd strokes.

Thirteen years later the Chair was again in question, this time rather differently. In 1629 it had been Monarchical by deputy and Parliamentary only by force. In 1642 (Jan. 4) it was out-and-out Parliamentary, respectful outwardly to intrusive Majesty, even to bended knees, but not otherwise pliant. Very much the opposite, as the royal would-be player at Spoil-Five found. Charles could not have damaged his case better than by his opening words: "Mr. Speaker, I must for a time borrow your Chair!" He had to content himself with standing on the step and demanding the Five Members, while Mr. Speaker Lenthall, albeit kneeling, taught him the privileges of Parliament in a condensed statement of the Speaker's duty, as that officer understood it: "I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as this House is pleased to direct me." Nothing, except the supple knee, of Mr. Finch about William Lenthall, Esq., Member for Woodstock. Not, mark you, as the King (who directed Mr. Speaker Finch, understood) directs me, but *as this House directs me*. So the poor King, still untaught, turns away beaten and sullen, and the first step he took away from that Chair he could not borrow or learn to respect, began the last stage of the journey to the Banqueting House and its scaffold. F that Mr. Speaker Lenthall may, in effe taken to have started Charles on his ill-fate stage, he was no bigoted contemner of Kin His kneeling showed that. In 1651, on a da recorded, at Lenthall's house in Chancery was held that Conference where Cromwell others discussed inconclusively the form of S ment. Mr. Lenthall thinks "It will bre strange confusion to settle a Government o Nation without something of Monarchy." H conservative, too, over Chancery Reform in the Protector's Ordinance in Council, an er un-Parliamentary measure, but Oliver brough to heel as a King could not do. It is a pity for the former Speaker's fame that ence in this case save his present salary as M of the Rolls, for he talked loudly at fir hanging for his convic He ends as one of well's Lords in that which Carlyle finds "as we can read it, ver exceptionable, practical stantial." Had the Commoner stood, inste kneeling, when he enun a Speaker's duty Monarchy, had the Cha and Rolls affair issued wise, he might not been nicknamed Old Sl Lenthall by the Arch of Nick-names. Cer he spoiled his chance. performance, not wi merits, was not first- Later Speakers have customed us to expect first-rate exhibitions. they have succeeded marvel, the more marv that their efforts mu made on the spur o moment. On the poi order the Speaker exal majesty of the spoken to supreme power. In tinental Senates they bells and even break in vain. This is one things we manage bet England.



BUILT IN MEMORY OF 655 OLD CHELTONIANS WHO FELL IN THE WAR: THE NEWLY DEDICATED MEMORIAL CLOISTERS AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

The War Memorial Cloisters at Cheltenham College were dedicated on April 3, by the Dean of Hereford, the Very Rev. R. Waterfield, Principal of the College from 1899 to 1919. The architect was Mr. L. W. Barnard, F.R.I.B.A., of Cheltenham. The stone below the window was laid by Lord Lee of Fareham, now First Lord of the Admiralty, "in memory of more than 650 Old Cheltonians who gave their lives in the Great War." The windows commemorate two officers.—[*Photograph by Drbenhams, Longman and Co.*]

The origin of the Spe office cannot be date actly, wherein it rese Mrs. Bardell's fateful "There is no date, g men, but I am instruct say" that early in th tory of Parliament, whe Commons went apar discuss their own a they used to appoint their own number as dent who acted as Spea communicating the op of the Third Estate t Lords. To-day the Sp is chosen at the openi every new Parliament attends at the Bar o House of Lords to r the approval of the C delivered by the Lord Chancellor in a set of words. In the Speaker's procession from I to House he is attended, among others, t Secretary, whose office before the reforms of was peculiarly rich in "pickings." In thos old days the Secretary had fees on El Petitions and, as Mr. Orlo Williams notes, every conceivable proceeding of Parliament.' could also, while Parliament was sitting, r free of charge all letters and packages se him under cover addressed to the Speaker, would kindly frank his letters as well. Secretary and Speaker alike are the he victims of a twopenny post. It is hard to u stand why the penny post was not as invi as *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. We th so once, but how tamely we let it go! it be restored early in Mr. Speaker Whi reign!

J. D

INCLUDING THE NEW VICEROY OF IRELAND: MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

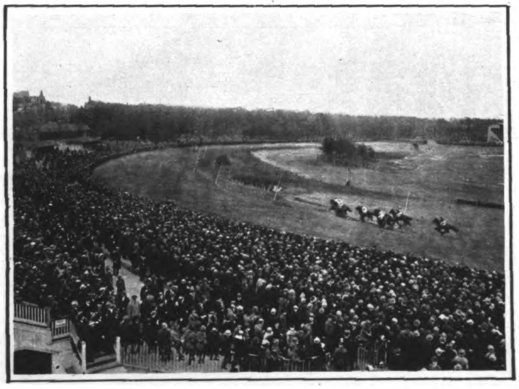
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, VANDYK, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, MENDOZA, SWAINE, AND BERESFORD.



Mr. Illingworth has retired from the Postmaster-Generalship on the ground of ill-health, and Sir Archibald Williamson has retired from the Financial Secretaryship to the War Office, in order to return to his business. By far the most significant and important appointment is that of Lord Edmund Talbot to be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in succession to Field-Marshal Viscount French. Lord Edmund, the first Roman Catholic to become Viceroy of Ireland, will be the first Viceroy under the Better Government of Ireland Act, 1920, which comes into force on April 19, and is known more commonly as the Home Rule Act. It will be his duty to summon the two Parliaments—of Northern and Southern Ireland. He is the leading lay Roman Catholic in the United Kingdom, only brother of the late Duke of Norfolk, and Deputy Earl-Marshal of England, acting for the present Duke, who was born in May 1908.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: SPORT; R.A.F. CHIEFS IN EGYPT; SINN FEIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOTHEK (BERLIN), U.B., AND CENTRAL PRESS.



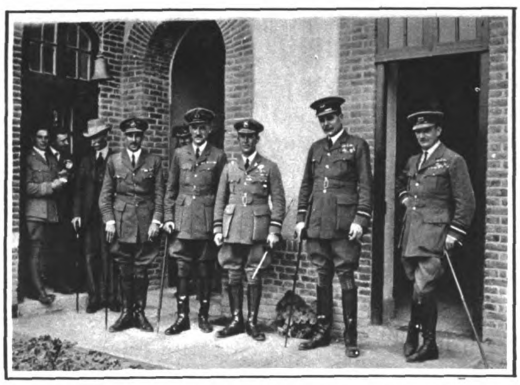
WHERE THE WHOLE "FIELD" IN A RECENT STEEPLECHASE WAS DISQUALIFIED: THE KARLSHORST RACE MEETING NEAR BERLIN.



PROSPEROUS BERLIN GOES RACING, WHILE BRITISH MEETINGS ARE STOPPED BY COAL DISPUTES: A WELL-DRESSED CROWD AT KARLSHORST.

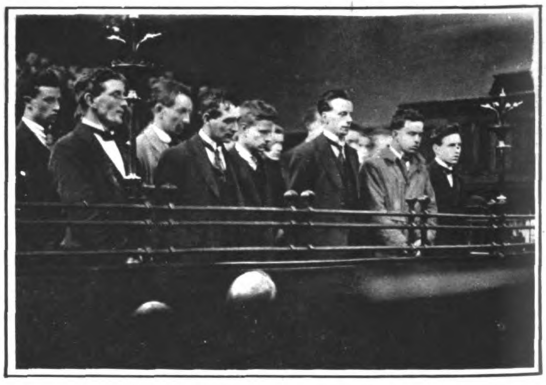


AN ENGLISH COUNTERPART OF MONTE CARLO'S DISCREDITABLE "SPORT": A PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH AT CHATHAM—A MARKSMAN TAKING HIS SHOT AT A BIRD RELEASED FROM A TRAP.



AIR MARSHAL SIR HUGH TRENCHARD'S FIRST VISIT TO THE ABOUKIR DEPOT: A GROUP OF R.A.F. CHIEFS IN EGYPT.

While British race-meetings have been stopped owing to the coal crisis, Berlin indulges in the joys of the Turf unchecked, and the size and appearance of the crowd hardly suggests the poverty of a conquered nation. At the Berlin steeplechases at Karlshorst on April 3, the entire field in one race—the Fredersdorf Stakes—was disqualified for "exceeding the time," and the Race Committee decided to punish all the jockeys for pulling their horses. There was an angry demonstration by disappointed backers after the race.——A pigeon-shooting competition said to be organised by the Abbey Wood Gun Club took place on the Chatham Football Club's ground on March 31. Thirty dozen pigeons, with their tail feathers clipped, were brought down from London packed in baskets, and only about thirty got clear away. The ground was arranged on Monte Carlo lines, with five traps a few yards apart, forming the arc of a circle at a maximum distance of 31 yards (minimum 21 yards) from the shooting point.

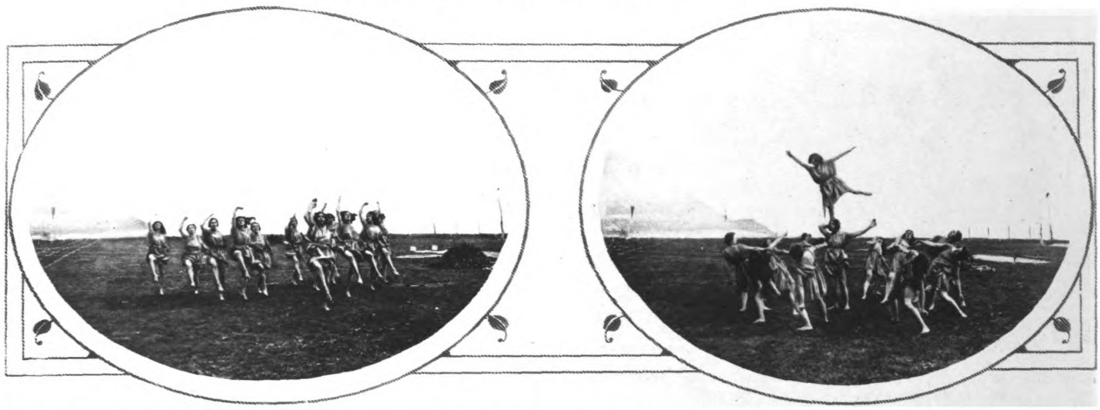


SINN FEINERS ARRESTED AT AN *IRISH* CLUB IN MANCHESTER: SIXTEEN PRISONERS IN THE DOCK AT THE CITY POLICE COURT.

As each marksman raised his gun and called "Ready," one trap (nobody could tell which) was opened by a wire, and the bird rose. The traps were soon surrounded with feathers like snow. The company numbered about fifty, including fifteen competitors and numerous bookmakers.—— In the group taken at the R.A.F. Aircraft Depot at Aboukir, near Alexandria, on March 9, the five officers in front are (from left to right): Group-Captain B. C. H. Drew, Wing-Commander N. Goldsmith, Air Commodore O. Swann, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir William Salmond. The two latter were with Mr. Churchill in Egypt. Sir Hugh Trenchard has been appointed Principal Air A.D.C. to the King.——On April 2, the Manchester police raided the Irish Club in Erskine Street, Hulme. One Sinn Feiner was killed and several policemen were wounded by revolver fire. Sixteen of the prisoners arrested were brought before the City Magistrates on April 4.

DANCES OR "A PIGEON-KILLING ORGY": MONTE CARLO ALTERNATIVES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N., TRAMPUS, NAVELLO, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A BETTER USE FOR THE PIGEON-SHOOTING GROUND AT MONTE CARLO: MLLE. JEANNE RONSAY'S PUPILS DANCING THERE.

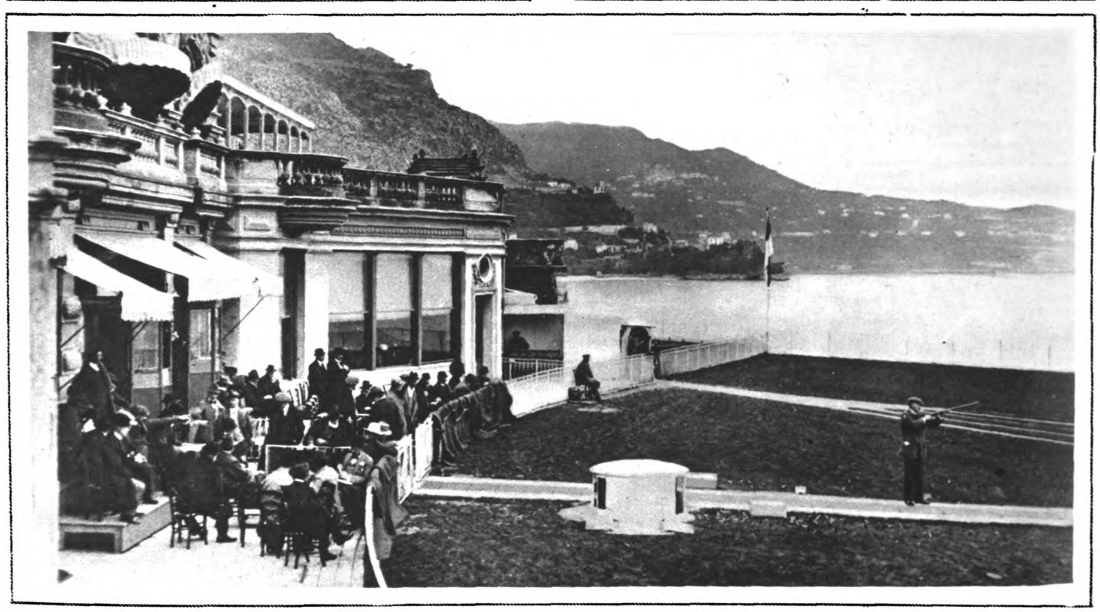
DRAWING CROWDS TO THE TERRACE, WHICH WAS AT ITS EMPTIEST DURING THE SHOOTING: CLASSIC REVELS ON THE PIGEON GROUND.





WHERE THE PIGEON-TRAPS HAVE NOW BEEN COVERED WITH FLOWER-BEDS: ENGLISH GIRLS PLAYING BASKET-BALL ON THE SHOOTING GROUND.

SHOWING SOME PIGEON-TRAPS (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND): BALLET EXERCISES PRESENTED BY FEMINA SPORT DE PARIS.



"WHEN THE PIGEON-KILLING ORGY WAS RAGING": THE SO-CALLED "SPORT" AT MONTE CARLO DENOUNCED BY SIR FREDERICK TREVES, THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, THE PRINCE OF MONACO, AND OTHERS.

Pigeon-shooting, as practised at Monte Carlo, and at certain places in this country, such as Chatham and Perivale (near Ealing), has aroused a growing chorus of denunciation. The matter was raised by Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, in his recent book about the Riviera, and among the many prominent people who have supported his protest are the Prince of Monaco and the Duke of Westminster. In a letter to the "Times," which has led a campaign on the subject, Sir Frederick Treves wrote from Monte Carlo on April 2:—"If the Administration wish to attract people to Monte Carlo they would do well to take to heart the lesson of the last few days. The degrading display of trick shooting at helpless birds has ended for the season. The traps have been covered with flower beds and the ground given up to a display of athletics by companies of women. In the place of dead and dying pigeons have been witnessed classic dances on a green lawn with a background of blue sea. When the pigeon-killing orgy was raging the Terrace was at its emptiest; while, on the other hand, the games and dances have attracted the largest crowds seen on the 'Front' this year." We illustrated the pigeon-shooting on March 12.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: OCCASIONS OF NOTABLE INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, VIZZAVONA, MENDOZA GALLERIES, AND TOPICAL.



THE HUDSON BAY DOG DERBY—A 200-MILE NON-STOP RACE: THE WINNING TEAM OF "HUSKIES."



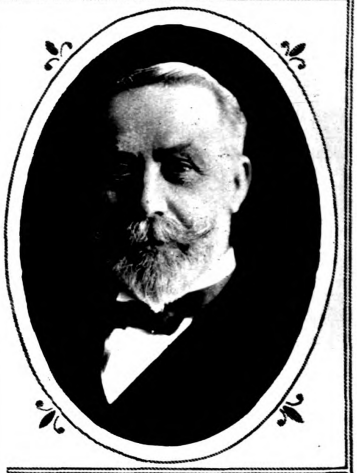
WITH HIS LEAD DOG: WINTERTON, THE DRIVER OF THE WINNING TEAM IN THE HUDSON BAY DOG DERBY.



THE PROSPECTIVE NEW SPEAKER: MR. J. H. WHITLEY, M.P., DEPUTY SPEAKER SINCE 1911.



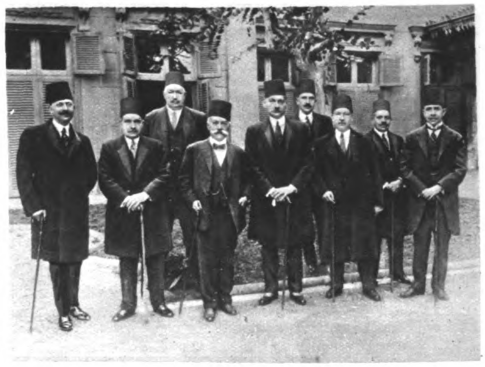
THE DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN FRENCH PAINTER: THE LATE M. GABRIEL NICOLET.



RETIRING FROM THE SPEAKERSHIP AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS: MR. J. W. LOWTHER, M.P.



RECENTLY TRYING TO REGAIN HIS THRONE IN HUNGARY: THE EX-EMPEROR KARL OF AUSTRIA, WITH HIS FAMILY.



THE NEW RÉGIME IN EGYPT: THE PRIME MINISTER, ADLY YEGHEN PASHA (CENTRE) AND HIS CABINET.

The Hudson Bay "Dog Derby," a non-stop race of 200 miles, from the Pas, Manitoba, to the Flin Flon Mine and back, was won by Morgan's team, driven by Winterton. The time was 33½ hours.——It was stated recently that Mr. J H. Whitley, M.P., of Whitley Council fame, had provisionally accepted the post of Speaker, from which Mr James W. Lowther is retiring after fifteen years. Mr. Whitley has represented Halifax since 1900, and was for a time Liberal Whip. He became Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker in 1911.——M. Gabriel Nicolet, the well-known French artist, died on Good Friday at Villefranche, aged 64. His work is familiar to our readers: the picture, "Day-Dreams," seen in the above photograph, was given as a presentation plate with our Christmas number.——The photograph of the ex-Emperor Karl's family shows (from left to right) the ex-Crown Prince Otto, Archduke Charles Louis, Empress Zita, Archduke Felix, Archduchess Adelaide, the ex-Emperor, Archduke Rodolph and Archduke Robert. A seventh child (a girl) was born on March 2 last.——In the Egyptian Cabinet group, the figures are (from left to right) Abde Fattah Yehia Pasha (Minister of Justice), Midhat Yeghen Pasha (Wakfs, *i.e.* Pious Foundations), Ahmed Ziwar Pasha (Communications), Hussein Rushdi Pasha (Vice-President of Council, without portfolio), Adly Yeghen Pasha (Premier, without portfolio), Gaafar Waly Pasha (Instruction), Abdel Khalek Sarwat Pasha (Interior) Neguib Ghali Pasha (Agriculture), and Ismail Sidky Pasha (Finance).

THE COAL DISPUTE: PITHEAD INCIDENTS; THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTO. ILLUS. CO., RENNISON, PHOTOPRESS, AND I.B.



WHERE MOTOR-BICYCLES SEEM TO ABOUND: A MASS MEETING OF MINERS AT THE PIT-HEAD, CANNOCK CHASE.



THE FINANCIAL SIDE OF A STOPPAGE IN THE COAL-FIELDS: YOUNG NORTHUMBERLAND MINERS SHARING OUT.



WORKING THE PUMPS AT THE LILLIESHALL MINES, IN SHROPSHIRE: A VOLUNTEER "SAFETY MAN."



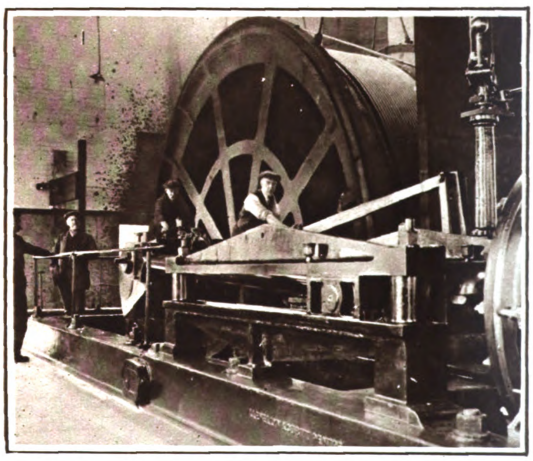
GUARDIANS OF THE LAW: STAFFORDSHIRE POLICE AT THE PIT-HEAD, CANNOCK CHASE.



A TRIPLE ALLIANCE LEADER: MR. BOB WILLIAMS, SECRETARY OF THE TRANSPORT WORKERS' UNION.



CLERKS AND SURVEYORS KEEPING THE PUMPS GOING: VOLUNTEER STOKERS AT BARNSLEY MAIN COLLIERY, YORKSHIRE.



SHOWING THE HUGE WHEEL FOR HAULING UP THE CAGES: KEEPING THE WINDING MACHINERY IN ORDER.

When the stoppage occurred in the coal-fields, and for the first time the Miners' Federation instructed the pumpmen and enginemen to cease work along with the rest, many volunteers set to work on the vital task of keeping the pumps going in the mines to prevent floods. Among them were mine officials and members of the clerical and surveying staffs. The attitude of the miners towards these emergency "safety men" differed in various localities. The situation was most difficult in South Wales, while in some other coal-fields no objection was at first raised to the work being carried on. The important question whether the other two parties to the "Triple Alliance" of Labour—the Railwaymen and the Transport Workers—should support the miners by coming out, was fixed for discussion by the Transport Workers' Federation on April 5, and the Railwaymen's National Conference on the 6th. The miners form more than half the total membership of the Triple Alliance, and the Railwaymen the majority of the remainder. The Associated Society of Locomotive Enginemen and Firemen, who do not belong to the Alliance, declared their neutrality. On April 4 an Order in Council authorised the Executive to protect the community under the Emergency Powers Act, 1920.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THERE is nothing among the books that do not grow by moonlight (like the olive trees), but are made to sell, quite so dull and exasperating as the average guide-book. "For a guide-book," observes Mr. Hilaire Belloc in a delightful essay entitled "On Getting Respected in Inns," "will always tell you what are the principal and most vulgar sights of a town; what mountains are most difficult to climb, and, invariably, the exact distances between one place and another. But these things do not serve the End of Man. The end of man is Happiness, and how much happier are you with such a knowledge?" Now, there are some Guide-Books which do make little excursions now and then into the important things, which tell you (for instance) what kind of cooking you will find in what places, what kind of wine in countries where this beverage is publicly known, and even a few, more daring than the rest, will give a hint or two upon hiring mules, and upon the way that a bargain should be conducted, or how to fight. In "KIPLING'S SUSSEX" (Simpkin, Marshall; 12s. 6d. net), by R. Thurston Hopkins, we have one of the rare kind of Guide-Book, based on intimate personal knowledge and illustrated not only by ordinary pictures, but also by well-chosen excerpts from the works of the greatest lover of Sussex living to-day. From Burwash, the poet's home, the reader is personally conducted, first to the Weald and Marsh, and then to the Downs, concerning which Mr. Kipling says and sings—

> I'm just in love with all these three,
> The Weald and Marsh and the Down countrie;
> Nor I don't know which I love the most,
> The Weald or the Marsh or the white chalk coast.

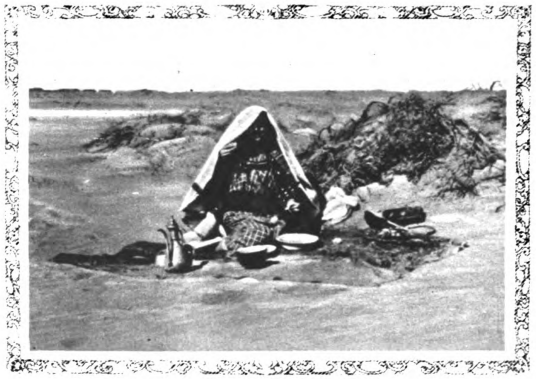
In "Puck of Pook's Hill," which is one of the dozen books I—a lover of Sussex for many a long year—keep in a shelf at the head of my camp-bed and take with me on holidays, Mr. Kipling has surely proved himself the chief of Sussex poets. He has found in the boon soil of Burwash a cure for the anxious restlessness of the Englishman errant—

> Take of English earth as much
> As either hand may rightly clutch
> . . . . . .
> Lay that earth upon thy heart,
> And thy sickness shall depart.

He not only has by heart and at heart the memories of the soil into which he has transplanted himself—Sussex is perhaps the only county in which the continuity of English history is unbroken—but he has also become possessed of the very spirit of the land, so that he feels what a certain king felt about Oxford, when he said that everything old there seemed new, and everything new seemed old. Happily it is not necessary to be born in the county to become a Sussex poet. Indeed, it is better to be born elsewhere, for William Collins and Shelley and other famous writers of Sussex origin have never been inspired by the tender beauty and ancient amenities of their birthplace, whereas poet lovers blown in by the four winds, such as Swinburne and Tennyson, have given us undying pictures of the fair land of the indigestible South Saxons: who does not remember, for example, the Tennysonian picture of—

> Green Sussex fading into blue
> With one gray glimpse of sea?

Herein Sussex strongly differs, perhaps because it is so truly an epitome of the essential England, from Lancashire and Cornwall, the other counties I know and love best of all.



THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO VISIT THE OASES OF KUFRA, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SENUSSI: MRS. ROSITA FORBES—TAKING A MEAL IN THE DESERT.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes recently made a remarkable journey from Benghazi into the heart of the Libyan desert to the oases of Kufra, the Senussi headquarters, and thence by a new route to Egypt. Though carrying credentials from the head of the Senussi, Sidi Idriss, whom she met at Benghazi, she was frequently in danger, both from murder by hostile fanatics and from starvation. Only one or two Europeans had previously been to Kufra. She went by the name of Sitt Khadija, as a Moslem woman, half-English and half-Egyptian, "travelling for the good of Islam."—*[Photograph supplied by Central Press.]*



"TRAVELLING FOR THE GOOD OF ISLAM," AS STATED IN HER SENUSSI PASSPORT: MRS. ROSITA FORBES ON A BAGGAGE CAMEL WHICH CARRIED HER NEARLY 1100 MILES.

Photograph supplied by Central Press.

Two other guide-books are worthy to come into a comparison with this gallery of Sussex pictures seen through a poet's eyes. One is "ENGLAND'S OUTPOST" (Robert Scott; 10s 6d. net), by A. G. Bradley, which tells us the story of the Kentish Cinque Ports. History is living, breathing reality in Mr. Bradley's picturesque pages, and, open where you will, there is something to arrest the attention and touch the imagination. As when we are shown, in two sentences, about the little traditional, square-rigged vessels of this old *Litus Saxonicum* (the Romans kept a fighting admiral there), that the mediæval sea-fight was just a land-fight transferred to an inconvenient element. "The titles of the chief officers suggest a country village rather than a ship of war. For the master and boatswain were known as 'Rector' and 'Constable,' while the odd boy (at the beck and call of the crew of twenty or thirty men) was registered as a 'groom.'" The other humane guide-book is "A NEW BOOK ABOUT LONDON" (Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d. net), by Leopold Wagner, which avoids the conventional quotation and tenth-hand trite reference and could almost be defined as an epic of inns and chop-houses.

For a guide-book to the life and spirit of Japan there is nothing more inspiring than "JAPANESE IMPRESSIONS" (John Lane; 7s. 6d. net), translated from the French of Dr. Paul-Louis Couchoud by Francis Rumsey and provided with a Preface by M. Anatole France. Dr. Couchoud has lived long in the Island Empire and fallen deeply in love with the still passion of its people for beauty, the exquisite Epicureanism which has created the Geisha as a living work of art, their Buddhist tenderness for flowers and animals, their frank yet reasoned courtesy, and that sentiment for Nature which opens up for them vistas of quiet happiness undreamed of even by Wordsworth. "Were it not that his curiosity is universal," writes M. Anatole France of this interpreter of the mystical East, "and that he is possessed by a need to see and comprehend everything, he would, like Lafcadio Hearn, have adopted a Japanese life and passed the remainder of his days in a joint appreciation, with this people so dedicated to the love of landscape, of the festivals of the first snow and the bursting of the cherry trees into flower." As it is, he is yet another link, he and his priceless book, between Orient and Occident, destined before long to be united in a common sympathy with all that is deeply lovable in the life of mankind. Particularly charming are his chapters on the *haikai* or seventeen-syllable lyric epigram, that tiny master-key that unlocks the Japanese heart. The cult of the *haikai* goes back as far as the fifteenth century, and even the earliest essays in a swift impression of things seen and suggested, such as the dreamily immobile white heron of Sokan (1465-1554)—

> Save for his thin voice .
> The motionless heron
> Is but a drift of snow,

would have charmed the soul of Jules Renard or have set the absinthe-minded Verlaine (the nearest of all the Symbolists to the spirit of Japanese poetry, which is apt to be sheer suggestion) thinking out terser and tenser forms. Here is a tiny seascape which seems to me inimitable—

> What commotion!
> Under the sudden shower
> The sails swing towards us and away!

And this little lyric cry comes from the heart's core of Japan when it expresses the grave and perpetual thought of death, as in the two following epigrams—

> Death against the heart,
> Nothing announces it
> In the grasshopper's song.

> The summer's green!
> All that remains
> Of the dreams of dead warriors.

There is something vulgar (as Mr. Bernard Shaw testifies through the life of one of his characters) in the incessant quest for personal happiness, and the Japanese soul rejects it as vain, knowing so well that an inspired and delicate pain, a creative melancholy, is the best life can offer us mortals,

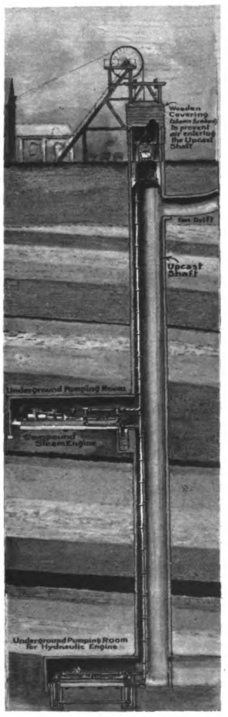


DISGUISED FOR A MIDNIGHT FLIGHT FROM JEDABIA, TO AVOID A PLOT AGAINST HER LIFE: MRS. ROSITA FORBES DRESSED AS A BEDOUIN SHEIKH.

Photograph supplied by Central Press.

FIGHTING FLOODS IN MINES: AVERTING A COAL-STRIKE PERIL.

DRAWINGS BY W. B. ROBINSON AND BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



UNDERGROUND PUMPING STATIONS: ONE TYPE OF MACHINERY.



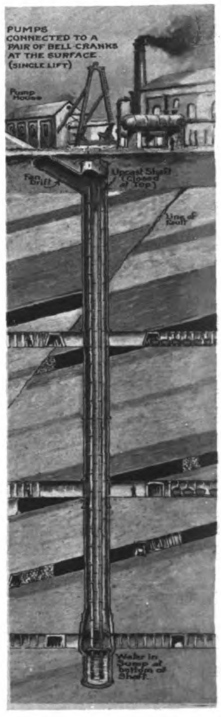
UNDER A NAVAL OFFICER: PUMPING WATER FROM A PIT.

SOME of the strata forming the earth's crust are porous, and some impervious. The volume of water held by the former may be large, and if these be pierced and broken by shafts and coal-workings, rain may find its way into a mine very rapidly. Pumps used in mines are of many different kinds. There may be Bucket or Lift Pumps, Plunger or Force Pumps, or Piston Pumps. The pumps, again, may be driven in various ways, either by means of steam, electricity, compressed air, or hydraulic pressure.

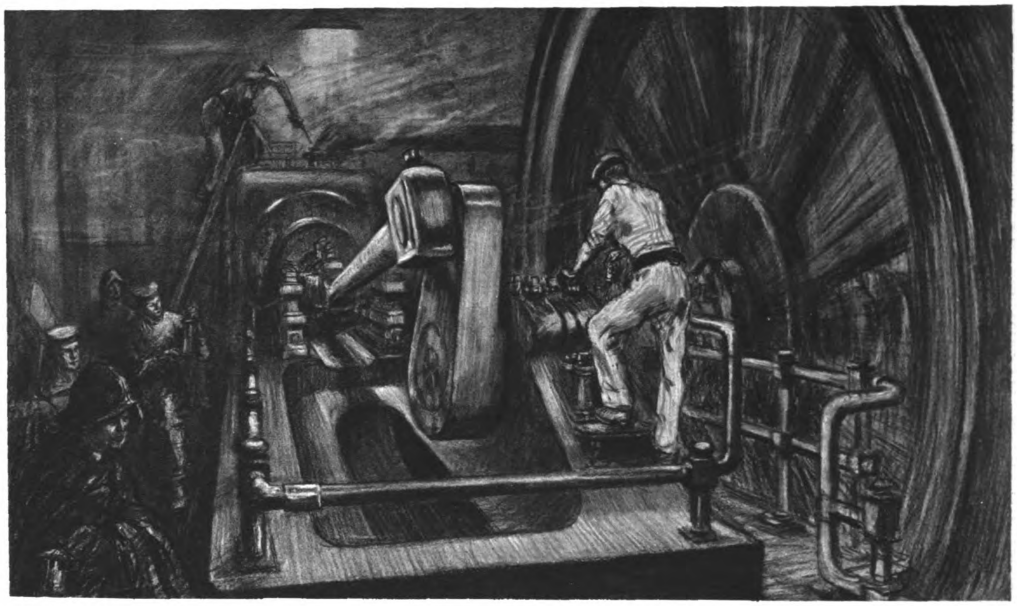
WITHOUT the Navy during the South Yorkshire strike in 1919 (when the drawings were made), the mines there would have been reduced to a disastrous condition of flooding. For every ton of coal extracted from a mine, some 18 tons of water are drawn up by the pumps, so it is easy to imagine the effect of even a short stoppage. The mine officials, being too few, were utterly unable to cope with the emergency. The situation was saved by the arrival of some 350 men of the Navy.



IN A BOILER HOUSE IN 1919: A NAVAL SHIFT OFF DUTY.



PUMPS CONNECTED TO TWO BELL-CRANKS AT THE SURFACE.



HOW THE NAVY SAVED A YORKSHIRE COAL-MINE FROM BEING FLOODED DURING THE STRIKE OF 1919: BLUEJACKETS RE-STARTING THE ENGINES THAT WORK THE PUMPS AT TRENCH PIT, GARFORTH COLLIERY.

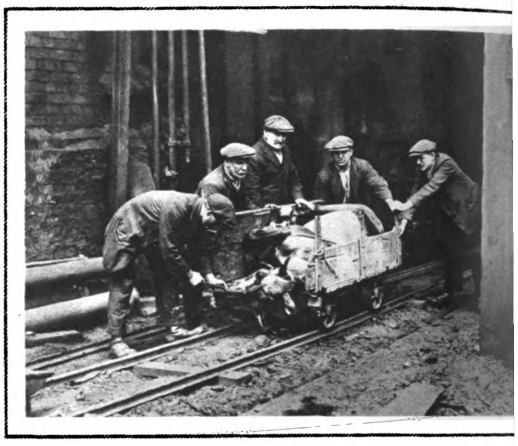
One of the most serious effects of a coal strike, when it extends to the men who work the pumping machinery in the mines, is the peril of floods. Unless the pumps are kept constantly at work, water accumulates in the workings very rapidly, and even a short stoppage may soon do a great deal of damage. The cessation of pumping for any length of time means disaster. When the recent strike was declared, it was stated that some associations of enginemen decided to remain at work, for the safety of the mines, in defiance of the general instructions from the leaders. There was a suggestion that the Navy might again be called in to help with the pumps, as during the partial strike in South Yorkshire in 1919. On the other hand, some thought that, in the event of a general strike, it would hardly be possible to provide such assistance in hundreds of pits all over the country.—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE FIRST COAL "STRIKE" INVOLVING "SAFETY MEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, (



"STRIKE" PROPAGANDA IN LANCASHIRE: AN AGITATOR SPEAKING TO A GROUP OF MINERS AT A STREET CORNER IN WIGAN.



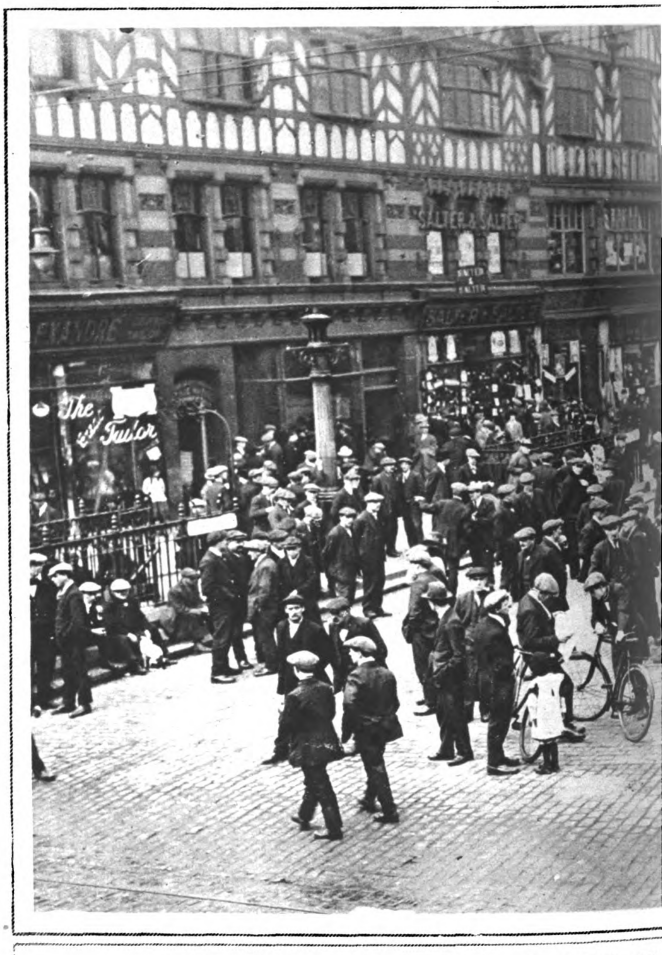
TIED IN A TRUCK AND HAULED UP 900 FEET: A PIT PONY BROU TO THE SURFACE AT PEMBERTON COLLIERY, NEAR WIGAN.



TREASURER OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION: MR. JAMES ROBSON.



ACTING PRESIDENT OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION: MR. HERBERT SMITH.



LANCASHIRE MINERS ON "STRIKE" AND DISCUSSING THE SITUATION ABOV THE ST

The cause of the coal-strike from the miners' point of view was explained as follows in a statement by Mr. Frank Hodges, Secretary of the Miners' Federation. "Work, has he said, "in all the coal-fields because the miners have found it impossible to accept the coal-owners' wage proposals. . . . The coal-owners were advised that decontr automatically revoke the wage advances given during the period of control. They therefore gave notice to the miners to terminate contracts on March 31. They also to impose new district wage agreements, involving tremendous reductions in the miners' earnings. . . . These proposals, considered in relation to the present cost o meant a smaller real wage for the miner than he received before the war." On the other hand, Sir Robert Horne, President of the Board of Trade (now Chancellor Exchequer) said: "There are some people who seem to think that the cause of the stoppage is an attempt by the coal-owners to exact too drastic reductions in wage This is an entirely erroneous view. . . . Mr. Frank Hodges has pointed out that 'the owners have not the means to prevent a drastic reduction in wages in b

FETY STRIKERS"; PIT SCENES; AND THE FEDERATION'S "BIG FOUR."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPL., BARRATT, AND SWAINE.

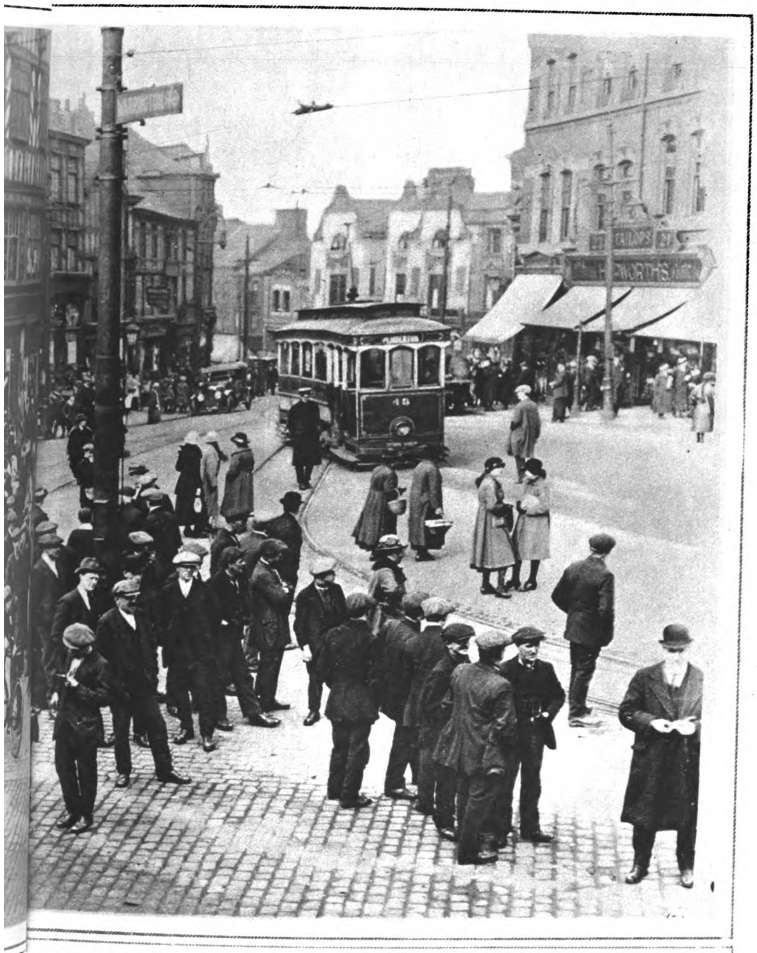


: A PIT PUMP IN FY, NEAR WIGA

WHEN ALL HANDS "STRUCK," AND OFFICIALS AND STUDENTS CARRIED ON: VOLUNTEER STOKERS AT THE GARFORTH PIT, NEAR LEEDS.



"WAGES . . . FOR APRIL 1921 WILL BE 110 PER CENT. ABOVE THE 1911 STANDARD": PUTTING UP A NOTICE AT CLIFTON COLLIERY, NOTTINGHAM.



ROUPS OF "STRIKERS" STANDING IDLE IN THE MARKET PLACE AT WIGAN AFTER ORK HAD BEGUN.



SECRETARY OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND MINERS' ASSOCIATION: MR. WILLIAM STRAKER.



SECRETARY OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION OF GREAT BRITAIN: MR. FRANK HODGES.

districts.' His proposal is not that the owners should offer higher wages, but that the Government should come to the assistance of the industry with a subsidy. . . . The policy of the Miners' Federation is to insist on a national wage without regard to districts. This policy necessarily involves a national pooling arrangement. . . . The stoppage in the coal-fields, therefore, is an attempt to intimidate the Government into the granting of a subsidy to the coal trade, and to impose upon it a bastard form of nationalisation which would kill all incentive in the industry. . . . But not only have the mines stopped. The Miners' Federation, for the first time in their existence, have issued instructions to withdraw the pumpmen and the enginemen and leave the mines to their fate. . . . A community which gave way to such a menace would be always in peril. We must provide volunteers to man the pumps, and if necessary, protection must be provided." The four chief leaders of the Miners' Federation now are Messrs. Frank Hodges, Herbert Smith, James Robson, and William Straker. Mr. Hodges described the withdrawal of the "safety men" (pumpmen and enginemen) as "a desperate decision."

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

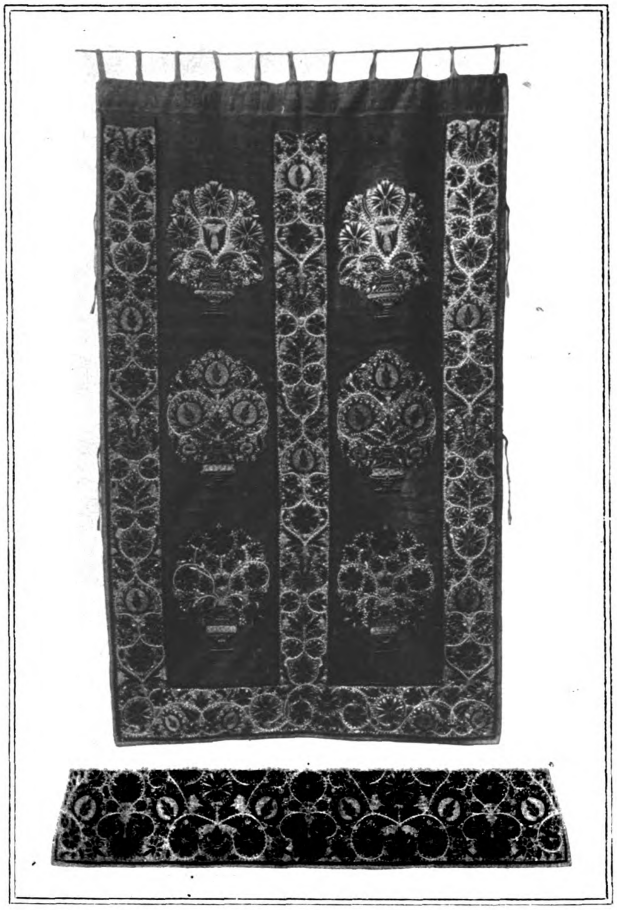
ONE wonders what motto an auctioneer would choose if he were challenged. Perhaps the line from "Macbeth," "Come like shadows, so depart," might fit the routine of everyday dispersal; but in his firmament he glows with pride and enthusiasm over, mayhap, one precious work of art above all others "that gems the starry girdle of the year." Of course, meteors swim across the art sales with coruscating glamour, but it is oftentimes the little-heeded master who attracts the true connoisseur, who should be, above all others, armed with just that special knowledge to discern, identify, and appraise works of art not hall-marked by precedent and the clamour of the fashionable auction-room. "The tumult and the shouting dies" does not apply to him, for he quietly walks off with his prize, coolly lifted in public as easily as a winner at the tables at Monte Carlo pockets his capriciously acquired wealth. But connoisseurship is not a game of chance.

Sometimes little-known masters come forward where English collectors are somewhat at a disadvantage for want of knowledge. There is a case in point at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's sale on the 13th. Two fine canvases by Jean Baptiste le Prince are to be offered from the collection of the late Blanche, Countess of Airlie. This artist rarely comes into the London market. He was a pupil of François Boucher. He won a reputation in France in the Louis Quinze era, and then visited Russia, where he spent several years in sketching. Like Turner in his European tour, Le Prince returned with material to keep him busy painting and etching. His Russian subjects of episodes in village life won him distinction, and there hangs in the Louvre his "Le Corps de Garde." The pictures offered for sale represent the exterior of a French château; there is something more realistic than Watteau, and the gallants and ladies are flesh and blood. It is vivid in moving effect, with nothing mawkish or sentimental.

Messrs. Christie, on the 6th, sold some fine old English silver, the property of Mr. F. J. C. Holdsworth, of Kingsbridge, Devon. The fine George I. punch-bowl and ladle by Paul Lamerie, engraved in Hogarthian style with a procession of figures on a quay, inscribed "Amicitia Perpetua," and on reverse eleven figures at a banquet, inscribed "Prosperity to Hooks and Lines," had a Waltonian flavour about it. It weighed 140 ounces, was eagerly competed for, and won the great price which was prophesied. Another notable example at the same sale was an Elizabethan cup and cover, 1590, with maker's mark, "R.W."

Greek and Roman antiquities from the collection of Mr. J. P. Heseltine have perturbed collectors who are desirous of filling gaps in their cabinets. Hence the interest in the forthcoming sale by Messrs. Christie on the 19th. Apart from the specialist's knowledge in Greek and Roman art, there is always the wonder which encompasses the tyro in seeing jewellery which was worn two thousand years ago. He marvels at the Roman matron's safety-pin of the same design as now in vogue; a snake pattern ear-ring is like an early Victorian duplicate. Among the antique gems to be offered there are many to provoke a thrill of admiration. Josiah Wedgwood, caught up by such adulation, duplicated in pottery the Portland Vase, which was blue glass. Cameos and intaglios are here in abundance, with pedigrees from well-known collections, such as the Arundel and the Marlborough.

Tanagra figures always make an appeal almost by reason of their seeming modernity in character. These charming statuettes have claimed the assiduous attention of the forger, and, in spite of the precautions of the Greek Government to prevent "finds" leaving the country, they have enriched many British and American collections. They are common to all parts of Greece, but attained their greatest excellence at Tanagra, in Bœotia, in the time of Alexander the Great and his successors (350-200 B.C.). The chief types are seated and standing female figures. The collections at the Louvre and at the British Museum are of exceptional value. They are variously believed to have been household ornaments or tomb furniture. These terra-cotta statuettes have a charm not easily dismissed. Among the examples to be offered is a Greek Lady at her Toilet, seated, and fully draped in chiton and chlamys, holding a mirror in her hand (10 inches high). A Seated Aphrodite with the apple of Paris in her hand is another example of a gracefully posed figure (seven inches high). Another noticeable specimen is a Reclining Draped Female Figure of a dancer, dainty and debonair, and in faultless condition, although in date some three hundred years before Christ. Other items include Greek, Roman, and other bronzes, and gold and silver coins, mostly Greek. A mirror-back in bronze is Greek work of the fourth century, and represents Herakles and Omphale in a splendid *repoussé* composition. A Persian bronze lion (4¼ inches long) is a rare example of ancient Persian art; it is supposed to have been found in the palace of Darius at Susa. A bronze statuette of a Greek girl fastening her girdle (4 1-8 inches high) is a masterly example; and a similar miniature is a silver Græco-Roman statuette of a Winged Eros (2 inches high).



A RELIC OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS FOR EDINBURGH: HER BED-CURTAIN FROM LOCH LEVEN CASTLE, WITH ONE OF THE VALANCES.

This historic curtain once adorned the bed in which Mary Queen of Scots slept at Loch Leven Castle. After her flight thence it came into the possession of the Earls of Morton at Kinross. It is a fine example of French applied work of the sixteenth century, and belongs to a set of four, probably acquired by Mary in France, made of thick cherry-coloured cloth and divided into panels by strips of embroidery. She may have had a hand in working them. The curtain, with two valances, has just been presented by the National Art Collections Fund to the Royal Scottish Museum at Edinburgh.

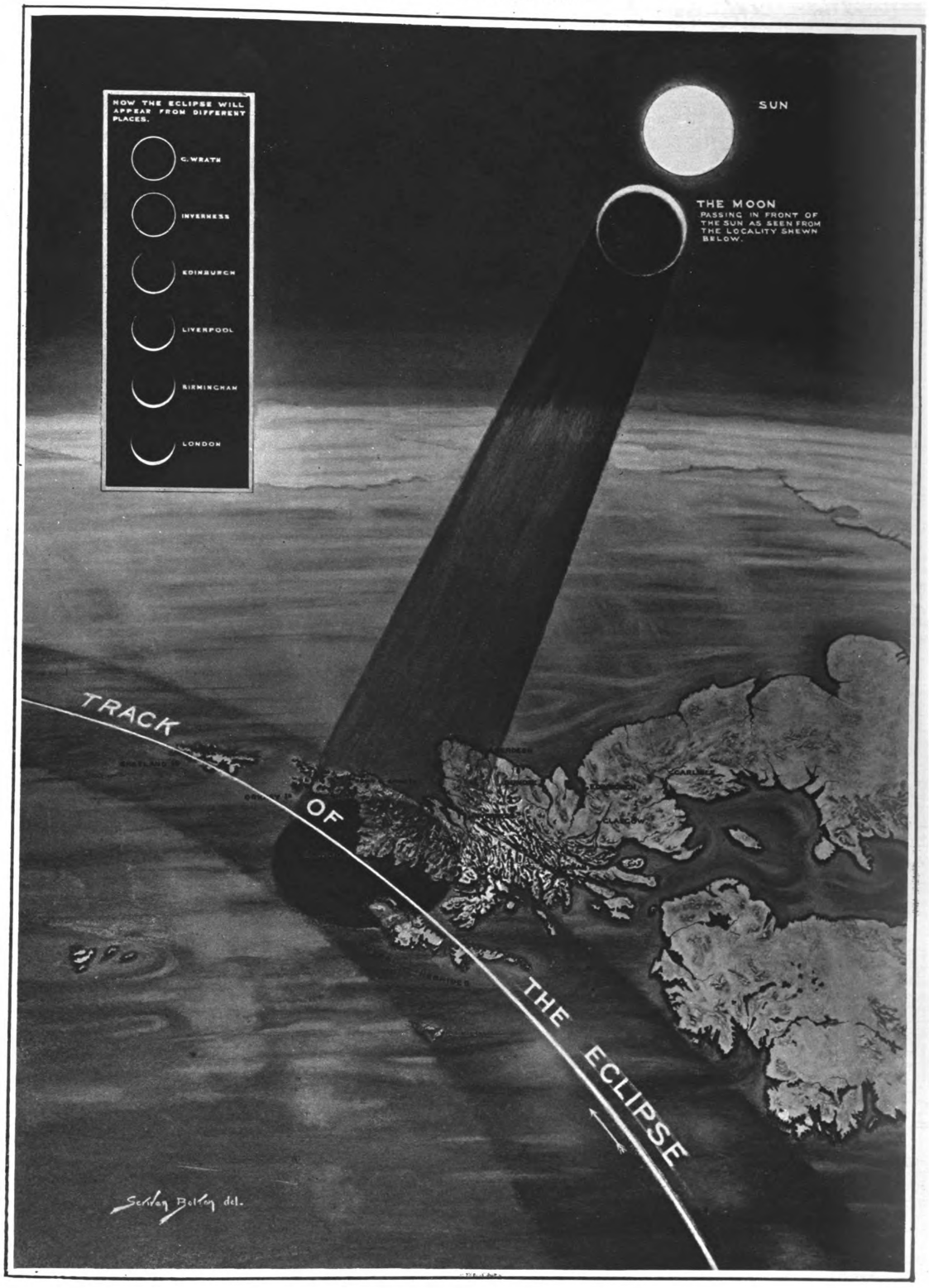
By Courtesy of the National Art-Collections Fund, Hertford House.

On the 18th and two following days Messrs. Sotheby are selling valuable books, including first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson, a set of Kate Greenaway books illustrated in colours by that dainty and original artist with a winsomeness and *naïveté* which leaves us spellbound nowadays. A fine Izaak Walton's "The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," 1653, comes up. The first four folios of Shakespeare and a Herrick's "Hesperides," 1648, are interesting items in a full list of rarities.

We like Christie's dispersal on the 26th of books by William Blake, which have as stable companions certain autograph letters by Wordsworth and illuminated Persian and other manuscripts. William Blake is not only a mystic, he is a mystery. He was somewhat derelict in his own day; Fuseli found him "dam'd good to steal from," and Stothard snatched his "Canterbury Pilgrims," and won renown from the transference of ideas. As a child Blake saw angels following the reapers in the corn. In his studio he could call up Pontius Pilate to sit to him; and Julius Cæsar, Mephistopheles, Herod, and the Egyptian taskmaster whom Moses slew, are among the portraits of Blake's gallery. Kate, his wonderful wife, in one small room which served them as kitchen, bedchamber, and studio, coloured the prints by hand, and stitched these wonderful books together, which are now snatched by collectors of the esoteric and by lovers of fantasy. As a visionary and a poet Blake won the idolatry of minds as far apart as Charles Lamb and Swinburne. The books to be offered are so rare that they have been duplicated. "The Book of Thel," engraved, printed, and coloured by the artist, is dated 1789; "Europe, a Prophecy," hails from "Lambeth, printed by Will Blake, 1794"; the "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience" are well known, with their curious plates; "Visions of the Daughters of Albion," with eleven plates, 1793, is rare. Young's "Night Thoughts" and Robert Blair's "The Grave" come forward with Blake's designs etched by Schiavonetti. Bolstered up in bed in a garret, Blake died, touching and retouching his prints to the last, chanting verses and music; and, dying, he made a faithful likeness of his wife. William Blake lies in an obscure grave in Bunhill Fields, near John Bunyan, the great, wonderful dreamer, buried by Mr. Shaddock the grocer in his own grave. And in the midst rests in peace Defoe, that turbulent realist. But "The Spiritual Form of Pitt Guiding Behemoth," that weird conception, hangs on the walls of the National Gallery, London—that is where Blake snatches the laurels from posterity; and his poems and his prophecies, "caviare to the general," make a "Roman holiday" in the auction-room.

VISIBLE IN BRITAIN: AN ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



MAKING STARS VISIBLE BY DAYLIGHT: THE TRACK OF THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF APRIL 8 ACROSS THE SHETLANDS, ORKNEYS, CAPE WRATH, AND THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

It is sixty-three years, as Mr. Scriven Bolton, the well-known astronomer, points out, since there has been an annular eclipse of the sun visible in the British Isles, like that on the morning of Friday, April 8. Writing a few days before the event, he said: "The forthcoming eclipse of the sun on April 8 is of special interest from the fact that the track of the shadow will pass over a northern portion of our islands. The most favourable places from which to observe the eclipse are those which lie in the central line of the eclipse shown above, and which are chiefly the Shetland Islands, Cape Wrath, and South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides. In England the sun at its greatest phase will appear as a slender crescent. Weather permitting, the phenomenon may be observed through smoked glass, or by reflecting the image in a pail of water." Along the track of the eclipse, depicted above, daylight will be reduced sufficiently to allow the brightest stars to be seen, if the sky is clear enough, and Venus will be found to the left of the sun. [*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

The Irish Problem Through French Eyes.

We conclude here the article begun in our issue of March 26, condensed from one by M. Ludovic Naudeau, the well-known French writer, who went to Ireland on behalf of our Paris contemporary, "L'Illustration," to study the Irish question on the spot. It is particularly interesting to see how the problem presents itself to a well-informed and perfectly unbiassed Frenchman.

AS will be remembered, there have been two distinct phases in the British reprisals. Up to December 12, 1920, that is to say, up to the period of the abominable destruction of the centre of Cork, these operations were, to a certain extent, left to the individual initiative of policemen and the Black-and-Tans. The authorities, affecting to have been overpowered, declared that, owing to repeated acts of aggression and provocation, it was impossible for them to foresee and repress the reprisals of the exasperated soldiers. The act of furious folly committed at Cork was, according to all the evidence I collected, the work of ruffians and auxiliary police, some of them over-excited by drink, others by the desire of filling their own pockets. Many eye-witnesses affirm that they saw incendiaries carrying off trunks loaded with valuables from the houses they ransacked. A block of fine shops was demolished, and is now a mere heap of ruins. The damage committed here can quite well be compared to the worst acts of the kind on the German front. The Irish Labour Party has recorded in a pamphlet of 68 large, closely-printed pages, entitled "Who Burnt Cork City?" very striking depositions, which leave no doubt in one's mind as to the fact that the authors of this crime were the "agents of the Crown." Besides which, General Strickland, to whose inflexible honesty all parties bear witness, was ordered by the Government to proceed with investigations concerning the circumstances of the affair. Several weeks ago he sent in his report, but the Cabinet keep silent, and Parliament knows nothing about the document. How is this silence to be interpreted?

After this scandal, the system of "spontaneous reprisals," inevitably degenerating into sanguinary orgies, was severely prohibited, and it was decided that the military authorities would officially control the destruction of property which would be considered necessary. That is how I assisted in Cork at the gutting of two houses, where the police had been ambushed a few days ago. The execution of this act necessitated a great display of troops; a part of the town was surrounded, and for several hours small explosions were heard at intervals. Too large quantities of dynamite could not be used at once, for fear of damaging the adjoining dwellings. Several days later, in Dublin, I saw the house formerly occupied by Casement destroyed in the same manner. These were sad scenes, which wrung my heart.

The Destruction of the Creameries.

The worst blow dealt by the British authorities to the Irish population has been, however, the destruction of the creameries, a co-operative organisation, which was very well run. To this organisation the peasants brought in their milk, which was used for the production of butter and cheese. The creameries usually possessed important machinery, which represented a considerable capital. Since April 9, 1920, when the first creamery was destroyed at Rearcross, Co. Tipperary, about sixty more have been destroyed by the forces of the Crown, and the damage committed is estimated at from £500 to £20,000 a time!

"Why," said George Russell, the brilliant Irish writer, to me (he is a Protestant), "were those organisations specially attacked? Just because they had hundreds of members. When the barracks were burned and policemen killed during the lamentable struggle going on in Ireland, or if the armed forces of the Crown were unable to capture those responsible for these political outrages, the policy of reprisals, tolerated and excused by the Government orators, tended to the destruction of any enterprise which happened to adjoin the place where the skirmish occurred, and they purposely chose to destroy those enterprises the destruction of which would ruin a greater number of people. And that is performed without any regard as to whether the people owning the property are innocent or guilty. This idea of justice is not only detestable, it is stupid; it is the maddest of tactics when the end in view is the submission of the population to those who use their power in this manner. Every innocent person whose property has been destroyed, whatever his political convictions were before, becomes the irreconcilable enemy of a State which has treated him so iniquitously. Consequently, the British authorities are doing their best to arouse this ill-feeling and increase the hatred which fans Irish national feeling."

I myself have visited several ruined creameries; at Bridgetown, near Limerick, I happened to get there just a few hours after the demolition, by men in uniform, of the creamery in that village. Looking at the ruined plant, I shuddered at the thought that this destruction had been committed in defence of law and order.

Let us speak frankly: To-day in Ireland similar things are happening to what I described eighteen years ago, when I wrote about the miseries endured by the Macedonian populations, then groaning under Turkish rule. When Ottomans burned villages where Bulgarian comitadjis had been observed, how great was our indignation! Is it possible that in a country under the rule of our illustrious ally, noble England, who has given an example of democracy to all nations, similar tragedies should be enacted? A system of terror equalling that which the Teutons used towards the Belgians will not have the approval of British citizens for long.

"You see," an Army captain said to me in Limerick, "all this is a sad business, and we do it without any pleasure. But remember that every day British officers and soldiers are sacrificed. And it is an undisputed fact that an enormous majority of the population are the tacit accomplices of those who assassinate us. They facilitate their escape, feed them, hide them, give them information, and hope for their success. Consequently, as it is extremely difficult for us to capture the actual culprits who attack us unawares, the only means within our reach is to inflict suffering on the masses, secretly hostile to us, from whom they are recruited, and who aid and abet them and champion them. We must do this or go."



AN IRISH AMBUSH FORESTALLED: R.I.C. AUXILIARIES HOLDING UP AND SEARCHING CYCLISTS WHERE A WALL HAD BEEN BROKEN DOWN.



A TRENCH DUG ACROSS A ROAD RE-FILLED BY R.I.C. AUXILIARIES: CADETS AT WORK ON THE SCENE OF AN INTENDED AMBUSH IN IRELAND.

These photographs were taken on a certain road in Ireland, where preparations for an ambush had been abandoned incomplete, apparently on news of the Auxiliaries' approach. About ten yards of wall had been broken down to make a barrier, and a trench had been dug across the road. It was filled up by the Cadets, who stopped and searched passing cyclists and pedestrians.

Photographs by C.N.

Rebel Colony or Nation.

What is the answer to this? Yes, it is true. As soon as the inhabitants of one country protest against the dominion of another country, and go as far as starting a guerrilla warfare against its soldiery, it is inevitable that the hostile acts committed on both sides must increase daily by a fatal progression, and that with fatal reciprocity the antagonists try to intimidate one another by increasing terror. The question, therefore, is not whether the British use too forcible means to subjugate a rebellious colony, for a State can only subjugate a rebel colony by fear. The question is whether the British have the moral right to consider and treat as a colony a small Western community which demands freedom and insists on being a *nation*. And here we are faced once more with this problem which means everything. Is Ireland a nation or not?

It would indeed appear as though fate had taken a malicious pleasure in setting the nations of Europe one against the other, owing to their proximity and the differences of their languages, their religious and their national prides; and the same fate has thought fit to put next to the great British Isle another island, which, it must be remembered, was too small to uphold its independence, but at the same time too large and too distinctive not to absorb the various invaders who settled on its shores. The facility of assimilation and digestion of Ireland has always been wonderful. Of course, the primitive Gaelic type must have been considerably modified during seven centuries of wars, massacres, famines, invasions by Danes, Normans, English, and the systematic plantations, at various periods, of numerous colonists from Great Britain. But for her own salvation, Erin has always been able to transform the descendants of her adopted children into real Irishmen. I cannot make up my mind as to whether Ireland is a nation or not, but what I can affirm is that from north to south (with the important exception of the Belfast region) Ireland vibrates with that wonderful, unconquerable feeling, that complicity of hearts which George Russell called the spirit of nationality.

Who can help noticing it? The spirit of nationality is much stronger to-day, more unconquerable and purer than it was a hundred and twenty years ago, when the British Government, in 1800, managed to corrupt and bribe a majority of the Irish Parliament, and made them vote fraudulently that collective abdication, that Act of Union, against which the Irish people have ever rebelled. Nowadays the national ideal is so intense that such an act of venality appears perfectly monstrous to the Irish. As in the time of her most martial epoch, to-day Ireland raises her head, in full possession of her energy and hope: she wants to exist.

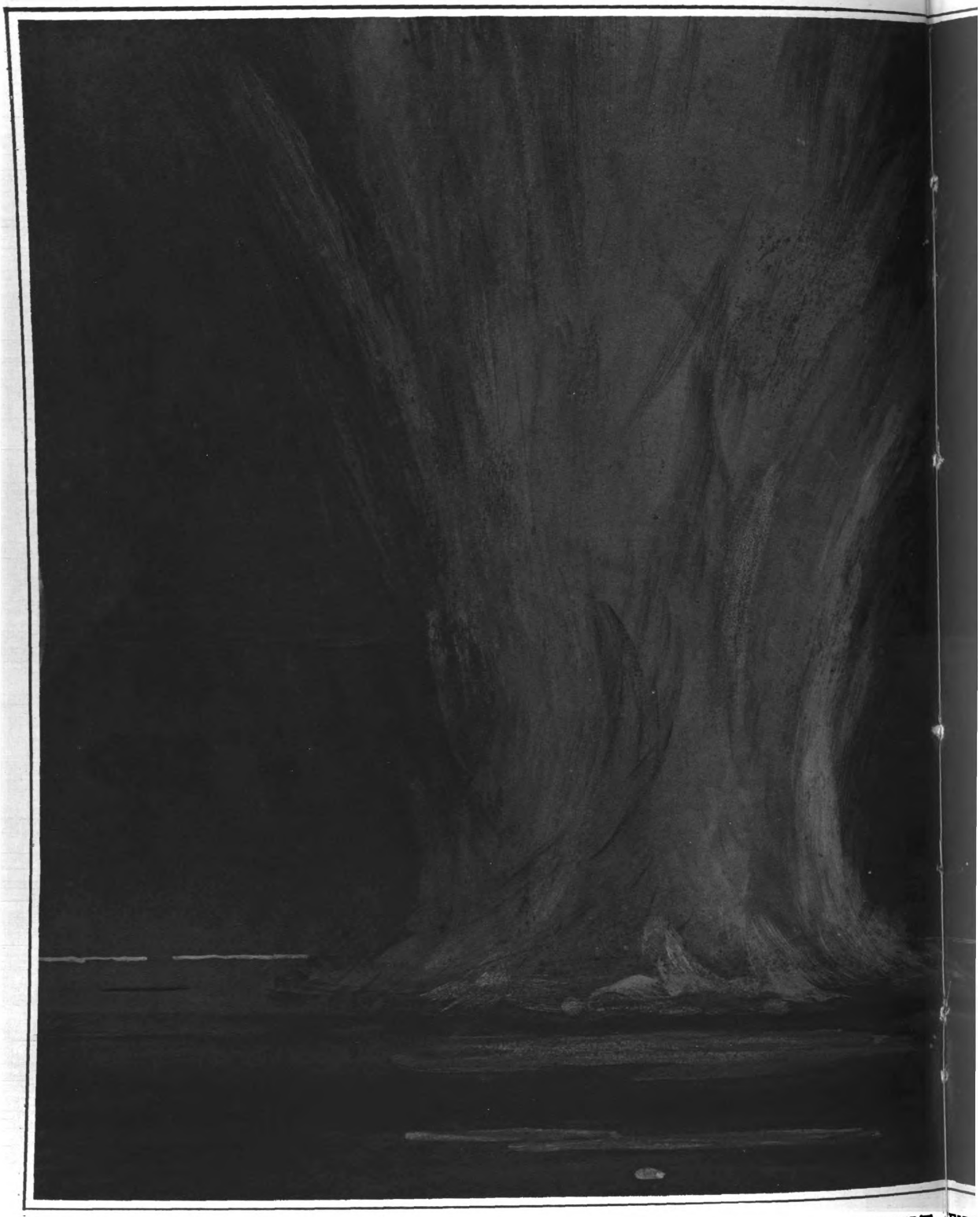
FILMING JUTLAND—AFTER THE EVENT: ON A SEA 8-FT. SQUARE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, BY COURTESY OF THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO. AND THE BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILMS, LTD.



REQUIRING 80,000 SEPARATE MOVEMENTS OF MODEL SHIPS TO SHOW THE GRAND FLEET CROSSING THE NORTH SEA: FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND OVER AGAIN IN A FILM STUDIO—AN IMMENSE TASK.

The reproduction of a moving bird's-eye view of the Battle of Jutland for the films has proved to be an immense task, involving intricate calculations and an enormous number of movements. The work has been carried out, according to track charts prepared by Sir George Aston, by the Ideal Film Company and the British Instructional Films, Ltd., in their studios at Boreham Wood, near Elstree. The board is 8 ft. square, and the model ships are in three sizes—4-inch for "close-ups," 2-inch for "medium shots," and 1-inch for "long shots." Ships, "sea" and "sky" are painted in shades of grey. Gunfire and explosions are produced by blowing smoke through pipes. For each picture each model is moved only 1-16th of an inch. There are sixteen pictures to each foot of film. The passage of the Grand Fleet across the North Sea took 90 ft. of film, and 80,000 separate movements (by hand) of models. That of the German Fleet took 60,000 movements. The top diagrams represent the blowing up of the "Queen Mary"—(*A*) Applying a match to a chemical pellet; (*B*) chemical burning; (*C*) adding smoke; (*D*) ready for filming. The central drawing shows the first period of Beatty's action, 3.50 to 4.50 p.m. on May 31, 1916, just after the loss of the "Indefatigable" and just before the destruction of the "Queen Mary." The upper line of ships is (left to right), British destroyers, Beatty's battle-cruisers, and 5th Battle Squadron: below (left to right) are German destroyers and Admiral Hipper's ships firing. Sir George Aston has invented a method of moving model ships in a liquid medium to avoid the laborious hand movements.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

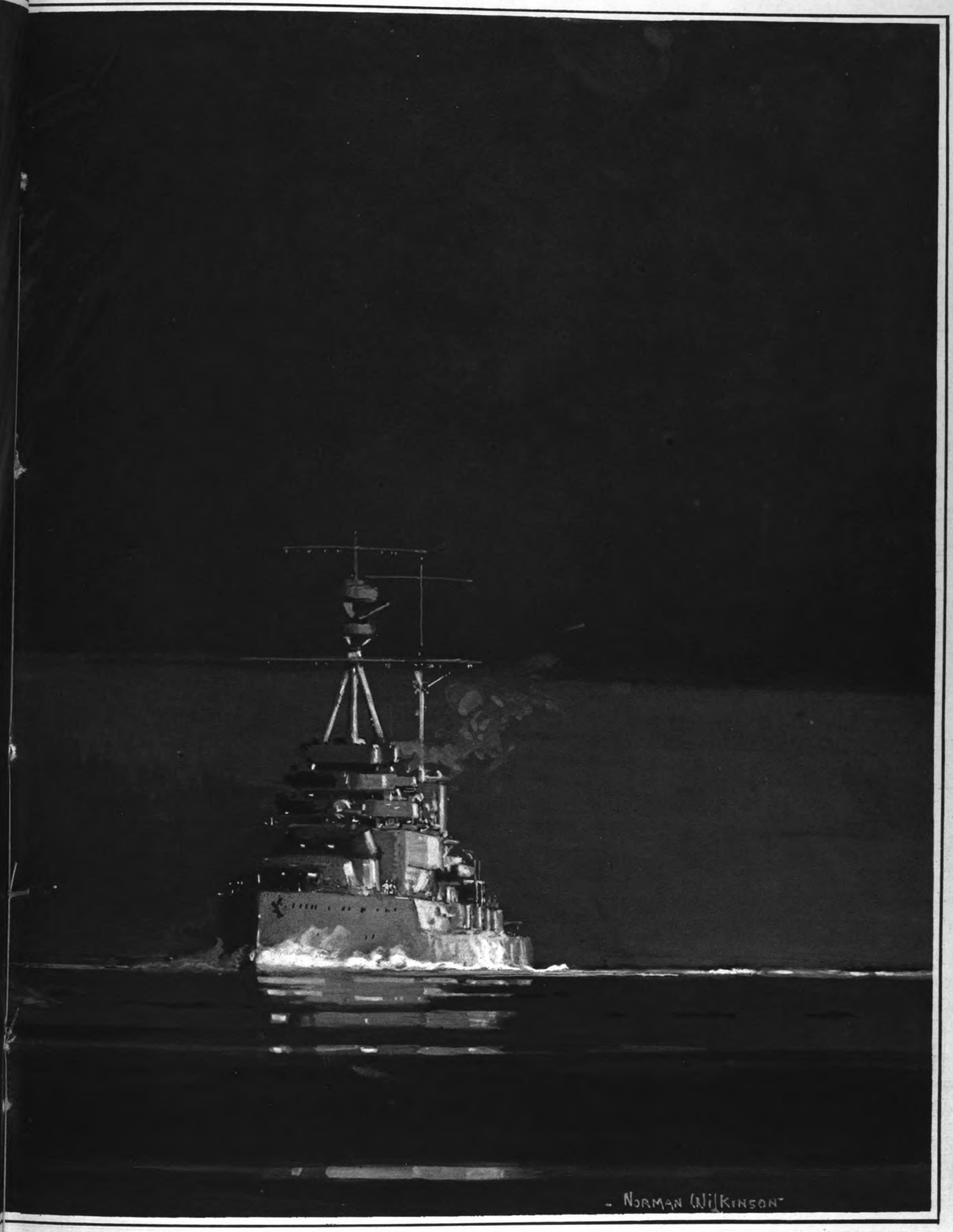


NIGHT FIRI

That the British Navy is ever ready is a truism so trite that it is accepted more often than not without thought of the hard work of brain and muscle that makes it so. The painting we reproduce illustrates but one of the many ways in which efficiency is secured. In connection with firing practice, it is interesting to recall a picture, by Mr. Cecil King, which was published in our issue of June 12, 1920. On that date, dealing with a method of firing that was introduced into the Royal Navy in recent times, we stated that the firing ship steams on a more or less parallel course to that of the target-ship, but, owing to a lateral deflection of her guns, the projectiles fall well astern of the target. In such a case, the target-ship does the spotting, and results are signalled by wireless to

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.I.

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FIRING.

the firing ship, after each round. One of the after-turrets of the target-ship is kept trained on the firing ship, and on the aeroplane platform on top of the turret a lath (with divisions marked on it) is fixed at right-angles to the guns; this is called the "tow-bar." Another lath, with vertical nails, or pegs, at regular intervals, crosses this within six degrees of right-angles, and is called the "rake." The six degrees represent the error of the "enemy's" guns, so that the rake is actually parallel to the course of the projectiles. A gunner warrant officer notes how far the shot has fallen to right or left, as the case may be. In the picture given above, a battle-ship is seen illuminated by a ship's searchlight during night firing.

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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

I SEE that "Three," the three-act comedy of three characters by a new author, Mr. Lipscomb, which formed the penultimate programme of the season of the doughty Play-Actors, has received a chilly reception at the hands of the Press, and—frankly—I am surprised. On the Sunday when it was played before the members, it roused enthusiasm, and I for one, always an admirer of *multum in parvo*, of simplicity in art, would have cheered the author, as I will now encourage him to go on. Nor was it the plot that interested us so, but the apt, profound, witty analysis of a woman's character. I have to go back to Galsworthy's masterly "Fugitive" (revive it, revive it!) to find an understanding so correct both psychically and physically of a woman's character as of this real Eve's daughter, swayed by male strength and male serfdom, electing in the end to bow to strength. Even more curious is it that Mr. Lipscomb appears to have greater knowledge of women than of, at any rate, some men. "Manners maketh man," and with all my acquaintance of planters and East India merchants, I have never met quite such a boor as the hero, exquisitely played by Mr. Leslie Faber. But when this is said, there remains a capital, witty, trenchant little play, which I am glad to hear has been acquired by Mr. Norman McKinnel. Miss Alexandra Carlisle played the heroine well, but still *à l'Américaine*; and Mr. Henry Oscar, clever as the softer spirit, would have been even more convincing if he had displayed more worldly distinction.



WHOSE WIFE SHALL SHE BE? (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. MALCOLM KEEN AS HILARY FAIRFIELD, MR. AUBREY SMITH AS GRAY MEREDITH, AND MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS MARGARET FAIRFIELD, IN "A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

Under a law assumed to be reformed, Margaret has obtained a divorce from Hilary, who was insane, and is about to marry Gray, when Hilary returns cured.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

. . . . . .

I am all for the promising enterprise of Miss Irene Hentschel and Miss Monica Ewer—the Playwrights' Theatre. It is a capital idea, as valuable as a bacteriological-research station, and with discrimination it may add to our dramatic arsenal. I am not quite so enthusiastic about the half-share arrangement—that the cost should be borne in equal parts by the playwrights and their theatre. It sounds like a brain-tax on the man who writes a play, and I hope that in measurable time there will be a sufficient membership to allow the production of a new author's play without the levy of his pay. If a tithe of all those who talk of their love for the theatre would help the directors with a deed in kind and coin, the Playwrights' Theatre would have a *raison d'être* even in its experiments that do not succeed beyond good intentions. Such was the case with "Rhoda Fleming," Mr. A. Phillipson's adaptation of Meredith's novel. It was certainly not worse than many novel-plays; but it was not better, or more entertaining, and it was not Meredith. His dramatic value has been tested ere this, and, despite fine setting and enthusiastic actors, the result was negative. So of "Rhoda Fleming" no more need be said, except that it sometimes interested us as a curio, and oftener caused our interest to languish, in spite of three capital characterisations—the Rhoda of Miss Moyna MacGill, Victorian maidenliness to the life; the Dahlia of Miss Dorothy Massingham, and the Farmer Fleming of Mr. Allan Jeayes.

"The Young Ladies get their Medals," to quote the title of Mr. Miles Malleson's little panel, which was the joy and the gem of an interesting afternoon by the students of the R.A.D.A.—and they deserve them. Joan Swinstead achieved the highest honours; Ralph Leddra fairly won his year's engagement by Vedrenne; and Laura Wallis Mills was well worth her piece of silver for her touching, beautiful rendering of the girl who—in Malleson's playlet—studied for the stage of necessity and saw the others soaring with the medals while her breast remained sad and unadorned.

Generally the performances—not forgetting the capital dancing class of Mr. Louis H. d'Egville—were well up to Academy standard. There was life in the modern work and grit in their Shakespeare; but when they played the Malleson gem (which Sir Oswald should at once ear-mark for the Coliseum) they were at their best, for they acted themselves among others. It was a treat! On the other hand, the selection of Maeterlinck's over-rated and untranslatable "Sister Beatrice" was a little error. It was beyond the forces of the students; it was frankly long-weary; and as to miracle plays, I prefer the monks of the dark Middle Ages to the *à la mode* exhibitions of Maeterlinck. They sound mannered and manufactured, instead of felt.

The French section, to which it was my privilege to offer a prize of a week in Paris to see what French plays, French theatres, and the Conservatoire are like, distinguished itself with great credit to the Professor, Mlle. Gachet. I cordially agreed with her and Miss Irene Vanbrugh that the laughing Pierrot of Miss Joan Swinstead deserved the little trip *sans phrase*: her French was as choice as her impersonation. But deep down in my heart, and if my purse had been deeper too, I could have added Miss Margot Sieveking, the weeping Pierrot, to the expedition to Paris. Mine was a case of "Entre les deux mon cœur balance," and I shall certainly offer her a consolation prize; and one also to Miss Una Bell, a lovable Columbine whose French was only marred by a few vowels of English sound. In sum, it is a joyful observation that at the R.A.D.A. French has become an item of consequence, and that the tuition in all directions betokens the zeal and efficiency of Mr. Kenneth Barnes, the administrator, and the whole corps of teachers whose efforts year by year demonstrate progress all along the line.

. . . . . .

"Genius" is one of the words which I hoard up like the miser his gold in "Les Cloches de Corneville," and when I use it I mean it and am prepared to substantiate my verdict. Now, little Nelson Keys, the talk of "London, Paris, and New York," Cochran's best and British revue, is a genius, because he possesses the unique gift of merging his brain, his body, and his soul into countless characters—not only in the vein of imitation, but of reincarnation, which is quite a different thing. Behold Nelson Keys as du Maurier; behold him as an old and gouty Admiral, as a Spaniard—above all, as a Spaniard with castagnettes, bolero, sombrero, and grandezza; behold him as a hero of drawing-room drama, as Beau Brummel, and—for grand finale—as the Japanese conjurer with his jargon and his dexterous trick—not fake, these, but often real Magic Circle—and you must admit that he is a very chameleon of an artist. Indeed, he is too good for revue. If he were to tackle real comedy, real drama, even tragedy—yes, tragedy!—he would be *facile princeps* of our excellent array of actors. He does nothing by halves, nothing slipshod; his work is as finished as the facets of brilliants, and as luminous. He is a great little man, and we owe him many unforgettable hours of unalloyed joy. In Violet Loraine he has found a foil to his vitality. She also is a real artist; she also is too good for revue; as a *comédienne* she can carry all before her, and in certain scenes I have seen her in such emotion that she drew lumps to our throats. Alas that the "holy state" will drive her away from the stage! But not for long, we hope.



A HUSBAND'S DEVICE TO KEEP HIS WIFE FROM LEAVING HIM: MR. ERNEST THESIGER AS ARNOLD CHAMPION-CHENEY, M.P., AND MISS FAY COMPTON AS ELIZABETH, IN "THE CIRCLE."

When Elizabeth tells her husband of her intention to run off with Edward Luton, Arnold offers to give her cause to divorce him, and to settle on her £2000 a year, hoping that such generosity will make her stick to him.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

. . . . . .

To Geneviève Ward on her eighty-third birthday and the King's Honour: "Hail, Grand Dame!"



LORD PORTEOUS REVOKES AGAIN: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MISS TONIE EDGAR BRUCE AS MRS. SHENSTONE, MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS LADY CATHERINE CHAMPION-CHENEY, MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE AS EDWARD LUTON, MR. HOLMAN CLARK (STANDING) AS CLIVE CHAMPION-CHENEY, AND MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AS LORD PORTEOUS, IN "THE CIRCLE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Thirty years ago Lord Porteous ran off with Lady Catherine (wife of Clive Champion-Cheney), and has lived with her ever since. Edward Luton wishes to run off similarly with Clive's daughter-in-law, Elizabeth.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]

THE PRINCE AS "JOCKEY": JUMPS IN HIS FIRST STEEPLECHASE WIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., ROUCH, AND PHOTOPRESS.



TAKING THE FIRST OPEN DITCH.



WITH PET DOG GOING STRONG: AT THE WATER JUMP.



TAKING THE LAST JUMP.



THE STYLE IN WHICH THE RACE WAS WON: AT THE OPEN DITCH.



WELL OVER: THE PRINCE TAKING THE FIRST FENCE.



THE RIVALS: CAPTAIN R. WYNDHAM LEWIS; MAJOR R AULD; THE PRINCE.



FINISHING ALONE: THE PRINCE OF WALES, COLONEL OF THE WELSH GUARDS, WINNING THE WELSH GUARDS' CHALLENGE CUP.

Riding his own horse, Pet Dog, the Prince of Wales, as Colonel of the Welsh Guards, won his first race over a regular steeplechase course, under National Hunt Rules, on April 1, when he was successful in the Welsh Guards' Challenge Cup at Hawthorn Hill. He rode excellently well and finished alone, the other competitors (Maid of the House, ridden by Major R. Auld; and Lodger II., ridden by Captain R. Wyndham Lewis) having fallen. As a result, it is thought possible that his Royal Highness may ride a horse of his own in next season's Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park. Needless to say, the win was most popular. The occasion was the first on which an Heir to the British Throne had ridden in and won a steeplechase. He rode at 11 st. 9 lb., and wore his own silks of red, blue sleeves, and black cap. It will be recalled that his Royal Highness was third—after a fall—in the Grenadier Guards' Race for Lord Manners' Cup, on March 4; that he rode in the Brigade of Guards' Inter-Regimental Race at Astwell Mill on March 15; and that, on March 16, he won the Hunt Light-Weight Race at the Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Points. Thus he is becoming quite an experienced gentleman jockey.

"THE ELEMENT OF PERSONAL RISK . . . TO THE BEST M

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.



THE RIDER WARNING HIS MOUNT TO KEEP CLEAR OF HIM: F. WOOTTON HAS A FALL AT WINDSOR.



WITH HANDS OUT, TO SAVE HIMSELF: J. C FALLS AT KEMPTON PARK.



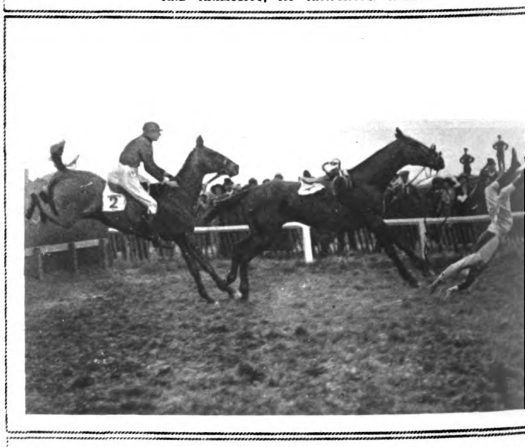
IN AN EVENT IN WHICH THE PRINCE RODE: A FALL IN THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS INTER-REGIMENTAL RACE.



A FALL AT THE FIRST OPEN DITCH: CAPTAIN H. E. DE TRAFFORD AND ANIMOSITY, AT HAWTHORN HILL.



A MOST DANGEROUS-LOOKING FALL: GOLD BAR AT SANDOWN PARK.



AT HAWTHORN HILL: ANOTHER "SNAP" OF CAPTAIN H. E. DE TRAFF AND ANIMOSITY FALLING (SEE ABOVE).

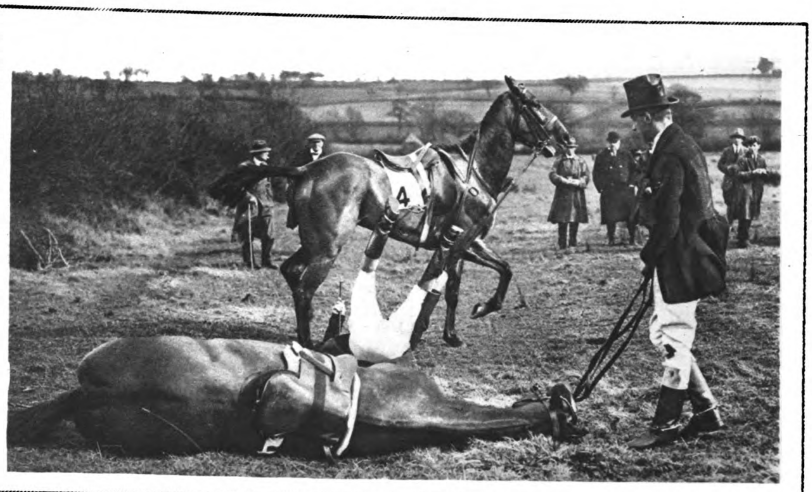
No steeplechase or point-to-point is without its spills; and to the lay mind it is wonderful that there are not very many more serious and fatal accidents, although, course, riders well know how to fall with the least possible risk of damaging themselves. It will be recalled that in this year's Grand National only one horse out of thirty runners—the winner—did not fall. At the end of the first round only six were standing up. All of which makes the Prince of Wales' riding the pluckier. As it was put the "Daily Telegraph" the other day: "Because of the element of personal risk, which must always exist to the best men and the safest jumpers, there was one long roll cheering as the Prince came cantering by the winning-post at Hawthorn Hill, the gallant winner of the Welsh Guards' Challenge Cup. . . . At the open ditch on the far

AND THE SAFEST JUMPERS": REMARKABLE RACING FALLS.

BUREAU, TOPICAL, S. AND G., AND PHOTOPRESS.



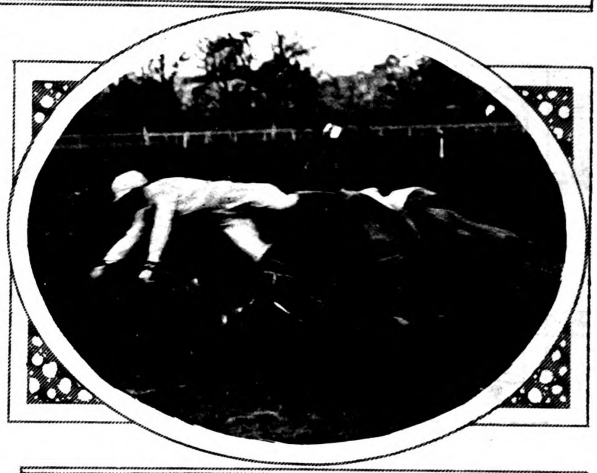
AT HAWTHORN HILL: EILEEN AROON (MR. F. G. W. JACKSON) FALLS.



AT THE LAST JUMP IN THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS REGIMENTAL RACE: TWO RIDERS COME TO GRIEF AT ASTWELL MILL.



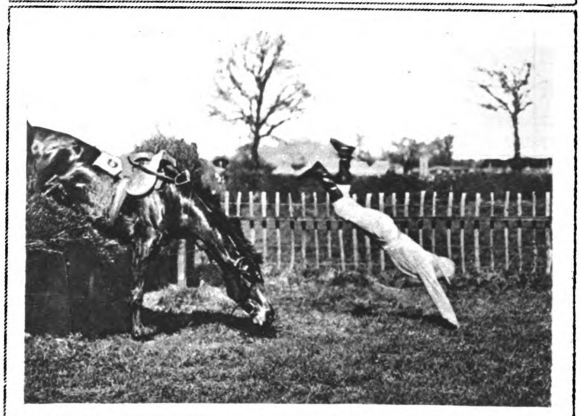
A NASTY TUMBLE: A RIDER COMES TO EARTH IN A STEEPLECHASE AT SANDOWN PARK.



A SPILL AT SANDOWN PARK: COLONEL G. PAYNTER PARTS COMPANY WITH CARDINAL.



AT THIS YEAR'S REMARKABLE GRAND NATIONAL: LONG LOUGH AT BECHER'S BROOK.

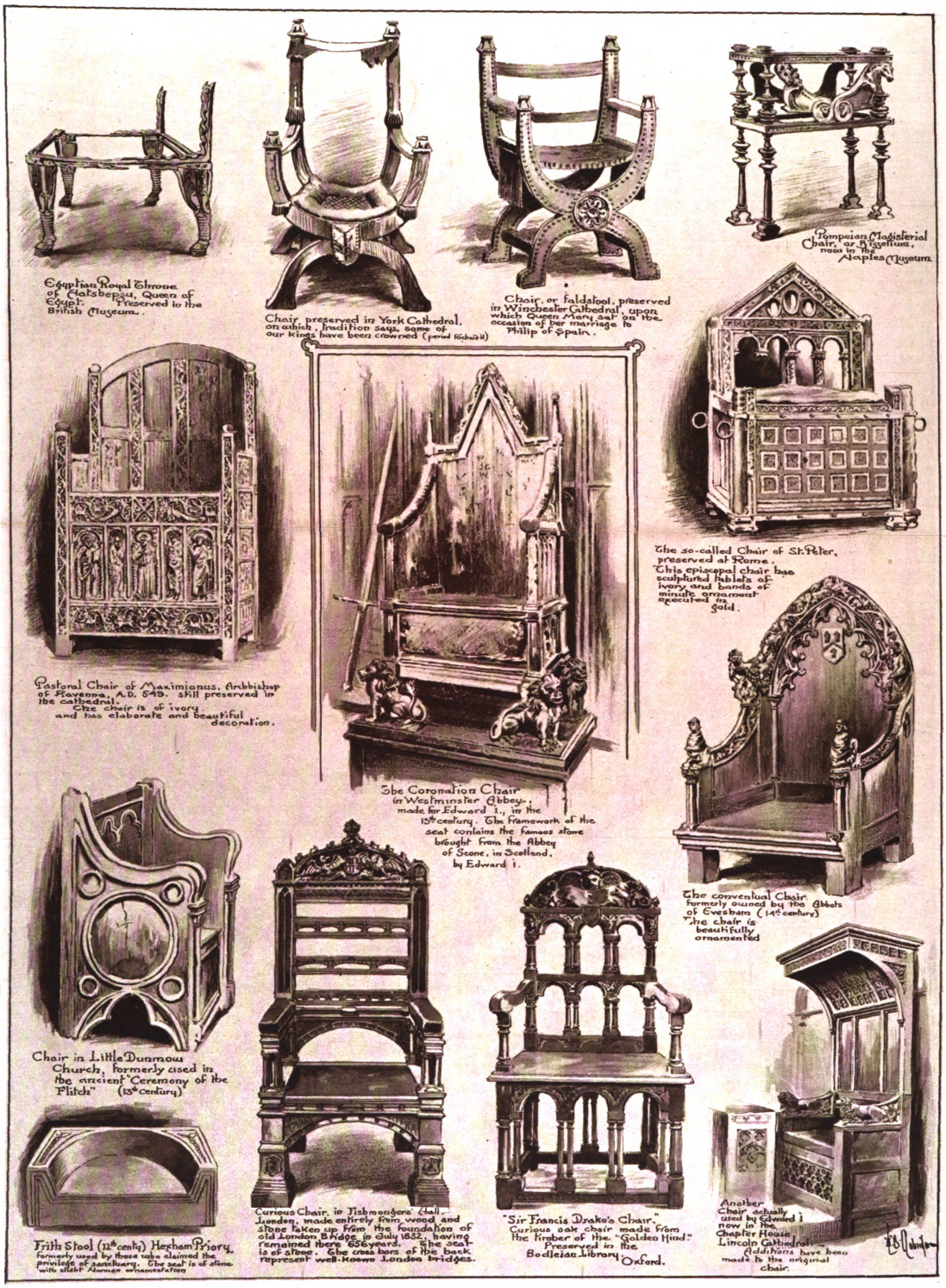


WITH HANDS OUT, TO SAVE HIMSELF: MR. J. MISA SPILT BY RIFLE GRENADE, AT HAWTHORN HILL.

the Prince may have 'called a cab' through his horse hitting the fence and pecking on landing, but there was no trouble afterwards; indeed, there was no anxiety, as the rider simply banished all fears by the clever way he sat his horse over fence after fence. He was taking no chances, too, at the open ditch in front of the Royal Stand. He may have thought Pet Dog would hesitate about the take-off, so he used his whip three times exactly at the right time, and the horse flew over in perfect fashion. So he went on, jumping the rest of the course in splendid isolation, giving his horse an 'easy' up the last hill, and finally taking the last two fences in the straight in delightful style." On another page we give a number of photographs of the Prince taking various jumps in the race.

SURPASSING THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR: SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



CHAIRS THAT ARE HISTORIC: ANCIENT SEATS OF STATE, INCLUDING THE CORONATION CHAIR, THE "CHAIR OF ST. PETER" AT ROME, AND RELICS OF EGYPT AND POMPEII.

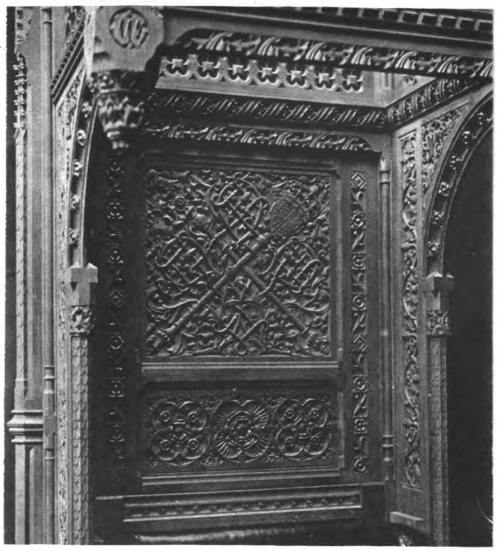
Although "to take the chair" still implies the seat of honour on public occasions, chairs in general have become so familiar that they have lost their pristine dignity. In antiquity, however, the chair was regarded as a state seat reserved for persons of rank. Legend recalls, for example, the "Siege Perilous" among the seats of the Knights at Arthur's Round Table. Ordinary folk occupied benches, chests, or stools. It was not till the sixteenth century that chairs came into common use, and up to the middle of the seventeenth century they lacked upholstery. "Ancient Egyptian chairs" (to quote that useful work, the "New Age Encyclopædia") "were generally of carved and gilded wood, inlaid or decorated with ivory; Roman chairs were frequently of marble; and the chair of Dagobert, preserved in the Louvre, is of bronze. Mediæval chairs were usually low, with arm-rests terminating in the heads of beasts or birds, and were without backs. The oldest-known English chair is that of Edward I. (1239-1307) at Westminster (shown above in the centre). It is of oak, and is used in the coronations of British monarchs." Of all the historic chairs here illustrated, the one most resembling the Speaker's Chair is that shown in the right-hand lower corner, associated, like the Coronation Chair, with Edward I., and now in the Chapter House at Lincoln Cathedral.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE REPLICA OF THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR: A GIFT TO CANADA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. HARRY HEMS AND SONS, SCULPTORS, OF EXETER.



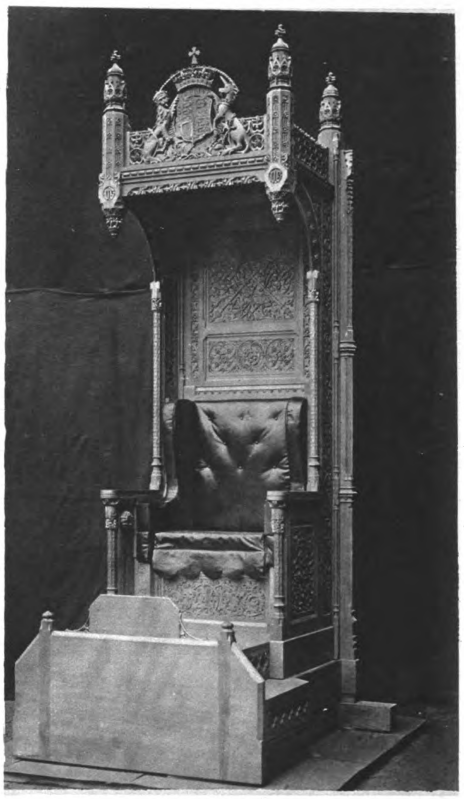
COPIED FROM THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE REPLICA FOR CANADA'S PARLIAMENT—THE CANOPY.



REPRODUCED FROM PUGIN'S DESIGN, WITH THE MACE AND SCEPTRE: THE CARVED PANEL BEHIND THE SPEAKER'S BACK.



CARVED IN EIGHTH-CENTURY OAK FROM WESTMINSTER HALL: THE ROYAL ARMS ON THE CANOPY OF THE CANADIAN REPLICA.



NO LONGER TO BE A "PERQUISITE" OF RETIRING CANADIAN SPEAKERS: THE REPLICA OF THE WESTMINSTER CHAIR FOR OTTAWA.



BETTER SEEN THAN IN THE ORIGINAL AT WESTMINSTER: THE LINEN-FOLD PANELS AT THE BACK OF THE REPLICA, WITH THE MONOGRAM "V.R."

After the splendid buildings of the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa were burnt down, in February 1916, the United Kingdom Branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association conceived the happy idea of presenting to the Canadian House of Commons, for its new Chamber, a replica of the Speaker's Chair at Westminster. Members of both Houses subscribed, and the work has now been completed by Messrs. Harry Hems and Sons, the well-known sculptors and wood-carvers, of Exeter, under the direction of Sir Frank Baines, of the Office of Works. They have faithfully copied every detail of the chair used at Westminster, which was designed by Welby Pugin; but the replica for Canada, which, like the original, is of oak, has an added interest in the fact that the Royal Arms on the foliated canopy have been carved from ancient wood taken from the roof of Westminster Hall during the recent repairs. When the roof was constructed, the timber used was then already some 500 years old, so that the original oaks must have grown in about the eighth century. Mr. James W. Lowther, the retiring Speaker, will convey the new Chair to Canada and make the presentation. Hitherto Canadian Speakers, on retirement, have kept the chair they used, but this practice will cease.

SUPPRESSING GERMAN COMMUNISM: TROOPS; GUNS; ARMOURED CARS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PRESSE ILLUSTRATIONS VERLAG, AND C.N.



DEALING WITH AN OUTBREAK OF MILITANT COMMUNISM IN GERMANY: A GOVERNMENT OFFICER INTERROGATING ARRESTED LOOTERS.



WHERE THE WORST DISTURBANCES OCCURRED: GERMAN POLICE, WITH AN ARMOURED CAR AND STICK-BOMBS, AT EISLEBEN, IN SAXONY.



LOOKING LIKE REAL WAR! A GUN IN ACTION AGAINST COMMUNISTS IN THE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT OF MANSFELD, WHERE THE REBELS BLEW UP THE LAW COURTS.



MARCHED AWAY IN A "KAMERAD" ATTITUDE: ARRESTED GERMAN COMMUNISTS WITH HANDS UP, UNDER GUARD AT EISFELD.



WITH HANDS HELD UP BEHIND THEIR NECKS: GERMAN COMMUNIST RIOTERS, CAUGHT LOOTING, UNDER ARREST.

It was reported from Berlin on March 30 that the Communist rising there had ended in a fiasco, and that the men had returned to work. Some thousands of prisoners had been taken, and the streets were still being patrolled by the Sicherheitswehr (so-called police, but really a military force) armed with rifles. A message on the previous day (March 29) from Halle, in Saxony, where other risings occurred, stated that the Communist headquarters, the Leuna Works, had been captured by Government forces, who took 1000 prisoners, and that the agitation had moved towards Leipzig. The trouble began about a week before in the Mansfeld area, near Halle, where there are many large chemical, nitrate, and power works. At Mansfeld the railway station, post office, and savings banks were raided and looted. The worst disturbances occurred at Eisleben, a Saxon town of about 25,000 inhabitants, where the Communists had 40 machine-guns and about 10,000 rifles with ammunition. They blew up a bridge. A battery of Reichswehr reinforced the Security Police in the Mansfeld district, and artillery cleared the Communist stronghold between Eisleben and Heilbra. The Communists dynamited public buildings, including the Law Courts at Mansfeld.

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LADIES' NEWS.

WE are all interested in young men—some of us admit interest in them at any age. Three of importance in our social world have just attained to man's estate. Prince Henry, the King's third son, wisely elected to enter this planet on the last day of March, not on the first of April. He is the tallest of our Princes, unless Prince George has distanced him, and I hear that the sailor Prince is still growing. Prince Henry's own choice was the career of a soldier, and by nature and disposition he is a sportsman. He is in the Rifle Brigade and is attached to the 13th Hussars, being a good horseman, a clever rider across country, and a promising polo-player. He is also a good shot. I am sure everyone wishes him long and happy years. On Monday the Marquess of Worcester attained his legal manhood, and he also is a soldier, being in the R.H.G., and a sportsman. He is the only son of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, heir to Badminton—a name that stands for all that is best in British sport—and he is a very fine rider to hounds. The Duke gave him a pack of harriers when he was quite a boy, a very young Master of Hounds. So he learned all there is to know of the working of hounds and was able to hunt the Duke of Beaufort's with that experienced huntsman T. Newman, while the Duke was incapacitated by a fractured leg sustained early in the season. My third young man on whom coming-of-age congratulations have recently been showered is the Hon. Thomas Henry Brand, of the Rifle Brigade, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Hampden. He is the son of a fine soldier, and on his mother's side the grandson of the late Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Now this is a trio of eligible and important young men whose lives just now are full of the wine of life, and long may it taste good and sweet to them!

Was dark blue or light blue most worn for the Boat-Race? It is hard to say, but I think Cambridge had it. A third blue, caused by the cold, was also much in evidence, for, indeed, the wind was shrewd and the sun was shy all day, and retired completely ere the historic struggle began. However cosy are fur coats, thin-silk-clad legs are chilly possessions, and it was rather funny to see their owners try to draw them up, with the colder feet at the end of them, under the said fur coats. I heard one girl bewail the fact that her lower limbs had not the same faculty of being absorbed as a snail's horns. Some wise Dryads devoted to the river and its sports wore neat well-cut and well-fitting gaiters over stout shoes, and looked quite cosy and comfy. After all, a Dryad's dress ought to be seasonable, for rivers are intensely sensitive to temperature. Many people motored to see the race, others saw it from club and other lawns. It afforded, as usual, to lovers of rowing a short, sharp, delightful thrill.

Among the débutantes of this coming season are two good-looking daughters of Earls. One is Lady



THE RAGE FOR LACE.

Not content with having her skirt and sleeves of lace, she has swathed her hat with it, and one long end flows down to her knees.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

Mary Fox-Strangways, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester, and niece of the Marquess of Londonderry. She has entered on her nineteenth year, and is tall, with dark hair and eyes, and an expression which charms. She has only one sister, who is three years old and to whom she is devoted; she has also two brothers, Lord Stavordale and the Hon. John Fox-Strangways. Lady Hermione Herbert is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Powis. She is very dainty, and has one of the prettiest and sweetest little faces possible to see. A great favourite with all who know her, she is adored in her home. Her aunt is the Countess of Yarborough, who has no daughters, so she is a favourite visitor at Brocklesby also. Her aunt and her mother hold, in their own right, ancient English Baronies which will pass to their sons. Lord and Lady Powis lost their fine elder son, Lord Clive, through wounds received in the war; and Lord and Lady Yarborough's eldest son was killed in action. The present Viscount Clive, Lady Hermione Herbert's only surviving brother, is about seventeen. The Duchess of Buccleuch will be presenting another daughter. Lady Alice Scott is twenty, and Lady Mary Scott has entered her eighteenth year. There are said to be no Courts until June. There were none until that month last year; the first was held on the 10th, and the second after Ascot, on the 24th. Probably approximate dates will be fixed this year.

We shall have some very desirable American visitors here for the season. There will be Colonel and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, with their very pretty, vivacious, and altogether delightful daughter. They were here towards the end of last season, and chartered Earl and Countess Beatty's yacht for Cowes Week. Their Majesties liked them greatly, and there was entertaining on both sides. Mrs. Corrigan, an American of great wealth, has taken Colonel the Hon. and Mrs. George Keppel's house in Grosvenor Street, and is said to intend to entertain a great deal. I have been told that Americans wanted Lord Rosebery's house in Berkeley Square: so it promises to be an American season to some extent, and we are lucky in the fact that all the ladies who intend to enjoy it with us are great favourites in American society, and are already or are fast becoming so in our own best sets.

A. E. L.

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THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

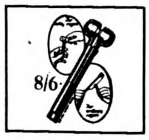
BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

A SUCCESSION of pictorial issues of the stamps of the United States presents in outline a history of the great nation that has grown up in the New World. Such issues as the beautiful Columbus issue of 1893, depicting scenes from the life and voyages of Columbus, make most attractive pages in our stamp albums, as also do the stamps of the Omaha, Buffalo, St. Louis, Jamestown, Alaska and San Francisco Expositions. Within the past few days our American mail has brought us a new set of three stamps issued to commemorate the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on December 21, 1620. There are only three denominations: 1 cent green, 2 cents red, and 5 cents blue, printed from plates engraved in recess. The 1 cent is the most attractive stamp, from the comparative simplicity of the vignette; it shows the picture of the Pilgrims' ship, the *Mayflower*, in full sail. The 2 cents shows the landing of the Pilgrims, and the 5 cents depicts the signing of the Compact. These two are not such effective stamp designs, as the subjects are too big to be effectively reproduced in the centre of a mere postage-stamp. The frame design, which is uniform for all three values, is interestingly emblematic. The border at the left represents a vertical row of hawthorn blossoms, the British mayflower; the border at the right shows the trailing arbutus, the American mayflower, which tradition says was named by the Pilgrims after their ship.—The Armenian Republic, which was using Russian stamps with a cypher overprint meaning "Armenian Posts" during the early part of last year, was preparing to issue a set of stamps in a definitive design when the new State collapsed under the stress of Bolshevism and Turkish marauding forces. Only three of the new stamps appear to have been issued before the collapse. They depict in the centre an eagle bearing an unsheathed sword; a Sanskrit inscription appears at the top, and the English "Armenia" at the bottom. The values are 3 roubles green, 5 roubles red, and 10 roubles blue.

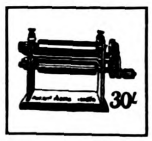
In pre-war days the 10-rouble stamp was the highest denomination current in Russia, but to-day, in countries like Armenia and Georgia, the postal service that can be rendered for a rouble must be small. Recently the Georgian rouble rose from 20,000 to 14,000 per pound sterling. For anyone who fancied the titular distinction of millionaire, one could be the possessor of a million in Georgian roubles for £50. The little stamps inscribed "Srodkowa Litwa" hail from Central Lithuania, where a short series in this crude design was issued under the auspices of the Polish filibuster, General Zeligowski. The heraldic emblems in the centre combine the Polish eagle with the St. George, or White Knight, of the arms of Lithuania.



1, 2, and 3. New American stamps commemorating the Pilgrim Fathers Tercentenary: (1) The "Mayflower" in full sail; (2) the Pilgrims landing; (3) the Signing of the Compact.—4. Issued by the Armenian Republic before its collapse: a five-rouble red stamp, with Sanskrit inscription.—5, 6 and 7. Bearing the Polish Eagle and the St. George or White Knight of Lithuania: three Lithuanian stamps issued under a Polish filibuster.



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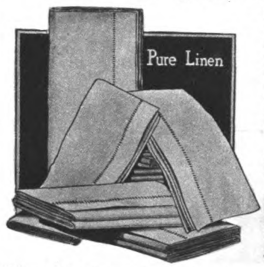
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CHOCOLATE BISCUITS
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MELTIS CHOCOLATE
See the name PEEK FREAN on every biscuit

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Stolen Cars and Licenses. Some little time ago the R.A.C. approached the Ministry of Transport with regard to the free issue of a new license where a car, and therefore the license, had been stolen. The Ministry replied to the effect that it was not possible to allow this, and suggested that it would be well for the car-owner to insure the value of the license at the same time that insurance was effected on the car. The Ministry has, however, modified its decision in terms of the following interesting announcement—

"Paragraph 12 (1) of the Road Vehicles (Registration and Licensing) Regulations, 1921, provides for the issue of a duplicate license (on payment of a fee of 5s.) where the original license has been lost—whether accidentally or by theft. No provision is, however, made in the Regulations for any allowance to the owner of a license in cases where the vehicle, as well as the license, is stolen. Numerous representations have been made to the Minister on this point; and, while he considers it undesirable to make provision in this matter by way of regulation, he is prepared to consider applications from Registration Authorities for approval of the issue of licenses without extra charge in respect of new vehicles of similar type purchased by a licensee in replacement of the stolen vehicle. The application to the Ministry should state the character of the evidence placed before the County Council with regard to the circumstances of the theft; in particular, reference should be given to any Police Reports and to settlement (if any) in respect of the loss of the car by an Insurance Company.

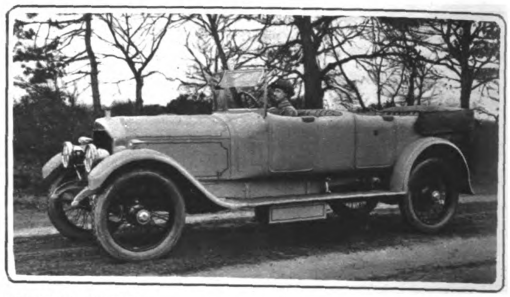
"A new license can only be issued under the terms of this arrangement if the old Registration Book is duly surrendered. The owner must also give an indemnity to the Council providing that, in the event of the stolen vehicle being subsequently recovered, he will not transfer the existing license in respect thereof to any other person, and will surrender the license (if recovered) forthwith."

In the circumstances, this is quite as far as the Ministry could be expected to go. The whole business, however, helps to point the wrong-headedness of licensing the vehicle instead of the owner. The former system of licensing the individual to keep a car of a certain horse-power was far more equitable, and caused fewer possible complications.



THE MEMBER FOR LINCOLN AS MOTORIST: MR. A. T. DAVIES, M.P., AT THE WHEEL OF HIS NEW 20-25-H.P. RUSTON-HORNSBY CAR.

Penalising the Motorist. A correspondent of the *Autocar* draws attention to another anomaly in the present system of levying license duties, which, needless to say, inflicts yet another penalty on the possessor of a car. He records that he recently purchased a new car of 30·1-h.p. rating, and applied to the registration authority for a number and license to run for the ensuing twelve months, to be informed that a license could only be issued for nine months, and that the sum due was £27 18s. As he points out, this amounts to a fine of £4 13s. simply because he has bought his car at the end of the quarter, and desires to augment the revenue by paying his tax for a year. Of course, under the old system he would have had to pay the tax for the whole year, but it would have been eight guineas only, which is a comparatively small matter. The mulct which is levied upon those who prefer to take out their licenses quarterly is an iniquity which is by no means discounted by the contention of the Ministry of Transport that it involves extra work and book-keeping. Allowing that it does, surely a payment of five shillings per license would be ample to cover this additional trouble. This, however, has nothing to do with the principle that the purchaser of a new car should be allowed to take out his license at the proper rate if he wants to pay his tax for the year.



RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE KING OF SIAM: A 40-50-H.P. NAPIER TOURING CAR.

Tyre Prices Down. Quite an acceptable Easter gift to the over-burdened car-owner was the 20 per cent. reduction of tyre prices which the Dunlop Company and others announced just prior to the holiday. The exact reductions made are 20 per cent. on covers and 15 per cent. on tubes. In the case of the 815 by 105 Magnum cover, for example, the price falls from £10 4s. 3d. to £8 3s. 6d., and of the tube from 30s. 9d. to 26s. 3d. What this means is that, in comparison with the old prices, the motorist obtains his spare tyre for nothing. W. W.

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Five lamps;
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THIS IS THE NEW PRICE OF THE
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DECREASED production costs, owing to intelligent co-operation between the various firms associated with the Darracq Company; the reduction in labour costs in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes; a heavy reduction in the cost of raw material, and the whole 1921 output of the 16 h.p. model contracted for by agents, added to which the sales in France have been much heavier than anticipated. All these facts have resulted in a further large series of this model being placed in production, a drop of £100 in price, and the further upholding of the Darracq Company's "Value-for-Money" policy, which gives its customers the IMMEDIATE benefit of the improved industrial outlook.

Catalogues and all details from our Head Office, and trial runs arranged.

"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"

"Daily Dispatch" Nov. 4, 1920.

"After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'value for money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia motor show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16-h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'value for money.'..."

W. H. Berry

The same writer states, in the "Evening Standard" Mar. 4, 1921.

"After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value to cars in her class in 1921."

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A 14-mm.—½-in.—Equipment on Fordson Tractors. Will give exceptionally satisfactory service on all tractors where standard 14-inch plug is used.



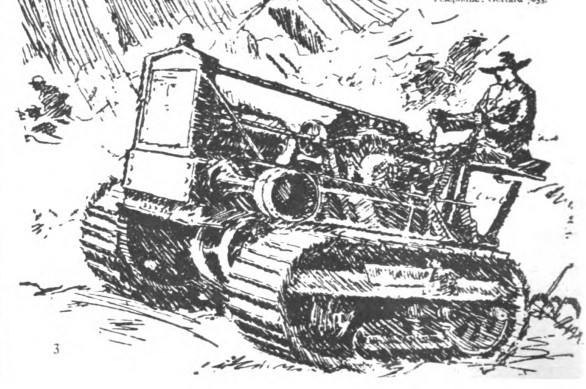
That is why *four-fifths* of the tractors of the world are equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.

The same dependability that drove the tanks of war over the shell-torn battlefields of Europe is the dependability that is driving thousands of tractors, the tanks of peace, over the farms of the world.

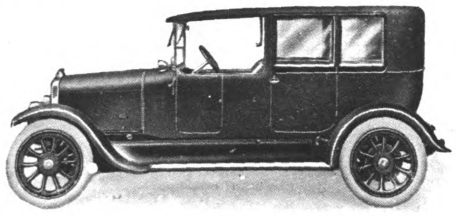
Then why experiment in spark plugs? It is expensive and unsatisfactory. Choose one that has demonstrated its dependability.

Ask your dealer for Champion Dependables and look for the name "Champion" on the insulator.

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3



The 25 h.p. Talbot is one of the most successful models ever introduced by the Company. For reliability, durability and efficiency combined with low upkeep cost (the petrol consumption under touring conditions averages 18/21 miles to the gallon) this car is unbeatable. Hereunder we give prices of the three models for the 1921 season.

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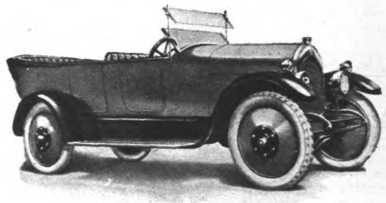
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for a large touring car is by no means common. Yet with the 16-20 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby such an average is an every-day performance.

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In design and construction it is a credit to the famous British engineering firm who are responsible for its production. The price charged is the lowest possible for a car of its power.



Prompt Delivery

16-20 h.p. with complete equipment, ... **£650**

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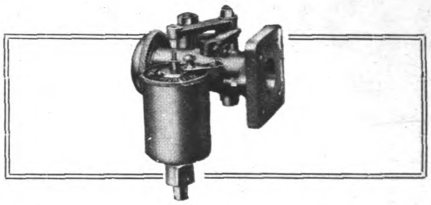
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?

NO change in scientific theory has been so revolutionary as that which has lately happened with regard to the nature of electricity. Some twenty years ago electricity was still looked upon as an agreeable toy chiefly useful for awaking in the mind of youth an interest in what was called "natural" science, but certainly of no use as an explanation of the constitution of the universe. It had already, indeed, done much to increase speed of communication between one country and another by means of telegraphy, and was beginning to make itself felt as a new mechanical power. These benefits, however, were looked upon by our pundits at school and university as merely commercial matters with which they had nothing to do, and the theory that electricity was a "form of energy"—whatever was meant by that—was as far as the Science Master had got in the direction of guessing what electricity was.

A little later, however, things began to move. Hertz's discovery of the huge waves in the ether which make wireless telegraphy possible came to shake our feelings of omniscience. Then followed that of the Röntgen rays, which enabled us to see through substances hitherto supposed to be opaque. Then came the discovery by the Curies of the extraordinary properties of radium, which seemed to put an inexhaustible supply of energy at the service of mankind. Looking back on all these new ideas, now commonplace enough, one is lost in admiration at the level-headedness—or absence of imagination—which prevented the brains of scientific men from reeling under the Gargantuan doses of knowledge regarding hitherto unsuspected mysteries of nature thus poured into them.

This, however, was all the work of the physicists; and meanwhile the chemists had not been idle in enquiring into the nature of matter, or, to put it in another way, of the stuff of which the universe is made. Dalton's atomic theory had taught us that this, on what was then supposed to be the final analysis, consisted of atoms, or particles, probably spherical, and of weight differing with the different "elements," or substances, such as metals and gases. Some otherwise unaccountable relations between these atomic weights led Prout to conclude that these so-called elements were all multiples of the lightest among them, which is the gas called hydrogen. The discovery of radium, which gives off, in disintegration, one or more atoms of helium, a gas only four times heavier than hydrogen, first gave us to understand that the elements might not be so incapable of further analysis as we had been accustomed to think, and Sir William Ramsay and Dr. Norman Collie, among others, brought forward some proofs that it might be possible to transmute, under certain conditions, one element into another. Evidently, the enquiry into the nature of matter had made a leap, and a very long leap, forward.

Sir Ernest Rutherford's lectures at the Royal Institution last month show us that this step was by no means the last. When Dr. Gustave Le Bon, until then chiefly known as a writer on psychology, hazarded the guess—or, rather, the deduction from somewhat slender premises—that radio-activity was a property with which all matter was endowed, the view was received with howls of execration by nearly all those whom our neighbours call "princes of science." Yet later discoveries have shown that this was, if not the truth, at any rate very near to it. His book on the Evolution of Matter brought home to the general public the idea that in the constitution of electricity itself might be found the key to the problem, and in this quest physicists and chemists again joined forces. The mere names of those engaged upon it would make a list too long for this column, but among them those of Sir Joseph Thomson, Professor Soddy, and pre-eminently Sir Ernest Rutherford himself, will perhaps be those most familiar to the English public. The result of the researches of these distinguished men, and of their Continental and American confrères, may be summed up in the announcements made by Sir Ernest Rutherford in his recent lectures, namely, that electricity, like matter, finally consists of atoms or particles which cannot be cut, and that all the elements, of which—in his own words—"all the universe, including ourselves, is made," can probably be resolved into mixtures of hydrogen and helium atoms in varying proportions.

The far-reaching nature of these discoveries, if they can be substantiated—as to which Sir Ernest was commendably cautious—almost exceeds belief. The transmutation of metals, of which the alchemists dreamed, is now, in all probability, only a question of time, and, were this once effected, other syntheses of far greater importance to the welfare of the race would probably follow quickly. The discovery of better means of utilising the energy imprisoned within the chemical atom would, as Dr. Le Bon pointed out sixteen years ago, well-nigh abolish the difference between rich and poor, and other problems of even more revolutionary kind would then offer themselves for solution. If all matter is electricity, as Sir Ernest seems to think, electricity becomes the most interesting thing in the universe.

F. L.



THE FINISH OF ONE OF THE FINEST RACES ON RECORD: CAMBRIDGE (ON THE LEFT) PASSING THE POST A LENGTH AHEAD OF OXFORD IN THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

Cambridge beat Oxford by one length in the Boat-Race on March 31 after one of the most exciting struggles in the history of the event. Oxford won the toss, and chose the Surrey side. Cambridge led at the start, but Oxford was ahead for a great part of the course. The time was 19 min. 45 sec.—[*Photograph by I.B.*]



INDISPENSABLE IN SPRING CLEANING: THE "RONUK" POLISHER.

In the spring the housewife's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—dust. The "Ronuk" polisher is her invaluable ally.



TOO many moderns let their cigarette smoking develop into a mere nervous habit of unconsidered repetition.
No harm in that, perhaps, so it stop short of real excess. But what a sad misuse of an exquisite gift of the kindly gods!

Mere gratitude should dictate a more thoughtful appreciation of such good things as

MATINÉE
Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
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SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1921.

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THE MOST HIGHLY TRIED PREMIER: MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Dealing with the coal dispute, with the calling-up of Fleet and Army Reserves, and with the appeals to loyal citizens, the Premier said: "Coal is the foundation of industry, and to wreck the coal mines or to allow them to be ruined by flooding is to strike at the life of the whole body of citizens. It is accordingly the duty of the Government, as the trustee of the nation, to prevent this catastrophe. . . . Protection, and adequate protection, must be given to those who are engaged in preserving these vital assets of the community. No other course is open to us. The nation is, for the first time in its history, confronted by an attempt to coerce it into capitulation by the destruction of its resources, and this menace is, apparently, now to be supplemented . . . by a concerted plan to suspend the transport services which are essential to the life of the country. Were that threat to materialise, the supply of food and other immediate necessaries of life will be denied to all classes of the population unless volunteers come forward to carry on the minimum of transport work required to maintain the most essential national and municipal services. The Government propose to call for volunteers."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR ARPLANALP.



OUR water-logged coal-pits and attendant happenings evoked from some back shelf of memory an old story for schoolboys. It was a tale of a scuttled ship, with a mutinous and drunken crew, too gloriously fuddled to leave the vessel their own action was sending to the bottom. They had raided the rum, and were so well pleased with the consequences that they resolved to stay where they were. One or two messmates managed to get out a boat, and as they pulled away over an oily sea reflecting a tropical sunset, they heard the suicide club on board strike up the chanty :—

The good ship *Porpoise*, we are told,
Has ten foot water in her hold.
Hurroo, hurroo, mirancy !

The song continued in a crescendo of hilarity until the ship went down to a last roar of "Hurroo, hurroo, mirancy."

To draw a parallel between those abandoned sailors and virtuous and down-trodden miners fighting for their legitimate rights would be a perversion of morality not to be endured by the heralds of freedom. Only capitalist scribes could trace any resemblance between the two cases, and it would be an outrageous piece of class prejudice to compare sober, industrious, and underpaid coal-getters on an enforced holiday with besotted mutineers who sought their own destruction to the tune of "Hurroo, hurroo, mirancy !" Avoiding odious personalities, therefore, one may be content to record an odd trick of mental association, and to note therewith an impersonal fact—the ominous rise of water in the hold of the Ship of State.

That good vessel is far from foundering, but it will cost a pretty penny to pump her out—a penny the owners are ill able to afford, especially at the present time. Here, it would seem, is a chance for the Hot Gospellers of Anti-waste to get in their fine work with a watchword made to their use. Waste we have had in superfluity, but nothing so radical as this accident to the mines. That it is the cry of emergency need not deter our counsellors, now that a "state of emergency" (odd phrase) has been proclaimed. That proclamation, by the way, did not have the electrical effect one expected, and the fault lay in the phrase itself. What, in the name of wonder, *is* "a state of emergency"? To proclaim with noble simplicity "the State is in danger," might conceivably have had some awakening effect. But your "state of emergency" leaves us, like Pet Marjorie's turkey-hen :

. . . More than usual calm
She did not give a single dam.

The public took the announcement without a thrill, and there followed no girding of loins. No Cicero arose with his *Quousque tandem, Catilina*. We merely read and got back to the old arid round of disputations, conferences, and cross-references. However, our propagandists may yet set the saving "stunt" agoing with one good word, germane to the occasion. They may risk the obvious for once with good heart and cry, "All hands to the pumps !"

The heart of the nation is sound. That was proved in the difficult days of the Railway Strike, when we had a glimpse of that elusive entity, "the Public," at its best. It is a creature not to be defined in words, but, at need, it becomes self-determinative—the negation of sectionalism. It is impatient of any section seeking self-aggrandisement at the general expense. In that act it recognises treachery. Not formally organised, this public, in times of crisis, can act with spontaneous organic unity. How otherwise can we interpret the orderly army of workers, not extravagantly paid or pampered, that, in the absence of the usual conveyance, got to its job somehow, by hook or crook, in the last resort even on foot ?

The Public visible in part during the troubles of September 1919 was the same body that won the war by its power of obstinate endurance. It took the measure of the foreign enemy, and, however slow and inarticulate it may be, it can equally well take the measure of an enemy at home. Infinitely tolerant, even to apparent apathy, it has a huge horse-sense of what is due to itself, and the moment the limits of fair play have been transgressed, it becomes a force very perilous to the transgressor The saving quality of the British Public lies in the fact that it is the greatest of all sportsmen, and therefore it has a short way with welchers of every kind. It is so big that no individual can realise or visualise the mass in its entirety; hence the error of inflated agitators, who in these last days have shown themselves so empty of humour or sense of proportion as to claim that the sections they represent, or misrepresent, constitute the only public that matters. These claimants "think the rustic cackle of their bourg the murmur of the world."

The Man in the Street is not to be hustled, still less is he to be intimidated. He may not be a very advanced thinker, or even a thinker at all, in the opinion of neurotic reformers with a smattering of hazy political philosophies. But he has one conviction, he wants to get on with his job. Possibly it may not be a very great or a very lucrative job, but it is his livelihood and the livelihood of his wife and children, the centre of life for him. He is weary of strife, he has had a bellyful of fighting, war has cost him dear and will continue to cost him dear for the rest of his time; therefore he hopes, not unreasonably, to enjoy a little peace and such settlement as may be possible in the early years after upheaval. He knows that things cannot come right in a day, that much inconvenience has to be put up with in peace, just as he put up patiently with the greater inconveniences of war. But he considers it only the most modest of claims that hard times should not be made harder by those who should be shouldering the common burden. It is the more galling to the patient, silent man that the difficulties of the time are increased by those who have already secured the largest measure of the spoils of agitation. He does not cavil at those concessions, but it irks him that the beneficiaries should continually "from ancient grudge break to new mutiny," and, having the power, should strike at the very springs of the national life. He sees in that the act of no sportsman, if not the act of a bully. And bullying is the very thing that will rouse him at length to the most obstinate resistance. That is the feeling of the noiseless thousands, in the City office by day, in the suburban garden at even-fall, those toilers individually of small account, but in the mass, once moved, a power that can sweep away selfish sectionalism by its united will. No need for "bronze Artillery officers" and whiffs of grape-shot, as when earlier Sections were blown away, mainly about the Church of Saint-Roch. A public that stands no nonsense, determined to stand no nonsense, can do the trick, without bloodshed.



BRINGING HIS BRIDE HOME IN THE TRADITIONAL WAY: LORD MINTO CARRYING HIS WIFE INTO HIS HOUSE ON THEIR RETURN TO ENGLAND.

The Earl of Minto, who was recently married in Canada to Miss Marion Cook, brought his wife back to his ancestral home last week, and followed out the old custom which decrees that a bridegroom must carry his bride over the threshold of her new home. The custom is said to be a relic of the old Border runaway marriages. Our photograph shows Lord Minto carrying Lady Minto into the house.—[*Photograph by P.P.P.*]

Yet, apart from whiffs of grape-shot, most undesirable at this issue, there is a parallel or two between to-day and Oct. 5, 1795. "Sacred Insurrection once again: vessel of State labouring on the bar; and tumultuous seas all round her." Or again, "But now see how the contumacious Sections kick against the pricks . . . the truth is, long right of Insurrection has spoiled these men. In men spoiled by long right of Insurrection, what confused ferments will rise !" The hope and safety of 5th Vendémiaire was a man at the helm. That, too, is necessary; possibly already found and at his post. But he will prove effective only as the instrument of a Public, a People, not insurgent, but quietly resolute and law-abiding. The man who will get us out of this pickle must rise to the height of the great argument, and, putting huckstering compromise aside, vindicate the Nation's right to live and to go unmolested about its lawful occasions.

Vague proclamations of "a state of emergency" might cut little ice, but it was only necessary to take action implying that the State was in danger to rally that solid backing of national opinion on which a leader had a right to count. With that he could proceed confidently to frame measures of public safety, holding himself ready, in case of need, to point to any traitor and ask, "Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra ?"

J. D. S.

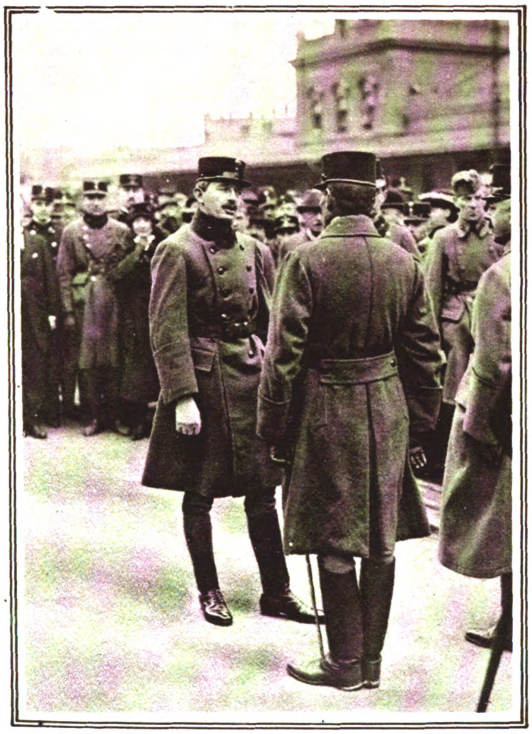
One or two of our readers seem to have misunderstood our motive in publishing the articles by M. Ludovic Naudeau, "The Irish Problem Through French Eyes." As we stated at the beginning of each of the articles, they were from our Paris contemporary, "L'Illustration," and were given in our pages merely to show a typical case of how the Irish problem is presented to the French public; and not as an expression of our editorial opinion.

EX-EMPEROR KARL'S FAILURE: THE REJECTED OF HUNGARY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



LEAVING THE FRONTIER TOWN OF STEINAMANGER AFTER THE FAILURE OF HIS ATTEMPT TO REGAIN THE THRONE OF HUNGARY: THE EX-EMPEROR KARL (EXTREME RIGHT) IN HIS SPECIAL TRAIN RECEIVING THE FAREWELLS OF HIS ADHERENTS.



AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT DEBATE WHETHER TO MARCH ON BUDAPEST: THE DEPARTING EX-EMPEROR WITH HUNGARIAN OFFICERS.

After his unsuccessful attempt to regain the throne of Hungary and persuade the Regent, Admiral Horthy, to relinquish his powers, the ex-Emperor Karl retired to the town of Steinamanger, on the Austro-Hungarian frontier, once the capital of the old Roman province of Pannonia. There he discussed with his adherents, including Count Julius Andrassy and Colonel Lehar, brother of the composer of "The Merry Widow," whether he should make an armed attempt and march on Budapest with the troops who supported him. After an all-night debate, he was finally dissuaded, and left Steinamanger in a special train at 10.45 a.m. on April 5 on his return journey to Switzerland. In a proclamation he declared that he left because "I have satisfied myself that the resumption of my Apostolic Kingly right to rule would expose the nation, at the present moment, to intolerable ordeals." The Swiss Government permitted his return only on several strict conditions, among them the avoidance of "all political activities." He went to Lucerne and stayed, under close surveillance, at the National Hotel.



RECEIVING THE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT'S AMNESTY FOR OFFICERS WHO ASSISTED HIM: THE EX-EMPEROR KARL IN HIS SPECIAL TRAIN.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VOIGT, BARRATT, BASH, AND LAFAYETTE.



A MUCH-TRIED EMPRESS: THE LATE EX-KAISERIN, WHO DIED IN EXILE ON APRIL 11.



A NEW PERSONALITY IN THE LABOUR WORLD: MR. DUNCAN GRAHAM, M.P., THE MINERS' SPOKESMAN.



AUTHOR OF A BOOK OF DARING WAR "REVELATIONS": CAPTAIN PETER E. WRIGHT.



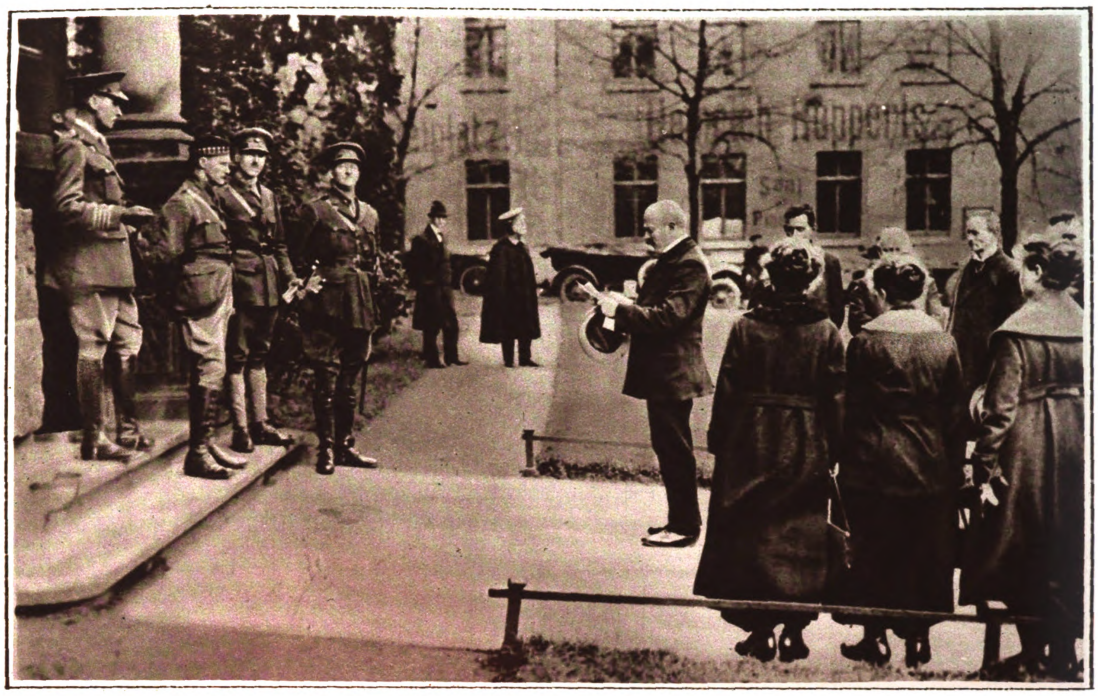
A POWER IN IRISH POLITICS: THE LATE MOST REV. WILLIAM WALSH, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE METROPOLITAN AREA DURING THE COAL CRISIS: LORD CAVAN.

The Ex-Kaiserin died at Doorn, where she shared her husband's exile, on the morning of April 11. She was the daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sondenburg-Augustenburg, and her marriage to the Ex-Kaiser (then Prince William of Prussia) took place on February 14, 1880.——Mr. Duncan Graham, M.P. for Hamilton, suddenly emerged as a champion of the miners during the coal crisis, and as their spokesman in the House encountered the Premier in argument. Mr. Graham has been a working miner himself, and is self-educated. He was formerly political agent of the Scottish Miners' Federation.——Captain Peter Wright's new book, "At the Supreme War Council," with its revelations and strong criticism of Allied leaders, has caused much discussion. He was Assistant Secretary to the Supreme War Council at Versailles in the winter of 1917-18.——The Most Rev. William John Walsh, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, died on April 9, aged 80. He had long been a power in Irish politics, and sympathised with Sinn Fein. He was one of the witnesses before the Parnell Commission in 1888-9.——It was announced on April 11 that Lord Cavan had been appointed to command the London District and Aldershot, and as General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Metropolitan Area, during the present emergency, would have his headquarters at the Horse Guards.

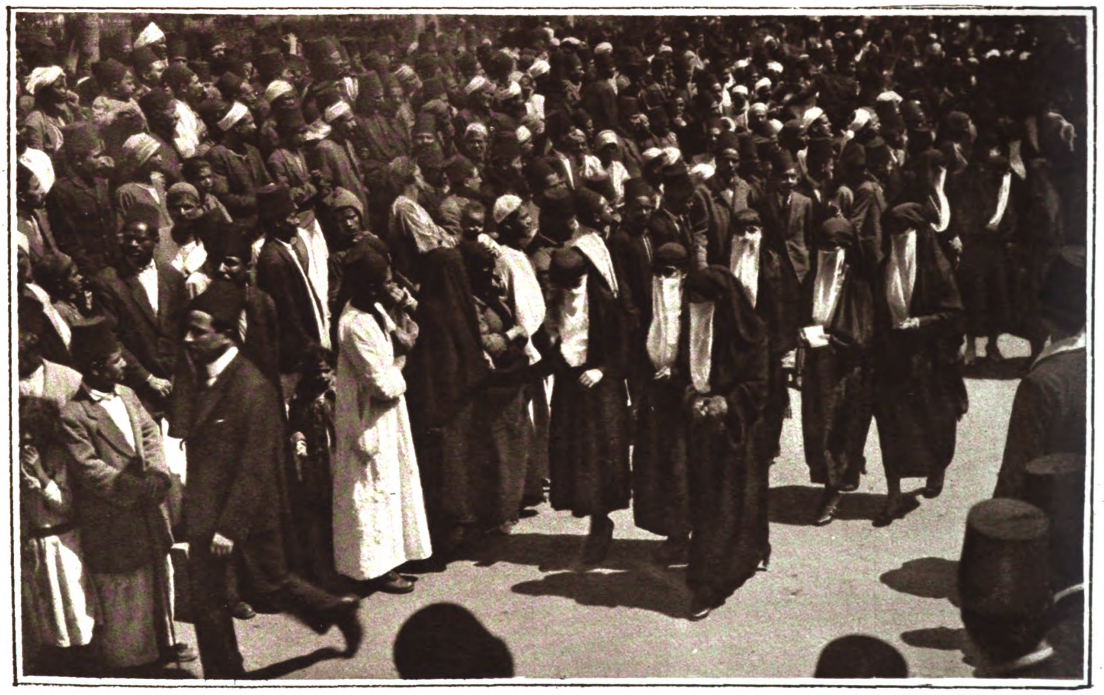
Where Rumour Said a Rising had Occurred: In Rhineland—A German Apology.



ASSERTING BRITISH DIGNITY ON THE RHINE: THE BURGOMASTER OF WALD READING A PUBLIC APOLOGY TO BRITISH OFFICERS FOR INSULTS TO WHICH THEY WERE SUBJECTED DURING COMMUNIST DISTURBANCES.

During the formation of the new Defence Units for protective work in case of a strike, reports were spread near the recruiting offices, in order to dissuade men from joining, that a German rising had occurred on the Rhine. These rumours were denied on April 11 by the Secretary for War, Sir L. Worthington Evans, who said: "As far as I am aware, there is no German rising, and British troops on the Rhine have not come into any conflict with the Germans." In the recent Communist disturbances at Wald, near Solingen and Elberfeld, some British officers were insulted. Afterwards the Burgomaster of Wald read a public apology to them, as shown in our photograph. Captain Lawson, one of the officers, and others were present.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.]

Egypt's Welcome to Zaghlul Pasha: Woman's Share in the National Rejoicings.



WEARING THE BARKU' (VEIL): EGYPTIAN WOMEN WALKING IN A PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF THE RETURN OF ZAGHLUL PASHA, HEAD OF THE DELEGATION TO LONDON.

Both at Alexandria, where he landed on April 4 on his return from Europe, and at Cairo on the following day, Zaghlul Pasha, the leader of the Egyptian delegates to London, received a popular welcome of indescribable enthusiasm. It was through his deliberations with Lord Milner, resulting in the Milner Report, that decisions as to the constitution of Egypt were reached that point to a new era of independence for that country. At Alexandria he said he had returned to discuss with the Cabinet the results of his mission. Women, wearing the long veil (barku'), of white muslin, were prominent in the procession that hailed Zaghlul's arrival at Cairo, and his wife rode at its head in a flower-decked car. "Everywhere," writes an eye-witness, "could be heard the *zaghareet*, the shrill throat-cry of the women, expressive equally of exquisite pain or intense pleasure, but in this instance unmistakably the latter."—[PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.A.]

PHASES OF THE COAL CRISIS: MINERS AND OWNERS AT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., I.B.,



A RANK-AND-FILE "CONFERENCE": A MINERS' MEETING AT NEATH, TO OPPOSE PUMPING AT THE MAIN COLLIERIES.



THE COAL-OWNERS' LEADER: MR. EVAN WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT OF THE MINING ASSOCIATION.



MINERS' LEADERS AT THE CONFERENCE: (ON THE LEFT) MR. ROBERT SHIRKIE AND (ON THE RIGHT) MR. DUNCAN GRAHAM, M.P., THEIR PARLIAMENTARY SPOKESMAN.



HEADED BY THEIR BAND: A
WATTSTOWN PITS TO



MILITARY PRECAUTIONS TO PROTECT ESSENTIAL SERVICES IN CASE OF A STRIKE: GUARDS MARCHING TO KENSINGTON GARDENS.



LABOUR ADVISER TO THE MINES D
MR. W. BRACE, M.P. (ON THE

Important phases in the coal crisis are represented in the above illustrations. The formation of special Defence Units was announced by the Prime Minister in P
April 8, and during the week-end and later there was a great response to the call for enrolment. Numbers of women also signed on for volunteer service. Royal I
were issued on the same date calling out Class B of the Royal Fleet Reserve, the Army Reserve, and the Air Force Reserve, and continuing soldiers and airme
In London Guards encamped in Kensington Gardens. The War Office deprecated any suggestions that troops were to be used for strike-breaking purposes, point
their function was to aid the civil power in preserving the public peace and maintaining essential services. On April 11 Mr. Lloyd George presided over a confer

RS AT CONFERENCE; WOMEN VOLUNTEERS; TROOPS AND SAILORS.

G.P.U., HERRY, C.N., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



WOMEN AGAIN TO THE FORE FOR NATIONAL WORK: VOLUNTEERS ENROLLING IN LONDON.



HOW THE PRICE OF COAL AFFECTS THE POOR: AN OLD WOMAN IN A BIRMINGHAM STREET UNDER REPAIR SEARCHING FOR FUEL.



SOUTH WALES MINERS MARCHING TO THE WITHDRAWAL OF PUMP-MEN.



THE EMPLOYERS' SIDE AT THE BOARD OF TRADE CONFERENCE IN LONDON: FOUR OF THE MINE-OWNERS WHO ATTENDED IT.



LABOUR AND CAPITAL IN PRIVATE "CONFERENCE": (L. TO R.) MR. R. SHIRKIE AND SIR ADAM NIMMO.



THE ADMIRALTY'S EMERGENCY CALL: NAVAL RATINGS FROM PORTSMOUTH ON THE MARCH THROUGH LONDON ON APRIL 9.

representatives of the miners and the mine-owners respectively at the Board of Trade. The owners' case was stated by Mr. Evan Williams, President of the Mining Association, and that of the Miners by Mr. Frank Hodges, Secretary of the Miners' Federation. Further meetings took place on the 12th, on the evening of which day the Triple Alliance had announced a strike to take place unless meantime an acceptable offer had been made to the miners. Mr. Robert Shirkie represents the National Federation of Colliery Enginemen and Boilermen. Mr. Duncan Graham, M.P., whose portrait also appears on another page, is General Secretary of the Lanarkshire Miners' Union. Mr. William Brace, M.P., is Labour Adviser to the Mines Department. Sir Adam Nimmo is Vice-President of the Mining Association, and Director of the Fife Coal Company.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

"I APPROVE," wrote the great Lord Bolingbroke, "the discourse of a studious man at Christ Church, who was overheard in his oratory entering into a detail with God, and acknowledging the divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of dictionaries." All intelligent students of English will concur with his lordship's observation, and ask that a special measure of happiness be vouchsafed to those scholars, hodsmen of literature though they be, who, in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's words, "bear burdens with patience and beat the track of the alphabet with sluggish resolution." Our gratitude is due to the late Sir James Murray and his many coadjutors, living or dead, who have carried to completion (temporary) the monumental Oxford Dictionary. The last volume appeared two weeks ago, the final word being "zyxst" (Kentish dialect for "Thou seest"), which would have been a heaven-sent boon to persons labouring at the silly task of getting all the letters of the alphabet into the shortest possible sentence As a matter of fact, this vast lexicon can never be finally finished, for the English language is a living, fertile thing, reflecting in its changes and additions all the many radio-activities of the peoples who speak it. The invention of new words—slang that insists on being accepted and ennobled, so to speak, and the ever-extending terminology of science built up of Greek elements for the most part—is so rapid and continuous in our eclectic tongue, which is the nearest thing to a universal language in the modern world, that a Supplement to the Oxford Dictionary will be necessary once every ten years, at least.



A FAMOUS POET, SATIRIST, AND POLITICIAN WHOSE TERCENTENARY WAS RECENTLY CELEBRATED: ANDREW MARVELL.

Andrew Marvell was born at Hull on March 31, 1621. In 1660 he was returned to Parliament as Member for his native town, which he represented till his death in 1678.

From a Picture in the Trinity House at Hull. Photograph Supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

. . . . . .

In the same week that saw the appearance of the last volume of this Oxford monument of learning was published "AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH" (John Murray; 42s. net), by Ernest Weekley, M.A., which is an admirable example of our national humanism—that rare and ripe quality which enables English scholars, unlike the Teuton philologist, to be exact and erudite without ever lapsing into dryasdust dullness. Just as every integral number could be called a personal friend of a famous Hindu mathematician at Cambridge—a wanderer in the weird jungle of numbers, and well skilled at tracking down the elusive prime—so it may be said that Professor Weekley knows the life history and private peculiarities of every English word. He makes etymology a lively and fascinating sport, inviting us to watch words on their travels in time and space, and the way their significance changes with a change in their surroundings. Professor Weekley's Dictionary is intended, not for those who like to roam in the dim and rather dismal regions where prehistoric roots can be dug up and "conjectural primitive Teutonic word-forms" flutter and gibber past, but for the intelligent person who takes an educated interest in the origin and history of words. In the fulfilment of this high intention he has produced the most complete work of the kind in the language, and one that has as much personality in it, and far more wit and humour than Johnson's famous "Dixionary," which, be it remembered in passing, has given birth to errors that still survive in the cheaper lexicons of English. Professor Weekley has included the new terms that arose out of the Great War, only a small proportion of which are likely to resist the process of demobilisation of war-words now going on. And the Anglo-Indian vocabulary of the British Army is so abundantly represented that foreign translators of Mr. Kipling's stories, which are just now being transmuted into a variety of tongues, will find there the solutions of many brain-racking puzzles.

. . . . . .

Two biographies, one very much to my taste, and the other utterly repugnant, have lately appeared. The kind of memoir that seems to me entirely detestable is "THE INTIMATE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT" (A. and C. Black; 10s. 6d. net), by Archibald Stalker, who has the impudence to assert that Scott's "long poems are uninspired," and that "people after a hundred years have admitted the truth of the opinion" that his "method of writing was apt to become intolerable." Then, insisting that the reticence of such gentlemen, by nature's right divine and social status alike, as the "Shirra" was only a passing characteristic of his generation, this Mr. Stalker proceeds to stalk his noble quarry down into all kinds of secret places where Lockhart would never have deigned to turn his eyes. The master-passion of Sir Walter—a noble enthusiasm for goodness and beauty—escapes this raker in the dustheaps of bygone circumstance.

. . . . . .

It is a relief to turn to "QUEEN VICTORIA" (Chatto and Windus; 15s. net), by Lytton Strachey, whose keen and flashing *gauloiserie* changes to a summer lightning of tender humour as he contemplates the life and love and unrelaxing labours of the great Queen who is still for us—who can yet deplore the German sympathies of the early Victorian Court—the shadow of a glorious name, perhaps the symbol of the happy climax of our national history. Mr. Strachey sees in her absolute sincerity the strongest trait of a strangely impressive character—appositely quoting the Lady Lyttelton who knew her so well: "There is a transparency in her truth that is very striking." Her people at home and beyond the seas felt her absolute truthfulness, saw the beauty of it, and wisely made her an ideal of queenship, as an elder generation made of Elizabeth, that celestial virago, an idol unto themselves.

. . . .

Of some twenty novels read during the last three weeks, to cure a stubborn attack of *accidie* (Dante's name for Mr. Kipling's "cameelious hump"), three have left a distinct impression. In "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIME" (Cassell; 8s. 6d. net), Mr. Robert Hichens is not at his best; but in his analysis of the muted passion (the pathetic appeal of Last Love) of Derrick, his hero, for the Princess Aranensky, he proves himself still an adept in the psychology—or pathology—of exotic types and esoteric clashes of character. But he could have enforced his moral that the war has weakened the moral fibre of every class, even that which held by the adage *noblesse oblige*, without the sordid catastrophe of the false pearls and its squalid sequel.

. . . . . .

The "EDUCATION OF ERIC LANE" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d. net), by Stephen McKenna, once more brings the Sonia set on the stage, and there is a speed and concentration in the narrative which were lacking in some of the stories preceding.



A GREAT FRENCH NOVELIST WHOSE CENTENARY OCCURS THIS YEAR: GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

Gustave Flaubert was born at Rouen on December 12, 1821, and died at Croisset, near that city, on May 8, 1880. His chief work, "Madame Bovary," appeared in 1857.

Photograph by Nadar (Paris); Supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

Lady Barbara Neave is in the limelight once again, and there is no denying that Mr. McKenna has a profound insight into the personality of such priestesses of the art of living by impulse, controlled only by a sense of artistry, who give us, after all, something that conventional beauty is incapable of. When we are as old and profoundly civilised as the Japanese, they may come to form a Geisha caste—who knows? In "THE PATH OF THE KING" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d. net), Mr. John Buchan regains his best adventurous method in a development of the "Milestones" idea, which shows us how, in successive generations or re-incarnations, beginning in the far-off days of the Vikings, the spark of virile initiative smoulders under the ashes of family history, and at intervals flares up in a bright living flame to warm the world. The British Empire, after all, is from first to last an epic of the works and days of younger sons.



ANDREW MARVELL'S LONDON HOME UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH: HIS HOUSE AT HIGHGATE (SINCE DESTROYED), AS IT WAS IN 1858.

The house at Highgate where Andrew Marvell lived when, in 1657, he became Milton's assistant in the Latin (or Foreign) Secretaryship under Cromwell, was pulled down in 1869. The site is part of Waterlow Park, and is marked by a tablet in the garden wall of Lauderdale House. Marvell's grave is at St. Giles'-in-the-Fields.

From a Water-Colour by J. W. Archer, 1858. Photograph Supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

IN CASE OF A STRIKE: LOYAL CITIZENS JOIN THE DEFENCE UNITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, ILLUS. BUREAU, AND S. AND G.



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 8TH MANCHESTERS (T): PUTTING UP THE PROCLAMATION CALLING FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR THE DEFENCE UNITS.



THE MAJORITY OF THEM EX-OFFICERS: VOLUNTEERS OFFERING THEIR SERVICES AT THE WAR OFFICE, FOR DUTY IN THE EVENT OF THE THREATENED STRIKE MATURING.

THE call for volunteers for the Defence Units contained the following:

1. A Proclamation having been issued calling out the Army Reserve for permanent service, loyal citizens, including those serving in the Territorial Force, except those—(*a*) belonging to any other branch of his Majesty's Service, (*b*) employed on Government service, (*c*) serving with the Police forces, who are capable of bearing arms and between the ages of 18 and 40 (except officers), are invited to report to the nearest Territorial drill hall for the purpose of being commissioned or attested for temporary military service,

[*Continued opposite.*



WAITING TO ENLIST IN THE NEW DEFENCE UNITS: A QUEUE OF APPLICANTS AT THE CENTRAL LONDON RECRUITING DEPOT, NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

Continued.]

not exceeding ninety days, with the Regular Army in new units to be created, called "defence units," for service in England, Scotland, and Wales only.

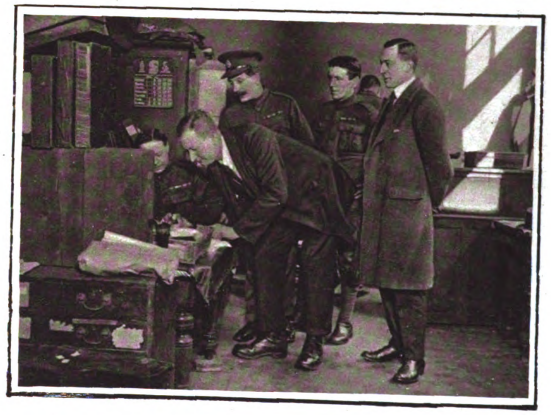
2. The number of new units at present to be formed is limited; consequently, preference will be given as far as possible to men with military experience and technical qualifications, such as ex-soldiers, ex-airmen, and serving Territorial soldiers.

3. Loyal citizens, on presenting themselves at a Territorial drill hall, will be informed of the conditions, and either be attested at once or asked to register their names and addresses.



VOLUNTEERS FOR THE DEFENCE UNITS: PASSING THE DOCTOR—A SCENE SUGGESTING GREAT WAR RECRUITING.

As soon as a "Triple Alliance" strike became possible, various precautionary measures were taken by the Government, and proclamations were issued for calling out men of Class B of the Royal Fleet Reserve, for calling out the Army Reserve, for continuing soldiers in Army service, for calling out the Air Force Reserve, and for continuing airmen in the Air Force service. Appeals were also made for Special Constables to join the Reserves of the Special Constabulary,

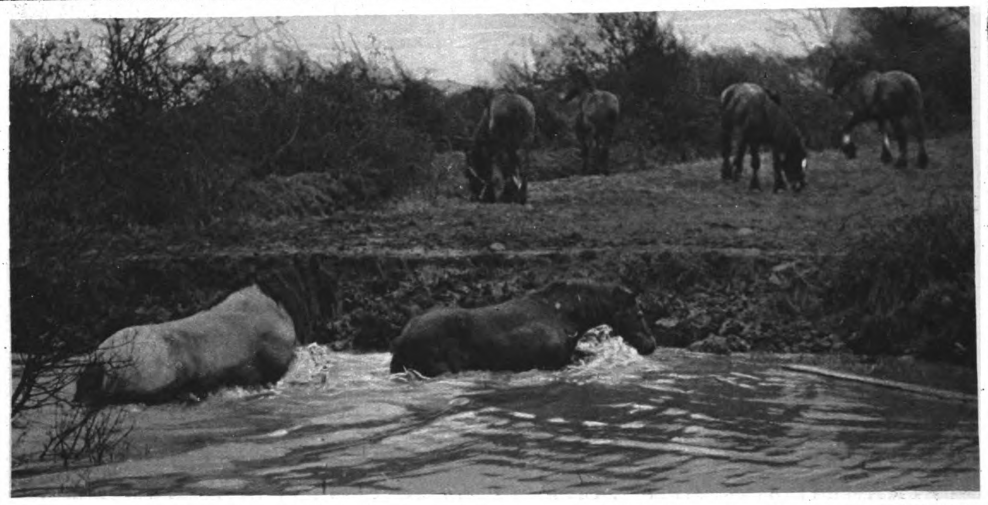


IN THE CITY: ENROLLING VOLUNTEERS FOR THE 5TH LONDON REGIMENT DEFENCE UNIT.

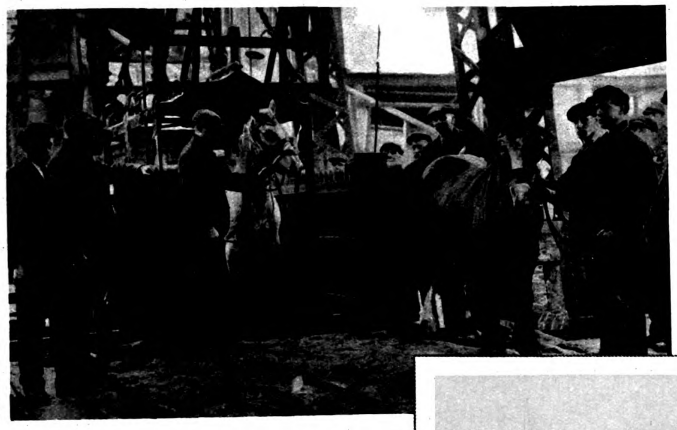
and, especially, for loyal citizens capable of bearing arms and between the ages of 18 and 40 (except officers) to attest for temporary military service in a force to be called Defence Units. In every case the response was excellent, and it was noticeable how large a proportion of young men volunteered. The length of service was fixed as not exceeding ninety days. It was made clear that these forces were intended only for protective purposes, not strike-breaking.

ALL BUT TWO SAVED: PIT PONIES RAISED FROM DESERTED MINES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



DUMB "MINERS," TO WHOM A STOPPAGE MEANS A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY: PIT PONIES BATHING AND GRAZING AT A WELSH FARM DURING THE COAL DISPUTE.



RAISED TO THE UNACCUSTOMED LIGHT OF DAY: PIT PONIES BROUGHT OUT OF A DERBYSHIRE COAL MINE.

AT an early stage of the crisis, the Prime Minister made special reference in Parliament to the question of the pit ponies. "It is essential," Mr. Lloyd George said on April 5, "that the Miners' Federation should give every facility and assistance to prevent the pits from being destroyed during the discussions, and also to save the lives of those poor dumb animals which, in a few cases, I am sorry to say, are at the present moment, under horrible conditions, being allowed to remain down." At that point in the Premier's speech another Member said: "A statement has been made that that has been put right."



AN OPPORTUNITY FOR RE-SHOEING: PIT PONIES BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE AT CLIFTON COLLIERY, NOTTINGHAM.



AFTER BEING DOWN BELOW SINCE 1913: PIT PONIES FROM A YORKSHIRE MINE ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.

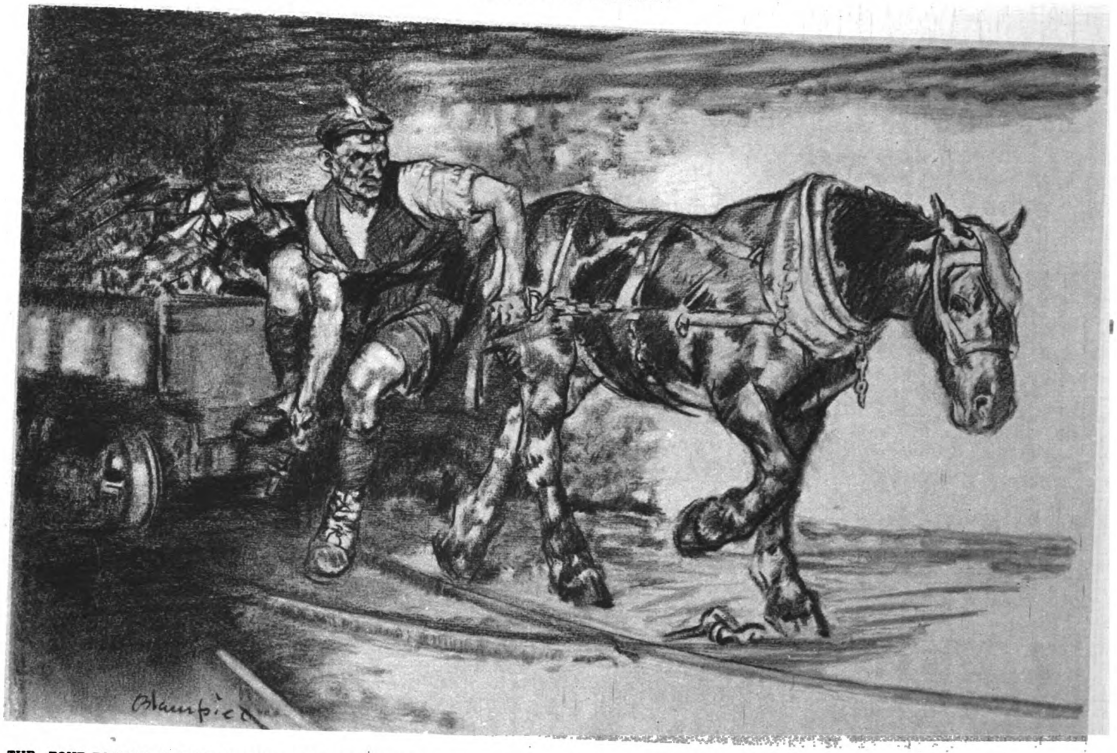
It was feared at first that a number of pit ponies in the coal-mines, particularly in Scotland, had not been brought to the surface soon enough to save them from the floods caused by the stoppage of pumping operations. The Secretary for Mines (Mr. Bridgeman) stated in the House on April 6 that "all horses which cannot for the present be left below ground in safety, and fed and attended there, have by now been withdrawn from the mines, except two horses at the Leven Collieries, Fife. . . . So far as I am aware, no pit ponies have been lost in the mines. . . . The Miners' Federation have promised to take action for the safety of ponies." The Miners' Executive stated on the same day: "It is no part of our policy to allow pit ponies to be left to their fate in the mines, and our people will co-operate with the managers to raise all pit ponies to the surface." A miners' delegate said: "If you were to come back to Northumberland to-morrow, you would see all the ponies scampering about the fields, having a grand time, and that is true of other districts." The R.S.P.C.A. stated on the

[Continued opposite.

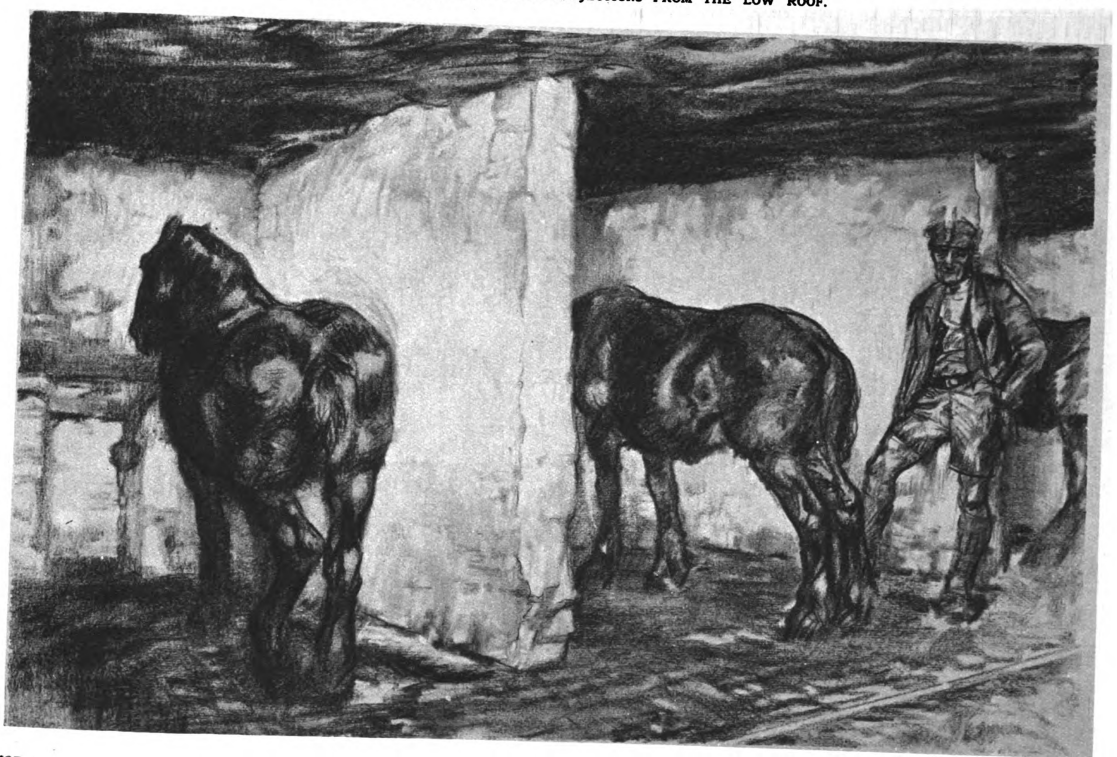
MINES.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE" IN THE COAL DISPUTE: PIT PONIES.

DRAWINGS BY E. BLAMPIED.



THE FOUR-FOOTED "MINER" WHO NEVER STRIKES: A PIT PONY AT WORK—SHOWING THE DRIVER'S PECULIAR ATTITUDE TO AVOID KNOCKING HIS HEAD AGAINST PROJECTIONS FROM THE LOW ROOF.



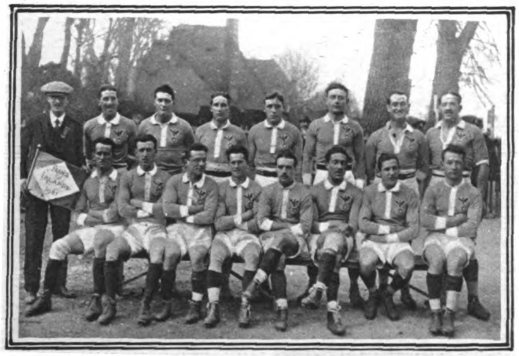
NOT WORRYING ABOUT WAGES AS LONG AS THE MANGER IS FULL: PIT PONIES IN THEIR UNDERGROUND STABLES—ANIMALS WHOSE FATE WAS A MATTER OF ANXIOUS CONCERN WHEN THE PUMPS WERE STOPPED.

Continued.]

9th that the only casualties had been at Leven, Fife, where two ponies had to be abandoned. So far as the Society knew, all ponies in English and Welsh mines had been brought up. The failure to raise the two ponies at Leven is said to have been due to the presence of a crowd at the pit-head. Directly the coal dispute began, the R.S.P.C.A. circularised its inspectors throughout England and Wales, urging that everything possible should be done to secure the safety of the ponies. The Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the National Pony Society, and Our Dumb Friends' League also took an active interest in the matter. There is no reason to believe, however, that the miners themselves were indifferent to the welfare of the ponies who share their toil. The miner in general has the reputation of being a good sportsman, and a man "merciful to his beast."—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

INTERNATIONAL SPORT: FRANCO-IRISH "RUGGER"; POLO; "SOCCER."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND PHOTOPRESS.



VICTORIOUS OVER IRELAND BY FOUR GOALS TO TWO, AND BRACKETED SECOND WITH WALES: THE FRENCH RUGBY TEAM.



BEATEN BY FRANCE, ON THE COLOMBES GROUND IN PARIS, BY FOUR GOALS TO TWO: THE IRISH RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.



CANDIDATES FOR THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAM: (L. TO R.) STANDING—COLONEL MELVILLE, LORD DALMENY, LORD WODEHOUSE, COLONEL BROWN; (CENTRE) COLONEL HUNTER AND MAJOR LOCKETT; (FRONT) COLONEL TOMKINSON.



VICTORIOUS OVER ENGLAND BY THREE GOALS TO NONE: THE SCOTTISH ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.



BEATEN BY SCOTLAND IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT GLASGOW: THE ENGLISH "SOCCER" TEAM.

The French have taken very kindly to Rugby football, and are coming on very fast at the game. France beat Ireland in the international match on the Colombes ground in Paris on April 9 by four goals (20 points) to two goals (10 points). Thus for the first time France is second (bracketed with Wales) among the international teams.——The British team for the international polo matches at Hurlingham in June has not yet been chosen. Three players regarded as certainties are Col. H. A. Tomkinson (at present commanding the Royals), Lord Wodehouse, and Major Vivian Lockett. The choice for the fourth member of the team (to be No. 2) is said to rest between Lord Dalmeny and Capt. A. H. Williams, of the Central India Horse, who has a great reputation as a polo-player in India.—— The international "Soccer" match between Scotland and England, played at Hampden Park, Glasgow, on April 9, resulted in a win for Scotland by three goals to none. There were about 100,000 spectators, and the gate-money and sale of tickets totalled some £14,000.

SUPPING AT A CYCLE-RACE: SOCIETY AND A SIX-DAYS CONTEST.

DRAWN BY RENÉ LELONG.



A NEW DAY-AND-NIGHT SPORTING ATTRACTION FOR FASHIONABLE PARIS: THE "SIX JOURS," A "PUSH-BIKE" CONTEST AT THE VÉLODROME D'HIVER—SUPPER ON THE LAWN.

Perhaps in view of a possible stoppage of transport facilities, the "bike" is coming into its own again. It is also regaining popularity in France. Describing the scene illustrated, a Paris writer says: "The cycling contest called the 'Six Days' took place last week at the Vélodrome d'Hiver. This sporting trial comes to us from America. It was, in fact, in the United States that the idea first arose of putting on the track during 144 consecutive hours a number of vigorous young men and totalling the kilometres they would succceed in covering. This match, uninterrupted for six days and six nights, would be monotonous enough if the public did not give it a touch of the picturesque. From morn to eve and eve to morn the Vélodrome d'Hiver was never empty. . . . After the theatres a different public arrived. Men and women in evening dress took their seats beside the track, on what would be the lawn of a race-course, where supper-tables were arranged and champagne flowed. They reached the spot by an underground passage beneath the track."

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IT is a delightful, and at the same time a serious, task for the art critic to determine among a series of sales what is and what is not worthy of commendation. There are fashionable prejudices and predilections to be reckoned with. But the critic has his own inner judgment apart from what happens to be the vogue. He loves many things, and possibly to him art is spelt with a capital A.



PROBABLY A WINE-CISTERN (SEE END OF ARTICLE): A SO-CALLED GEORGE II. "TEA-URN," BY PETER ARCHAMBO, 1728.

The tea-urn here illustrated is a lot in the Grey sale of old English silver at Christie's, on the 20th. Like the wine-cistern below, its handles are in the form of boars (the Warrington supporters). The cover is surmounted by an Earl's coronet.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

But he is in a mart where dealers spell art with three letters—£ s. d. That is the difference. But Art wins in the end.

At Messrs. Christie's, on the 8th, old pictures, the property of the Right Hon. Lord Ravensworth and of the late Rev. J. F. W. Woodyeare, were offered. Two Snyders with dead game, fruit, and lobster, and a J. Weenix with dog and dead game, were all larder subjects from the former collection. A Reynolds portrait group of a musical subject is believed to have been painted in 1751 in Rome. Other interesting items included a pair of oval portraits of William Oliver Jones and his wife, a pastel by J. L. E. Liotard, a pair of oval portraits (lady and gentleman) by N. Dance, and another pair by Hone, and J. Wright had a portrait of a lady. A set of four coursing subjects by F. Sartorius was noticeable; a minor Raeburn portrait was that of the Edinburgh doctor, James Hamilton; and by Stuart were portraits of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas O'Grady of Kilballyowen.

English, Continental, and Oriental porcelain, and a collection of old English wine-glasses, were sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 13th and 14th. The property of Sir Edmund Trelawny, Bt., included a set of the Eight Immortals in Chinese porcelain of the Ming period. The order is this: Chung-li K'uan holding a fan; Chung Kwoh with a bamboo tube, with sticks to beat it; Lii Tung-pin with a fly-switch and sword; Ts'ao Kwoh-K'iu with castanets; Li T'ieh-Kwai holding a gourd; Han Siang Ts'ze with a flute; Lan Ts'ai-ho, a female holding a basket of flowers; and Ho Sien-Ku, a female holding a lotus-flower. These are the eight immortals, of which two are, strange to say, female. A complete set of the eighteen Lohan or disciples of Buddha in Chinese porcelain is in contradistinction to the above, which are some 12 inches high—only 1⅞ to 2 1/8 inches high, all seated, holding various emblems. It is incumbent upon us as a World Power to know more of Chinese art than we do. German scholarship has been intense in the Far East. Chinese gentlemen are at our universities at Hong Kong and at Oxford, and we should stretch out hands to assimilate the wondrous symbolism of the Far East.

In the same sale a Chelsea sweetmeat-dish in white, with shell decoration, was incised with the date 1760, and won acclamation. But in regard to Chinese art, what a poor comparison! In national art we find a Bristol hard-paste sweetmeat-stand, and a finely decorated vase and a tea-service, that is a replica of the Chinese paste only attempted at Bristol and Plymouth. The vase claimed the greatest respect.

Messrs. Christie offered on the 14th decorative furniture and tapestry, including four Chippendale chairs and six Dutch marqueterie chairs, the property of Sir Harry Verney, Bt. From the collection of the late Albert Brassey, Esq., were some interesting tapestries—five panels of Brussels tapestry signed "Va Leyniers, D.L.," with scenes of Telemachus and Calypso, and six panels of Aubusson tapestry with garden scenes and landscapes signed "M. R. d'Aubusson. I. Dumonteil."

On the following day Messrs. Sotheby sold some valuable old furniture and needlework, including some fine Queen Anne chairs, the property of the Duchess of Wellington. Some interesting English needlework panels of the early eighteenth century, the property of Sir John Trelawny, Bt., had a fine pedigree. One panel had a pathetic note, with an obelisk with mourning figures on each side, inscribed: "In memory of my worthy and only Son Charles Trelawny, who died of ye Small Pox, in ye 16 year of his Age in ye 6 Form at Westminster School. This Obelisk is worked by his Affectionate Mother Laetitia Trelawny, 1739." Another panel has a somewhat similar design with the addition of the family arms. In the Fountain Court of the Cloisters at Westminster Abbey is a tablet to young Trelawny, "who through the spotted veil of ye Small Pox rendered unto God a pure and unspotted Soul." Laetitia Trelawny's "Love Letters of Myrtilla and Philander" (1706-1736) were privately printed in 1884, recounting the ten years' courtship of Laetitia by her cousin, Captain Harry Trelawny.

From Whitton Court, Shropshire, came a fine set of late seventeenth-century Flemish tapestries, with a history dating from 1697, when Sir Francis Charlton added them as decorations to a gallery he built.

A two days' sale of engravings, including many colour prints, is to be conducted by Messrs. Sotheby on the 20th and 21st. There are fine impressions by W. Ward, after Morland, including such well-known subjects as "The Thatcher," "The Warrener," "The Angler's Repast," "The Public-House Door," "The Promenade in St. James's Park," by F. D. Soiron, after E. Dayes, with its fashionable throng, is an object-lesson. Promenaders now are the fair and engaging inhabitants of the series of corrugated-roofed sheds which have encroached upon the haunts of the water-fowl, and have added gaiety to the luncheon hour of tired and jaded tax-payers.

The history of English silver should not be written around hall-marks with dates, exact enough, it is admitted, representing various reigns. We have all come to regard silver as appertaining to certain reigns, such as Charles II., Queen Anne, or George II., but the interest should centre around the makers. It does in Irish silver. It has in English plate in the case of Paul Lamerie, who is the Chippendale of silversmiths. The sale of old English silver, the property of Catherine Lady Grey and Sir John Foley Grey, Bt., at Christie's on the 20th, is an object-lesson in makers over an extended period sufficient to indicate an individuality. Unhappily, there is a scarcity of detail of their lives. We know the peccadillos of painters, and there is a record of the idiosyncrasies of great engravers, but the silversmiths' lives are for the present hidden from public gaze. We are sure they were men of artistic temperament and worthy of note, but letters and memoirs and biographies are silent, so we have to take their work on their own initials and monograms as though it were centuries removed. The influence of Paul Lamerie in the first half of the eighteenth century is apparent here, and two of his jugs are presented, dated 1732. Peter Archambo, from 1728 to 1740, has 33 examples. Isaac Liger, from 1710 to 1730, has 43 examples; Edward Feline, with his 11 examples, disappears in 1751; and Magdalen Feline has her mark in 1753—possibly the widow who carried on—and has 17 examples here. David Willaume has his examples, 12 in number. So here is a set of art craftsmen who left a brilliant record in the first half of the eighteenth century. Phil Rolles contributes a wine-cistern, in date 1701, the year when it was enacted that no alien could sit in Parliament or in the Privy Council, or hold offices or lands from the Crown, and that the Sovereign must be a member of the Church of England, and was not to leave England without consent of Parliament. A Peter Archambo tea-urn (so described), in date 1728, anticipates later usages. We imagine this was a wine-cistern with a tap; as a tea-urn it comes nearly a century too early. Another fine Archambo piece is a plain oval wine-cistern on Chippendale mahogany stand, in date 1729, just a year after Gay's "Beggar's Opera."



SHELLEY AS AN ARTIST: THE POET'S DRAWING ON THE COVER OF HIS MANUSCRIPT NOTE-BOOK, SOLD TO AN AMERICAN FOR £1750.

Shelley's notebook, with the above drawing by him on the cover, and containing his autograph MS. of "A Philosophical View of Reform," was bought at Sotheby's the other day by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, for £1750—probably the English record for a Shelley MS. It belonged to Mrs. T. W. Rolleston. The work was published only last year.—[*By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.*]



HOW WINE CAME TO TABLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A WILLIAM III. OVAL WINE-CISTERN, BY PHIL ROLLES, 1701.

This wine-cistern is included in the sale at Christie's on April 20 of old English silver plate belonging to Catherine Lady Grey and Sir John Foley Grey. It is 15 in. high by 25 in. wide. The boars on the handles are the Warrington supporters.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

FROM THE ARMADA TO TRAFALGAR: OLD-TIME SERVICE MEDALS.

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



1. AN ARMADA MEDAL FOR NAVAL COMMANDERS: QUEEN BESS AND HER INVIOLATE ISLE, 1588.
2. THE EARLIEST AWARDED TO THE BRITISH ARMY: A DUTCH MEDAL FOR THE BATTLE OF NIEUPORT, 1600.
3. STRUCK WHILE CHARLES I. WAS AT OXFORD, IN 1643: THE "FORLORN HOPE" MEDAL.
4. FOR THE VICTOR OF EDGEHILL: A ROUNDHEAD MEDAL GIVEN TO THE EARL OF ESSEX, 1642.
5. BEARING PORTRAITS OF CHARLES I.: ONE OF THE NUMEROUS CAVALIER BADGES.
6. FOR THE VICTOR OF NASEBY: A ROUNDHEAD MEDAL GIVEN TO SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX, 1645.
7. THE FIRST REGULAR WAR MEDAL ISSUED TO ALL RANKS: THAT VOTED TO CROMWELL AFTER DUNBAR, 1650.
8. ADMIRAL BLAKE'S DEFEAT OF VAN TROMP, 1653: A FAMOUS NAVAL MEDAL.
9. FOR BLAKE'S MEN WHO SAVED THE BURNING FLAGSHIP "TRIUMPH": A SILVER MEDAL, 1653.
10. BESTOWED BY GEORGE II. ON CAPTAIN CALLIS FOR BURNING SPANISH SHIPS: A GOLD MEDAL, 1742.
11. AWARDED FOR CULLODEN: A RARE BRONZE BADGE (1746) SHOWING THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.
12. FOR THE BATTLE OF THE NILE: THE DAVISON MEDAL, 1798.
13. FOR TRAFALGAR (1805): THE BOULTON MEDAL.

The history of our service medals, whose numbers and significance have been so much increased by the war, is a fascinating subject. The article by Mr. J. Allan on the next page describes the earlier British medals illustrated above and on that page, as well as the modern decorations illustrated in colour on the page facing his article. Fuller information may be found in Mr. Stanley C. Johnson's admirable book, "The Medal Collector" (Herbert Jenkins). "The fashioning of medals," he writes, "was a craft almost unknown in England prior to the time of Henry VIII. . . . Between Henry's reign and that of Elizabeth, the industry grew. . . . Interesting pieces can be found associated with events in Scotland, the voyages of Sir Francis Drake, the relations of the Queen with Holland, and the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The latter are the first English decorations to be conferred for warlike services."

From the Armada to the Great War—British Service Medals.

(N.B.—The "Figures" referred to in this article appear on the preceding page; the "Plates" on the colour page opposite.)

WHILE all our distinguished service medals are of quite modern origin, the custom of bestowing such awards can be traced back to the sixteenth century. The earliest English decoration for special services is the celebrated Drake jewel, presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake on the completion of his voyage round the world. A jewelled hat-badge was presented to Drake on the defeat of the Armada, while his Rear-Admiral, Sir John Hawkins, received a jewel. To the period of the Armada belong several medals presented to distinguished naval commanders. One of the best known (Fig. 1) of these bears a facing bust of Elizabeth, with the flattering legend, "Ditior in toto non alter circulus orbe," and on the reverse an island uninjured by storm, with the motto, "non ipsa pericula tangunt." The earliest medal awarded to the British Army for distinguished services is a foreign one, gained in Flanders. This is the medal (Fig. 2) given by the States-General of the Netherlands to the English troops under Sir Francis de Vere, who bore the brunt of the fighting in the battle of Nieuport in 1600, when Prince Maurice of Nassau defeated the forces of the Archduke Albert of Austria. The obverse shows a plan of the siege of Fort St. Andries, and on the reverse Prince Maurice rides over the enemy.

During the Civil War, Charles I. caused several medals to be struck for distinguished services, such as that presented to Sir Robert Welch for recapturing the Royal Standard at Edgehill. One of the best known of these is the "Forlorn Hope" medal (Fig. 3) or badge, ordered to be struck in 1643 while Charles was at Oxford. It bears his "Royal Image and that of our dearest son, Prince Charles." The numerous Cavalier badges (Fig. 5), with portraits of Charles and members of his family, are, as a rule, not of the nature of rewards. Numerous special medals were struck by the Parliamentarians during the Civil War, *e.g.*, those given to the Earl of Essex after Edgehill (Fig. 4) and to Sir Thomas Fairfax after the Battle of Naseby (Fig. 6). It is to the period of the Commonwealth that we owe the first regular war medal issued to all ranks. This is the medal (Fig. 7) voted by Parliament to Cromwell and his army after the victory at Dunbar in 1650. The obverse bore, in spite of his protest, a bust of Cromwell, and the legend: "Ye word at Dunbar, the Lord of Hosts, Sept. ye 3rd 1650" chosen by Cromwell in allusion to his watchword that day. The Commonwealth's war with the Dutch gave us the earliest naval medals issued in any numbers. Of these, the most famous (Fig. 8) is the medal awarded to Admiral Blake and his officers for their defeat of Van Tromp in July 1653. The medal has on the obverse a representation of the battle, surrounded by a border of naval trophies, and on the reverse an anchor and cable with the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland. Similar medals (Fig. 9) in silver, with a special inscription, were given to those members of Blake's flagship, the *Triumph*, who remained on board after it had been set on fire.

Of the numerous medals commemorating the naval battles of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, one of those struck on the victory of La Hogue in 1692 was ordered by Queen Mary to be distributed among the officers and seamen who were found to have done any signal service. Queen Anne presented medals to the captain and boatswain of the *Torbay* for acts of particular bravery in the Battle of Vigo. In June 1742 Captain Callis entered the harbour of St. Tropez and burned five Spanish ships there. A gold medal (Fig. 10) was awarded him by George II. for this exploit, and specimens in silver were given to his officers.

The Battle of Culloden gave the Army the first distinguished service medals it had received since the Battle of Dunbar. The fine and rare medals with the bust of the Duke of Cumberland and Apollo slaying a Dragon on the reverse (illustrated on this page), were awarded after this battle. The exceedingly rare bronze badge (Fig. 11) with the Duke on horseback and a battle in the background was also awarded for Culloden. The Naval Gold Medal was instituted in 1794 for the "glorious first of June" and awarded until 1815 to the higher officers of the Fleet. It may be said to begin the modern series of distinguished service medals. The Davison Medal (Fig. 12) for the Battle of the Nile, and the Boulton Medal (Fig. 13) for Trafalgar, were private issues given with the Government's permission to every participant in the battles. It was not till fifty years later, in 1847, that the survivors of Trafalgar were rewarded with the Navy General Service Medal. Here, however, we are dealing only with meritorious service medals. The first medal since the Battle of Dunbar to be officially issued to all ranks was the Waterloo Medal, which standardised the shape and size of such awards, although recently there has been a tendency to revive the old oval shape.

The instances we have so far given have all been exceptional issues, and the institution of medals for special services, as distinguished from medals awarded to all participants in a campaign, may be said to date only from the reign of Queen Victoria. The oldest of such medals is the Meritorious Service Medal (Plate 14), authorised by the Queen on Dec. 19, 1845, "to afford a greater encouragement to the N.C.O.s and soldiers of our Army who may have distinguished themselves." The obverse of the medal, which is of silver, bears the Royal bust. The ribbon is crimson for the Army and deep blue for the Marines. In December 1854 the Distinguished Conduct Medal (Plate 8) was instituted by the Sovereign in recognition of the distinguished service of the Army in the field in the Crimea. It is awarded only to N.C.O.s and men, and till 1862 carried a gratuity with it. The Naval counterpart of this medal is the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal, instituted eight months later (Plate 9). This is awarded to petty officers and seamen, and to sergeants, corporals, and privates of Marines.

The Victoria Cross was instituted in 1856, to be awarded to officers and men who have performed some signal act of valour or devotion to their country in the presence of the enemy. The idea was Queen Victoria's own, and the Prince Consort is believed to have influenced the design. This most coveted distinction is a Maltese cross of bronze, 1½ inches square, made from captured guns. On the obverse is the British lion above a crown, below which is a scroll with the words "For Valour." The ribbon, 1½ inches wide, is dark red for the Army and dark blue for the Navy (Plate 1).

The Distinguished Service Order (Plate 2), instituted in 1886, is bestowed on officers who have been specially mentioned in despatches for meritorious service in war. It is a gold cross patée, 1 5-8 inches square, enamelled white, having on the obverse the Imperial crown on a red enamelled ground within a green wreath, and on the reverse the Royal monogram.

The Royal Red Cross (Plate 3), an Order instituted in 1883, is given to ladies who have distinguished themselves in attending the sick or wounded. The badge is a crimson enamelled cross edged with gold, having on the four arms the words "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," and the date "1883." The reverse has the Royal monogram. The ribbon, dark blue with red edges, is in the form of a bow.

The Distinguished Service Medal (Plate 10) was the first of the new medals awarded for the recent war. It was instituted on Oct. 14, 1914, to reward petty officers and lower ranks in the Navy, and the corresponding ranks in the Marines, for bravery in the presence of the enemy in cases which did not justify the higher award of the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal. The ribbon is dark blue with two white stripes.

The Distinguished Service Cross (Plate 4), another naval decoration dating from 1914, is not exactly a new award. The Conspicuous Service Cross, created by King Edward VII. in 1901, for petty officers in the Navy whose services had been mentioned in despatches, was discontinued in 1914, and the same cross—a silver cross patée, with crown and monogram in the centre—was bestowed as the Distinguished Service Cross. Its award was extended to certain junior commissioned officers, so that it corresponds to the Military Cross. The latter (Plate 5), instituted on the last day of 1914, is awarded to Army officers of the rank of Captain and under who have rendered distinguished service insufficient to justify the award of the D.S.O.

The Military Medal (Plate 11), instituted in April 1916, is awarded to N.C.O.s and men for acts of bravery in the field, as the inscription shows. The ribbon is dark blue with three white and two crimson stripes.

On June 3, 1918, four silver decorations were instituted for the Royal Air Force. These were the Distinguished Flying Cross (Plate 6), for officers and warrant officers, and the Distinguished Flying Medal (Plate 12), for N.C.O.s and men, awarded for acts of gallantry when flying in the face of the enemy. The Air Force Cross (Plate 7) and the Air Force Medal (Plate 13) are awarded to officers and men respectively for acts of courage when flying, but not in the face of the enemy.

J. ALLAN.



FOR THE NAVAL VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH OFF LOWESTOFT ON JUNE 3, 1665: CHARLES II.'S "DOMINION OF THE SEA" MEDAL, AWARDED TO OFFICERS OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S FLEET.

WITH ANOTHER HEAD OF THE MERRY MONARCH, AND A SEA-FIGHT: CHARLES II.'S NAVAL REWARD FOR FLAG OFFICERS AND CAPTAINS AT THE BATTLE OF LOWESTOFT ON JUNE 3, 1665.

By Courtesy of the British Museum.



BESTOWED BY JAMES II. FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION OF MONMOUTH AND ARGYLL: A NAVAL AND MILITARY MEDAL OF 1685.

AWARDED AFTER THE LAST BATTLE FOUGHT IN BRITAIN: "BUTCHER" CUMBERLAND'S GOLD MEDAL FOR OFFICERS AT CULLODEN, 1746.

By Courtesy of the British Museum.

SYMBOLS OF COURAGE AND DEVOTION: BRITISH SERVICE MEDALS.

By Courtesy of the British Museum and Messrs. Baldwin, Ltd., 4a, Duncannon Street, W.C.2.

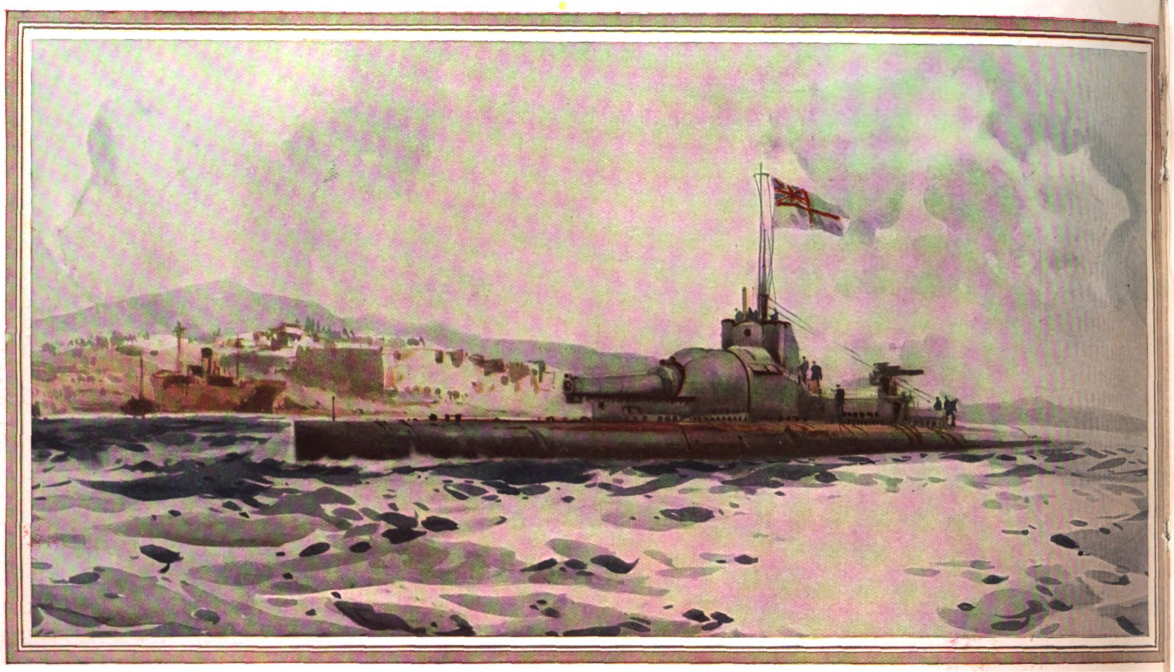


1. VICTORIA CROSS (OBVERSE).
2. DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER (OBVERSE).
3. ROYAL RED CROSS, 1ST CLASS (OBVERSE).
4. (NAVAL) DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS (OBVERSE).
5. MILITARY CROSS (OBVERSE).
6. DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (OBVERSE).
7. AIR FORCE CROSS (OBVERSE).
8. DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL (REVERSE).
9. (NAVAL) CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY MEDAL (REVERSE).
10. (NAVY AND MARINES) DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL (REVERSE).
11. MILITARY MEDAL (REVERSE).
12. DISTINGUISHED FLYING MEDAL (OBVERSE).
13. AIR FORCE MEDAL (OBVERSE).
14. MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDAL (REVERSE).

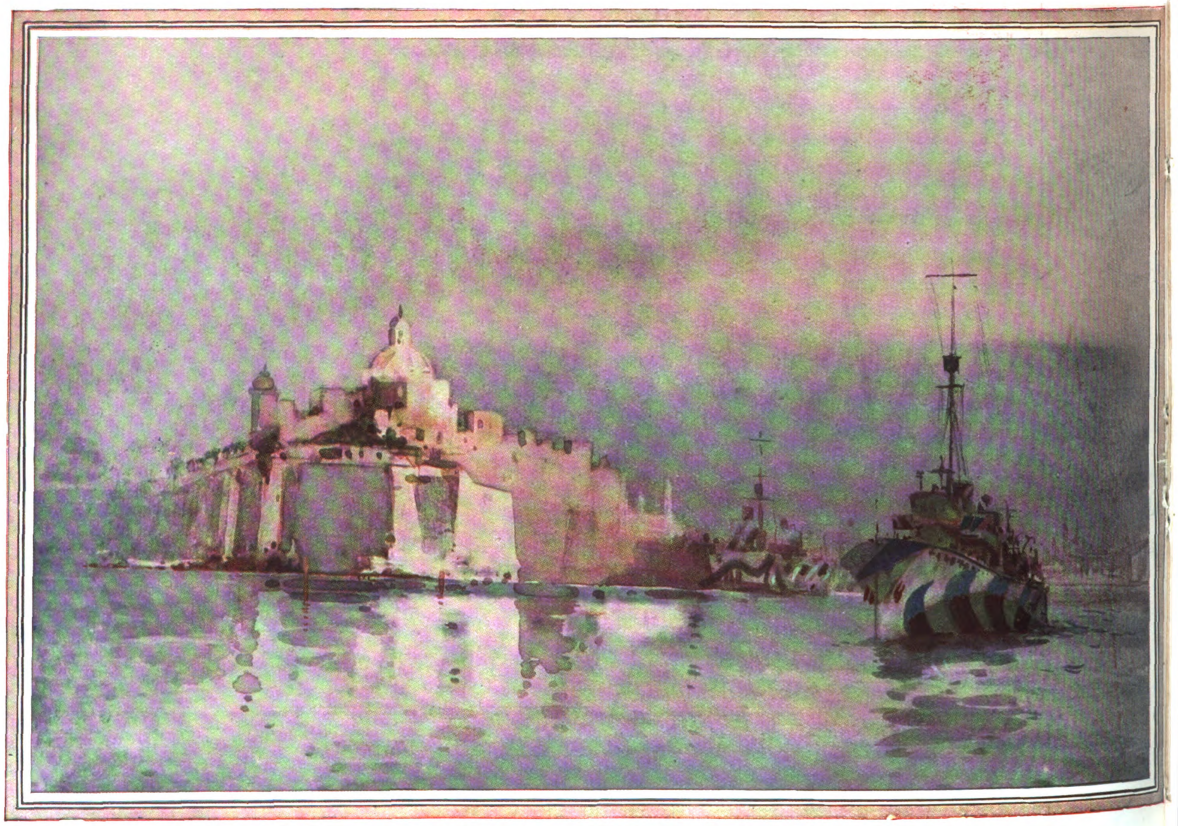
The Victoria Cross, the highest of all our military decorations, was originated by Queen Victoria in 1856 after the Crimean War. The Distinguished Service Order, instituted in 1886, is "a Naval and Military Order of Distinction" for officers. The Royal Red Cross, a decoration for women, dates from 1883. The Distinguished Service Cross, for junior Naval officers, instituted on October 14, 1914, superseded the Conspicuous Service Cross of 1901. The Military Cross, for Army officers, was instituted in 1914. The Distinguished Flying Cross, for R.A.F. officers and warrant officers, was instituted on the King's birthday in 1918, for gallantry in war, and the Air Force Cross (at the same time) for officers, warrant officers, and civilians for courage and devotion to duty when flying, though not in war. The Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal for the Navy date from the Crimean War. The Distinguished Service Medal was first issued in October 1914, for petty officers and men of the Navy and Marines. The Military Medal was instituted in 1916 for N.C.O.s and men of the Army. The Distinguished Flying Medal is for N.C.O.s and men of the R.A.F. for gallantry in war, and the Air Force Medal for courage and devotion to duty when flying, though not in war. The Meritorious Service Medal, for N.C.O.s and men, was instituted in 1845 for the Army and in 1849 for the Royal Marines.

TO BE MAINTAINED AT A "ONE-POWER STANDARD": THE

FROM WATER-COLOURS BY FRANK



A FORERUNNER OF THE SUBMERSIBLE BATTLE-SHIP? SUBMARINE "M 1," WITH HER BIG GUN.



"DAZZLE"-PAINTED FOR CAMOUFLAGE PURPOSES: A "FLEET MESSENGER" LEAVING MALTA.

The future of the Navy, and especially the vexed question of the utility of capital ships, has been very anxiously discussed since the war. Public interest in this vital matter was again stirred by the recent debate on the Navy Estimates, and the statement thereon by the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Lee of Fareham, who recently succeeded Mr. Walter Long. He said that the Government's naval policy was to maintain a "One-Power Standard," and not to enter upon competitive building programmes against other Powers. "But," he continued, "it would be a dereliction of duty on the part of the Admiralty to allow the efficiency, training, or *moral* of the Royal Navy to deteriorate through neglect to provide it with *matériel* which is equal to the best. . . . No capital ship has been

THE BRITISH NAVY—INTERESTING TYPES OF MODERN SHIPS.

FROM WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.



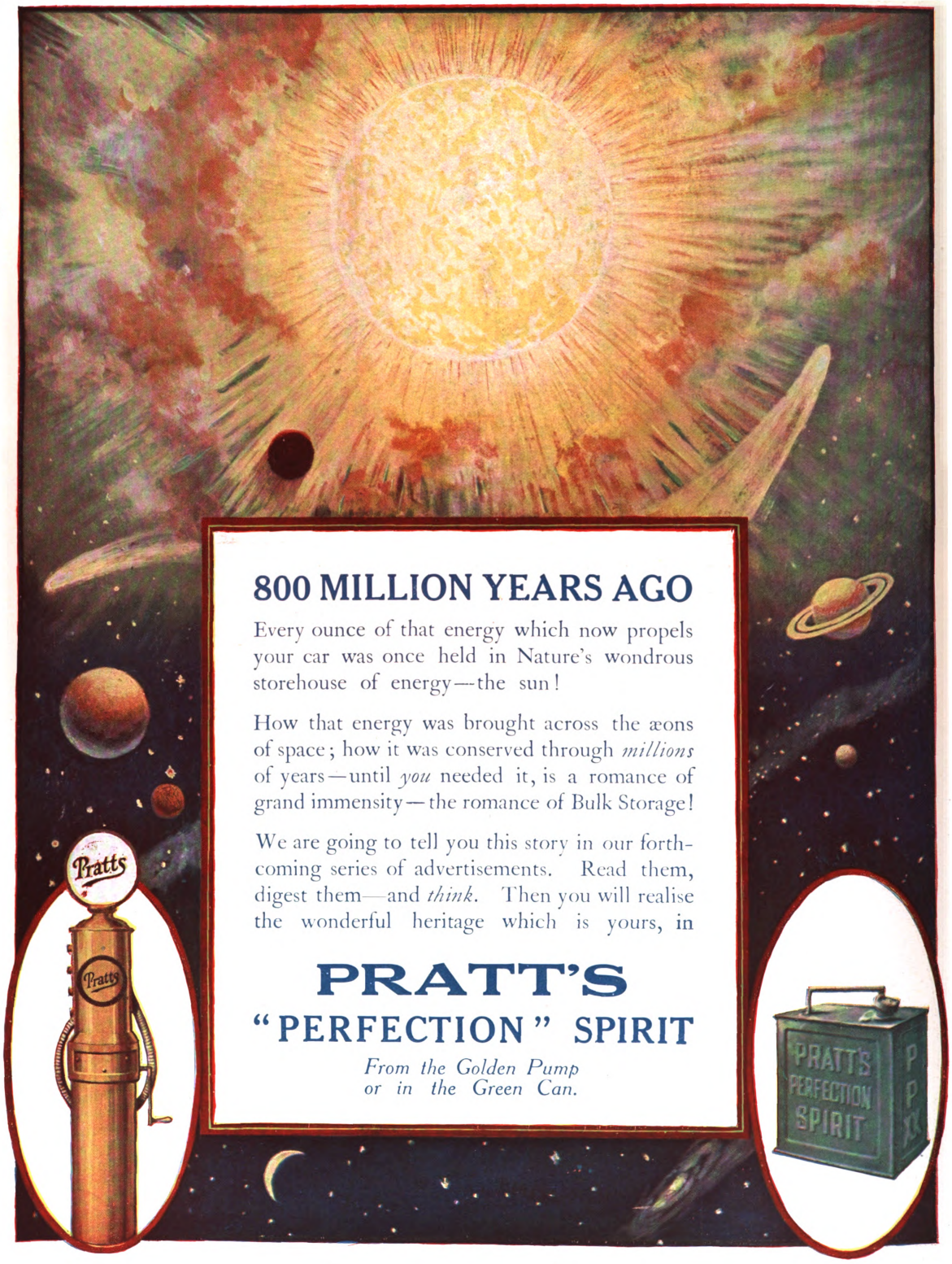
SMALLER SHIPS OF THE NAVY: A FLOTILLA LEADER, SLOOP, AND TRANSPORT.



THE CO-OPERATION OF SEA AND AIR FORCES: AN AEROPLANE-CARRIER.

laid down and completed since 1916, and as the Fleet is reduced in numbers, the ships of which it is composed must be of up-to-date type and of the highest efficiency." The Estimates, therefore, provide for the commencement of certain "re-placement" ships, among them four battle-ships of an improved "Hood" type, to be laid down this year, with a submarine and a mine-layer embodying new and experimental features. Sir J. Craig, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, said in Parliament that the Naval Staff and the Admiralty still considered that "the necessity for the capital ship had survived the test of the Great War," and that "a similar investigation in the United States had led to the same conclusion."—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

The Story of Nature's Bulk Storage—No. 1



800 MILLION YEARS AGO

Every ounce of that energy which now propels your car was once held in Nature's wondrous storehouse of energy—the sun!

How that energy was brought across the æons of space; how it was conserved through *millions* of years—until *you* needed it, is a romance of grand immensity—the romance of Bulk Storage!

We are going to tell you this story in our forthcoming series of advertisements. Read them, digest them—and *think*. Then you will realise the wonderful heritage which is yours, in

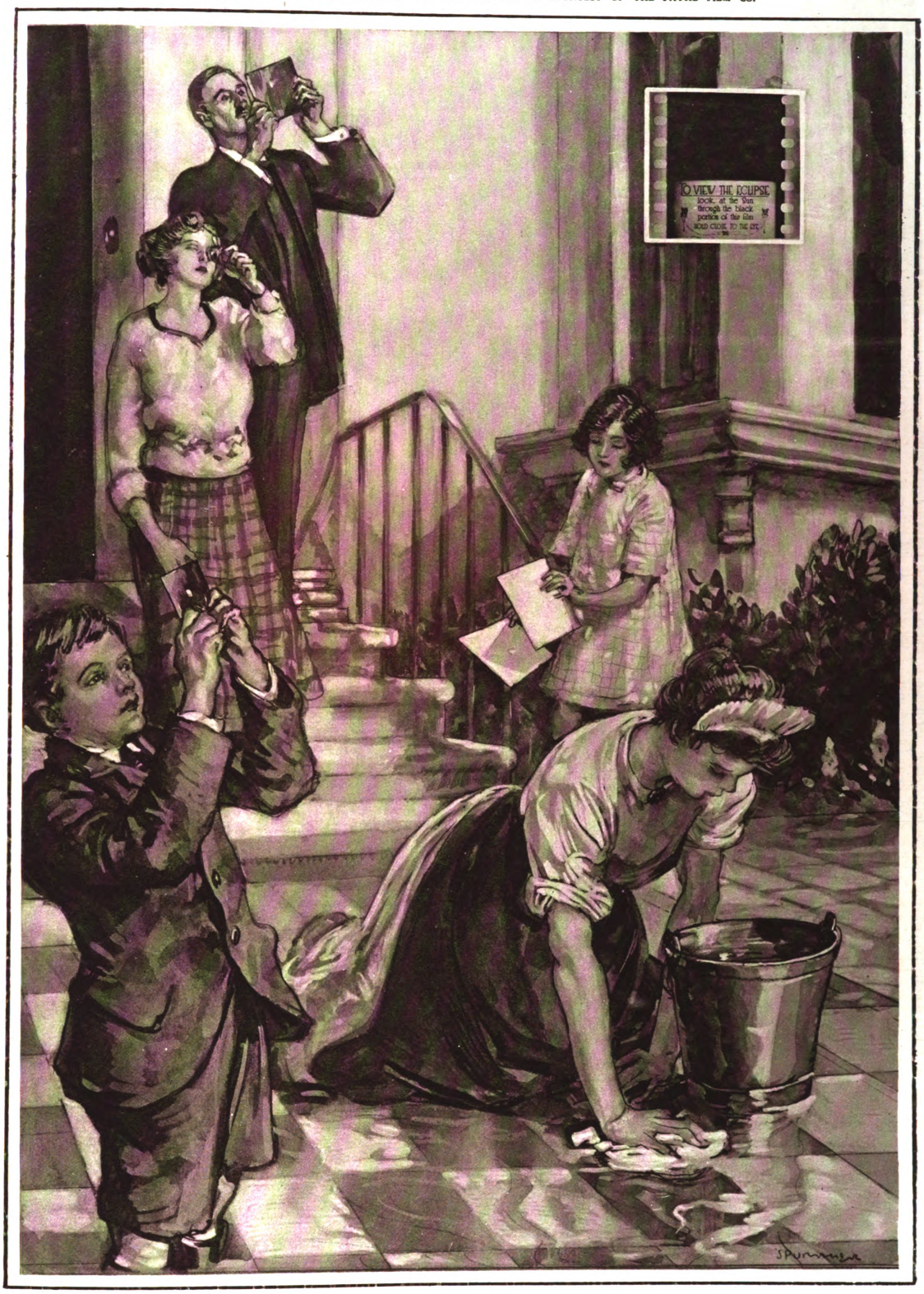
PRATT'S
"PERFECTION" SPIRIT

From the Golden Pump
or in the Green Can.

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, LTD., 36, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1

SMOKED GLASS, FILMS, PAIL, AND PINHOLE: OBSERVING THE ECLIPSE.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.; INSET PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE PATHÉ FILM CO.



AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS DURING THE RECENT ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN: A FAMILY PARTY OBSERVING THE PHENOMENON WITH HOMELY DEVICES—(INSET) A PIECE OF CINEMA FILM DISTRIBUTED IN LONDON.

The solar eclipse on the morning of April 8 provided a pleasant interlude from discussions of the coal dispute, and the weather was ideal for watching it. The eclipse was of the annular type, the complete ring of the sun's edge left round the moon being visible in the north of Scotland. From London the ring was not complete. Thousands of amateur astronomers conducted improvised observations, using various simple devices to mitigate the glare of the sun. In the family group here illustrated, the father is using a piece of smoked glass, while the mother has one of the pieces of film given away to Londoners by the Pathé Film Company, and bearing the following instructions: "To view eclipse, look at the sun through the black portion of this film. Hold close to the eye." The little boy has an ordinary photographic negative, and the little girl two pieces of paper, the upper one pierced by a pin-hole, through which the eclipse is projected on to the lower one. The maid is observing the eclipse reflected in a pail of water.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

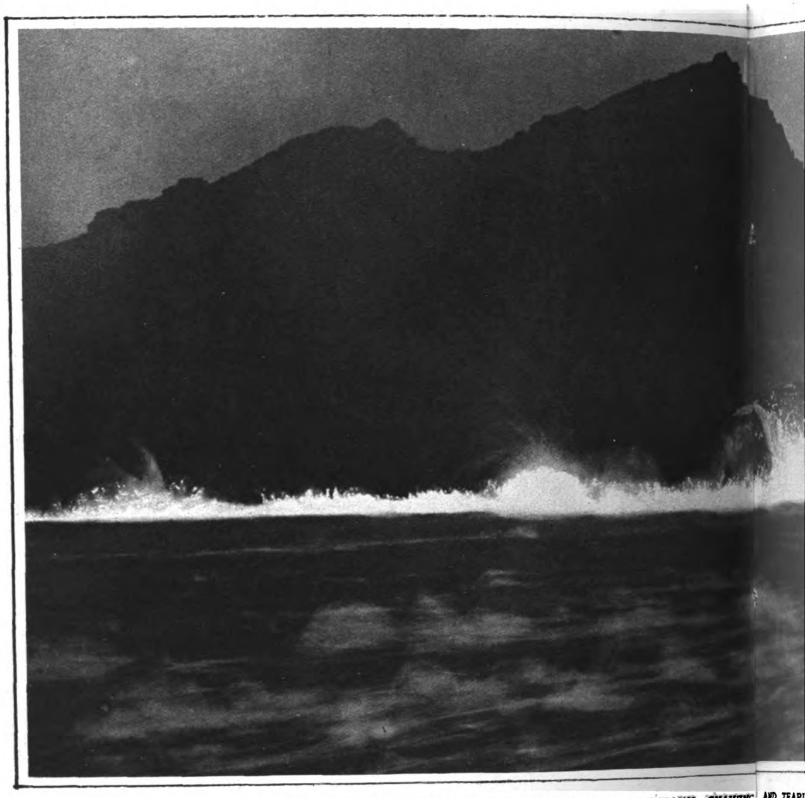
1.

DESCRIBING these two photographs of the Kilauea crater, Mr. L. W. de Vis-Norton writes, from Honolulu, on March 12: "No. 1 [the upper illustration here] is a view taken from the north-eastern rim of the inner crater, looking in a westerly direction to where the clear-cut slope of the great volcano, Mauna Loa, looms up, on the extreme right of the picture, against the sunset sky. In the left centre and background appears the towering mass of the summit of the lava column, which has risen within its pit from unfathomable depths, until it now stands high above the rim. This mass is largely red-hot and is giving off poisonous fumes and gases in great quantities. The foreground is occupied by one of the five lava lakes at present (March 1921) in existence, its white-hot waves and fountains gnawing and tearing at the opposite bank or terrace at the base of the main mass. The lava is eating in under the bank, which is gradually being demolished, and glowing stalactites are very clearly visible along the whole line of melt. A heavy splash of molten lava lies on the higher part of the bank, and is just commencing to solidify.

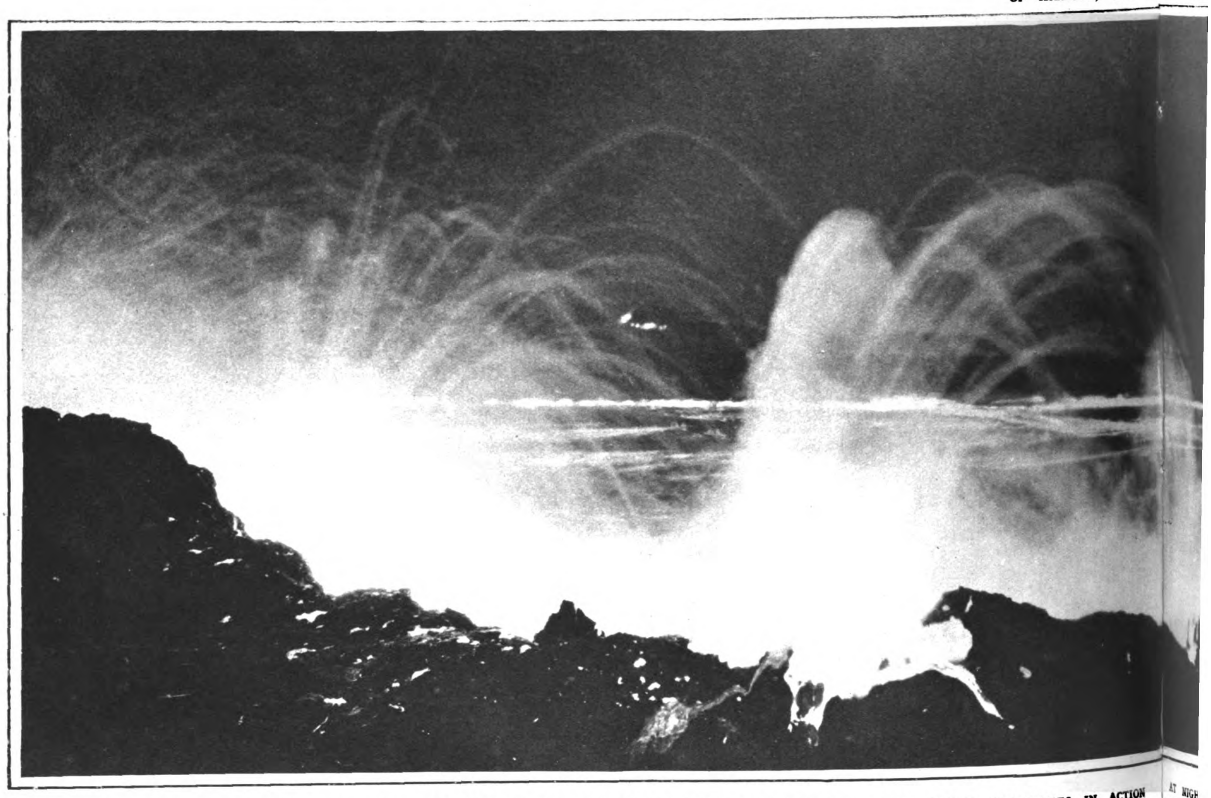
No. 2 is a closer view of the fountains and fiery spray in the first picture. The photographer has made his way along a narrow ledge separating two of the lakes, and has reached a point almost directly opposite his former position. It is a post of real danger, for lava is uncertain in its habits, and should a splash be flung in his direction he would not live long enough to know what hit him. The picture gives a wonderful idea of the spectacle of the great fire-lakes in action at night. Through the curtain of fire-spray the full extent of the lake can be seen, and high in the background rises a great flaming cone, whose roar is distinctly heard several miles away."

Another description of Kilauea, "the House of Eternal Fire," appears elsewhere in this number, from

(Continued on Box 2.



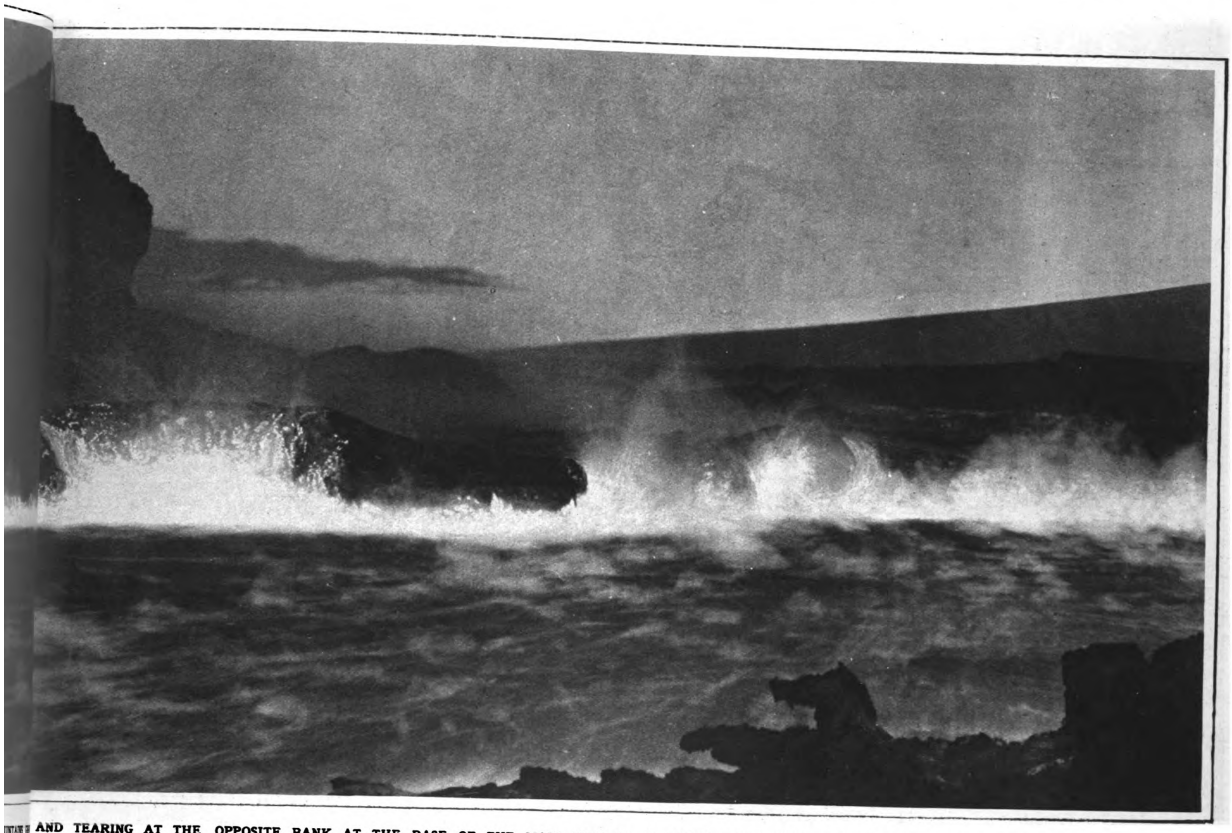
A LAVA LAKE WITH "WHITE-HOT WAVES AND FOUNTAINS GNAWING AND TEARI
OF KILAUEA, SHOWING THE SLOPE



WHERE A CHANCE SPLASH OF LAVA WOULD HAVE KILLED THE PHOTOGRAPHER: "THE GREAT FIRE-LAKES IN ACTION
SEEN IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH, FROM A "POST OF REAL DANGER"

HAUNT OF THE FLAME-HAIRED GODDESS PELE: "THE HOUSE OF ETERNAL FIRE"—

These wonderful photographs, the obtaining of which, as may well be imagined, was a perilous task, were taken by Mr. K. Maehara, of Hilo, Hawaii, on February 9 last, during an abnormally high level of the lava column in the crater of Kilauea near the great Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa. We are enabled to publish them by courtesy of



AND TEARING AT THE OPPOSITE BANK AT THE BASE OF THE MAIN MASS": A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE RIM OF THE INNER CRATER THE SLOPE OF MAUNA LOA ON THE RIGHT.



AT NIGHT"—A CLOSER VIEW OF THE FOUNTAINS AND FIERY SPRAY ALMOST DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE FORMER POSITION.

MARVELLOUS NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INNER CRATER OF KILAUEA.

Mr. L. W. de Vis-Norton, Secretary of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, Honolulu. Our readers will remember that we have in previous numbers given several other photographs, of equally remarkable interest, from the same source. In this connection it may be noted that Vesuvius was reported the other day to be displaying unusual activity.

2

the pen of the famous woman traveller, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, whose recent daring journey into the Sahara to the fastnesses of the Senussi aroused so much interest. She has visited many parts of the world and described them vividly. Writing of Kilauea, she says: "Sharp-cut volcanic crags tower out of the seething black substance which everlastingly breaks and recedes, in oily black waves, against the circular walls of Pele's home. Flame gleams in fiery serpents from rock to rock. Hissing demons of light curl up to the watching cliffs, and the golden hair of the goddess is blown in stray gleaming wisps along the crater's edge. In reality it is fine-spun shreds of lava, but even the most sceptical must admit that it is fairest corn-colour in the sunlight and meet tresses for any divinity. He who would actually see the goddess must wait till the moon rises triumphantly above Mauna Loa, and her cold silver mixes with the vermilion fires of Kilauea. Then the whole crater bursts into rivers and pools of flame. The demons ride fantastic races in the whirling smoke-wreaths. In agony and wrack the heart of the earth gives up her gold. Light, colour, storm, blaze and thunder round the central crags, and surely the wildest flame is the scarlet robe of Pele and the yellow fumes are her unbound hair!"

Mauna Loa (Great Mountain) is the largest volcano in the world, and is still active. It is over 13,600 ft. high, and extends at sea-level about 75 by 50 miles. Its eruptions have consisted mainly of quiet discharges of lava in enormous quantities. Kilauea, a hill about 16 miles to the south-east on the eastern slope of Mauna Loa, has the largest active crater in the world, over 8 miles in circumference. Another Hawaiian mountain, Mauna Haleakala, has the largest extinct pit-crater in the world, covering an area of about 19 square miles. Mauna Loa was in eruption in 1907.

"THE HOUSE OF ETERNAL FIRE": KILAUEA IN HAWAII.

By ROSITA FORBES.

(SEE REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE.)

ONCE a week an old tramp steamer threads its way in and out among the misty Hawaiian Isles. It labours in the swell of the great Pacific rollers, and with each pitch it diffuses the well-known odour of the Southern Seas—copra. One cannot get away from it. Wherever there is a palm-tree, there also is the stench of the white oily substance that is made from the cocoa-nut flesh. The white hotels of Honolulu, with memories of far-famed pine-apple cocktails, fade away to port. The towering ridge of Nuana Pali, scene of King Kamehameha's last great battle for his island freedom, dwindles to a shadow on the horizon, and a score of barren rocks surge out of blue waters at the bows.

The lesser Hawaiian Isles are sparsely inhabited by a primitive race which treasures the stories of its ancient royalty, whose chiefs still wear the marvellous feather robes made of the breasts of a myriad flaming birds. They have never seen a horse or a cow. They offer the rare traveller soft-voiced welcome in a hut of rustling grass. Their food is "poi," a glutinous, starch-like paste made of taro-root and served in the half of a dried gourd. The men earn a scanty living by fishing with home-made spear and net. The women crown their dark hair with flowers, and hang garlands ("laïs") of sweet-scented frangipanni over bare brown breasts and swinging skirts of straw.

Here, when the softest winds in the world shake out the perfume of the datura (the death-flower), may be seen the real hula-hula. A ukelele throbs from some dim corner. Old men beat out the rhythm of the dance on rattling gourds filled with dry seeds, jerking themselves into strange, distorted postures. Lazily out of the shadows come the grave-eyed girls with long, drooping eyelashes and quivering finger-tips. One leads the dance in memory of an ancient privilege of the Hawaiian Queen. The others follow slowly. It is typical of the spirit of a race doomed to extinction by the force of Western vitality that even their dances are grave and mirthless. A shadow of superstition and fear hangs over all their gatherings. Always their simple festivals end with a cry to Pele, dread goddess of the "House of Fire"—she whose breath shakes the mountain, she whose wrath has destroyed whole villages in the wake of her burning lava!

The creaking tramp wallows phlegmatically from island to island. It touches at Molokai, where Father Damien sacrificed his life to the care of the leper colony, which still exists among the lonely defiles of the northern shore. It passes a few lazy hours at Lahaina, where one may breakfast happily on papaia, whose fat pink flesh tastes like soft soap, and striped barracuda fish, with sour orange-juice and olives thrown in as relishes. It puts in at Wailuku, where one sleeps in fear of the giant, hairy centipedes which leave a red scar wherever they crawl across bare flesh; and then it plunges into Hilo Harbour, shaking every loosened board and bar with a sigh of relief at its journey's end.

Cloying scent of oleanders and wild white ginger meet one far out at sea. The great bulk of Mauna Loa looms up behind the tiny fishing village which was almost destroyed some years ago by a river of lava which flowed relentlessly down from the living crater of Kilauea. The churches on the mainland prayed in vain for relief, so the Princess Ruth was hastily fetched from Honolulu to offer sacrifices to appease the anger of Pele. By this time the black molten mass was within a few hundred yards of the village. A little platform was built at the edge of the flow, and thereon the Hawaiian Princess, weighing some seventeen stone, was hoisted by the terrified priests. Chickens were brought to her, and she cut their throats to offer their blood to Pele. Pigs were killed round her feet amidst the prayers and lamentations of the crowd. Then the ancient lady held out her arms to the smoking crags of Kilauea and prayed to Pele to spare her children. The lava flow instantly stopped, and Christianity was looked upon with infinite scorn!



1. "SHARP-CUT VOLCANIC CRAGS TOWER OUT OF THE SEETHING BLACK SUBSTANCE": THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, ON MAUNA LOA, BY DAY.
2. "THE WOMEN . . . HANG GARLANDS OVER BARE BROWN BREASTS AND SWINGING SKIRTS OF STRAW": BELLES OF HAWAII.
3. "SURELY THE WILDEST FLAME IS THE SCARLET ROBE OF PELE, AND THE YELLOW FUMES ARE HER UNBOUND HAIR!": THE CRATER OF KILAUEA BY NIGHT.

Photographs by Mrs. Rosita Forbes.

It is not so long ago that crueller sacrifices were enacted to appease the angry goddess. Pale Hawaiian girls went with music and song to their voluntary doom. Stalwart youths left their sails and spears to offer themselves to the mountain. Quite lately, when a river of lava threatened to overwhelm a whole village on the further side of the island, a dismal little procession, old and young, men, women, and children, started up the mountain side intent on flinging themselves into the boiling pit. Fortunately, the death-song which they wailed was borne on the winds to less superstitious islanders, and protest came forth from Hilo. The sacrificial victims were forcibly prevented from fulfilling their purpose, and, luckily, the eruption ceased the following day.

It will be seen, therefore, that the mountain is at once the centre of the island life, its mainspring, and its doom. From the white cottages of Hilo one may drive long miles over the worst road in the world through forests of giant tree-ferns, whose shadowy umbrellas meet over one's head till the golden green and the intolerably sweet scent of all tropical flowers, together with the scarlet flame of the hibiscus, are wiped out by the black lava. From fairy glades one emerges suddenly into the bleakness of utter desolation. Even the sunlight can do no more than glint steel-white on the ebony wastes. Great valleys and gorges, devoid of vegetation, are carved out of the blackness. Sulphur fumes weight the air. One trudges for miles over this aching country, the thin crust breaking beneath one's feet. Great waves of hot smoke are borne down upon one, shutting out the ridge of Mauna Loa.

Then quite suddenly one finds oneself standing on the edge of the crater above the "House of Eternal Fire." Sharp-cut volcanic crags tower out of the seething black substance, which everlastingly breaks and recedes in oily black waves against the circular walls of Pele's home. Flame gleams in fiery serpents from rock to rock. Hissing streams of light curl up to the watching cliffs, and the golden hair of the goddess is blown in stray gleaming wisps along the crater's edge! In reality it is fine-spun shreds of lava, but even the most sceptical must admit that it is fairest corn-colour in the sunlight, and meet tresses for the head of any divinity! He who would actually see the goddess must wait till the moon rises triumphantly above Mauna Loa, and her cold silver mixes with the vermilion fires of Kilauea. Then the whole crater bursts into rivers and pools of flame. The demons ride fantastic races in the whirling smoke-wreaths. In agony and wrack the heart of the earth gives up her gold. Light, colour, storm blaze and thunder round the central crags, and surely the wildest flame is the scarlet robe of Pele, and the yellow fumes are her unbound hair!

APPEALING FOR IRISH TRUCE AND CONCILIATION: CHURCH LEADERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WEBSTER, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, BERESFORD, "METHODIST TIMES," AND WATSON.



THE BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD.



THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH



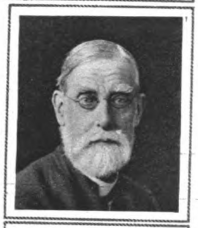
THE BISHOP OF CHESTER.



THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.



THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.



BISHOP GORE.

"IN opening the latest discussion on the Irish situation in the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury took occasion once more to protest strongly against the deplorable practice of indiscriminate and unauthorised reprisals by the irregular forces of the Crown. He did so on the highest of all grounds—namely, the absolute unlawfulness of the attempt to overcome wrong, however flagrant and provocative, by means of further and equally indefensible wrong. With that protest we, the undersigned, desire earnestly to associate ourselves. And we go further. While not entitled to commit our respective Churches, we feel constrained to say that we cannot regard the cruel and detestable outrages which have given rise to the whole reprisals policy, authorised and unauthorised alike, as a mere outbreak of wanton criminality in the ordinary sense. Notoriously there lies behind them a long-cherished and deep-seated sense of political grievance which has been aggravated and inflamed by many untoward events, and which the concessions of the new Irish Government Act have altogether failed to appease. Hence Dail Eireann's quarrel with Great Britain and the emergence of a situation fraught with intolerable distress and humiliation to every lover of his country. In these circumstances we join our voices with those who are appealing from many sides for the adoption of a different line of policy. We plead with the Government to arrange, if possible, a genuine truce, with a view to a deliberate effort after an agreed solution of the Irish difficulty. It may be that the attempt will fail; but until it has been seriously and patiently tried we cannot acquiesce in any alternative course of action. The present policy is causing grave unrest throughout the Empire, and exposing us to misunderstanding and the hostile criticism even of the most friendly of the nations of the world. Admittedly it affords no prospect of the speedy restoration of law and order. Nor can we believe that it leads to the end all must desire—a peaceful and contented Ireland. On the contrary, its heaviest condemnation perhaps lies in the deepening alienation it is steadily effecting between this country and all classes of the Irish people. A method of government attended by such consequences cannot be politically or ethically right, and ought, we submit, to give place without delay to a policy of conciliation. What form this should take we do not presume to say. Various possibilities seem to be open. What the situation in our judgment requires is that the Government should take the initiative, and with resolute magnanimity pursue such a course, by the blessing of Heaven, to the end."



THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.



DR. WALPOLE
(Bishop of Edinburgh.)



DR. ROBBERDS
(Scottish Episcopal Church.)



THE REV. DUNCAN MACGREGOR
(Presbyterian Church of England.)



DR. J. T. WARDLE STAFFORD
(Wesleyan Methodist.)



THE REV. M. P. DAVISON
(Primitive Methodist.)



THE REV. ALEX. PATERSON
(Baptist Union; Scotland.)



THE REV. R. C. GILLIE.
(Evangelical Free Churches.)



MR. ROGER CLARK
(Society of Friends.)



MR. S. WILCOX STOCKER
(Wesleyan Methodist; Scotland.)



MR. W. A. HINDLEY
(Independent Methodist.)



MR. HENRY BROWN
(Congregational Union; Scotland.)



DR. ALEX. MARTIN
(United Free Church of Scotland.)



PRINCIPAL GARVIE
(Congregational Union.)

The appeal for an Irish truce and a policy of conciliation that is printed on this page has been sent to the Prime Minister and the Secretary for Ireland. It was published on April 6, and is signed by those leaders of the Churches whose portraits are here reproduced. Mr. Gillie is President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches. Principal Garvie is Chairman of the Congregational Union. Dr. Wardle Stafford is President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. Mr. Davison is President of the Primitive Methodist Conference. Mr. Hindley is President of the Independent Methodist Conference. Mr. Macgregor is Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England. Mr. Clark is Clerk (Chairman) of the London Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends. Dr. Martin is Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland. Dr. Robberds, Bishop of Brechin, is Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Dr. Walpole is Bishop of Edinburgh. Mr. Henry Brown is the Chairman of the Congregational Union of Scotland. Mr. Paterson is President of the Baptist Union of Scotland. Mr. Wilcox Stocker is Chairman of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Scotland District.

ICONS UNDER THE RED FLAG: RELIGION FLOURISHING



MOSCOW UNDER THE BOLSHEVISTS: A HUGE THRONG AT A RELIGIOUS

The photograph shows that the religious faith which is so deeply rooted in the Russian soul has not been eradicated by Bolshevism, but that the Orthodox Church pursues its course very much as under the Imperial régime. Sacred icons and banners, it will be seen, are still objects of veneration to large numbers of the people in Moscow, and

EVEN UNDER LENIN'S RULE, AS UNDER NICHOLAS II.



PROCESSION, WITH ICONS AND BANNERS, OUTSIDE THE KREMLIN.

are borne in public procession through the streets past the very walls of the Kremlin, accompanied by a thronging multitude, in which the men have bared their heads as a sign of reverence. The whole scene shows that the old spirit of Russian piety is far from dead.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

HERE is a *primeur* which goes to prove that *The Illustrated London News* is a potent factor in the cause of the amity of nations. Last week I found a letter addressed to me at the office from Mr. A. H. Effron Davidson, a leading citizen in Copenhagen, saying in effect: "As a reader of the *I.L.N.* I beg to ask you—cannot you prevail upon an English manager to send an English company to Copenhagen? The Comédie Française is celebrating triumphs here; Moissy, of the Deutsches Theater, has full houses night after night; but we, whose King's daughter is your beloved Alexandra, want to knit closer the ties between Great Britain and Little Denmark. We want English plays, we want Shaw and Galsworthy and Barrie; we shall welcome you with open arms, and I feel sure the British Embassy will help. Nor need there be any risk on your side; we will guarantee both funds, theatre, and comforts. Will you be our friend across the sea?"



IN A BIG THRILL AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE AS CATHERINE, WITH THE DOGS, IN "THE KILL."

Catherine's lover is caught by her husband in her room and, having fainted, is thrown by him through a window to his savage and hungry boarhounds.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

I heard harps in the air and buckled to. As I write, Mr. Davidson is collecting interest and sinews as fast as he can, the English Colony in Copenhagen is agog; here I am on the eve of concluding *pourparlers* with a theatre where the cult of Shaw and Galsworthy is the mainstay of its programmes, and, if the authors are agreeable, there will sail early in May a dramatic "Mayflower," manned by the young generation, with a cargo of three one-acters by Barrie, "Candida," by Shaw, and "The Fugitive," by Galsworthy. She will drop anchor at Copenhagen's lovely Dagmar Theatre, whose director, Mr. Rose, is all for English art, and enthusiastic to co-operate. Of course, there is always a 'twixt-cup-and-lip, but both Barkises are so willing that I have reason to feel sanguine. And thus I hope that, thanks to *The Illustrated London News*, our friends the Danes will become better acquainted with our drama and our histrionic power.

. . . . .

More international amity. When anon Mlle. Gachet, the French producer at our Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, proceeds to Paris with her prize pupil, Miss Joan Swinstead, there to enjoy a week of French dramatic art—at the Française, the Odéon, the Opéra, the Vieux Colombier, the Théâtre de l'Œuvre—they will be piloted by the famous leader of the last-named, the pioneer of Maeterlinck and all that is famous in universal drama, Lugné-Poë. It is a tribute to our Academy, and an honour to the student, that a man of such erudition and influence will act as mentor and guide on an expedition which cannot but bear on the whole artistic career of the young actress. May I, then, on behalf of the Academy, Mr. Kenneth Barnes, and myself, thank M. Lugné-Poë for his gracious and immediate adoption of the proposal that he should consider himself to be host of the occasion. It is an event which should impel us to reciprocate, for international knowledge is an inevitable equipment for the young generation.

. . . . .

Before dealing with Mr. José Levy's latest savoury sandwich, I must relate a little story. It was at a famous club where ladies and gentlemen foregather for tea, tattle, and tango. Between the brass blares, the conversation turned on Grand Guignol. There was a French wag in the party, and he whispered to his neighbour, "Bet you that not one of them knows what *guignol* means." So his English friend, with a bland face, chimed into the parley: "Apropos, what does *guignol* mean?" Pause. Great expectations. The general answer was, "Well, you know, the sort of little theatres they have in Paris." The Frenchman chuckled, but—he lost his bet. The youngest of the company, a flapper just back from the finishing touch of Lausanne, piped blushingly: "Why, you duffers, *guignol* is French for Punch and Judy."

. . . . .

Well, at the Little, there is the usual liberal supply of shockers. "Seven Blind Men" is a harrowing study of the terror of benighted eyes when the fire alarm sounds. It is in Descaves' strongest vein, as cruel and as real as the scenes of his famous, now obsolete, book, "Sous-Offs," which sent a shudder through France. The acting was magnificent—the vacant eyes of Russell Thorndike will haunt me like a wraith. The other goose-flesher—"The Kill," by Maurice Level (he has written a volume containing stories enough to fill ten Guignol programmes)—is so awful and so obvious that one feels inclined to greet the devouring of the lover by a pack of dogs with an "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" I infinitely preferred Miss Thorndike in Frederick Fenn's and Richard Pryce's feeling, but somewhat laboured little play, "The Love Child." Miss Thorndike's horizon is steadily widening at the Guignol; every new part unveils a new aspect of her versatility.

Of the half-dozen plays that turned two hours into a whirligig, "Dead Man's Pool," by Victor and T. C. Bridges, was British and best. It was an expression of the sportsmanlike spirit that pervades the nation. It is all about a "compleat" angler, a convict, a warder, and a salmon. The moral, that sport is the league that binds the nation together, is strangely stimulating. Our only puzzle was, which of the four actors—Lewis Casson, Richard Carfax, Sydney Pease, or Sherlock Hawkins—deserved the salmon.

Before leaving the Guignol, I would not fail to pay a tribute to Mr. José Levy for the perfection of his little *ensembles*, and even more so for the great care which is bestowed on the production of each panel. Here, with the simplest means, the right effect is achieved, and there is not a detail of scenery or "props" which is neglected. Indeed, so graphic are some of the settings that as an album collection they would be of great use to aspirant producers, as well as a souvenir.



A MODERN CINDERELLA: MISS RENÉE KELLY AS SALLY SNAPE IN "THE HEART OF A CHILD," AT THE KINGSWAY.

Sally begins her career in a jam and pickle factory (as here seen), turns actress, and ends, as many actresses do, by marrying into the Peerage.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

. . . . .

A young actor asked me once what he should do to get on, and I replied: "It is not so much that which matters as the 'don'ts.'" Here they are:—

DON'TS FOR THE ACTOR.

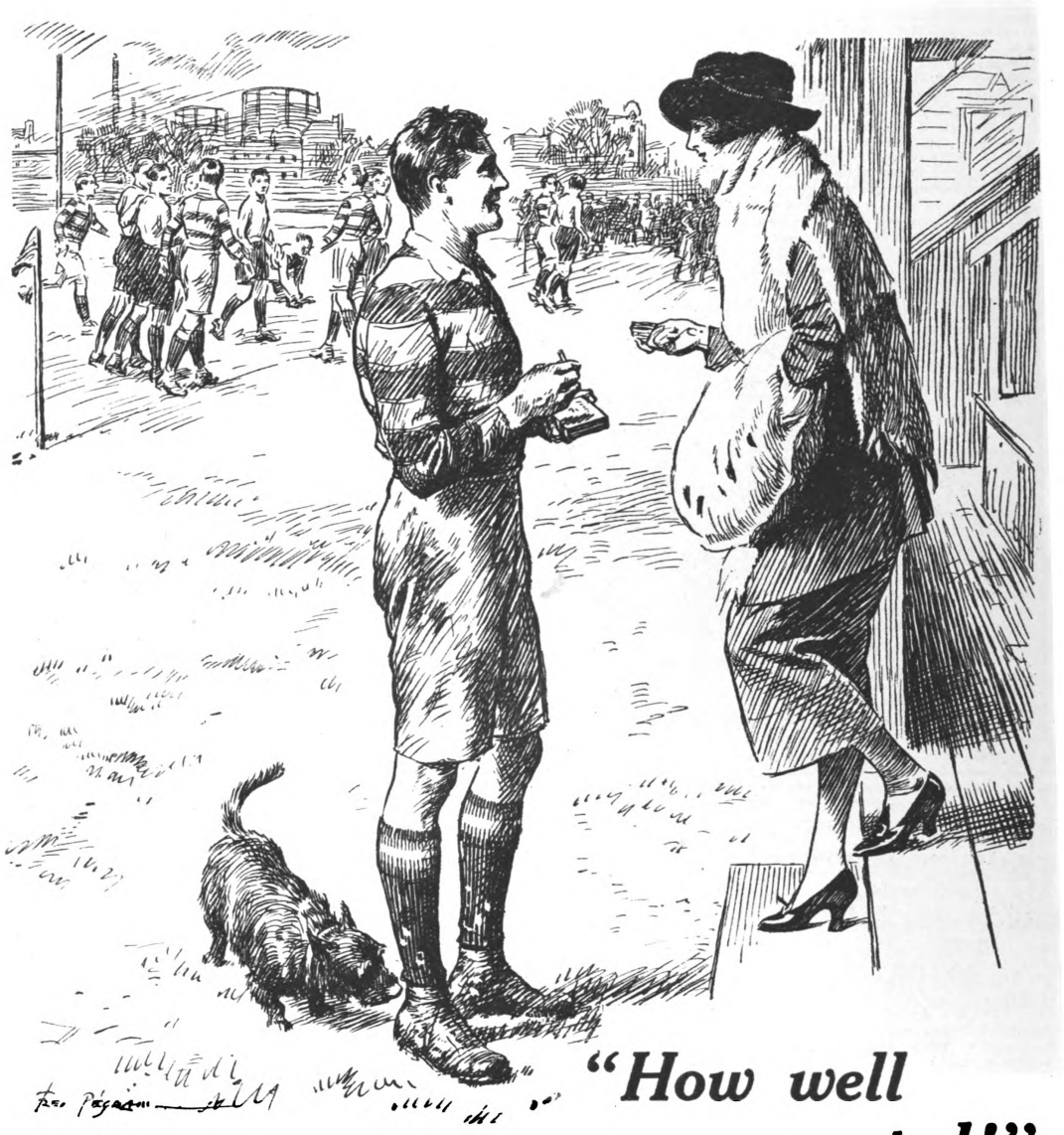
Don't think yours is a place in the sun—remember the German Emperor.
Don't believe that there is no world beyond the theatre.
Don't look at the audience (they are looking at you).
Don't boast that you don't read criticism—for you do.
Don't talk about yourself—let the others do it.
Don't talk shop—it only interests the small minds.
Don't believe in finery; the finest birds are of simple plumage.
Don't belittle your fellow-player; one day he may prove the better fellow.
Don't strut; that is the peacock's privilege.
Don't swank, swagger, or put on side—you are judged from the other side.
Don't trust the flatterer—he is the lime-lighter of life.
Don't be haughty—remember that once you were a petitioner (and may be again).
Don't value applause as sterling; it is merely a bank of engraving note.
Don't forget that Fortune is a fickle jade.
Don't abuse your employer if the Ghost walks regularly.
Don't run down the show because you dislike your part.
Don't kow-tow; remember "I am I."
Don't say he or she "have had their day"—yours will come.
Don't trust in "It will be all right on the night"—to learn the part is Chapter I. of the contract and of your Art.
Don't only read the lines—read between them.



A ROMANTIC DRAMA OF SPANISH BRIGANDAGE AT THE APOLLO THEATRE: THE UNMASKING OF THE VILLAIN IN "DON Q."

Don Cæsar, accused of a murder committed by Don Sebastian, escapes and becomes the brigand, Don Q. Finally he brings the crime home to the culprit, and wins the heroine. From left to right the front figures are: Mr. William Stack as Don Sebastian, Mr. F. J. Nettlefold as Don Cæsar (Don Q), Mr. J. J. Bartlett as Colonel Matsado, Mr. Vincent Sternroyd as General de Vayo, Mr. Cecil A. Melton as Robledo, Mrs. Maud Nettlefold as Lola, and Miss Dorothy Dix as Dolores, the heroine.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



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LADIES' NEWS.

A COMBINATION of Wyndham with Tennant should mean something brilliant, and the Hon. Stephen Tennant, who will attain his fifteenth birthday on the 21st inst., has had a show of singularly clever drawings at the Dorien Leigh Galleries, Cromwell Place, and thus given promise of brilliant artistic attainments in future. He has, of course, been reared in a thoroughly artistic atmosphere. The Glenconner residence in Queen Anne's Gate has a gallery of pictures which is generally considered very fine. The late Lord Glenconner opened it to the public on certain afternoons. Lady Glenconner had a tea-party and private view at the Galleries. Mrs. Asquith, aunt of the youthful artist, was there in a black-and-white wide-checked suit, a black hat, black shoes, and white stockings. She was chaffing her nephew, who chaffed back. He is a perfectly natural and charming-mannered boy. The Dowager Lady Leconfield was there; and pretty Lady Lytton, with pretty children. It was quite a cheery party. Mr. Anthony Asquith went also to see his cousin's drawings.

That the Prince of Wales was chewing gum before he rode his steeplechase at Hawthorn Hill was described as a habit he had acquired from America. No doubt it originated there, but during the Great War it became fairly general with our warriors and officers. They found it the greatest help to them if they had long marches, exhausting tasks, or if their rations did not turn up. The Prince was not in that case at Hawthorn Hill; his Royal Highness was, however, manifestly nervous—not about his ride, but over the great demonstration in his favour—and, if chewing gum was a comfort to him, it was one very innocently acquired. The Queen looked very white, and had to clasp her white-gloved hands to stay their trembling. I stood quite near when the Prince rode in winner, and never saw a more thankful and relieved lady than the first in our land. Tears stood in the Queen's eyes, but were not permitted to do more, and it was with the sweetest of smiles that she patted her son's shoulder.

The Textile and Dress Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was a sheer delight to me. There were certainly costumes for everyone, some more remarkable than pretty, others quite charming. I loved the bathing-costumes, and the women's smoking coats and caps. The latter are quite pretty enough to be worn without reference to nicotine. Stockings were a study; there were birds on some, beetles on others; snakes even were roped into use for leg-decoration. These, I imagine, will be more remarked upon than admired, or even worn. There were, of course, very pretty stockings in refined colourings and designs that will appeal to possessors of symmetrical lower limbs. Millinery was a revelation to me. I had never before been to a Trade Exhibition, and feel



THE LATEST FROM PARIS.
Reminiscent of the days of the Second Empire is this dress with its frilly full skirt.—[*Photograph by G.P.A.*]

that henceforward the coming season can have few surprises for me in dress. There were fruits and flowers in wonderful colourings and out-of-the-way materials. Some I loved and some I loathed; doubtless those that I loathe other women will love—so runs the world of dress around. What most amazed me was the unlikeness of the models to those I had seen at the mannequin parades in the West End, yet I presume all are in the latest manner of the Mode. It takes a lot of women to make a season go, and it takes a multitude of models to make the women happy! I think had women generally been admitted to this Exhibition they would have enjoyed it very much; I know I did.

The Earl of Cranbrook comes of age this week on the 14th. We have had a number of eligible young men reach manhood recently, including Prince Henry and the Marquess of Worcester. Lord Cranbrook has had nearly a six-years minority, and he is nephew to the Earl of Glasgow, his mother having been Lady Dorothy Boyle. Major-General the Hon. John Gathorne-Hardy, an uncle on his father's side, married the Earl of Derby's only sister, and they have one daughter, who will be a débutante this season, or possibly next, as she will not be seventeen until August. As a rule, however, when there is only one child, she enters Society early, as mothers are keen to have the companionship of only girls. Lord Cranbrook is the great-grandson of the eminent statesman who was first Earl of Cranbrook.

We are not alone in profiting by falling prices for our dress. A friend has her two boys home from Harrow, and asked me to go shopping with them and her. It was rather fun; the boys were full of pranks and so glad that they were to have a new school outfit. They said they had waited for prices to fall, but if they had been made to wait much longer their clothes would have fallen, like the sere and yellow leaf. We went, of course, to Charles Baker and Co. I think most school-boys want their mothers to go to one of these well-known establishments. There is one at 271-4, High Holborn; others at 41-3, Tottenham Court Road; 255, Edgware Road; and 27-33, King Street, Hammersmith, besides branches at Holloway and Croydon, so convenience is secured to customers. Prices are made to conform exactly to the current market, and the outfits are as complete as they are smart, well turned out, and business-like. Boys know they are just right, and so cordially approve of them. As the boy is father of the man, so do the heads of family on the male side see how well Charles Baker and Co. turn out the sons of their houses, and go there themselves. Sometimes it is the father who sends the son, having experienced complete satisfaction himself. Whichever way it is, my women friends all tell me these establishments are really relied on by men and boys. Our special boys were very happy—got all they wanted, and said the bill wouldn't worry daddy too much!—A. E. L.



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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR SUMMER MIGRANTS.

NOW is the time when our summer birds return—the cuckoo, the swallow, and the host of smaller and less conspicuous birds, like the warblers, wheat-ears, and wagtails, to name but a few of the legions whose arrival on our shores is so eagerly awaited and recorded. From whence have they come? And why do they leave us with the fall of the leaves?

Our forefathers were not greatly troubled about these matters. They had an answer ready. The cuckoo, they insisted, changed itself into a sparrow-hawk for the winter, while the swallows easily evaded the rigours and inclemency of this season by hibernating in the mud beneath the waters of horse-ponds; or, according to other authorities, like their congeners, the martins, and the land-rail, they found protection in the bowels of the earth, where, clustered in masses, for warmth, they awaited the trumpet-call of spring for their resurrection. And there were not wanting faithful witnesses of these events.



AN ENTENTE IN MILITARY SPORT: LORD HORNE, WITH DISTINGUISHED FRENCH GENERALS, WATCHING THE "SOCCER" MATCH BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND FRENCH ARMY TEAMS AT WOOLWICH.

The British Army beat the French Army, by 5 goals to one, in the Association football match on the Garrison Ground at Woolwich on April 7. General Lord Horne, G.O.C., Eastern Command, shook hands with the teams. He is seen towards the left in our photograph, sitting between Generals Sarrigny and Vicomte de la Panouse, of the French Army. The match formed part of a triangular tournament, the Belgian Army being the third competitor.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

We are wiser to-day. We know that our truants have come back to us from their winter resorts in Africa; some of them from its farthest confines. But what we do not know is why they leave us, and why, having found quarters so much to their liking, they return. For the journey out, no less than the journey back, is full of peril. Speculation on this theme has produced a rich crop of theories, each of which, in its turn, found its supporters. Nevertheless, the riddle is yet unsolved. Careful study, however, may afford us some very valuable clues.

To begin with, all our returning wanderers are indubitably *British* birds. That is to say, they were each and all of them bred and born on British soil, as were their ancestors, for un-numbered thousands of years. The little chiff-chaff one saw yesterday in a Sussex copse was not hatched last year in Saxony. It has returned to breed, not merely to England, or to Sussex, or even to the same village, but to the identical copse in that village. The order of migration moves with machine-like precision. Every bird, on reaching our shores, proceeds at once to its destination. Were it otherwise disaster would result. For precious time would be wasted in hunting for suitable nursery sites, and while some areas would be overstocked, others would be tenantless. Since, then, they show such tenacity of purpose in returning, year after year, to the same spot, to fulfil an unquenchable yearning for a mate, one naturally asks why it is that, the home area proving so attractive, they ever leave it.

A careful survey of the evidence bearing on the rearing of the offspring on the one hand, and on the character of the autumn migratory movements on the other, seems to show that our native birds—and for that matter all migratory birds—are very susceptible to long-sustained extremes of temperature. In the autumn, our home-bred woodcock and thrushes, for example, leave us for more southern retreats, and, as they depart, their places are taken by other woodcock and thrushes, which were bred in regions further north. Each is unable to stand the winter of its birth-place. Each is driven northward to breed because it would be unable to withstand the summer temperature of the winter resort. This much seems clear from the fact that on sultry days one finds brooding and nestling birds alike displaying every sign of real distress, sometimes bordering on collapse. If, then, an English summer can at times be so trying, how much more so would be the African summer for our British birds, or our own summer for the birds which come to us for the winter.

But how comes it that these periodic movements have evolved? For it is to be remembered that there are hosts of birds which never migrate, which, indeed, could not migrate, such, for example, as horn-bills, toucans, and parrots. This touches a very important aspect of this problem of migration and its causes; but I have already reached the limit of my space. I must complete my story, then, on another occasion.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



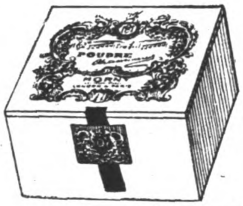
A NEW C.B.E.: MR. EDWARD ERNEST LONG.

Mr. Long, who has been promoted from Officer of the Order of the British Empire to Commander, was in charge of the Eastern Section of the News Department of the Foreign Office for two years. During the war, when he held a commission in the Royal Field Artillery, he was placed in charge of Eastern Propaganda, as Director, and in that capacity, amongst other things, organised a series of pictorial papers, with captions in Oriental tongues—a dozen different languages in all—which produced a very beneficial effect amongst the peoples of various Eastern countries. Before the war Mr. Long was a journalist, having been connected with three daily papers in various parts of the East, two of which he edited; and he has also represented "The Times" in Northern India.

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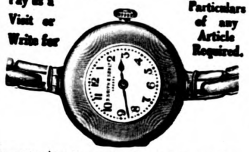
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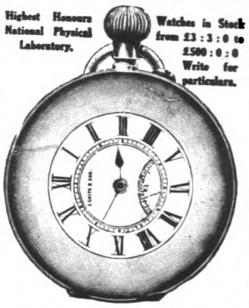


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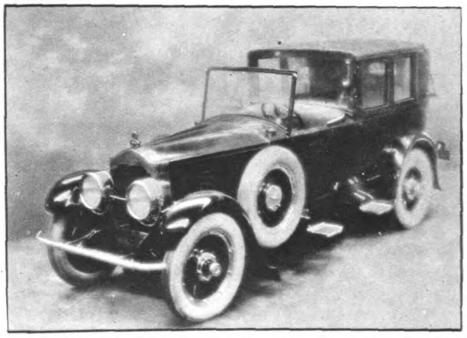
The Wolseley Company, by introducing the new Wolseley-Stellite, has taken a course which I wonder a number of others in the trade have not taken before. This new car—it is not really new, however—is simply the "ten" shorn of electric engine starter, lighting set, and one or two other items of luxury equipment, which enables it to be sold at a price substantially less than its better-equipped prototype. I have long since expressed the opinion that the engine starter is not an absolutely essential fitting to the car of less than 15-h.p. It is not at all a bad thing to have, of course, but I do not think it is a wise policy on the part of manufacturers, now that cars cost so much more than they did in 1914, to overload their prices by listing as standard fittings such details as starters, which add anything from £50 upwards to the selling price. The light car section of the trade has offended particularly in this direction. Small cars, which sold at £200 before the war, have been elaborated by the addition of totally unnecessary equipment, until their prices have risen above the £500 mark and the market has been restricted to a corresponding extent. It is far better, to my way of thinking, to do as the Wolseley Company has now done, and as has been done by another well-known firm for some time past, and to say: "This is our standard production, and it costs so much. You can, if you prefer, have it in a more luxurious form, fitted with starter and lighting set, and all the rest, but that will cost so much extra." Then the purchaser can decide whether or not it is worth his while to pay for all these extras, but by making the fully-equipped car the standard model the price is often made prohibitive, and loss of sales results. I am very strongly of opinion that all the concerns in the light car section will have to follow the Wolseley lead if they want to keep their share of the business.

An Austin "Ten."

A most interesting announcement has been made by the Austin Company to the effect that, now that the "twenty" is in full production, the necessary organisation has been completed for the manufacture on a large scale of a new light model, to be known as the Austin "Ten." I have not yet received details of the new car, but I presume it will follow essentially the lines of the larger model, in which case it ought to be a very satisfactory little car. Before the war, the Austin Company made a 10-h.p. car which was one of the best of its rating produced. Numbers of them are still running about the country, doing excellent service; if the new one is at all comparable in quality of material and performance it is safe to predict a lasting success for it.



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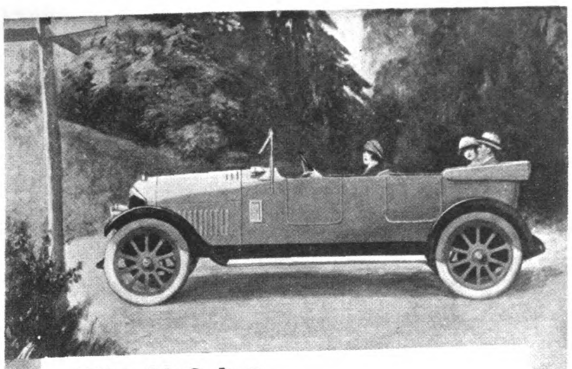
The Motor Cycling Club, which promoted the recent London-Land's End trial and carried it out so successfully, has been rather severely criticised for having restricted the car class to vehicles with a Treasury rating of 12-h.p. It is said that there is only one proper basis, and that is the one of cylinder capacity, and in justification of this point of view it has been pointed out that the conditions barred certain cars with a capacity of 1373 c.c., while admitting others of 1500 c.c., which is the limit capacity of the light car class. I agree with the criticism, but I imagine that the manner of drafting the regulations was due to an oversight on the part of the committee.

Sign-Posting.

Now that the Ministry of Transport has taken over the matter of sign-posting the roads, the A.A. is dropping out. It has issued a notification that, as from April 30, the fund which was created for the purpose of erecting and maintaining road signs will be applied to the general expenses of the Association. Members who subscribed to this fund are requested to communicate with the Secretary if they do not approve of this course being taken. I am given to understand that most of the subscribers have already agreed to the proposed application of the moneys in hand. While it is, of course, the business of the authorities to undertake the proper sign-posting of the roads, it is a pity that private enterprise should be dropping out in this way. I doubt very much if we shall get as good service from a Government department as we did from the R.A.C. and the A.A.

W. W.

Toffee, it seems, is a commodity superior to trade depression. It was a striking tribute to the popularity of Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe that when its makers, the well-known Halifax firm of John Mackintosh and Sons, Ltd., recently converted the firm into a public company, their issue of 300,000 Ten per Cent. Preference shares was over-subscribed within forty-eight hours. The Company has good reason to take pride in this gratifying result, as it speaks volumes both for their commercial reputation and for the quality of their famous product. They claim to have the largest factories in the world devoted to the manufacture of toffee, and to have had the largest sale of that sweetmeat during the last quarter of a century. The works are capable of turning out 50,000,000 pieces of toffee, amounting to hundreds of tons, per week. The founder opened a pastrycook's shop in Halifax (Yorkshire) thirty years ago.



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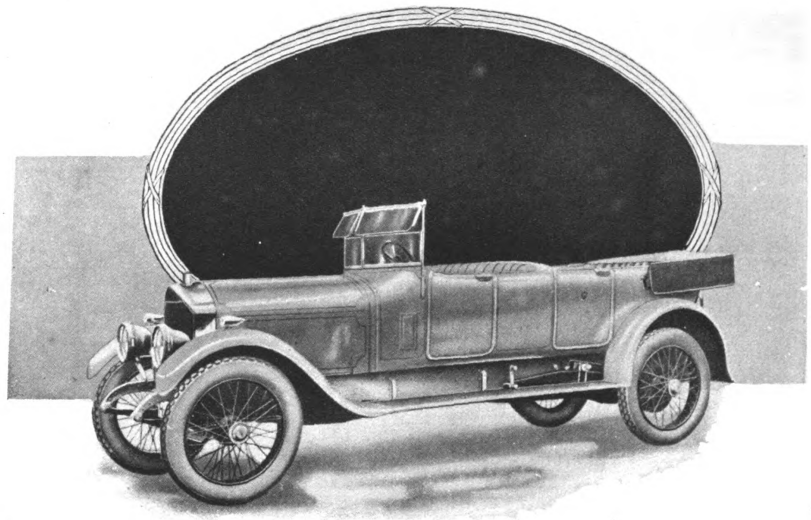
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BULL-DOG DRUMMOND," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"THICK-EAR drama"—Mr. Gerald du Maurier's own description of his latest venture at Wyndham's, "Bull-Dog Drummond"—is a new label, surely, for the melodrama of crime. There are signs that Mr. du Maurier's patrons ask for nothing better than a plunge into such transpontine fiction, and the company displays any amount of earnestness and gusto. The forthright acting of Mr. Gilbert Hare, Mr. Alfred Drayton, and Miss Dorothy Overend in the "crook" rôles, and the breezy performance of Mr. du Maurier as hero of the adventure, whose spirits seem to rise the more nearly he is submerged by the tide of villainy, are thoroughly enjoyable.

A NEW BILL AT LONDON'S GRAND GUIGNOL.

Five one-act plays and one two-act play provide the new Grand Guignol programme at the Little Theatre. Sewell Collins's "Gaspers" affords comic relief from horrors. It contains bright talk, but not much more. Again, "Dead Man's Pool," wherein convict and pursuing warder forget their respective rôles in their British love of sport, is just an amusing trifle happily worked out by its authors, Victor and T. C. Bridges. More notable is Frederick Fenn's and Richard Pryce's "Love Child," a genuine study of low life in which Miss Cicely Oates gives a remarkable picture of silent and uncomplaining misery. "The Chemist," from the French of Max Maurey, is chiefly of account because in the part of a little half-witted slattern who returns a bottle of poison, so saving the chemist from an awful blunder, it allows Miss Sybil Thorndike to exemplify afresh her wonderful versatility. It is hard to conceive that the representative of this sixteen-year-old girl and the actress who portrays different phases of emotion in "The Love Child" and "The Kill" are one and the same person. "The Kill"—in two acts, from the French of Maurice Level—is a tale grisly enough. In this work the thrill comes off—but scarcely in the case of the other "shocker," Lucien Descaves's "Seven Blind Men."

The result of the recent excavations at the Stone-Axe Factory at Graig-lwyd, Penmaenmawr, is probably the finest series of specimens illustrating the manufacture of a stone axe ever found. Anyone interested in prehistoric discoveries should make a point of going to see them when exhibited publicly at the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, from May 23 to 25. Mr. S. Hazzledine Warren, F.G.S., will read the report on the excavations carried out last year at the Royal Anthropological Institute, 50, Great Russell St., on April 19, and a number of specimens will be shown.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

AHMAD MIRZA (Dacca).—We have examined your problem afresh, and find it hardly up to our standard of publication. We shall be glad to receive further specimens of your skill.

H S TOOTH (Cachar).—If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, then 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch), K takes B; 3. Q mates.

P N BANERJI (Benares).—In your problem, after Black plays 1. R takes Q, there is a triple threat by Kt takes Kt (ch), Kt to Kt 7th (ch), and R to Q 7th (ch): this, of course, is a defect.

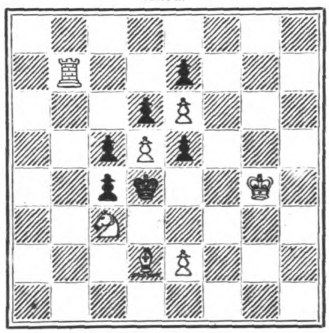
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3855.—BY KESHAB D. DE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to Q 4th	K takes Kt
2. Kt to Q 7th	P moves
3. B to K 3rd (mate).	

If Black play 1. P to K 3rd, then 2. Kt to Q 7th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3857.—BY H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3850 received from Bartlett Wells (Plainfield, U.S.A.); of No. 3852 from E L Lovett (Broughton) and Geo A Leonard (San Diego, Cal.); of No. 3853 from J B Camara (Madeira), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill), E J Gibbs (East Ham), James M K Lupton (Richmond), and G M Hallen (Bournemouth); of No. 3854 from A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), H W Satow (Bangor), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), G de Choiseul (Menton), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), James M K Lupton, J T Palmer (Church), E J Gibbs, J Paul Taylor (Exeter), J B Camara (Madeira), Donald Cavey (Jersey), M J F Crewell, J C Gemmell (Campbeltown), Léon Rykki (Belfast), C H Watson (Masham), W Strangman Hill (Palmerstown), Howard O Eaton (Madison, U.S.A.), R F Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada), G M Hallen, Rev. Armand Der Meares (Baltimore), Donald Reed (Courtland, U.S.A.), and Henry A Seller (Denver, U.S.A.); of No. 3855 from J T Palmer (Church), James M K Lupton (Richmond), C H Watson (Masham), G M Hallen, J W Sefton (Bolton), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), R C Durell, H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), H W Satow (Bangor), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), Frank A Field (Brighton), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Brook Cottage (Snitterfield), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), J C Gemmell (Campbeltown), C A F. G Lacy Barritt (Oswestry), and E J Gibbs (East Ham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3856 received from Léon Rykki (Belfast), W J Adams (Snitterfield), Richard C Durell, J C Stackhouse (Torquay), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), C H Watson (Masham), Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown), Herbert Russell (Leicester), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J F Harrison (Manchester), W R Keaman (Wellington College), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), and Albert Taylor (Attercliffe).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Mr. R. P. MICHELL and Sir G. A. THOMAS.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Sir G. A. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th

The game is now transposed into Queen's Gambit Declined. The text move is probably Black's best defence, as it compels White to move his K P before bringing out his Q B. The sequel shows the danger of doing otherwise.

5. B to Kt 5th	B P takes P
6. K Kt takes P	

Pillsbury, in a famous game with Lasker, here played Q takes P with no appreciably better results than in the present instance.

6.	P to K 4th
7. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 5th
8. Kt to Q 5th	Kt to B 3rd
9. P to K 4th	

Necessary to stay the advance of Black's K P, but it leaves White with a pierced centre.

9.	B to K 2nd
10. B takes Kt	B takes B
11. B to Q 3rd	Castles
12. Castles	B to K 3rd
13. P to Q R 3rd	R to B sq
14. P to Q Kt 4th	R to K sq
15. Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 4th
16. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Sir G. A. T.)
17. P to Kt 3rd	B to R 6th
18. R to K sq	B to K 3rd
19. K to R sq	Q to Q 2nd
20. P to B 4th	P takes P
21. P takes P	B to Kt 5th
22. B to K 2nd	R takes P

A bold and dashing sacrifice which proved more successful than its actual merits appear to warrant.

23. P takes B	R takes B
24. R takes R	B to B 6th (ch)
25. R to Kt 2nd	

We confess ourselves unable to discover why White gives up his Queen in this fashion. To the reply of 25. K to Kt sq, Black seems to have nothing better than Q to Kt 5th (ch); 26. K to B sq, B takes R (ch); 27. Q takes B, Q to R 6th (ch); 28. K to K sq, Q takes Kt, with a Pawn to the good but a stubborn fight before him.

25.	B takes Q
26. R takes B	K to B sq
27. Kt takes Q P	Kt takes Kt
28. R takes Kt	Q to R 6th
29. K R to Q 2nd	

A curious oversight, but White could scarcely hope to avert defeat in a longer struggle.

29.	Q to B 8th, mate

The Championship of the City of London Chess Club has been won by Sir George Thomas with the fine score of 10 points out of a possible 11. Mr. Herbert Jacobs was second, and Messrs. R. P. Michell and R. H. V. Scott tied for the third place.

The Championship match at Havana between Capablanca and Lasker is dragging itself to a conclusion in a weary length of draws. A mechanical accuracy and an icy cautiousness of play have robbed the game on both sides alike of imagination and inspiration, and public interest is so little excited that our highest living English authority finds himself compelled to explain, in reproducing one of the games, that its exalted authorship is the only excuse for its publication. In chess, any more than in literature, fat purses and loud-sung reputations are not found conducive to the attainment of the wreaths of immortality.

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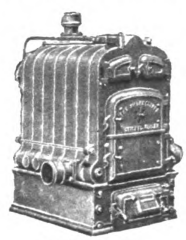
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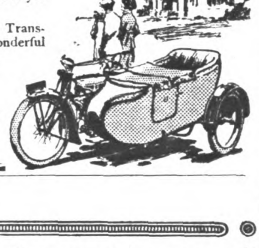
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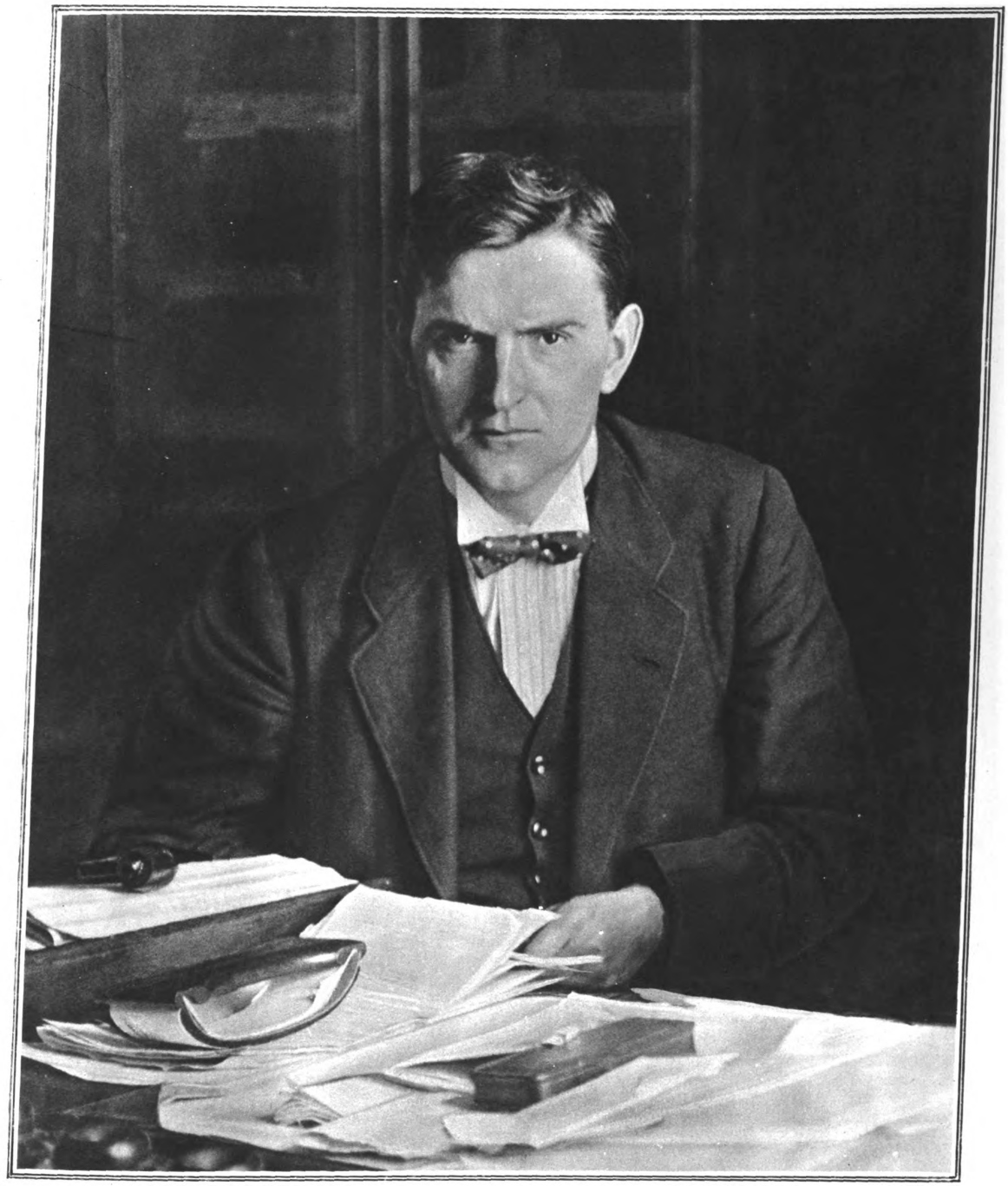
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CAUSE OF A SPLIT IN THE "TRIPLE ALLIANCE" AND CONSEQUENT CANCELLATION OF THE STRIKE: MR. FRANK HODGES, SECRETARY OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION.

The division in the ranks of the Triple Alliance of Labour, leading to the dramatic cancellation of the strike on April 15, began with the repudiation by some of the Miners' Federation leaders of a statement made by their Secretary, Mr. Frank Hodges, to a meeting of M.P.s on the previous evening. Mr. Hodges had said that the miners were "prepared to consider wages provided they are not related to a permanent settlement on a district basis and are of a temporary character." It was because the Miners refused a subsequent invitation of the Government to resume negotiations that the other two parties to the Triple Alliance—the Railwaymen and Transport Workers—called off the strike. Mr. Hodges offered to resign his post of Secretary, but the Miners' Federation Committee refused to accept his resignation, and he withdrew it. He is thirty-four, and a few years ago was a working miner. Then he studied economics at the Central College, and later went to Paris, where he acquired fluent French. He made a very favourable impression on the M.P.s whom he addressed at the House of Commons.



THE Census and the figure One in the date would seem to have some mystical affinity. It was in the first year of our era (however differently chronologists may arrange it) that the decree went out from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be "taxed," in which obscure phrase the translators of the Authorised Version disguise the taking of that Roman Census which drew Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem. The Event attendant on that visit has invested the act of numbering the people with a halo of incomparable romance, apart from all questions of date. But there is a minor romance, too, in the curious coincidence that the British Census is also associated with the figure One in every successive decade, the reason being that the first Population Act, passed in 1800, was put in force during the spring of the following year. This year's ceremony, unlucky in its postponement, is the thirteenth time of asking. *Absit omen* !

So dry and statistical a matter as the Census would not at first sight seem to have any obvious connection with literature, yet in the person of one man this institution finds a most interesting link with several English writers who made the early years of the nineteenth century illustrious. The Father of the Census, John Rickman, that most conscientious public official, was the intimate friend of Charles Lamb, Southey, and Coleridge, not to mention some minor characters, amiable oddities such as George Dyer and George Burnett. Through the literary biography of the period Rickman floated as a somewhat elusive ghost, until, just after the last Census was taken, Mr. Orlo Williams, in a volume of Life and Letters, set the portrait of John Rickman fully rounded before us, and incidentally made several notable additions to our knowledge of Charles Lamb.

Rickman served as Speaker's Secretary for twelve years, and was Clerk at the Table of the House of Commons for twenty-six years. He was chosen to organise the machinery for taking the Census of 1801, because in 1796 he had written a paper entitled "Thoughts on the Utility and Facility of a General Enumeration of the People of the British Empire." In that essay Rickman dealt in a very matter-of-fact way with the economic advantages of a Census, and advanced the view that the population was probably far higher than the usual estimate. He held, too, that it could be easily deduced from the Parish Registers. His work was shown to the future Speaker, Charles Abbot, who introduced the Population Bill in 1800, and who, when the measure became law, offered Rickman the supervision of the returns.

Rickman, whose turn of mind admirably fitted him for the task, had a free hand with regard to organisation. He set up an office in the Cock-Pit off Birdcage Walk, and was allowed to choose his own clerks. There he devised the first Census paper, in which returns were asked for under six heads. Inquiry was made as to the number of houses, uninhabited houses, and the number of families inhabiting each house; also as to the number of persons, excluding soldiers and sailors, found in the parish on the day of inquiry. The first Census returns were made solely by the clergy; but ten years later clergymen were held responsible only for returns of births, deaths, and marriages, the rest of the work being done by the Overseers of the Parish.

The task of analysing and of tabulating the returns gave the only begetter of the Census extraordinary trouble, which he bore with heroic cheerfulness, for the duty was one after his own heart. His correspondence gives continual glimpses of his preoccupation with the business which was to him a hobby. He made a kindly attempt to employ hopeless George Burnett in the work, but Lamb's "George II." (or "The Bishop") gave his patron great distress because of his "unconvertible talents." "He thinks too highly of himself for common purposes, and God knows he is fit for no other. Our Population business is so much beneath him that he has not yet condescended to understand it, and does not two hours' work a day." Consequently Rickman, writing to Southey, goes on to say that he must dismiss all who cannot employ themselves without leading strings, and that Burnett's unwilling occupation would cease on Saturday week. About a fortnight later, however, Rickman, again writing to Southey, says that, on his expostulation, Burnett has at length "consented to condescend to understand our present business; therefore, of course, he stays to the end of it." G. B. had declared that there was nothing to understand, and had carried his abstraction so far as to ask oftener than once for instructions what he should do when he had copied anything wrong. The answer "Scratch it out and correct it," did not disconcert him at all.



THE ARMY'S "UNIVERSAL PROVIDER" THROUGHOUT THE WAR: THE LATE GENERAL SIR JOHN COWANS, EX-QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

Much of the credit for the British Army's success in the war was due to the wonderful organising powers of General Sir John Cowans, who died at Mentone on April 16 in his fifty-ninth year. He was Quartermaster-General to the Forces from 1912 to 1919, when he retired to manage a great oil-development scheme in Mesopotamia. As "Q.M.G.," he was responsible for housing, clothing, and feeding an Army which rapidly expanded from 200,000 men to over 7,000,000. Towards the end of the war he was spending over £2,000,000 a day on food for the troops, and was sending every day to France 20,000 tons of goods. No army was ever so well catered for. His good-humour was unfailing, and he was immensely popular.

From a Drawing by T. Percival Anderson, M.B.E.

Coleridge touches the Census in a letter also quoted in Mr. Orlo Williams' volume. Under the date of Friday, July 17, 1812, S. T. C. writes to Rickman and pays him, albeit with the usual nebulosity, what is intended to be a very handsome compliment on his statistical work. "In whatever part of Christendom a genuine philosopher in political economy shall arise and establish a system including the laws and the distributing forces of that miraculous Machine of living creatures, a Body Politic, he will have been in no small measure indebted to you for authentic and well-guarded documents. The Preliminary Observations [that is, Rickman's Introduction to the Census Returns for 1811] interested me much in and for themselves; and as grounds or hints for manifold reflections they were at least equally valuable." "Grounds or hints for manifold reflections" is delicious as coming from Coleridge. No human being's reflections, even on Census Returns, could have been more manifold or extraordinary had they only been made articulate; but he goes no further, and, had he tried to give them voice, we know only too well into what indeterminate mazes of irrelevancy his speculations must have wandered.

No precious word of Lamb's on the actual Census seems to have come down to us; but apart from his friendship with the Census-taker, there occurs what may be regarded as a literary link of sorts between Elia and his friend's special occupation. On December 30, 1800, the very day that the first Population Act for Great Britain passed the House of Lords, Rickman, then little dreaming of his future intimate connection with the Census, writes to Southey, "I have a very pleasant neighbour opposite, C. Lamb. He laughs as much as I wish, and makes even *puns* without remorse of conscience." Rickman speaks of Lamb's lately completed dramatic piece, "John Woodvil," "the language entirely of the last century, and further back." Rickman thought he had not seen a play with so much humour, moral feeling, and correct sentiment since the world was young.

If J. R. found Lamb a very pleasant neighbour, the opinion was reciprocal. Lamb, writing to Manning, on November 3, 1800, remarks, in the true Elian vein, "I have made an acquisition of a *pleasant hand*, one Rickman, to whom I was introduced by George Dyer—not the most flattering auspices under which one man can be introduced to another. This Rickman lives in our Buildings [27, Southampton Buildings], immediately opposite our house, the finest fellow to drop in a' nights about 9 or 10 o'clock, cold bread and cheese time, just in the *wishing* time of night, when you wish for somebody to come in without a distinct idea of a probable anybody . . . a most pleasant hand, a fine rattling fellow, has gone through life laughing at solemn apes, a perfect man. You must see Rickman to know him, for he is a species in one."

If Lamb's word on the Census itself be a-wanting, he has at least compensated for the omission by drawing, in most Lamb-like style, the portrait of the Census-taker.

J. D. S.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, TOPICAL, L.N.A., WHITLOCK, AND RUSSELL.



A PRIVATE MEMBER ACTIVE IN THE COAL CRISIS: CAPT. COLIN COOTE, M.P.



PROMINENT IN THE CRISIS: SIR SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.



FOUND DEAD IN PARIS: THE LATE LT.-COM. W. O. HOZIER.



MOVER OF THE CALL FOR MR. HODGES: SIR G. COLLINS, M.P.



MURDERED BY SINN FEINERS: THE LATE SIR ARTHUR VICARS.



MADE A FIELD-MARSHAL: GENERAL SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD BARRETT



THE SWEARING-IN OF THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AT THE LAW COURTS: (L. TO R., ON THE BENCH) LORD STERNDALE, LORD BIRKENHEAD (THE LORD CHANCELLOR), AND SIR A. T. LAWRENCE (THE NEW "LORD CHIEF").



THE DEATH OF A FAMOUS ETCHER: THE LATE MR. WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.



THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: SIR ALFRED TRISTRAM LAWRENCE.



A LEADER OF THE MINE-OWNERS DURING THE CRISIS: LORD GAINFORD.

Sir Godfrey Collins, M.P. (Lib.) for Greenock proposed, Capt. W. E. Elliot, M.P (C.U.) for Lanark, seconded, and Sir Samuel Hoare, M.P. (C.) for Chelsea, supported the motion to invite Mr. Frank Hodges to state the miners' case, after the owners had been heard, to a meeting of private Members (illustrated elsewhere in this number). Capt. Colin Coote, M.P. (Lib.) for the Isle of Ely, also took a prominent part in the proceedings, which led directly to the disruption of the Triple Alliance of Labour and the cancellation of the strike.—— Field-Marshal Sir Arthur Barrett, recently promoted to that rank, served in the Afghan War, and has been Adjutant-General in India.——Lieut.-Commander William O. Hozier, brother of Mrs. Winston Churchill, shot himself in a Paris hotel on April 14.—— Sir Arthur Vicars, who was Ulster King of Arms when the Irish Crown Jewels were stolen in 1907, was murdered on April 14 by a gang of thirty armed men at his home, Kilmorna House, which they burnt down.——Sir Alfred Tristram Lawrence was sworn in at the Law Courts as Lord Chief Justice, in succession to Lord Reading, on April 15. He is seventy-eight.——Mr. William Strang, the well-known etcher, died suddenly on April 12. Only last month he was elected an R.A. Engraver.——Lord Gainford (formerly Mr. J. A. Pease) is a past President of the Mining Association, and one of its spokesmen during the coal dispute.

A "TRIPLE ALLIANCE" OF SPORT: LAWN-TENNIS; RACKETS; GOLF.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



WINNER, MIXED DOUBLES: HON. F. M. B. FISHER.



RUNNER-UP IN THE LADIES' SINGLES: MRS. PEACOCK.



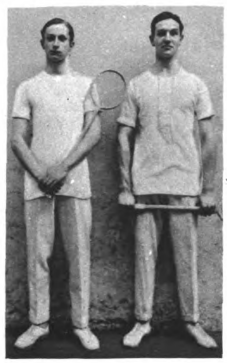
WINNER OF THE LADIES' SINGLES: MISS E. D. HOLMAN.



WINNER, OPEN DOUBLES: MR. T. M. MAVROGORDATO.



WINNER, OPEN DOUBLES: MR. P. M. DAVSON.



RUNNERS-UP, PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS: THE ETON PAIR.



WINNERS, PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS: THE WELLINGTON PAIR.



WINNER, OPEN SINGLES: M. A. H. GOBERT (HOLDER).



THE U.S. LADY GOLF CHAMPION'S DÉBUT IN ENGLAND: MISS ALEXA STIRLING.



WOMEN v. MEN GOLFERS AT STOKE POGES: MISS CECIL LEITCH AND MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY, WHOM SHE DEFEATED.

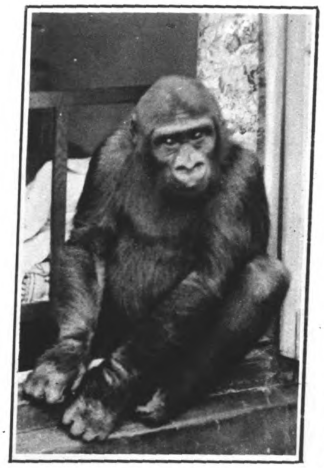


VICTORIOUS OVER MR. C. V. L. HOOMAN: MISS MOLLY GRIFFITHS, AT STOKE POGES.

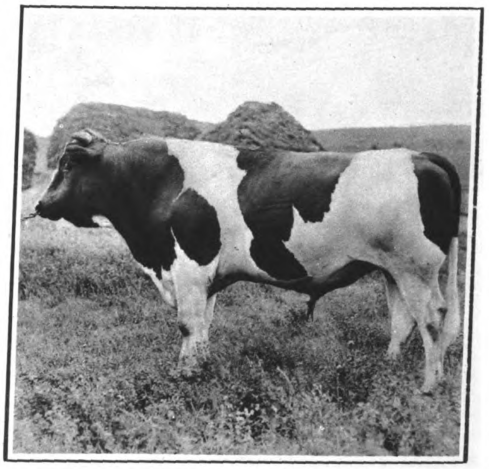
The challenge rounds of the Lawn-Tennis Covered Court Championships were played at Queen's Club on April 15 and 16. Miss E. D. Holman won the Ladies' Singles Championship by beating Mrs. Peacock. The holder, Miss Ryan, did not defend. The Mixed Doubles went to the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher and Mrs. Peacock, who beat Mr. Lovibond and Mrs. Chambers. The holders, Mr. R. Lycett and Miss Ryan, did not defend. In the Open Singles, M. A. H. Gobert, the holder, beat Mr. W. C. Crawley (challenger). The Open Doubles were won by Mr. P. M. Davson and Mr. T. M. Mavrogordato, who beat the holders, M. A. H. Gobert and Mr. R. Lycett.——The final round of the Public Schools Rackets Championship took place at Queen's Club, on April 17, the Wellington pair, P. N. Durlacher and L. Lees, beating Eton, R. Aird and H. D. Sheldon, by 4 games to one.——A Ladies' v. Gentlemen golf tournament was held at Stoke Poges on April 18, the men giving a half. In the ten singles the two teams were equal, with 5 all. Miss Cecil Leitch beat Mr. C. J. H. Tolley by 6 and 4. Miss Alexa Stirling, of Atlanta, Georgia, the American lady champion, who was playing for the first time over here, was beaten by Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, by 4 and 3. Miss Molly Griffiths (Sunningdale), whose style is very attractive, beat Mr. C. V. L. Hooman by 1 hole. The men won all the five foursomes.

MATTERS OF THE MOMENT: OCCASIONS OF NOTABLE INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND I.B.



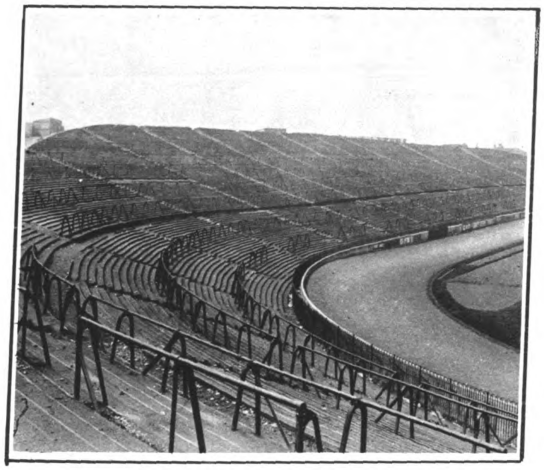
VICTIM OF HOME-SICKNESS AND U.S. CLIMATE: JOHN DANIEL, THE "HUMAN" GORILLA.



SOLD FOR THE RECORD PRICE OF £10,000: "HEDGES SECOND SERIES," A BRITISH FRIESIAN BULL.



THE GREAT "SOCCER" TROPHY TO BE FOUGHT FOR ON APRIL 23: THE CUP.



THE SCENE OF THE CUP FINAL ON THE 23RD BETWEEN TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR AND WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS: THE STAMFORD BRIDGE GROUND.



HOW A COAL STRIKE AFFECTS THE LONDON HOUSEWIFE: A LONG QUEUE AT ST. PANCRAS TOWN HALL WAITING FOR PERMITS FOR HALF A HUNDREDWEIGHT.



CRICKETERS BACK FROM AUSTRALIA: MEMBERS OF THE M.C.C. TEAM FOR THE TEST MATCHES ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT VICTORIA STATION.

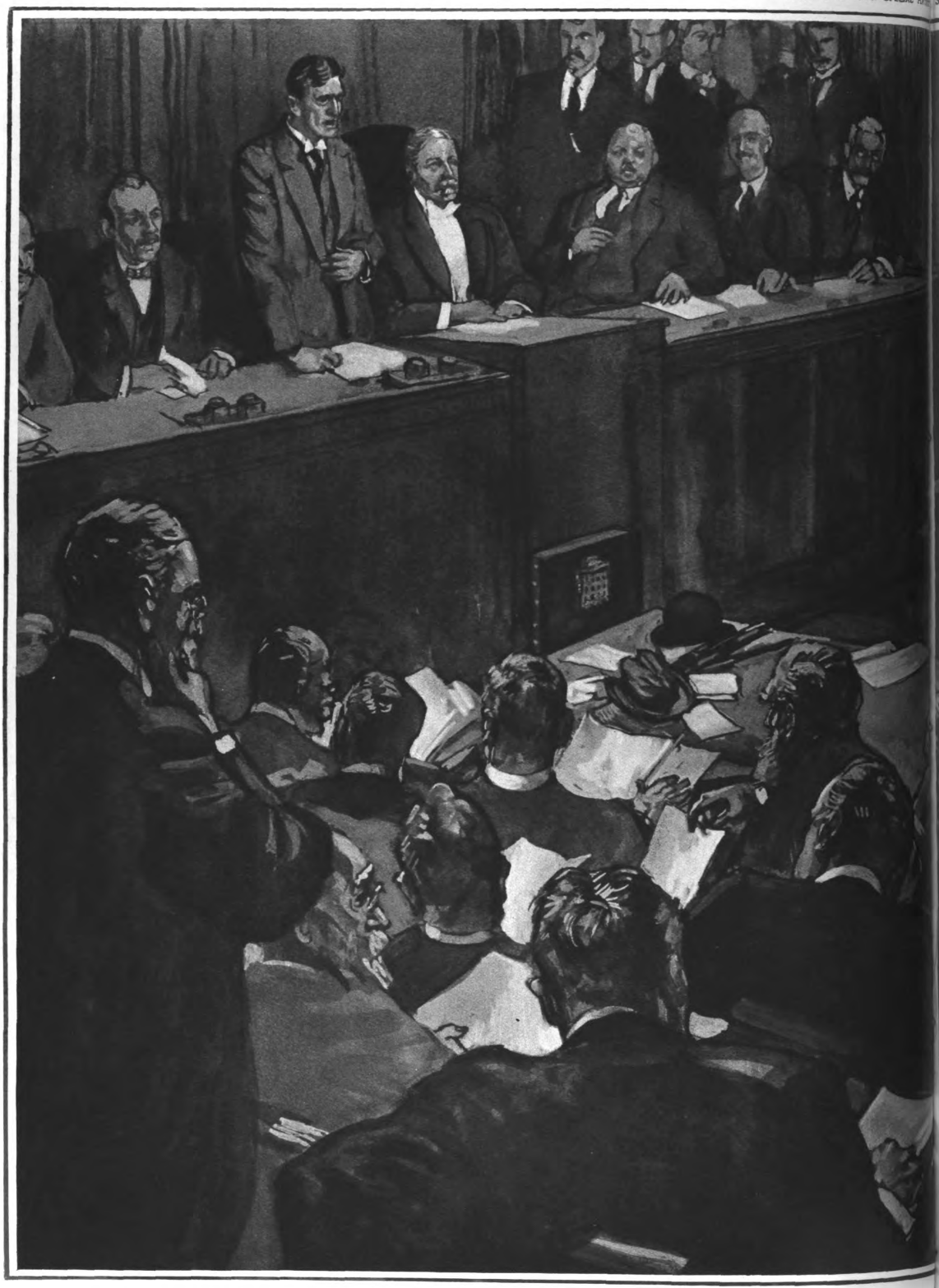


THE "WORLD'S RECORD" CHESS TOURNAMENT: PLAYERS IN THE 200-A-SIDE KENT. v. SURREY MATCH AT THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER.

John Daniel, the famous gorilla, died in New York (where he recently arrived from London to join Ringling's Circus) from pneumonia caused by the climate, and accentuated by abstinence from food, and depression due to home-sickness. His former owner, Miss Edna Cunningham, had been cabled for to nurse him, and was on her way to New York.——A British Friesian bull, named Hedges Second Series, was bought the other day for £10,000 by Mr. F. Sykes, from Mr. Horace Hale, of Kingswood, Findon, Sussex. It was a record price on this side of the Atlantic.——The final match for the English Cup (Association Football), between Tottenham Hotspur and the Wolverhampton Wanderers, is to be played at Stamford Bridge on Saturday, April 23.——The M.C.C. cricket team arrived at Victoria Station on their return from Australia on April 17. Our photograph shows, on the left, Waddington, Makepeace, and Hitch; and on the right, Hendren and Hobbs, with Strudwick next to Mr. F. C. Toone, the manager (in dark overcoat).——A great chess tournament between teams of 200 each, representing Kent and Surrey, took place the other day at the Central Hall, Westminster. It was arranged by the Kent County Chess Association.

AN UNUSUAL MOVE: THE COMMONS TAKE THE INIT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST STEVEN SE

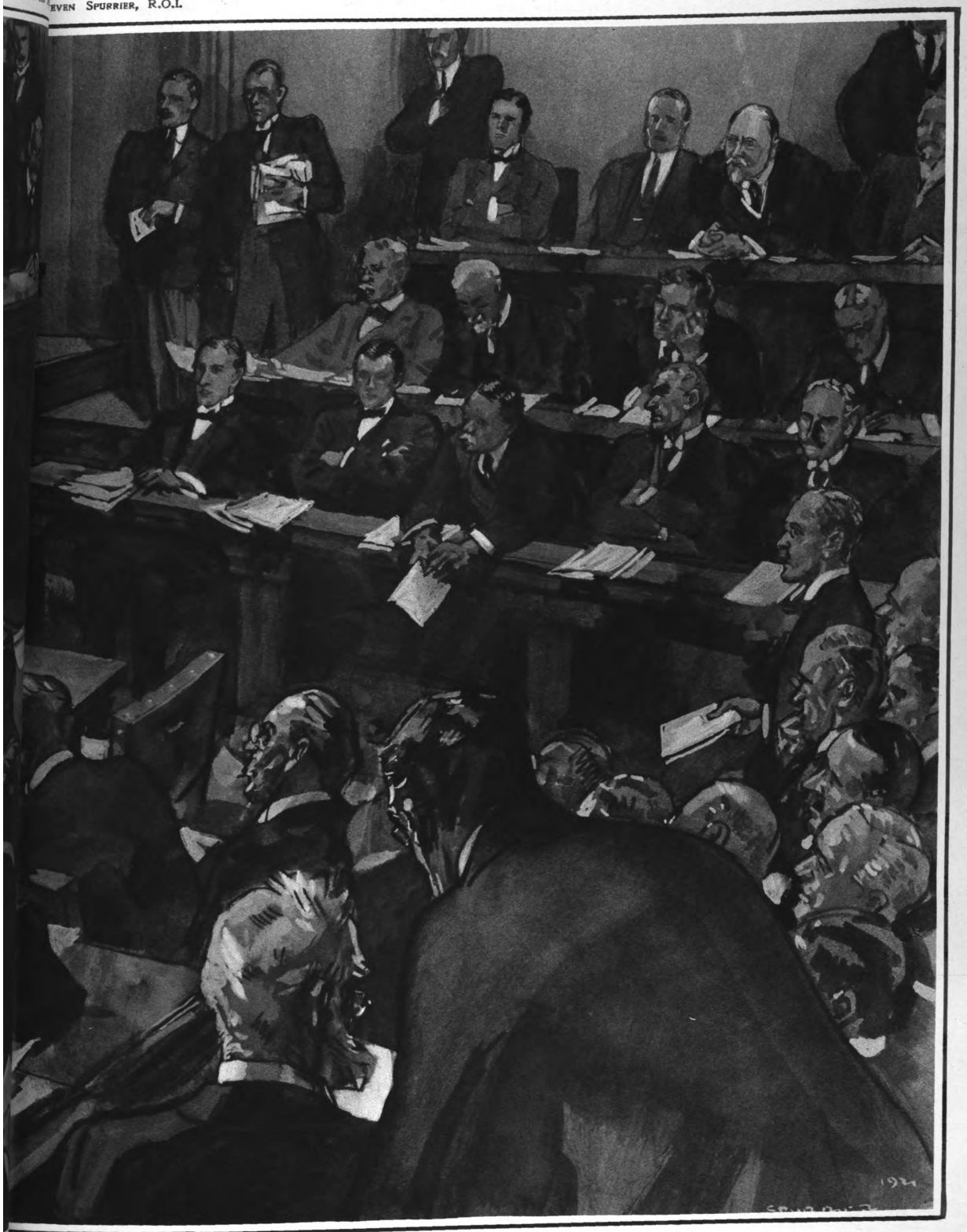


ACTING INDEPENDENTLY OF THE CABINET: THE MEETING OF PRIVATE MEMBERS I

The outstanding political event of the strike crisis was the renascence of the power of Parliament as apart from the power of the Cabinet. On **Thursday, April 14, the day before** that fixed for the strike, a large body of private Members invited the leaders of the coal-owners to meet them in a Committee Room and state their case. **Having heard the** coal-owners, and being dissatisfied, the meeting then invited Mr. Frank Hodges, Secretary of the Miners' Federation, to state the case for the miners (as here illustrated). It was at this meeting that Mr. Hodges made the offer to re-consider wages, repudiated by the more extreme leaders of the Miners' **Federation, whose refusal to re-open** negotiations caused the split in the Triple Alliance and the cancellation of the strike. Our drawing shows at the head table in the left background (from left to right) Messrs.

TAKE NITIATIVE IN HANDLING THE STRIKE CRISIS.

DRAWN BY GEORGE SPENCER SPURRIER, R.O.I.



A COMMITTEE ROOM, TO HEAR MR. FRANK HODGES STATE THE MINERS' CASE.

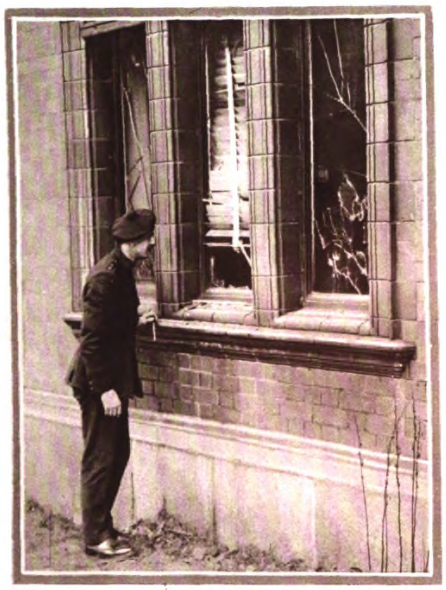
J. Robson, J. H. Thomas, M.P., Frank Hodges (speaking), J. A. R. Marriott, M.P. (Chairman), Mr. Herbert Smith (President, Miners' Federation), Mr. James Sexton (Dockers' Secretary), and Mr. Percy Hurd, M.P. Standing in the left foreground is Mr. W. Lane Mitchell, M.P. In the right background, at the left end of the front bench (from left to right) are Capt. W. E. Elliot, M.P., and Capt. Colin Coote, M.P., and fourth from left, Mr. J. Wallace, M.P. Behind Mr. Wallace is Mr. Leslie Scott, M.P. (elbow on desk). On the back bench are Mr. T. W. H. Inskip, M.P. (extreme left), Mr. Marshall Stevens, M.P. (third from left, leaning forward), and Sir Samuel Hoare, M.P. (extreme right). Other Members prominent were Sir Godfrey Collins, Sir Robert Williams, Major Morrison Bell, and Mr. George Balfour.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

The Irish Problem Through French Eyes:
A REJOINDER.

To the Editor, *Illustrated London News*.

SIR,—I have read with interest a series of articles by M. Naudeau with the above title, and venture to offer some comments on them.

That M. Naudeau should desire to view the Irish Problem through French eyes is to be welcomed; that—judging by your extracts—he should have fortified his vision with Sinn Fein spectacles is cause for infinite regret. It is always desirable that an investigator should bring an open mind to bear upon his subject, but says much of British repressive measures, but he studiously ignores the fact that in June every single prisoner arrested or condemned in connection with the Rebellion was set free. He says nothing of the Irish Convention, called to formulate a scheme of Irish self-government, to which even representatives of Sinn Fein were summoned. These are grave omissions; but there is another which is worse. When M. Naudeau speaks of persons arrested and houses being searched, he conceals the cause of these measures. And yet it was a cause which might interest him as a Frenchman. For in 1917 Sinn Fein was plotting a second rebellion for the spring of 1918, when it would coincide with the last great German offensive.



AFTER THE BOMB ATTACK ON A DUBLIN HOTEL OCCUPIED BY AUXILIARY POLICE: A MEMBER OF THE FORCE LOOKING INTO THE WRECKED BILLIARD-ROOM.

A daring attack was made on April 11 on the L. and N.W.R. Hotel at North Wall, Dublin, occupied by a large force of Auxiliary Police. The attackers mingled with dockers going to work in the morning and suddenly began throwing bombs and firing revolvers through the windows. Many of the bombs, which were all of an inferior kind, failed to explode. One knocked off Major Ryan the Police Commandant's cap. The police came out and fired on the attackers, one of whom was killed. Two others and one cadet were wounded.

Photograph by L.N.A.

In July 1917 Count Bernstorff told the German Foreign Office that things were moving again in Ireland, and that the rebels were reorganising their forces. They were, he added, in need of money; but he had put that matter right. It was in connection with this plot that the repressive measures of which M. Naudeau complains were put in operation. Men were arrested and found in possession of military manuals, maps printed in Germany, and plans for the destruction of roads, bridges, barracks, and Government stores. Does M. Naudeau maintain that England fighting for her life (and, incidentally, for the life of France) in three continents was to ignore this treachery at home?

M. Naudeau, quoting his Sinn Fein mentors, goes on to say that "it was only after two years of suffering, peril, and persecution" that Sinn Fein proceeded to slaughter policemen. They say that they only did it in self-defence, but complain that they are treated as criminals. This remarkable assertion deserves examination.

The war on the police began with the shooting of two constables near Tipperary in January 1919. These men were escorting a load of gelignite, ordered by the Tipperary County Council, when they were ambushed and murdered without warning. There was clearly no aggression by the Government in this case. In consequence of the outrage, South Tipperary was proclaimed a military area. Sinn Fein issued a counter-proclamation threatening death to all magistrates, jurors, and other persons helping the Government, and announcing that all policemen found in the area of South Tipperary would be deemed to have forfeited their lives.

With that the reign of terror commenced. M. Naudeau passes over it in discreet silence, in order that he may arrive at the period of reprisals. But reprisals did not begin for more than eighteen months after the murder of the policemen just described. The only case of reprisal prior to the summer of 1920 occurred late in 1919, at Fermoy, when a young, unarmed soldier was murdered as he was going into church one Sunday morning. That night his comrades broke some shop windows. There was looting, but the Irish Chief Justice—who is neither a Protestant nor a Unionist—ascribed it to the hooligans of the town.

Yet this ante-reprisal period deserves examination. It was crowded with horrible atrocities. The British Government erred grievously during this epoch, but its error was that it failed to realise the gravity of the situation. It tried to rely on the ordinary law and failed, and yet we are asked to believe that Ireland was, during those eighteen months, ground down under the heel of militarism.

We come to the period of reprisals, which began last summer. M. Naudeau condemns them, and rightly. But he makes no attempt to analyse the evidence concerning them. For example, he alleges that sixty creameries have been destroyed, whereas the actual figures are sixteen destroyed and eleven damaged. When we remember that there are over five hundred creameries in Ireland, his suggestion that the destruction of these creameries has injured Irish trade is clearly exaggerated.

He makes no attempt to consider whether these "reprisals" have really been the work of the Crown Forces, whereas it is beyond question that many of the crimes attributed to them have been the work of Sinn Fein. Lastly, he takes no account of the provocation which led men to break the bonds of discipline. An Irish priest, not long since, when asked to join in a protest against reprisals, refused, saying, "If you want to stop reprisals, stop the provocation which begets them."

Very true. If reprisals, committed in passion, are wrong, assassinations, committed in cold-blooded calculation, are worse. Yet M. Naudeau ignores this. He shudders over the ruins of Balbriggan and Cork, but says no word of the murders which inflamed the comrades of the murdered men to break loose.

Even soldiers and policemen are human beings. When they see their comrades, victims of an ambuscade, left naked, mutilated, and disembowelled on the road, is it surprising that they should see red? When they read Father Dominic's account of how six of their officers were kidnapped and murdered while prisoners (what of the Hague Convention?), while "one of them squealed like a rat," is it to be expected that they should be unmoved? But M. Naudeau's spectacles are so focussed doubly so if he be a foreigner studying the political difficulties of a country not his own. Yet M. Naudeau makes no pretence of having conducted an independent inquiry. His confession is ingenuous. Some London Sinn Feiners "recommended me to their Dublin confederates, and twenty-four hours after my arrival some . . . emissaries managed to let me have an address where I would meet some of the chief Sinn Fein leaders, who were actually wanted by the police and on the run."



THROWN THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF THE NORTH-WESTERN HOTEL, DUBLIN, DURING THE ATTACK: UNEXPLODED BOMBS BEING EXAMINED BY AN OFFICER.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]

Following his brief, he traces the present conditions in Ireland to the action of the British Government in 1917-18. The argument is as follows. During those years not a single policeman was killed, but innocent civilians were slain, people were imprisoned or deported, and hundreds of houses were searched. All this M. Naudeau reports. But why choose 1917 as the starting point? Why not go back to Easter 1916?

There was no militarism in Ireland in the preceding years; the country was denuded of troops; the Irish had contributed less than their quota to the war; they were free from the rationing and the regulations which bore so heavily on you in Great Britain; a Home Rule Act had been placed on the Statute Book, the main provisions of which had been accepted by the representatives of the Irish people. And then, while England was in dire distress, there came a Rebellion which cost hundreds of lives and devastated the capital. It does not seem to occur to M. Naudeau that there is a connection between the Rebellion of 1916 and the defensive measures of the two following years.

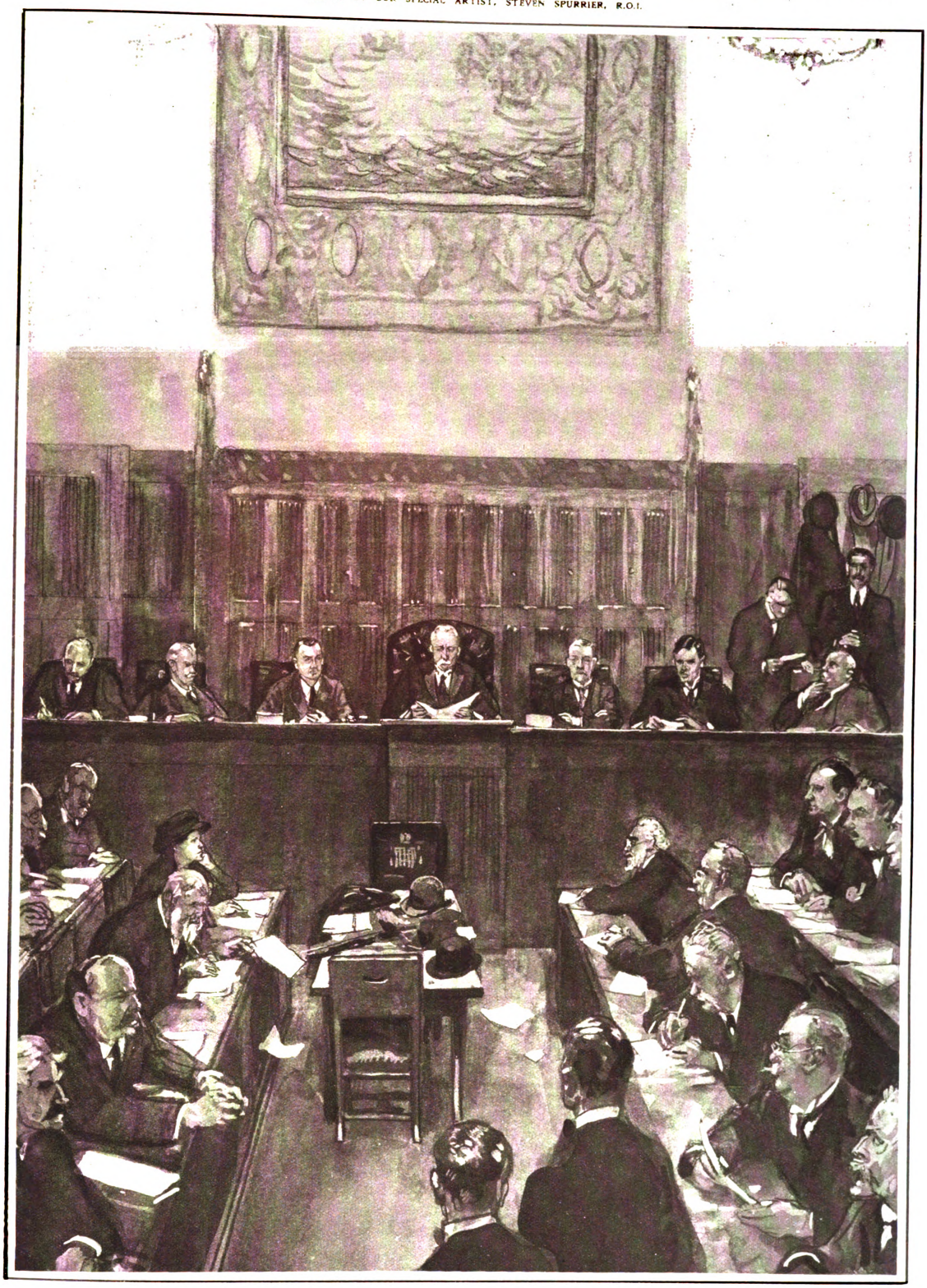
But if he chooses to start with 1917, why is he silent about the great event of that year? He that his French eyes cannot see these things. There is more that I could say respecting M. Naudeau's opinions on Ireland's right to nationhood and independence, but I have already trespassed too far upon your space. My object will have been achieved if I succeed in impressing your readers with the fact that there is another side of the Irish Problem than that which M. Naudeau has been allowed, or has tried, to see.

Your obedient servant,

LOYALIST.

TRADE UNIONISTS AT WESTMINSTER: A COAL CRISIS INNOVATION.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE FIRST TRADE UNION MEETING HELD IN A COMMITTEE ROOM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: A CONFERENCE WHICH RESOLVED TO SUPPORT A TRIPLE ALLIANCE STRIKE AND CONDEMNED THE GOVERNMENT.

A joint conference of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, the National Executive of the Labour Party, and the Parliamentary Labour Party was held on the night of Thursday, April 14, in one of the Grand Committee Rooms of the House of Commons, used for the first time for a Trade Union meeting. At the back (seated from left to right) are Messrs. H. S. Lindsay, J. R. Clynes, M.P., Arthur Henderson, M.P., E. L. Poulton (Chairman), C. W. Bowerman, Frank Hodges, and Herbert Smith. At the tables in the foreground (taking the tables from left to right and beginning with the figures nearest the Chairman's table) are (first table) Messrs. Tyson and Wilson; (second table) Miss Bondfield, Ben Turner, James O'Grady, and Ramsay Macdonald; (third table) D. Irving, T. Shaw, Robertson, John Hodge, and Frank Rose; (fourth table) R. Williams, J. H. Thomas, and H. Gosling.—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

DESPITE prevailing conditions of unrest, the sales of objects of art have continued; but prices have not been exhilarating to sellers, and dealers who buy to sell again are not wishful to add stock to their galleries with a view to retaining it unsold for an indefinite time. Amateurs and collectors correspondingly are shy to add new pieces to their collections at a time when art treasures are being dispersed as too cumbersome, and when insurance companies have been busy accepting premiums for possible risks under a "riot and civil commotion" clause.

Pictures and furniture, porcelain and silver, periodically change ownership; the same objects make successive precedents in the auction-room. But nowadays all records are broken; old heirlooms come forward, as débutants, for public sale. There are only two eras in English history when the disturbance of private ownership was as pronounced as it is now—the Tudor period under Henry VIII., when the spoils of the monasteries became dispersed; and the Revolution in the Charles I. period, when Royalists saw their silver melted for the cause or looted. The even flow of interchange has been disturbed in the art world. A cataclysm of art treasures has suddenly poured into the market to be whirled to the four winds of heaven, one quarter of the paradise being America, where hall-marked rarities from the Old World are assailed with as much prowess as Drake displayed when he seized the treasures of the New World.

Removed from a castle—not *the* Castle—in Ireland came a fine collection of porcelain and faience, sold by Messrs. Christie on the 21st. Sinn Fein activities possibly confine themselves to stopping emigrants to America rather than determining whether porcelain should come here to cross the Atlantic. Some interesting Chinese enamelled porcelain appeared at this sale. A Bristol delft bowl was inscribed "Drink, Drink, whilst ye have Breath, For there is no Drinking after Death. T. V. 1756," the year when Surajah Dowlah captured Calcutta and imprisoned the English captives in the Black Hole.

In an assemblage of old pictures and drawings sold on the 22nd by Messrs. Christie from the collection of F. J. O. Holdsworth, of Kingsbridge, Devon, and other sources, there was a portrait in charcoal by Ozias Humphry of William Julius Mickle, the poet. In an examination paper on poets there are few who could tell who Mickle was. Yet he was a great light in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Fielding lies buried in an unknown grave at Lisbon; but Mickle, the translator of Camoens, was received with acclamation when he went as secretary to Commodore Johnston of the Royal Navy. He claims further distinction by the love which Sir Walter Scott bore for his ballads. It is related that as a boy Scott never tired of reciting the first four lines of Mickle's ballad, "Cumnor Hall"—

> The dews of summer night did fall;
> The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
> Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall
> And many an oak that grew thereby.

Later, Scott wished to call his novel "Cumnor Hall," had not his publisher dissuaded him, and it was entitled "Kenilworth," which title graces so many suburban villas instead of "Cumnor Hall."

Messrs. Sotheby, on the 22nd, sold some valuable tapestries and carpets, together with some interesting old furniture. From Cobham Hall came six old Flemish tapestry panels, depicting scenes from the life of Cleopatra. A humorous episode finds its place in patient needlework—

> 'Twas merry, when
> You wager'd on your angling, when your diver
> Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
> With fervency drew up.

There is nothing new in humour. Here is the salted-herring joke on the angler 300 years old.

Arms and armour make a cosmopolitan appeal. Profiteers collect staghorns; the world at large has the prescience to collect armour. The collection of the late Morgan S. Williams, of St. Donat's Castle, Glamorgan, would not have been outside the purview of the late Sir Guy Laking. Together with the armour goes a series of Jacobean oak furniture of fine character, but it is overshadowed by the armour. The sale is to be conducted by Messrs. Christie on the 26th and two following days. One of the *pièces de résistance* is a fine suit of armour coming from the Beardmore Collection, and having been exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum. German in origin, it suggests affinity with armour by Koloman Kolman, made for Count Sonneberg in 1508. It is unrestored, save the gauntlets, which are Maximilian in character, and here point the story in evolution which this suit exhibits as interlocking the Gothic period with the later Maximilian more virile manner. The Wallace Collection has examples akin to this suit, so that it comes into the market with some distinctive character. We like the three fine specimens, dear to all lovers of armoury, of the archer's *pavois d'assaut*. The examples here offered are all German of the fifteenth century, and are of wood covered with sheepskin decorated with armorial escutcheons in colour.

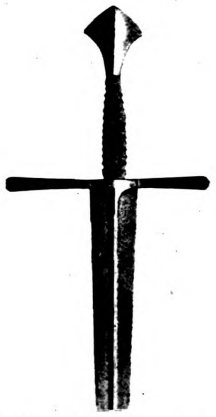


GERMAN SHIELDS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: ARCHERS' *PAVOIS D'ASSAUT*, OF WOOD COVERED WITH SHEEPSKIN, WITH ARMORIAL AND DECORATIVE DESIGNS.

These are lots in the Morgan S. Williams Collection of Arms and Armour to be sold at Christie's on April 26, 27 and 28.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

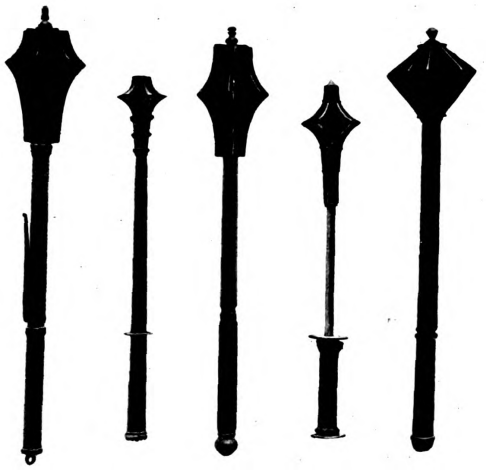
Highland claymores have a sentimental and an antiquarian value. There are three examples which are undoubtedly rare, and deserve to bring a big price. Claymores have been replaced by Mills bombs, and T.N.T. is the modern method of settling an argument. But Rhoderick Dhu in his great duel used a Highland claymore, as narrated by Scott in his poem. There is the Scottish "Claidheamh-mor," and here is an example with drooping quillons with cinquefoil ends, which is said to have belonged to William Wallace. The etymology suggests "usquebaugh," which the Saxon has translated into "whisky." Another example of the Scottish claymore, the blade stamped upon the forte with an escutcheon, bears a fifteenth-century maker's mark; and a third claymore has the blade trebly grooved upon each side. To collectors, Highland dirks and pistols offer similar rarities. The Scottish dirks measure from 13 in. to 15 in. in length. A fine example has the grip of ivy wood carved with Celtic ornaments; the blade was once probably a sword-blade, as it is inscribed "Andreia Ferara." There were "bluidy" days in Scotland when these dirks were carried. Certain maces suggest knobsticks of savage origin, in warfare where the knock-out blow was an end of things, and the *salades* of steel of the fifteenth century are the prototypes of the steel hats worn in the war by our troops—in the former case to ward off the blows of a present and visible enemy; in the latter to safeguard against an invisible foe. Times have changed. An armoury under the hammer brings recollections as it brings sad memories of man in conflict. It represents thoughts tinctured with days of chivalry, but withal it holds the sinister idea of man in conflict with man. When is the sword to be turned into the ploughshare, and when is the armourer's art to be forgotten? It is for man himself to decide.



WITH BLADE ENGRAVED IN THE STYLE OF ERCOLO DI FIDELI: AN ITALIAN SWORD OF THE "BASTARD" TYPE, ABOUT 1470.

This fine sword is included in the forthcoming sale at Christie's of the Morgan S. Williams Collection of Arms and Armour. The hilt is of bright iron, and the grip is covered with crimson velvet with an overlay of plaited cord. The blade is of superb quality.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.



SUGGESTING "KNOBSTICKS OF SAVAGE ORIGIN": FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MACES USED FOR "THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW" IN HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT.

From left to right the above five weapons are (1) a Spanish Gothic mace, with seven-flanged head; (2) a French Gothic mace, with six-flanged head, of about 1460; (3) a fifteenth-century Spanish mace, with seven-flanged head; (4) a French steel mace, six-flanged, of about 1440; (5) a late fifteenth-century English mace, the iron head formed of sixteen flanges (three missing) mounted on a wood grip. They are included in the Morgan S. Williams Sale at Christie's.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

GUARDING, NOT PUMPING: THE NAVY'S PART IN THE COAL CRISIS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.

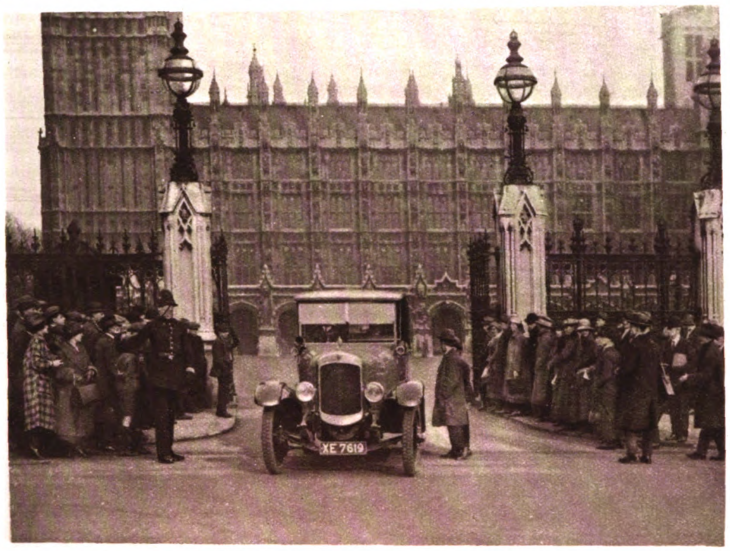


"ONLY USED TO PROTECT ADMIRALTY PROPERTY AND ASSIST THE MILITARY IN THEIR WORK OF PROTECTION": NAVAL RATINGS TAKING UP GUARD DUTY AT THE ABERTILLERY COLLIERIES, SOUTH WALES.

The Admiralty denied the reports that Bluejackets were engaged in pumping at some of the coal mines during the strike, and stated that "Naval ratings are only used to protect Admiralty property and to assist the military in their work of protection." A message from Cardiff on April 12 said that it had been found necessary to bring Naval men to Abertillery, as the miners at a mass meeting had resolved not to respect their Federation's instructions to allow pumping to be resumed. When the mine management re-started the pumps, Monmouthshire Police came on guard, and later in the day a draft of 250 Bluejackets arrived by special train to assist in protecting those engaged in working the pumps. The Naval men were quartered in a drill hall that overlooks one of the collieries.

BEFORE THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE STRIKE WAS CANCELLED: PRECA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND G... PHOTOPRESS, C...



THE RAILWAYMEN'S LEADER DURING THE CRISIS: MR. J. H. THOMAS, M.P., LEAVING WESTMINSTER IN HIS CAR.

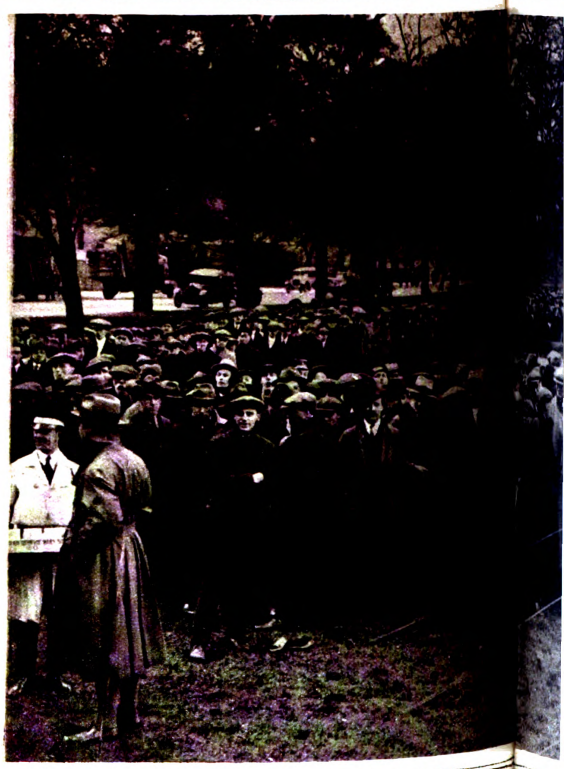


DIVERTED BY WIRELESS TO MALTA TO BRIN... AT DEVONPORT, WITH MEN O...

HOME TROOP... BOARD WAIT...



IN CHARGE OF THE ROAD TRANSPORT: LIEUT.-COL. SIR WALTER GIBBONS (ON THE LEFT) AT THE MINISTRY OF FOOD.



A REMARKABLE RESPONSE TO THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEER MOTOR... WAITING TO BE ENROLLE...

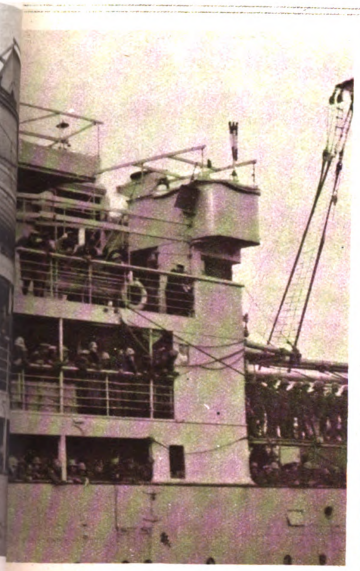
DRIVERS FO... IN HYDE P...

Every precaution was taken by the authorities during the strike crisis to ensure the distribution of food supplies and the protection of those engaged in that work and other essential services. After the strike was cancelled, orders were issued on April 16 for the disbandment of the distributing centres which had been organised in the parks. The demobilisation was under the direction of Lieut.-Col. C. F. Bell, in Hyde Park, and Lieut.-Col. Sir Walter Gibbons, in Regent's Park. It had been intended to use Hyde Park as the headquarters of the milk supply. Regent's Park was to have been used as a clearing centre for general foodstuffs. Three thousand five hundred motor-lorries had been provided for distributing stores from Regent's Park, and of these two thousand were already on duty there when the situation suddenly changed. Instructions for the park to

be re-opene... wall's Ligh... a wireless... instruments... better effect...

PRECAUTIONS FOR FEEDING AND PROTECTING THE PUBLIC.

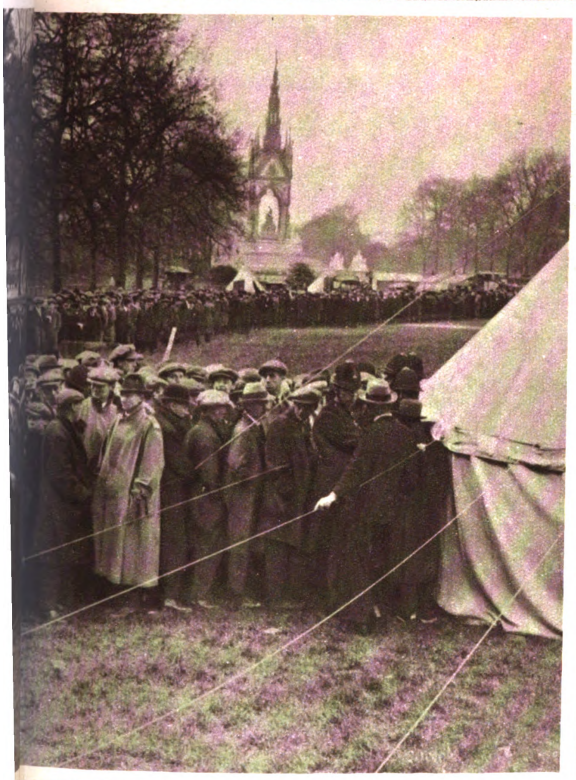
OTOPRESS, CENTRAL PRESS, AND I.B.



OME TROOPS TO ENGLAND: A TRANSPORT
OARD WAITING TO COME ASHORE.



A MOBILE WIRELESS UNIT IN KENSINGTON GARDENS DURING THE CRISIS: LAYING A COPPER-MESHED WIRE MAT IN THE ROUND POND.



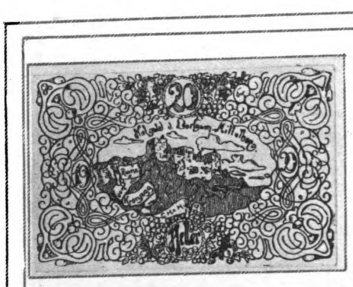
RIVERS FOR FOOD-DISTRIBUTION: A HUGE QUEUE OF APPLICANTS
N HYDE PARK.



RESPONSIBLE FOR FOOD DISTRIBUTION IN LONDON AND S.E. COUNTIES: BRIG.-GEN. HERBERT A. JONES (RIGHT).

be re-opened to the public were issued by the commandant. During the crisis a transport was ordered by wireless to Malta to bring home the 2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, various details of Royal Horse Artillery and other units, and a party of Naval ratings. In Kensington Gardens, where troops were encamped, there was a wireless installation. In explanation of our photograph (top right) it may be mentioned that, to complete the electrical circuit in wireless telegraphy, it is necessary for the instruments to be connected to the earth. In mobile wireless units, as illustrated above, it is usual to lay one or more mats of copper-meshed wire on the ground; but a still better effect is obtained by laying the mat in water, when such is available.

BANK-NOTES USED AS BEER-LABELS: AUSTRIAN "FAMINE MONEY."



1. SHOWING KRONSEGG CASTLE (1280): A 20-HELLER NOTE FROM MITTELBERG.



2. WITH RUINED CASTLE (1541), AND BISHOP'S PALACE: A HOFKIRCHEN 20-HELLER NOTE.



3. SHOWING THE TOWN AND DANUBE: AN ARNSDORF 50-HELLER NOTE.



4. SHOWING A FAMOUS ROCK-CLIMB (SAUSTEIN): A LAUSA 50-HELLER NOTE.



5. POETRY ON PAPER-MONEY: A 50-HELLER NOTE FROM PÖCHLARN, KNOWN IN NIBELUNG AND, ATTILA LEGEND.



6. "WORK AND DON'T DESPAIR"—A 50-HELLER NOTE FROM ALTENFELDEN.

MR. HERBERT VIVIAN writes: "An Austrian crown was worth about elevenpence before the war. Now it fetches less than one-tenth of a penny, and has practically no purchasing power. In Switzerland, an Austrian 'beer' is still called crown-beer because it used to cost a crown before the war. Now it costs the equivalent of 150 crowns, and the sellers have taken to pasting crown-notes (Illustration No. 12) on the bottles, because they are cheaper than labels. Why the Government continues to issue them is a financial mystery. But the Government issues notes for 10, 20 and 50 hellers, a heller being worth one-hundredth of a crown—say, one-thousandth of a penny. And local authorities have followed suit with *Noth-geld*, 'famine-money,' or 'misery-money.' Some of the 'famine-money' is very pretty, and must cost much more than it is worth to produce. There is a large traffic in it for collections, and it is certainly quite as interesting as a postage-stamp. Some is extravagantly printed in gold, silver or bronze. The drawback of the gorgeous notes of the village of Weitersfelden (No. 9), in Upper Austria, is that the silver comes off. The values are 10, 20 and 50 heller (1-100d., 1-50d., and 1-20d.), but a collector pays 14 crowns for a set. Most of the 'famine-money' is illustrated with local views. Kufstein (No. 11)

(Continued below.)



7. AN ARCHBISHOP FOUNDING THE CHURCH: A SEEKIRCHEN 80-HELLER NOTE.



8. WITH A JUG, HORSESHOE, AND TOOLS: AN ALTENFELDEN 10-HELLER NOTE.



9. "GORGEOUS," BUT "THE SILVER COMES OFF!" A SILVER 50-HELLER NOTE FROM WEITERSFELDEN.



10. CALLING THE VILLAGE "A PARADISE": AN EIDENBERG 80-HELLER NOTE.



11. SHOWING ITS CASTLE: A KUFSTEIN 10-HELLER NOTE (WORTH 1-100TH OF A PENNY).



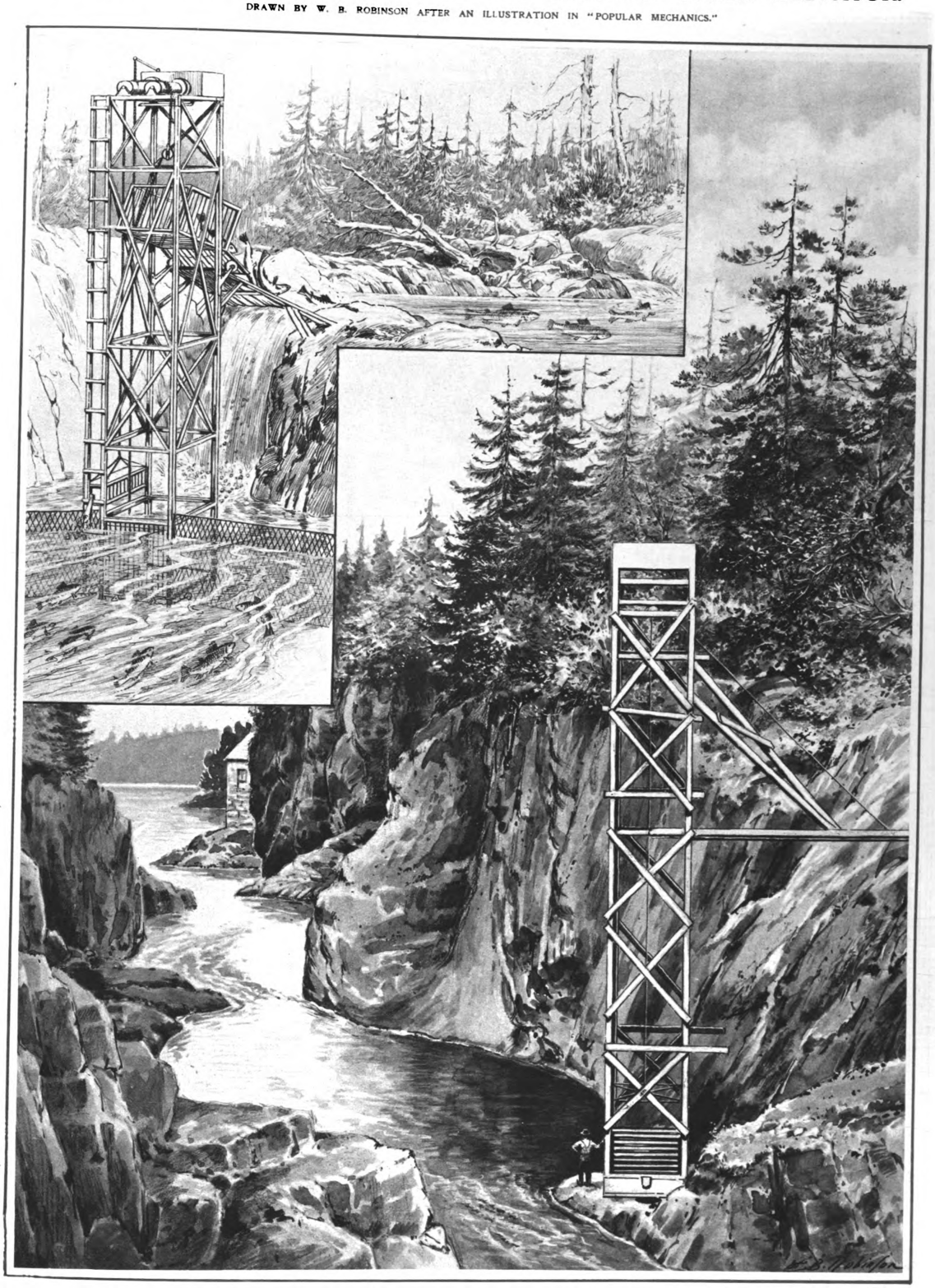
12. USED AS A BEER-LABEL IN SWITZERLAND, AS BEING CHEAPER: AN AUSTRIAN CROWN NOTE.

(Continued.)

shows its famous castle; Eidenberg (No. 10) exhorts us to trust God in time of trouble, and accompanies a barrack-like building with some verses to the effect that the townlet is a Paradise. Mr. Bogg, the Burgomaster of Hofkirchen (No. 2), makes himself responsible for no less than 150,000 crowns (£60), providing pictures of ruins, a castle of the year 1541, the market-square, and the episcopal palace, flanked by a bishop and a knight. Arnsdorf (No. 3) gives a view of its houses reflected in the Danube. The hill village of Mittelberg (No. 1) has a mazy design with the ruins of Kronsegg Castle (A.D. 1280). Lausa (No. 4), a centre of rock-climbing, exhibits the sheer pinnacles of Saustein (sow-stone). Seekirchen (No. 7), a pretty lake-village near Salzburg, pictures an archbishop laying the foundation of her church in the Middle Ages. Altenfelden (Nos. 6 and 8) combines scenery with exhortations to work—needed in lazy Austria to-day. The 50-heller note shows a politician in a frock-coat grasping the horny hands of labourers, with scythe and mallet, bidding them 'work and not despair.' On one side of the 10-heller note is an almost Cubist picture of still life with a jug and a horse-shoe and various tools. Pöchlarn (No. 5), one of the oldest towns on the Danube, with Nibelung and Attila traditions, provides rhymes about quaffing and laughing and waves that lave its ancient shores."

FISH USING LIFTS OVER FALLS: A CANADIAN RIVER ELEVATOR.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN "POPULAR MECHANICS."

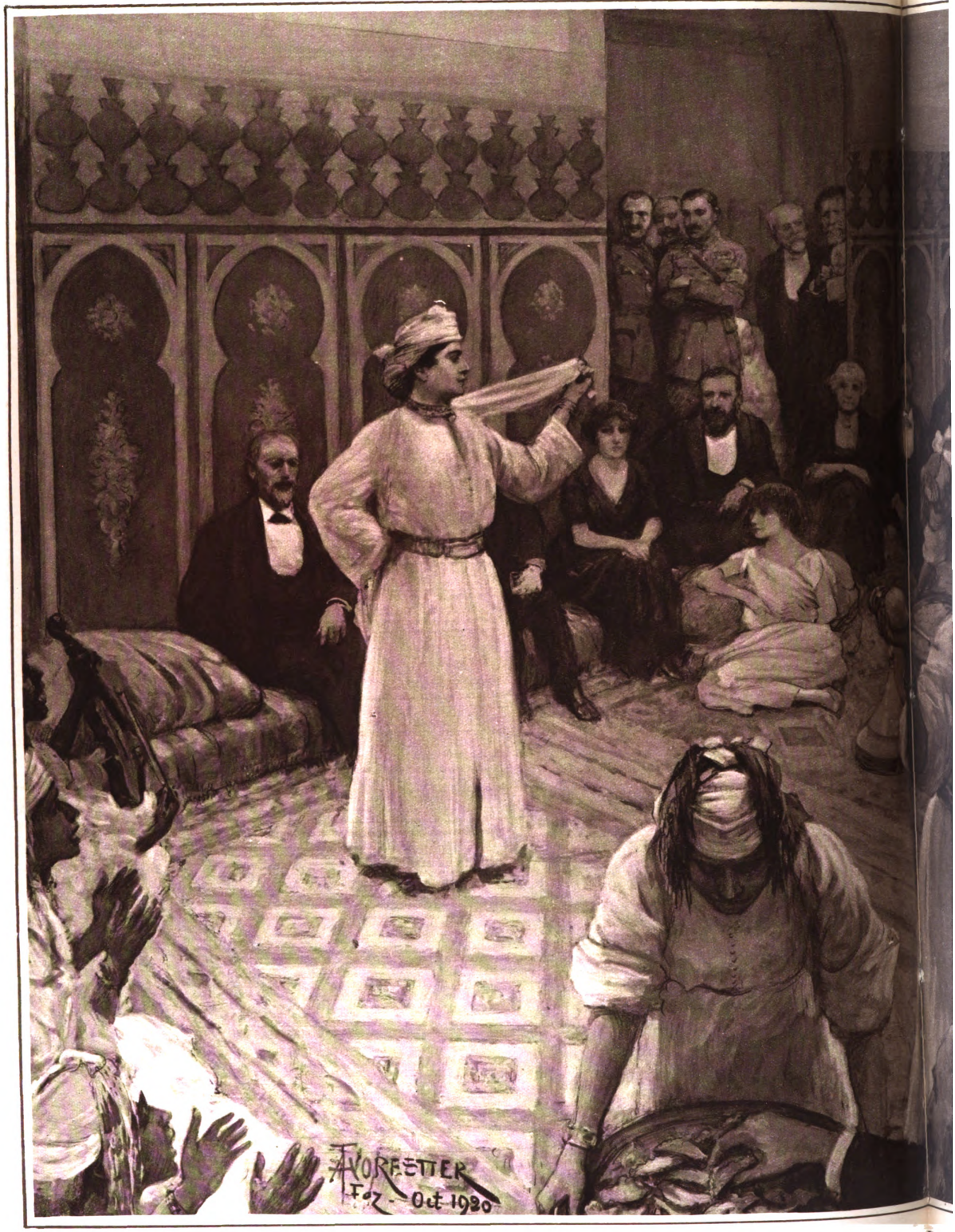


TO ENABLE SALMON AND OTHER MIGRATING FISH TO PASS WATERFALLS WHEN ASCENDING RIVERS TO SPAWN: AN INGENIOUS LIFT DEVISED BY THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER OF FISHERIES.

To enable migrating fish to pass such barriers as waterfalls and dams when ascending a river to spawn, an elevator designed by the Canadian Commissioner of Fisheries was placed in service at a 24 ft. fall in the St. Croix River, N.B., as shown in the upper drawing. Guides, or walls, radiate from both sides to the opposite banks, so that fish are led to it. A cage in whioh they are trapped and carried to the top of the shaft, where they are automatically dumped into a sluice-way and discharged into the water on the up-stream side of the fall, is hoisted by means of a counter-poise tank periodically filled with water from a supply reservoir surmounting the tower. The cage and tank are secured to the opposite ends of a cable that passes over pulleys at the top of the shaft. The elevator can be built to almost any required height, and may be placed a considerable distance from a fall. A longer sluice-way would then be needed. By regulating the valves the fish-cage can be lifted at intervals of from a few minutes to several hours, as desired. The upper drawing gives a fair idea of the construction and operation of the Fish Elevator. Below is shown a shaft during erection at a fall. [*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

GUESTS SPRAYED WITH ROSE-WATER AND PERFUMD WI

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OF SPECIAL ART



MOROCCO UNDER THE FRENCH PROTECTORATE: DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AND N

Within the old walls of the city of Fez stands the Dar ould Djamar, a beautiful palace once inhabited by a Moorish prince before it became the property of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, and was transformed into a European hotel provided with all modern comforts, without losing its old character. On the occasion of the official inauguration of their North African automobile circuit, the Transatlantic General Company offered to a distinguished party of tourists in the Dar ould Djamar a Moorish reception at which were present, together with some French officers, the highest dignitaries of the city of Fez. After a banquet served, not after the Moorish fashion, but in the style of the best French hotels, the guests were entertained in the gorgeous Moorish setting of the large drawing-room with native dances, music, and refreshments. Musicians, singers, and celebrated dancing women performed. while sweetened green tea, flavoured

PER WITH FRANKINCENSE: HOSPITALITY IN MOROCCO.

DRAWN BY A SPECIAL ARTIST IN MOROCCO.



NATIVE DIGNITARIES ENTERTAINED IN THE MOROCCAN MANNER AT FEZ.

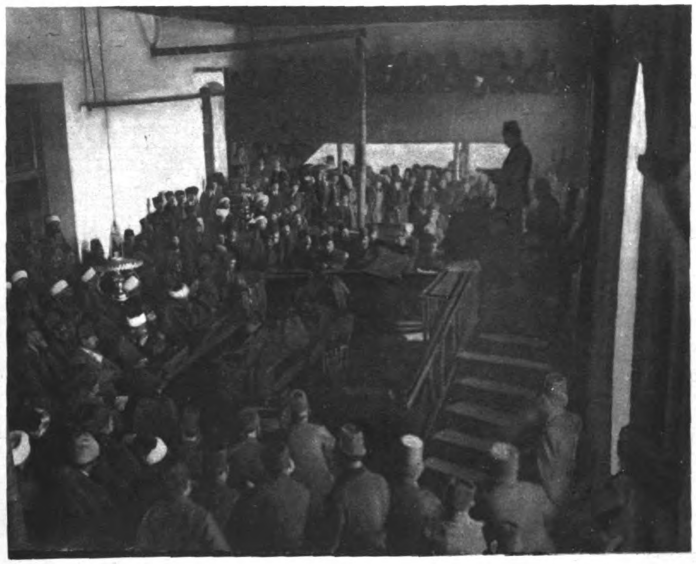
with peppermint, was distributed among the guests, along with Moroccan cakes, white macaroons, and pastries of triangular and pointed shape, called "gazelle's horns." Our picture shows in the foreground a guest helping himself to one of these cakes. Other girls, armed with silver scent-bottles taken from the trays, began to asperse the guests with rose-water—sometimes in excess of their wishes! Others passed round the room with incense-burners, and perfumed the dresses of both ladies and gentlemen with incense fumes. The dancer represented in our picture is the celebrated Chaouia, whose services command high prices, her daily takings for her dancing being no less than 250 francs. The large opening at the end of the room on the night sky is closed by an ornamental wrought-iron grating—glass in Moorish buildings being only used for small windows, and then not always.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

VICTOR OF ESKISHEHR: MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA, NATIONALIST.

PHOTOGRAPHS (COPYRIGHT) BY THE "PUBLIC LEDGER," U.S.A.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA came into prominence after the Great War, when he usurped power in Anatolia, in alliance with the Young Turks, or Committee of Union and Progress. In July 1919, when he was sent to Trebizond and Samsun to suppress brigandage, he refused to obey the Turkish Government, and was made an outlaw. He then took possession of many vilayets, and in October 1919 set up his headquarters at Ismid, only forty miles from Constantinople. In 1920 Greek and Allied troops fought against him with success. Since the restoration of King Constantine to the throne of Greece, the Greek Army has been operating on its own account against the Kemalist Turks in Anatolia. On

[Continued opposite.



HEAD OF A GOVERNMENT FOR WHICH "A DELIRIUM OF ENTHUSIASM" WAS AROUSED BY THE RECENT VICTORY OVER THE GREEKS: MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA ADDRESSING THE TURKISH NATIONALIST ASSEMBLY AT ANGORA.

Continued.]

March 28 last the Greeks occupied Eskishehr (Dorylæum), a railway junction for Angora, which has been for some time the seat of Mustapha Kemal's administration. The Greeks, however, were unable to hold the town, and after a serious defeat, in which they were said to have lost 4000 men killed and wounded, they were obliged to retreat along their whole line. It will be recalled that Kemalist delegates, as well as those from the official Turkish Government at Constantinople, and delegates from Greece, attended the Allied Conference in London on March 12 for the revision of the Treaty of Peace with Turkey. At that time there was a cessation of hostilities, but fighting between the Greeks and Turks was

[Continued below.



UPHOLDING THE POWER OF TURKEY IN ASIA: KEMAL IN HIS OFFICIAL ROOM AT ANGORA.

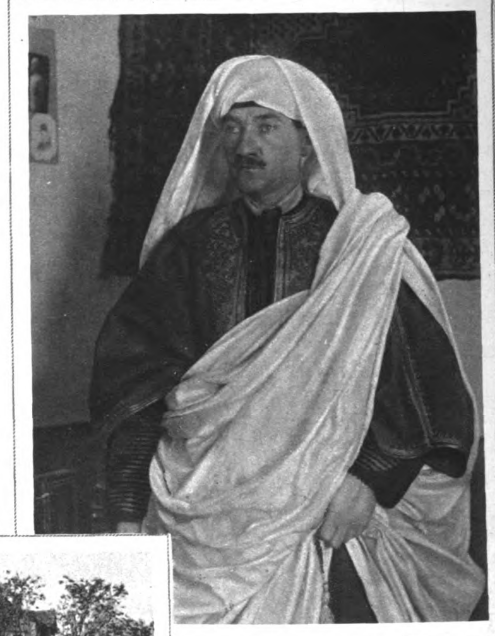
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afterwards renewed. The Allies had proposed the return of the vilayet of Smyrna to the Turks (but with a Greek force in the town of Smyrna) and a modification of the zone of the Straits. Neither Greece nor Turkey

[Continued opposite.



THE MODEST DWELLING OF A FAMOUS LEADER: MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA'S HOUSE AT ANGORA.



IN ARAB COSTUME FOR DIPLOMATIC PURPOSES: MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA.

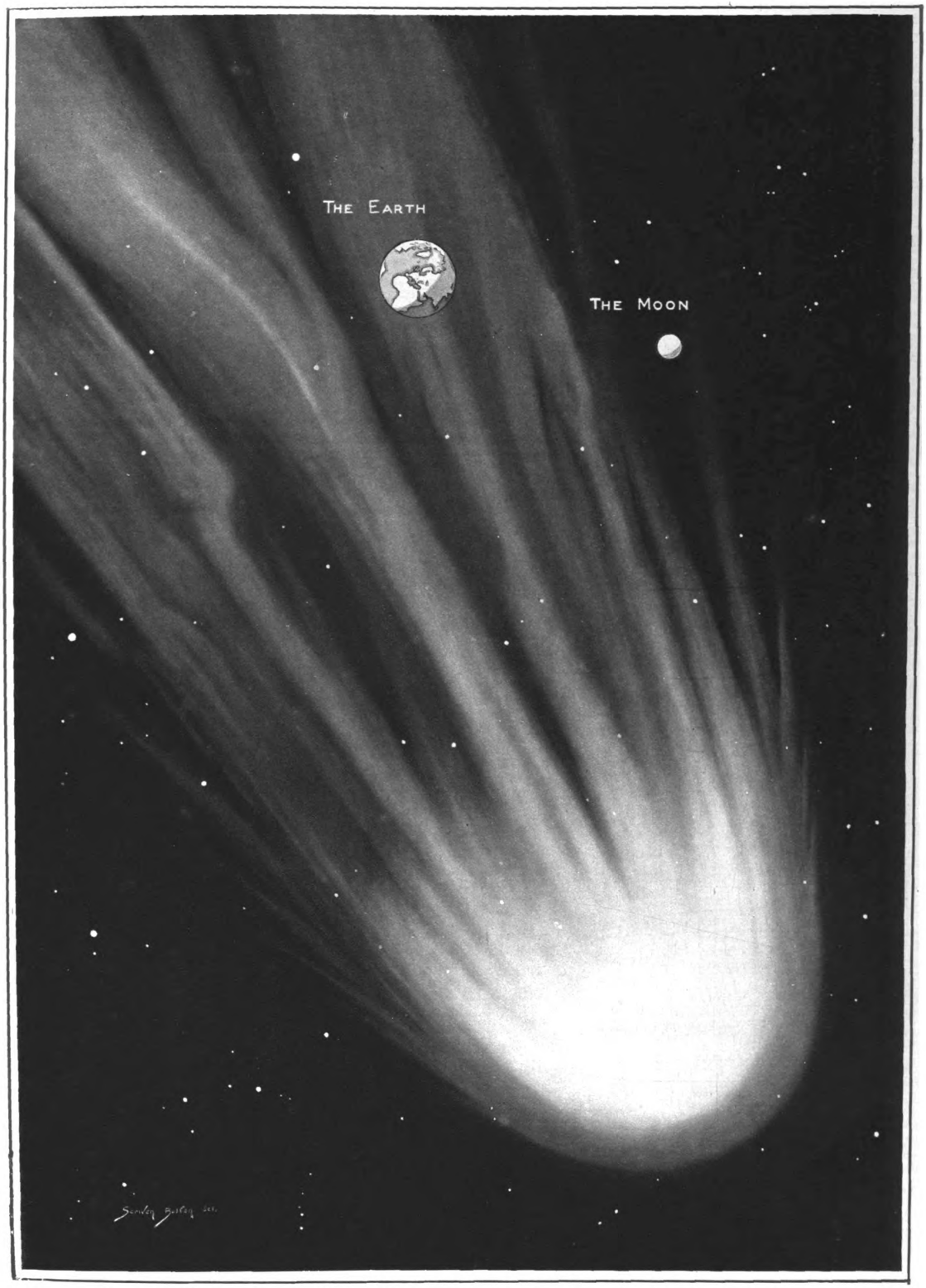
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replied to the Allied proposals within the specified time, and, in view of the new situation created by the subsequent campaign, it is doubtful whether those proposals still hold good.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the head of the Turkish Nationalists, has at least done something to maintain the military prestige of his race. The recent victory of his forces over the Greeks at Eskishehr changed the aspect of affairs in Anatolia, and led to the proclamation of martial law in Greece. In a message from Constantinople on April 11, a "Times" correspondent said: "Both sides are busy preparing for a renewal of hostilities, and the Nationalist Turks are hurriedly transferring their Caucasian Army to the western front. Anatolia is in the throes of war fever, owing to the unexpected success on the western front, which has created a delirium of enthusiasm for the Angora Government, the popularity of which is recovering from a bad slump, and is soaring giddily." A few days previously it was reported that negotiations with the Turks for the release of British prisoners detained by the Kemalists had not yet resulted in agreement.

NOT TO HIT THE EARTH AFTER ALL! A DISAPPOINTING COMET.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



AN EVENT THAT WAS EXPECTED TO OCCUR NEXT JUNE, BUT, IT IS NOW STATED, WILL NOT TAKE PLACE: THE PONS-WINNECKE COMET APPROACHING THE EARTH, AS IMAGINED BY AN ASTRONOMER.

The Pons-Winnecke Comet, so named because it was first discovered by Pons, of Marseilles (in 1818), and later re-discovered by Winnecke, appears about every 5½ years. It has disappointed the astronomers of to-day, who expected it to become visible in February, and to collide with the Earth in June. Not until April 10, however, was it located, by an American astronomer, Professor Barnard, at the Yerkes Observatory, Wisconsin, and calculations showed that there would be no collision with the Earth, as the Comet would pass the crossing point of the orbit some ten days before the Earth. The date of perihelion passage is June 11 or 12. During that month the Comet will be within a few million miles of us, but probably not conspicuous. A shower of meteors, however, may fall about June 27. In an article on a later page, Mr. Scriven Bolton, the well-known astronomer, who made the above drawing, discusses the possible effects of a collision between the Earth and a Comet, such as has occurred more than once in the history of our planet.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

I SHOULD think "AT THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL" (Eveleigh Nash; 7s. 6d. net), by Captain Peter Wright, will create as much stir as Colonel Repington's Diary, or even the enraptured reminiscences of Malice in Blunderland. The author was Assistant Secretary to the Council, and it is clear he knows a great deal—it is rather a pity, though, that Captain Wright was a scholar of the one institution in Oxford that has evolved its own peculiar manner, and still perpetuates the intellectual arrogance of the lines attributed to the "Jowler":

I am the Master of Balliol College;
What I know not is not knowledge.

I find myself distrusting the pontifical pronouncements of this young apologist for the politicians, who has not the slightest doubt that a few months of secretarial experience at the back provide a far better insight into the strategy and tactics of modern warfare on a vast scale than all the experience a generalissimo can gain at the front. He begins his argument by stating as a fact—a very doubtful one, when the wide margin between "bayonet strength" and gross *personnel* is considered, and also the all-important point that a large proportion of our men were merely soldiers still in the making—that "for three whole years, from January 1915 to the end of 1917, the Allies on the Western Front were in a numerical superiority, which at times reached as high as two to one." Why, then, did we not finish off the war in 1916 or 1917? Captain Peter Wright's answer is a bit crude:

Because the Allied generals and statesmen did not understand their business and were mostly fools, and obstinate fools at that.

Fortunately, this authority admits there were a few exceptions—Mr. Lloyd George among the statesmen, for example, and Marshal Foch among the soldiers. He thinks little of M. Clemenceau; if a tiger, only a stuffed nursery tiger. Our critic writes as follows of the Battle of St. Quentin:

The military student will come to consider St. Quentin a model of what a defeat ought to be, a sort of classical example, with a complete perfection of its own, surpassing even masterpieces . . . like Cambrai.

The answer to this taunt is to be found in General Gough's history of what the Fifth Army, in spite of its long and almost shadowy line, did during the German offensive in the spring of 1918. For Haig and Robertson Captain Wright has nothing but contempt. His remarks could only be made by one who knows nothing of the peculiar relations between a general and his armies in the field. Just as modern discipline is best defined as "confidence in one's pals," so the belief of his officers and men in the *character* of their general (here, as always, and in all man's activities, character is destiny), magnifies his authority and multiplies their resistance-power, both their daring and their endurance. This is perhaps the greatest spiritual factor in war, and every true soldier knows its vast significance.

The lack of a unified command is always a serious disadvantage, and has often proved disastrous. Captain Peter Wright is correct in attributing to it the prolonged resistance of Germany on the West Front. But he is wrong in suggesting that the Allied generals—in particular, Haig and Pétain, were solely, or even chiefly, to blame in this case. To adapt Stephen Crane's famous epigram in praise of the way London traffic is managed, it was not the politicians who were at fault. It was not the soldiers. It was the politicians *and* the soldiers. The truth is that we only get the best leadership in war when statesman and soldier are united in one and the same person, historic examples being Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Cromwell, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon.

. . . . . .

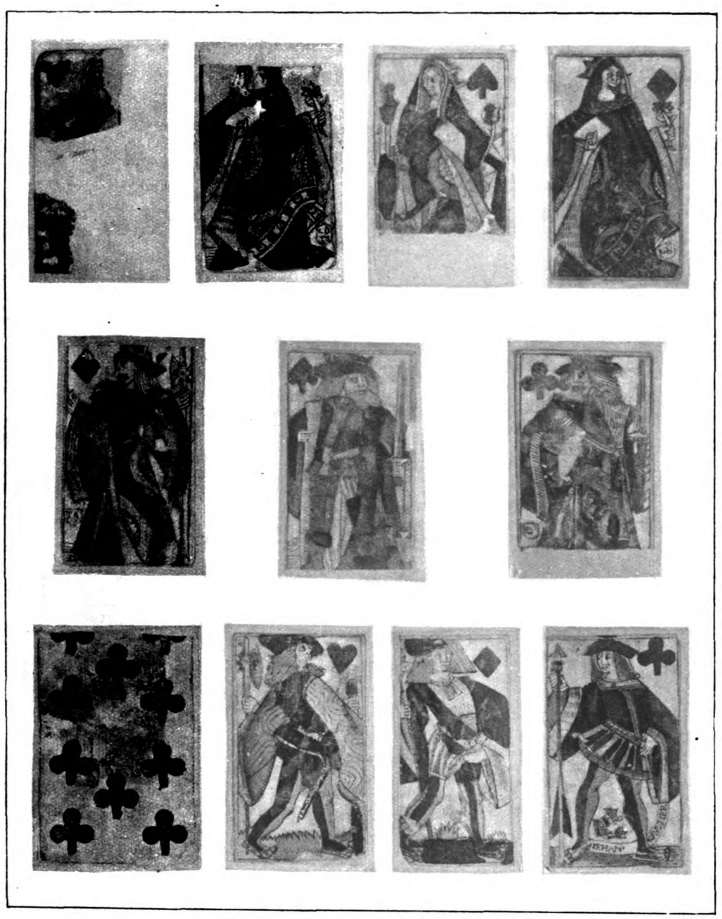
In years to come the history of the peace will be regarded as hardly second in interest and importance to the history of the war. In "THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS: A PERSONAL NARRATIVE" (Constable; 16s. net), by Robert Lansing, one of the protagonists in the Peace Conferences at Paris makes a contribution of great consequence to the former subject. Mr. Lansing differed from President Wilson on almost every issue, refusing his adhesion in the all-important matters of the Wilsonian theory of the League of Nations and the surrender to Japan of the Shantung Peninsula. In the American system of governance, the Secretary of State, great and responsible as his position and functions must be, has no root in the national will, but is merely a nominee of the President, and removable at his pleasure. Still, it is very surprising to find President Wilson treating this high functionary like a mere shorthand clerk, and not only ignoring his advice, but actually omitting to answer his letters, or even acknowledge them! Well has it been said that the American President was created in the likeness of George the Third at the height of his authority as a "patriot king," for President Wilson as a peacemaker was more of an autocrat in his second term of office than any sovereign of his time. One rather admires the ruthless and concentrated zeal of this Professor at the Conference table, especially when one thinks of the man as now old and broken, and of the grandiose dream, which inspired his reckless enthusiasm, and is now a small and impotent mechanism. Here is Mr. Lansing's just criticism of one of the dangerous phrases he invented, to lead the minds of men and nations out of the path of political commonsense into the quagmire of sheer sentimentality:

The more I think about the President's declaration as to the right of "self-determination," the more convinced I am of the danger of putting such ideas into the minds of certain races. It is bound to be the basis of impossible demands on the Peace Congress and create trouble in many lands. . . . The phrase is simply loaded with dynamite. It will raise hopes which can never be realised. It will, I fear, cost thousands of lives.

These words were written in a note dated Dec. 20, 1918, and in the countries and among the races named by Mr. Lansing the very troubles he foresaw have actually occurred. To-day the President's will-o'-the-wisp phrases are on all rebellious lips, and the fact that the shining thereof is the light that never was on sea or land, a mystic radiance visiting the eyes of a visionary, will not help those who are led by it into a sort of political Irish bog.

. . . . . .

The strike clouds are gathering, and the storm threatens to break as I finish this dissertation. A correspondent asks for the name of a reliable book on coal-mining and coal-miners, and I can recommend Mr. H. F. Bulman's complete treatise on the subject. "COAL MINING AND THE COAL MINES" Methuen; 15s. net), which was published about this time last year, is an invaluable work which does justice both to the stark qualities of the miners and to the energy and enterprise of the coal-owners. Mr. Bulman, who has lived for many years among working miners, tells a little story which defines the miner's character in a lightning-flash. A visitor to a mining village, where a strike was going on, asked one of the men what he was striking for. "I 'm d—d if I know," was the reply; "but we 're going to get it." The same high praise cannot be given to "THE STORY OF THE DURHAM MINERS (1662-1921)" (Labour Publishing Company; 5s. net), by Sidney Webb, which is history warped by political predilections and economic prejudice.

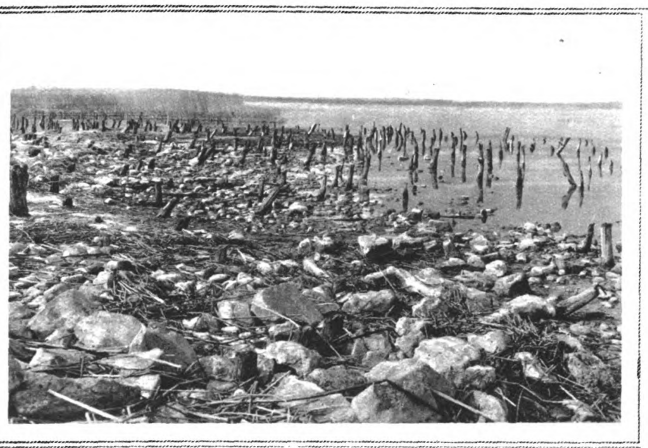


FOUND IN THE BINDING OF A LANCASHIRE LAWYER'S BOOK OF FORMS: SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH PLAYING CARDS—HAND-COLOURED AND WOOD-ENGRAVED.

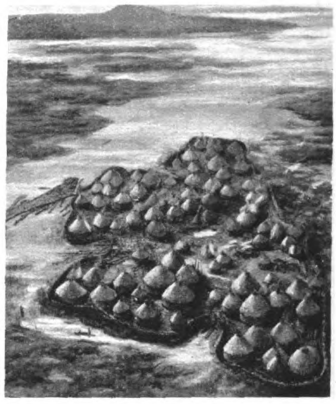
In the "Bulletin" of the John Rylands Library at Manchester we read: "An interesting and important addition has been made to the Library's collection of early wood-engravings under quite accidental circumstances. In the binding of a manuscript volume of legal forms, which at one time belonged to a Preston solicitor, it was found that the binder had used a number of playing cards to reinforce the cover. These have been carefully removed and mounted. There are seventy-one cards, forming parts of at least two packs. Some of them have been much cut away, but on several of the picture cards, which have been coloured by hand, the names of the printers survive. One pack was printed by G. Hervieu at Rouen, in or about 1572, the other by Jean Gaultier at Paris in or about 1576. They must therefore have been imported into this country in the time of Queen Elizabeth."—{*By Courtesy of the Librarian of the John Rylands Library, Manchester.*}

SWISS LAKE-DWELLINGS 7000 YEARS OLD—REVEALED BY DROUGHT.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS OF THE BRITISH LAKE-DWELLING BY A. FORESTIER.



LEFT UNCOVERED BY THE RECEDING WATER OF THE LAKE OF MORAT DURING THE RECENT DROUGHT IN SWITZERLAND: PILE FOUNDATIONS OF PREHISTORIC LAKE-DWELLINGS.



AS IT WAS 2000 YEARS AGO: AN ANCIENT BRITISH LAKE-DWELLING—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.



THE CIVILISED ANCIENT BRITON: THE GLASTONBURY LAKE VILLAGE—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.



ONLY VISIBLE IN NORMAL TIMES THROUGH THE WATER: PILE-FOUNDATIONS IN THE LAKE OF MORAT, REVEALED BY THE SWISS DROUGHT.



BELIEVED TO BE 7000 YEARS OLD: PILES ON WHICH LAKE-DWELLINGS WERE BUILT, AT GRENG, ON THE LAKE OF MORAT, IN SWITZERLAND.

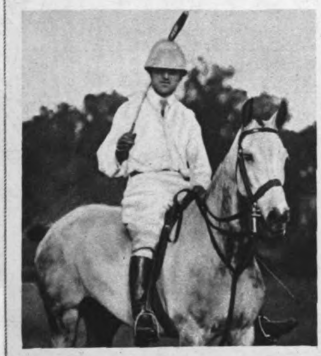


BY NO MEANS MERE WOAD-PAINTED SAVAGES: ANCIENT BRITONS OF THE GLASTONBURY LAKE-DWELLINGS—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

The pile-foundations of prehistoric lake-dwellings, believed to be 7000 years old, were recently revealed by the sinking of lake levels in Switzerland, caused by an exceptional drought, which lasted three months, on the mountain glaciers. The remains of a large settlement became visible at Greng, near the Lake of Morat, and others on Lake Neuchatel and near Morges, on the Lake of Geneva. The existence of such lake-dwellings was first revealed by a similar drought in 1854. They were built on wooden platforms supported on piles driven into the bed of the lake, the object being, of course, to obtain protection from attack. People lived in them from about 5000 B.C. down almost to historic times. They were probably destroyed by fire. A British lake settlement existed near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, some 2000 years ago. Its remains were excavated in 1911, and the above drawings by Mr. Forestier (reproduced here for purposes of comparison) appeared in our issue of December 2 in that year. They bring out the fact, based on evidence discovered, that the ancient Briton was by no means the woad-painted savage he was once represented to be, but had considerable skill in arts and crafts and lived a more or less civilised life. The same is true of the Swiss lake-dwellers, as the discovery of ornaments and other relics attests. [*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

POLO—AND SNOW! THE AMERICANS START SERIOUS PRACTICE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH.



MR. L. E. STODDARD.

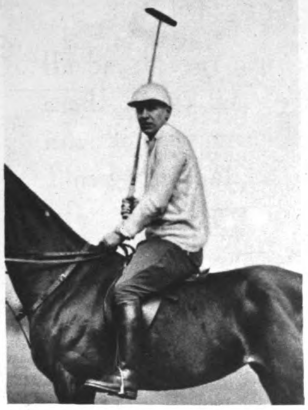
THE coming test matches will be the eighth of the series of games between England and America. The first contest dates back to 1886, when a Hurlingham team, under the captaincy of the late Mr. John Watson, went to America to compete for a cup presented by the Westchester Polo Club, no longer in existence. On that occasion, England won the two matches played. The next match was in 1900. Nine years later the famous "Big Four" from Meadow Brook captured the trophy, and it was not regained by England until 1914. In December, 1919, the Hurlingham Polo Committee, with Field-Marshal Earl Haig as Chairman, chose a Hurlingham America Cup Defence Committee, and the members of the Club put up some £12,000, to ensure the chosen defenders being well mounted. Of the American captain it may be noted that Mr. Milburn is an Oxford man, and, in addition to gaining a polo Blue, got his Blue twice for rowing, as a member of the Oxford crew in the Boat-Races of 1902 and 1903.



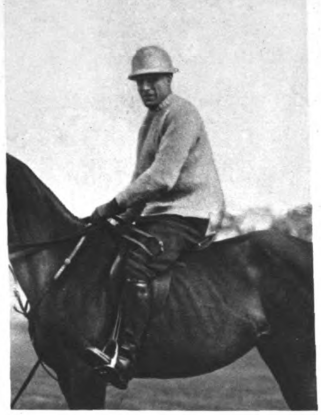
MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN (CAPTAIN; BACK).



IN A SNOWSTORM: AMERICAN PLAYERS CHANGING PONIES DURING A PRACTICE GAME AT SUNBURY.



MR. T. HITCHCOCK, JUN.



MR. C. C. RUMSEY.



MR. J. WATSON WEBB.

It was announced early this month that the American team chosen to make the attempt to recover the International Polo Cup at Hurlingham, in June, would consist of Messrs. L. E. Stoddard (No. 1); Thomas Hitchcock, Jun. (No. 2); J. Watson Webb (No. 3); and Devereux Milburn (Back); with Messrs. C. C. Rumsey and Earl W. Hopping as Reserves. At the moment of writing, there seem doubts as to whether or no Mr. Hopping will play. Serious practice began at Sunbury on April 16. The American team then included Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, Sen., who played Back in the absence of Mr. Milburn, who is the captain of the team, and will finally decide the composition of his side on his arrival. Mr. Stoddard played with the opposing team. Each contest for the Cup, now held by Hurlingham, is for the best of three matches. The first of these will be on June 18; the second on June 22; and the third—if a third be called for—on June 25. Mr. Watson Webb, by the way, is left-handed. As usual, the visiting team will be finely mounted, having the pick of fifty ponies, who are already acclimatised, having been here since the end of last year, and been housed, at the King's invitation, at the Royal Mews, Hampton Court.



A page from Evelyn's Diary.

"I had a funny dreame last night. I dremt I was in a forest and all the trees were sticks of roobub and in the middle of the forest there was a pond full of Bird's Custard. Just as I was going to pick sum up in a roobub leef I woke up. John and Margret larfed when I told them but I'm going to try and dreame it again to-night only dreame it quicker so I can have sum before I wake up."

Bird's Custard

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C 29

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

FORBES-ROBERTSON! It was good to behold his sculptural features, to hear his beautiful voice again—that voice which all the world over has sent forth the words of Shakespeare, and still in echo lives in the memories of playgoers of great cities from Amsterdam to Vienna. For Forbes-Robertson playing Hamlet on the Continent and in the States has done more for the reputation of British histrionic art than any man living. Yonder they rank him with the great, as we revere him as the undisputed leader of his profession. For some years now, through his delicateness of health, we have seen less of him than we desire; but whenever our stage is under discussion his name crops up as one of its proudest possessions, as our past-master of diction, as the standard-bearer of all that is noble and exalted in dramatic art. Thus, we rejoiced at the opportunity, given by Gerald Christie's Lecture Agency, to pay him homage at the Wigmore Hall, where, led by Ellen Terry, that other jewel in our Thespian crown, the world of art, of literature, of the Press foregathered to hear him speak of the Bard and kindle our memory with scenes which in past days cemented his fame. He began with a charming picture of his paternal home in Bedford Square, a shrine of Shakespeare's cult, where, with men and women of fame around him, Forbes-Robertson's father instilled love of the national poet into his children. He then plunged boldly into rapid outlines of "the King's" dramas, incidentally recited with the fervour of youth the speech of Buckingham that made him famous in a couple of minutes; drew parallels between Hamlet and Macbeth, reincarnated his greatest glory in "To be or not to be," declaimed with pathos and power the Murder Scene in Macbeth, and sent us home in happiness with two anecdotes—a fitting conclusion, after the Roman manner, of an evening pregnant with thought, emotion, and tragedy. And as we went hence we hoped that these lectures would be a prelude to his return to the stage, where he is sorely missed, and where now, as ever, his personality, his voice, and his diction would—to use his own modest words—"keep the torch of Shakespeare's genius flickering."

. . . . . .

Apropos of "Up in Mabel's Room," at the Playhouse, I feel tempted to quote one of the delightful chestnuts which Forbes-Robertson picked from his rich tree of reminiscences. A manager received a very bad play from a young author, and he wrote—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have read your play. Oh, my dear Sir!"

Oh, my dear Charles Hawtrey—to allow a renowned artist like you to perform acrobatics under a four-poster! I could have cried with rage if my sense of humour had not impelled me to grin and bear it. But pray let us soon have Mabel's room instead of her company.

. . . . . .

Some ten years ago or so, two beautiful women dazzled the stage of London. They both came from America, and were great chums. The one was Suzanne Sheldon, the other Julie Opp, who has just died in New York. Both made romantic marriages. Miss Sheldon became Mrs. Henry Ainley; Miss Opp, Mrs. Robert Loraine, and later Mrs. William Faversham (her second actor-husband was the Robert Loraine of the States). Suzanne Sheldon, still happily with us, leaped into fame in Brieux' "Maternity." Julie Opp went back to New York. She had a vogue in London at the St. James's Theatre under the unforgettable George Alexander: she was a *grande dame* of exquisite mien and manners; as an actress she rarely obtained general suffrage, but one day by one line she heralded the promise of great possibilities. That was in Justin Huntly McCarthy's splendid melodrama "If I Were King!" (Revive it! Revive it!) At the end of the second act, when George Alexander appeared in all the glory of his manhood, Julie Opp, the heroine, had what the French call the *coup de foudre*. She fell in love with the hero, and the curtain descended upon the words "A man has come to Court." These words Julie Opp uttered with such a dignity, in such exaltation, with such statuesque grace of pose, that the audience was electrified. Next day criticism was a chorus of praise and promise—but the promise remained unfulfilled. She went home to become a worshipper and a worthy partner of her dashing second husband, William Faversham.



AN ENGLISH COMEDY THAT CHARMED AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA: (L. TO R.) MR. A. SCOTT-GATTY AS ERNEST, AND MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS ANDREW BULLIVANT IN THE REVIVAL OF "GRUMPY," AT THE CRITERION.

"Grumpy" proved the most popular item in Mr. Cyril Maude's tour in the United States and Australia. Its revival at the Criterion was very welcome.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

. . . . . .

Some day, when the sea-serpent is in season and the theatres are closed, I may write an essay on the mentality of our audiences. It is a fruitful vine for the observer, and the last days have once more thrown a strange sidelight on it. After the war, the theatre was *in excelsis*—people went to see anything, even if it were nothing. How often have I not heard at libraries, hotels, and district messenger offices the weird question: "Are there seats anywhere to be had?" Never mind the play, the actors, the nature of the thing—it was just the nostalgia of the theatre that obsessed the crowd. Then came the slump, a faint revival, a string of fine plays—towards the end of last year—the demand for Shakespeare and intellectual plays. So hope swelled the manager's breast. But, lo and behold! that ugly word "strike" fell—a bolt from the blue; bang! went the box-office thermometer—in some cases perilously near zero—and long faces flanked lean receipts. Yet the cinemas stayed full and the "pubs" grew fuller—there was plenty of desire to drown apprehension in pictures and in beer, but the theatres were taboo. Can anyone explain the strange phenomenon? Are, perhaps, the prices of admission plus tax at the bottom of it all? If so, the managers may be well advised not to disregard the omen. Our theatre is the dearest in the world except Paris, where it is part of the nation's life and mission. Does the theatre give the value for what it takes? Ask the Gallery First Nighters, and then reverse the engines before the cinema captures more landmarks in the world of the London Theatre. *Mene, mene!*

. . . . . .

I wish to offer no comments on the reappearance of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, but lay a wreath of admiration and homage on her monument of glorious memories of the past.

. . . . . .

Let us rejoice that Isadora Duncan has returned to us with a crown of Titian hair on a Junoesque figure, and that when she is herself—in real dance—she still realises the poetry of motion. For there are two Isadoras: the one is an artist who knows what is "great and good and beautiful"; the other is a kinswoman of the late Thomas Phineas Barnum, he who knew so well that *mundus vult decipi*, and that a blare goes further than a whisper. When Isadora tries to interpret Liszt and Chopin in contortions of sempiternal slowness and often of incomprehensibility; when she has but two facial expressions—a contraction of pain and a grin of artificial suavity; when in mimicking a hallowed "Marche Funèbre" she fails to realise the opening of the gates of Paradise after the elegy of the prelude, I, for one, who have seen all the great dancers of half a century, am not to be taken in. It is the Barnum side of her talent which bamboozles the uninitiated masses and *quand-même* slaves at her chariot. But when she dances in still picturesque undulation of arms, in grace of picturesque footsteps, in wafting of veils, designing beautiful arabesques, in wedding her whole being to the magnificent piano-playing of Walter Rummel, then I recall with great pleasure those days when her appearance in the great cities of Europe provoked a joyful revolution of choreography, and she taught the public as well as her pupils that nature has given us limbs to vie in eloquence with the lips. To Isadora Duncan's better half, my salaam!



AN ELLEN TERRY RÔLE IN A WILLS PLAY REVIVED: MISS GLADYS COOPER IN THE NAME-PART OF "OLIVIA," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Miss Gladys Cooper makes a charming heroine of "Olivia"—W. G. Wills' dramatic version of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." It was one of Miss Ellen Terry's most famous parts.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.



AN ELLEN TERRY RÔLE IN A WILLS PLAY BURLESQUED: MISS RENÉE MAYER AS MARGUERITE IN THE NEW GAIETY PIECE, "FAUST ON TOAST."

The Gaiety production of "Faust on Toast" (a burlesque of W. G. Wills' adaptation from Goethe, in which Miss Ellen Terry created the part of Marguerite) arranged for April 16, was postponed.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



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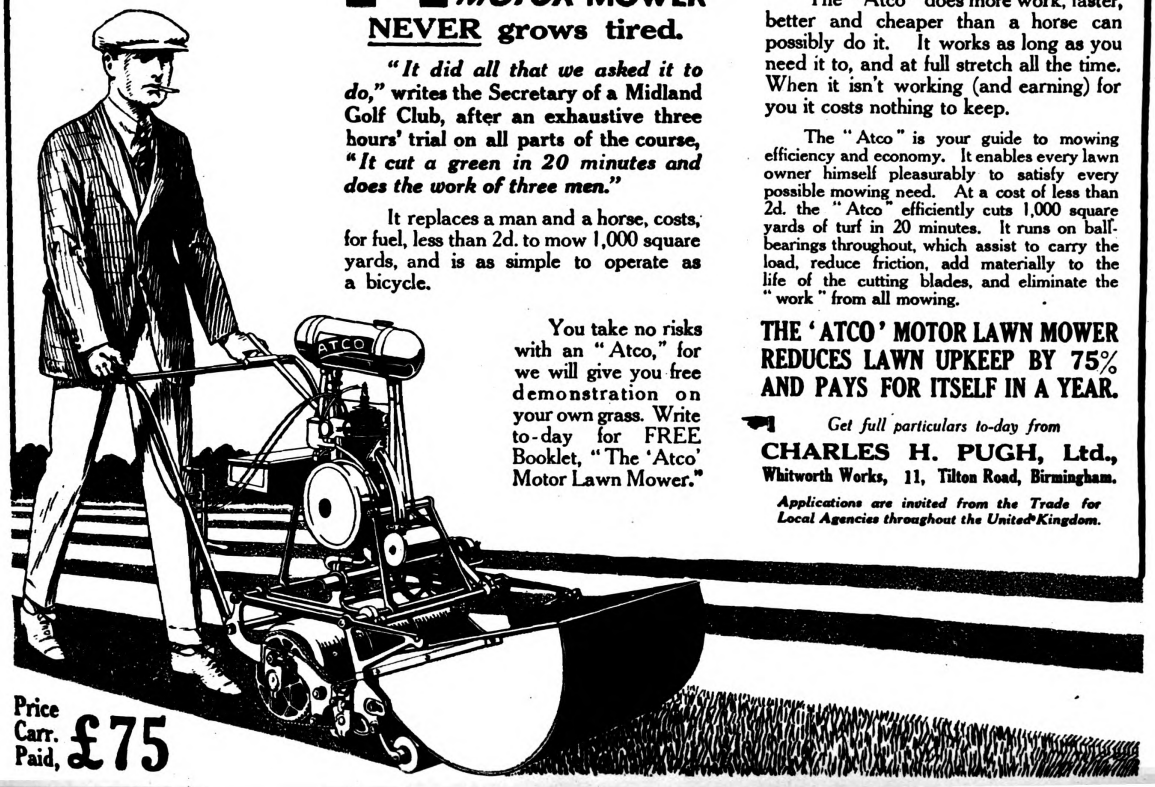
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LADIES' NEWS.

LEAVING one's happy home these days is no light undertaking, as there is a beautiful uncertainty as to when one may be able to return. However, we learnt to carry on in the Great War, so we just carry on now, everyone doing the best they can. Many postponements of social events have been, and are being, made. That of the wedding of Captain Lord Somers to Miss Finola Meeking had to do with the illness of Miss Meeking's only sister, as well as the bridegroom's leave, and was only for three days, to allow her to recuperate sufficiently to be chief bridesmaid, and to be sure of the bridegroom turning up. Balls are being postponed, but some will be held if possible. That for the Navy League, which was to have been at the Albert Hall on the 27th, is among those postponed. The dance for the Ivory Cross, at the Grafton Galleries last week, was very successful. The fox-trot competition proved amusing, and Miss Megan Lloyd George presented the prizes. The King moved the Court to town about a month sooner than had been intended. It is ever his Majesty's way to consider his Ministers and be at hand when there is a crisis.



APPEALING ON BEHALF OF A WELL-KNOWN ORPHAN SCHOOL: MR. F. RICHMOND.

Mr. Richmond is the Appeal President of the Maintenance Fund of the Warehousemen, Clerks and Drapers' Schools at Purley, for orphan boys and girls. As a war memorial of the textile trade, a second school is to be opened at Addington, Surrey. Mr. Richmond is appealing for contributions towards the £30,000 required.

No one will, I am certain, have any feeling of rancour about the ex-German Empress. She did not even have the solace of a peaceful, tranquil close to a life which could never have been a happy one. She was last over here early in 1913, when the Memorial to Queen Victoria, in front of Buckingham Palace, was unveiled. At that time she looked very well; her silver white hair suited her, and she dressed throughout the short visit impossingly, and made, on each of her public appearances, a memorable figure. Her only daughter was also here—then a quiet, uninteresting girl to look at, and seeming rather bored. The late ex-Empress is said to have met her husband here in England. She never took any part in affairs in her own country, but was said to have managed many matters for her family by exercise of clever diplomacy with her arbitrary and overbearing spouse. For jewellery she had a great love, and possessed a very fine collection of diamonds. During the war she spent most of her time alone in Berlin, in constant anxiety about her beloved sons. Her husband, she knew, would take care of himself.



A DELIGHTFUL AFTERNOON SUIT.

In this uncertain climate it is just as well to have a garment which, while looking smart, is not too elaborate and flimsy, and Harrod's have devised the above costume, cut on the new saque lines and embroidered in contrasting colours.

Spring, 1921, as pictured by Harrod's in their very attractive, newly issued book, is a vastly delightful outlook. It is calculated to drive from our minds sinister things, insistent as they have been, are, and, it is feared, will be. The book shows the newest and the best of everything in our world of dress, and the prices are beautifully less than they were. A suit, tailor-built, plain, neat, and smart, in fine wool gabardine, for 6½ guineas, lined with silk, and having collar lapels and front bound with fine silk braid, made in half-a-dozen sizes, in navy, nigger and black, is something like a pleasant indication of returning to pre-war conditions. For an afternoon suit there is a delightful one cut on the new saque lines, and embroidered on the coat with smartly contrasted colours which are reproduced at the hem of the accordion-pleated skirt. This suit, a copy of a Paris model, costs only 12½ guineas, and is in several favourite colours and the finest gabardine. There are many most alluring pictures of all the things we want to wear. Four pages have coats, capes, costumes, blouses, river and golf clothes, beautifully reproduced in colour. There are also pages for school-girls and for "littler" people too, both boys and girls. Illustrations, really good ones, descriptions and prices of everything women and children need will be found in Harrod's "Spring, 1921," which will be sent free to intending purchasers, all of whom will welcome the great moderation in price of everything in this book.



ENGAGED TO MR. LESLIE GWILT: MISS MARJORY ASTON-RAMM.

Miss Aston-Ramm is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Aston-Ramm, of Ashlands, Watford. She is well known in Society and in theatrical circles.

The threatened outbreaks sent many women on quests for overalls, for they mean work, and overalls are the things to work in. Debenham and Freebody, always ready, have not only overalls, but really practical coat frocks suitable for women volunteers to go to offices in, as the first-mentioned are for manual work and for canteen service. The big house in Wigmore Street, which has the real spirit of carrying on strong in its organisation, has really beautiful spring clothes on show now, and also, what is of vast importance to mothers, a large choice of styleful and practical clothes for school-girls. Their post-Easter outfit is the most important of the year, and because of Debenham and Freebody's great reputation for school clothes, the mantle of Swears and Wells has fallen on them over their own, and they are appointed to many of the most important girls' schools in Britain.

A. E. L.



COLOURS there are for every mood. Do you feel the sudden surging of the blood? Take you then, the fierce colours of Spain. Are you in a dainty mood? Seek your complement in the tints of Japan. Colour is your tireless joy.

TAMBORINA, the beautiful lawn for beautiful lingerie, is made in 25 different shades. A shade for every mood.

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The best tailored Gown produced in London to-day is



BURBERRY SUIT A1577.—Navy Blue Costume for Walking and Afternoons. Accentuates a graceful figure whilst preserving perfect freedom.

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of the fine quality always associated with BURBERRYS' name. In immense varieties, choice selections, well tailored.

FRANKLY BURBERRYS HAVE MORE STOCK THAN THEY NEED.

Buying twelve months ahead, SPRING DELIVERIES are heavy, and until the foreign markets re-open by the World's exchanges stabilising, Burberrys will give the British buying public every inducement and opportunity to benefit by the misfortunes of their Allies who are unable to complete their purchases.

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Illustrated Catalogue of Women's Dress sent on request.

Every Burberry Garment bears a Burberry Label.

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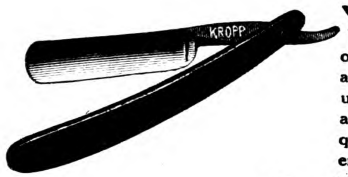
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Saves precious minutes in the morning—

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Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut -	
Player's "White Label" Navy Cut	10½d.

Also PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE (a development of Player's Navy Cut). Packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz air-tight tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes

Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—MILD AND MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf)	MEDIUM
100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11	100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
24 for 1/5; 12 for 8½d.	20 for 11½d.; 10 for 6d.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

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No—*Not* Ordinary Aspirin! You *must* say

GENASPRIN

(The perfect brand of ASPIRIN)

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For we *guarantee* that Genasprin contains nothing but the purest and most perfect form of acetyl-salicylic acid with a minute quantity of wholesome arrowroot—not a trace of those "free acids," foreign impurities and "binding agents" which cheapen manufacturing costs at the expense of your heart and stomach. And doctors tell us that one Genasprin tablet does the work of two or three ordinary aspirins—so even on that score Genasprin is the most economical in the long run.

A two-shilling bottle of 35 tablets lasts you a long while; but we don't ask you to buy it until you have convinced yourself, at our expense, of its superior value. That is why we offer you a generous testing sample for a twopenny stamp to cover postage. And with it we will send a most interesting booklet which tells you all about Genasprin—what it is, what it does, and how to take it.

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Once you have tried Genasprin you will realise that there is nothing comparable to it for the following purposes:—

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THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

FROM the new kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, the land of the Yugo or Southern Slavs, there is to hand a beautifully engraved set of three stamps of a charity postal issue. They are sold at a supplement over their face-value, the extra charge being collected by the post-office in aid of the fund for the wounded warriors of the Serb and allied Slav races. These fine engravings have been printed to the order of the Yugo-Slav Government in America, and as productions of the American Bank Note Company they are well finished, and present a striking contrast to the crude but interesting lithographs and typographed stamps which have been produced at Laibach and Belgrade during the past two-and-a-half years.

The 10 paras carmine stamp is sold at double that amount, 20 paras, half going to pay the postage, and the other half to the soldiers' fund. The design on this stamp is from an historical painting by Krstitch, a Serb artist, and it deals with an incident of the battle of Kossovo, the Field of Blackbirds. It was on the plain of Kossovo that the Turks, under Sultan Murad I., defeated the ancient Serbian Empire and put an end, for five centuries at least, to the independence of the Serbs. That was in 1389, and in Serb folk-lore there is told the story of a young girl who went out after the battle to seek her lover, Orlovic Pavlé, among the wounded or the slain. In the picture on the stamp the heroine of Kossovo is seen giving water to a wounded warrior.

The next stamp, 15 paras sepia (sold for 30 paras), is an allegory of the exodus of the Serbs from their fatherland during the great war in 1915. The stamp picture appears to have been derived from a statue, and shows a Serbian soldier clad in sheepskin, with a staff in one hand and a rifle in the other. On the base of the statue one can read in microscopic letters "A travers l'Albanie"—across Albania, the course of the great retreat.

The third of these stamps is the 25 paras light blue, which is sold for 50 paras. On this is depicted an allegory of the new Slav union—a Serb, a Croat, and a Slovene upholding the royal crown of Serbia.

All three stamps were put on sale at Belgrade on Jan. 30, the day on which the "martyr" capital was decorated with the Legion of Honour by the French.

About the same time the Yugo Slavs inaugurated their new definitive series of stamps, which they have also secured from America, and which are of a handsome and well-finished design, embodying on the low values a portrait of Prince Alexander, and on the high values a portrait of King Peter. This set consists of fourteen denominations from 2 paras to 10 dinars. All these stamps are inscribed in Cyrillic and in Latin characters with the name of the new State, "Kraljevstvo Srba, Hrvata, i Slovenaca" (Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes).



New Yugo-Slav stamps: Nos. 1, 2, and 3—a charity postal issue. (1) 10 paras carmine, showing the heroine of Kossovo giving water to a wounded warrior: (2) 15 paras sepia, showing a Serbian soldier of the Great War: (3) 25 paras light-blue, showing a Serb, a Croat, and a Slovene upholding the Serbian Crown. No. 4. One of the new definitive Yugo-Slav series: a 2-para stamp with a portrait of Prince Alexander.

Stamps supplied by Mr. F. J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

Among well-dressed men a "Stetson" is the standard word which stands for durability, beauty and efficiency in hats. The John B. Stetson Company have been known in this country over twenty years. The secret of the excellence of their special felt hats is simple. The Stetson Company use only the finest furs—North American beaver, South American nutria, and European hare and coney.

IF A COMET STRUCK THE EARTH.

(See Illustration on Page 547.)

THE question, "If we struck a comet, what would happen?" was again raised by the approach of Winnecke's Comet on its return journey to the Sun. In passing Jupiter it was diverted from its usual path by the mighty attraction of that planet. If we passed through a comet's tail, it is questionable whether we should ever be conscious of the fact; and even if its properties were of a poisonous nature, no ill effects would be experienced, owing to extreme rarefaction. The Earth has passed through many tails in the past, and probably through that of Halley's Comet in 1910.

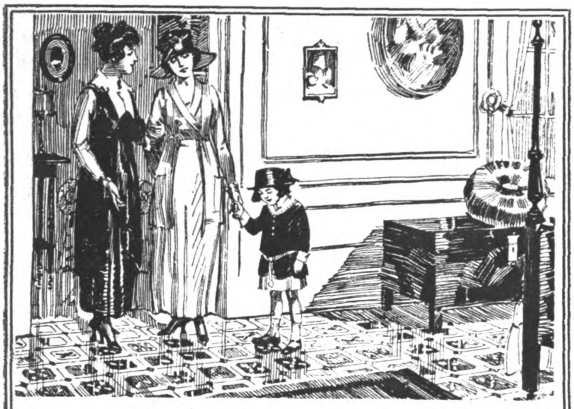
A collision with the actual head of a comet would, one would think, prove more serious. It is, however, certain that the head is not solid, but may represent a huge conglomeration of small solid meteoric bodies, rendered luminous by incessant collisions between them. Probably nothing would happen beyond a meteor shower of exceptional severity. There is no indication to show that the Earth in the past has suffered materially through collision with a large celestial body, although we are correct in assuming that it has more than once during all the ages passed through the head of a comet.

Incidentally, remnants of a collision supposed to have occurred about 5000 years ago with a comparatively small body are found near Canyon Diablo, North Arizona. The site is a huge crater, three quarters of a mile in diameter, scattered for miles around with meteoric iron. It is 600 ft. deep, the walls rising above the outlying plain 150 ft.

But for our atmosphere, which stands as a defence against celestial intruders such as meteoric matter, life on this globe of ours would be an uncertain factor.

The damage which would be wrought by the collision of a comet with the Earth is, as far as we know, averted, since the small solid meteoric particles are dissipated into vapour before reaching the Earth.

SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



Just Like New.

ANY housewife can easily keep her home clean and bright by devoting a little attention to her furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. All they need is an occasional application of Johnson's Prepared Wax. This cleans, polishes and protects the finish, adding years to its life and beauty. Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a hard, dry, glass-like polish of great beauty and durability. It covers up marks and small surface scratches — preserves the varnish—and prevents checking and cracking.

Johnson's Prepared Wax

Paste—Liquid—Powdered.



Johnson's Prepared Wax contains no oil, consequently it does not gather or hold the dust, and it never becomes soft or sticky in the hottest weather or from the heat of the body. It will quickly and permanently remove that bluish, cloudy appearance from your piano and mahogany furniture.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

is made in paste, liquid and powdered form. We recommend the Liquid Wax for polishing furniture, leather goods, wood-work, and motor-cars. Use the Paste Wax for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile, etc.; and the Powdered for dance floors. In 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 4/-, 8/-, and 14/6 sizes.

Insist upon 'JOHNSON'S'—there is no substitute.

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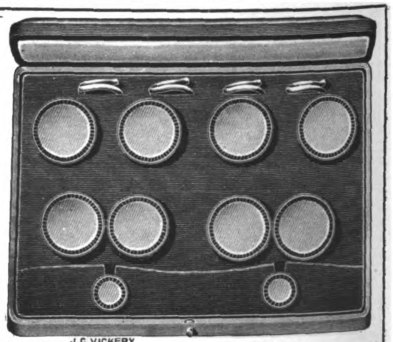
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La-rola
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KEEPING YOUR HANDS SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE
in spite of all the Rough work you now have to do. Rub a little well in each time you wash them, and they will soon be all you could wish.

LA-ROLA will keep away all ROUGHNESS, Redness and Chaps from your Face and Hands, and prevent your complexion being spoilt by frost or keen winds.

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From all Chemists and Stores. In bottles 1/6 and 2/6

Pale Complexions
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CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES
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THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**
FOR EASY SHAVING.
WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER OR BRUSH
Put a Tube in your Kit Bag
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EVERY COMFORT. SEA FRONT.
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Let us pay part of the cost of your clothes by paying you good prices for your discarded **Dresses, Suits, Fancy Dress, Jewellery, Trinkets,** etc., as we do to many other good families. **Send parcel to-day**—we remit and refund carriage per return. Plain envelopes only used.
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HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE
AT ALL CHEMISTS
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The Soap, for daily use in the toilet, cleanses and purifies, the Ointment soothes and heals little irritations, roughness, or pimples. Cuticura Talcum soothes and cools the skin and overcomes heavy perspiration. Delicate, delightful, distingué.
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Taxation Relief Foreshadowed.

In a letter to the Commercial Motor Users' Association, the Minister of Transport foreshadows a reduction in the motor-car tax. The new impost looks like realising a great deal more money than was anticipated, and whether it is that the Ministry has assessed the contribution of mechanical transport at a certain figure, and does not desire it to be exceeded, or whether there is another reason behind it, there seems to be a probability that there will be a reduction of the tax very shortly. As a matter of fact, I understand that there has been a suggestion under discussion for effecting a reduction of no less than 25 per cent. under the terms of the forthcoming Finance Bill. Whether anything will come of this remains to be seen; but there seems to be little doubt that at long last the realisation is being driven home that a single form of traffic is being asked to contribute far more than its share to the maintenance of the highways. I have a shrewd suspicion that this has come about as a consequence of the very greatly increased contribution which the new scheme of taxation has drawn from the owners of commercial motor vehicles, whose representatives were responsible in no small degree for the imposition of the horse-power tax. It is quite clear that they did not foresee how badly their interests would be hit, or they would not have been so keen in their advocacy of the tax. Up to the end of March they paid over 2¼ millions in taxation, against but a small proportion of this sum under the old system, whereby they were taxed at the rate of threepence per gallon on their petrol, where this fuel was used. Incidentally, the private motorist paid up to the same date no less than 3¼ millions to the Exchequer.

A Vauxhall Apprenticeship Scheme.

If the British motor industry is to hold its own, more attention must be paid to the technical training of the workers than has been given to it in the past. This fact seems to be meeting with more recognition every day, and now most of the larger concerns have adopted a scheme of apprenticeships which will go far towards providing the industry with the skilled labour which is so essential to its success. One of the best of these is that adopted by the Vauxhall Company in their works at Luton. There are three classes of apprentices: engineering students from 16 to 18 years old; trade apprentices from 16 to 17; and operator-apprentices of the same age. There is a technical school attached to the works, which are quite in the front rank as regards equipment. In addition to the training given in the works, further instruction is available at the Luton Technical Institution, so that there is every opportunity available for the youth who is determined to acquire the knowledge necessary to fit him for his future career in the motor engineering industry.



AT LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S SEAT NEAR LINCOLN: A 20-25-H.P. RUSTON-HORNSBY CAR AT THE GATES OF BLANKNEY HALL.

Youths in Class 1 are required to have had a sound secondary or technical education, and these will go the round of the shops, and will spend some time in the drawing office. The training thus given will fit them to become responsible heads of departments, works managers, designers, etc. In this class a premium is charged. The trade apprentice class is for boys who will ultimately become fitters, turners, and so forth; while Class 3 provides for the training of boys as efficient operators of machine tools. Altogether, the scheme is a comprehensive one and quite admirable in conception. Anyone who may be interested is invited to communicate with the Works Manager at Luton.

Motorists and the Strike Crisis.

During the crisis brought about by the threats of the Triple Alliance to plunge the transport services of the country into chaos, thousands of motorists placed their cars and themselves at the disposal of the motoring organisations to carry out any essential services that might be required. The general feeling among these, so far as it was possible to ascertain it through the conversations one heard at various centres, was that the Government, as such, might go hang for all anybody cared. The motorist has every reason to dislike this Government for the discrimination which it has exercised against a class of the community which is always among the very first to rise to the occasion when emergencies such as that of last week-end have to be met. He still rankles under a sense of acute injustice because of the iniquitous taxation which has been levied upon his car and its possession, and in the mass he would do nothing to help the Government out of a mess which simply concerned the Administration. In such a case as the recent strike menace, however, the question becomes one of citizenship, and even of self-defence, and on all hands one heard, when the matter was discussed at all, that it was simply this feeling and no other which had prompted motorists to volunteer their services. It struck me very forcibly that there is a point at which patience under patent injustice can be exhausted, and that this point has very nearly been reached in this particular case. In fact, I believe that the motoring organisations received a small proportion of very pointed, not to say rudely, phrased refusals of service in response to their call for volunteers. Of course, one does not seek to justify this minority. Quite the contrary, but it is worth while recording the fact of its existence.

The London Motor Garage, of Wardour Street, W., announce that an expert will be in attendance at the garage daily for the purpose of effecting minor adjustments and repairs to cars left for garage, and to give advice and assistance. This service is absolutely free of charge, except for material or accessories used.

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"Daily Dispatch" Nov. 4, 1920.

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W. H. Berry

The same writer states, in the "Evening Standard" Mar. 4, 1921.

"After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

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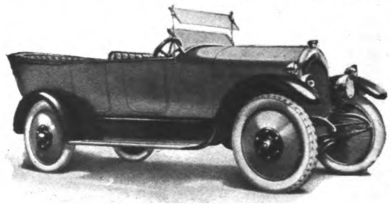
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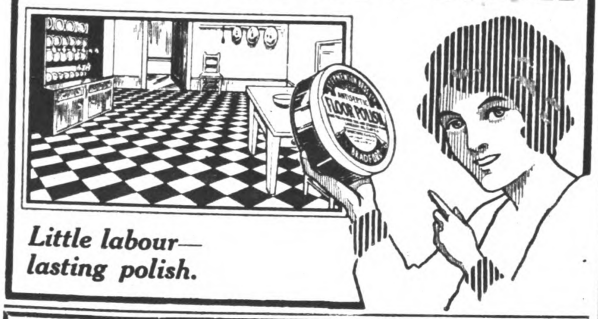
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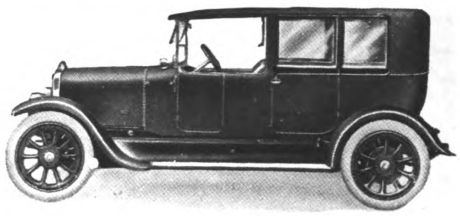


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The CLEMENT-TALBOT Co., Ltd., have pleasure in announcing a price reduction in all three models; the 25 h.p., the 36 h.p. 6-cyl. and the 15 h.p. This reduction has been made possible by the intelligent and intensive co-operation between the various Companies associated with the Clement-Talbot Company, added to a considerable drop in the cost of labour in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the Combined Companies at Suresnes; this, in addition to the heavy fall in the price of raw material, has reduced production costs enough to warrant the new prices.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. AUSTIN BRERETON has compressed much interesting London history into a small space in a little booklet entitled "The Hotel Cecil: a Glimpse of Old London and the New." As the author of "The Literary History of the Adelphi" and other works, Mr. Brereton is well qualified to record the many historical associations of this famous district. The Hotel Cecil, which is one of London's most imposing riverside landmarks, was opened to the public on April 30, 1896. It stands on the site of Salisbury House, named after Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.



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"THE PEEP SHOW," AT THE HIPPODROME.

IN "The Peep Show," the Hippodrome has given us something really good in the shape of revue. It starts off with the fantastic notion of a trip to the moon, but the rest of its "peeps" deal in things of earthly beauty and earthly humour, and the strain on the pleasure-seeker's imagination is never made too severe. Thus, if we are carried for a moment into the atmosphere of legend or history to watch the parting of Flora Macdonald and her Jacobite Prince, wholly topical is the fun of the glimpse at "Pre-War Land," where shop-keepers are full of civility and cabmen are almost embarrassingly amiable. So again, if we are glad to welcome, even with too thin a scheme to afford them full vitality, a group of Dickensian characters ranging from Dolly Varden to Scrooge and Sikes, we are kept close enough to the life of to-day—at its most luxurious—in the spectacle of "My Lady's Dressing-Table," with its dazzling display of all the accessories of a rich woman's toilet. As popular an item as any in this enjoyable "Peep Show" is the vista of a music-printer's shop, in which the clever company at the Hippodrome revive music-hall songs of the past, and burlesque the manner in which they were originally rendered. At the head of the cast is that refreshing comedian, Mr. Stanley Lupino, whose Dickens portraits—his Uriah Heep and Sam Weller notably—whet our appetite for more. Capital work is also done by Mr. Benson Klore, most satisfying as Bill Sikes; by Mr. Allandale, a vivacious Pierrot; and by Miss Ruth French in her dances; but Mr. Lupino's strongest support comes from Miss Annie Croft and Miss Mona Vivian.

During the war, M. Louis Raemaekers, the celebrated Dutch cartoonist, rendered great service to the Allied cause by his allegorical drawings. Messrs. H. J. Nicoll and Co., Ltd., of Regent Street, the tailors who during the last hundred years have had many royal and illustrious customers, have prevailed upon M. Raemaekers to do them a series of drawings for advertising purposes. These, whether symbolical or objective, should prove stimulating, and an interesting experiment in publicity on novel lines.


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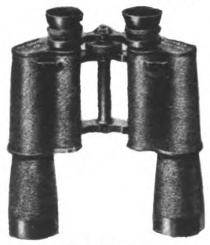
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1921.

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SPEAKER FOR SIXTEEN YEARS: THE RT. HON. JAMES W. LOWTHER, M.P., WHO HAS RESIGNED.

In announcing his resignation in the House of Commons on April 25, Mr. Lowther mentioned that he had held the office of Speaker since 1905, and had since been five times unanimously re-elected. Alluding to his age, he gave, among others, "sixty-six personal reasons" for resigning. The Premier expressed the gratitude of the House for his great services, and moved that the King be asked to confer on him "some signal mark of Royal favour."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MACKLEM, 10, REGENT STREET, W.



THE little city of fashion, that empire within an empire, bounded on the north by Oxford Street, on the east by Berkeley Square, on the south by Piccadilly, and on the west by Park Lane, has kinship, not entirely dependent on the coincidence of its name, with Chaucer's favourite month. If May behaves herself, then Mayfair responds loyally and reveals her most gracious personality. For this district of fine ladies is herself a fine lady—that is, a fine-weather lady, whose beauty expands under the sunshine and warmth proper to early summer. If May be cross and chilly, half the charm of Mayfair's highways and byways vanishes; her new season's dress and her flower-boxes seem out of place and nipped, more ironically here than in any other region of London: for Mayfair is, *par excellence*, the lass with the delicate air. In proportion to her profession of gaiety does she depend upon genial weather for the full glory of her perfections.

In May she wakes up, and for a week or two keeps a freshness and an amiable smile in harmony with the hour. It is fleeting, for London is cruel still, in spite of smoke-abatement, to new paint and window curtains; and if June begins dutifully to blaze betimes — alas, how seldom!—then Mayfair of the tender complexion betrays sooner than her neighbours that jaded look which August will force on all the Town. But while we have her at her best, let us, adapting the phrase of Leo X., enjoy her, since God hath given her to us.

No district of London has a spirit so elusive as that of Mayfair, possibly because we have learned to ask so much more of her. Her legend of luxury, fostered by playwrights and novelists, is a superlative of fiction, quietly laughed at, perhaps, by those who endure the commonplace of life in the favoured quarter. The Mayfair boudoir, with its unvarying outlook on the Park, has become a general expression for a particular dramatic convention. To the gallery and the groundlings it conveys a delicious sensation of aristocratic intimacy, not untouched with throbbing and, it may be, even sinful intrigue, which only a vandal would spoil by the cold suggestion that Mayfair, take it for all in all, is most dully respectable, and that the *mise-en-scène* carries a risk of libel, since a house in Park Lane is possible only to the very few. But in play or story it must be Park Lane or nothing. Not ours be any ruthless whisper that Mayfair windows, all fabled to command the Park, are sometimes filled with discreet Cathedral glass, to veil the dubious beauties of the ever-present mews. Petrol, it is true, has chastened somewhat these old haunts of Jehu; but they remain, strange diversifiers of a world laid up in lavender.

Here London's proverbially sudden contrasts are emphasised in microcosm. There is but a step from the palace to the region of small commerce. What is there to equal the quaintness or quick surprise of such a nook as Shepherd's Market, with its huddle of town and country carts? "And here, too, there are gods"—flowers, for sale, and a vivid greengrocery. Another turn or two, and fashion, with its tall, reposeful houses, its guarded doors, is again at your mental, your sentimental, beck, as you pass, weaving your own romances of a Mayfair dead and gone, yet immortal, where the Rawdon Crawleys came to grief, where Becky triumphed awhile, where Barnes paid that call on Lady Kew, "in town and not in town," where Mr. Jeames de la Pluche rose to eminence on railway shares, exchanged the pantry in Berkeley Square for the Albany, saw the vanity of human wishes, and returned to happiness and a competence at the Wheel of Fortune Hotel, chosen headquarters of the Butlers' Club, near this very Shepherd's Market you are in. Or you saunter through Curzon Street and picture the Mayfair marriage of the beautiful Miss Gunning to James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, who during the eponymous May Fair, at half-an-hour after midnight, put upon his bride's finger a bed-curtain ring, no more costly token being to hand. Easy-going Curzon Street! In his chapel there, the Rev. Alexander Keith would marry you at one minute's notice, and no more questions asked than they would ask down at the ribald Fleet. Nowadays Mayfair has other ecclesiastical vagaries.



THE LYMPNE "EXCHANGE OF VIEWS" ON GERMAN REPARATIONS: THE BRITISH AND FRENCH PREMIERS IN A GROUP AT THE VILLA BELCAIRE.

M. Briand, the French Premier, and M. Berthelot, Foreign Minister, spent the week-end, April 23-5, with Mr. Lloyd George at the Villa Belcaire, Lympne, the residence of Sir Philip Sassoon, the Prime Minister's Parliamentary private secretary. It was arranged that the Supreme Council should meet for a conference on German reparations on April 30. Our photograph shows, from left to right in front, Lord Riddell (in bowler hat), Sir Philip Sassoon, Sir Maurice Hankey, M. Berthelot (behind), Mr. Lloyd George, Lady Rocksavage (sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, acting as hostess), and M. Briand.—*{Photograph by C.N.}*

The younger fabulists still make play with Mayfair in the Season, if they reflect its newer flippancies more than its sentimentalities. The post-war débutante comes hardened to her social entry, for she is already a woman of wide experience, who does not stand trembling on the threshold of life. Terrors and shrinkings are not for her.

Fortunately, the older convention found a link in fiction with the new, just in the nick of time. In the very year when the old order was upset, Mr. Walpole gave us Rachel Beaminster, a modern in whom certain ancient instincts survived, amid a conflict of whimsical humour. Rachel actually feared her coming-out ball, but after the second dance she "knew for what life was intended." Before the evening was out she was leaning forward to the complete feminist attitude: "Uncle John, I 'm a success! I am really. I can dance, dance beautifully! I can put these young men in their places. They 're frightened . . : really frightened." This happened in Portland Place, and is therefore not strictly a Mayfair interlude, but it will apply well enough to what goes on in those curtained balconies a little further west, where girls are realising something that no second Season will ever bring them again, something that makes their first Season one continual May Fair.

This year, in spite of certain deficiencies, those who claim to speak with authority say that there is to be some sort of a Season after all. To those whom it may concern, this must be tidings of comfort and joy, and even an outsider like the present writer admits a glow of satisfaction on reading the news. For when the Season goes merrily, London is more than ever a pleasant place to move about in, though it be but on foot from one chop-house to another, thence to an occasional pit or gallery, and so home to the garret next the stars.

And there is always the Academy, perennial starter of the Season, perennially scoffed at, perennially thronged, and this year, they say, remarkable for the acceptances of amateurs' work. The oddest thing about all academies, whether of Art or Letters, is their quiet coercive dynamic. No matter how the rebels may rebel in the first flush of genius, there comes a day when they are found a little less intolerant, although they never admit it, and a still later day when, by some magic unexplained, their work is to be found within the (to them) unhallowed walls. No one can say whether the rebels have persuaded the Academicians, for the Academical manner does not seem to change, and the rebels would be prompt with proofs that they, at least, have not bowed the knee to Baal by the merest fraction of a genuflexion. But there it is, and with the passage of years the convergence becomes more marked, until at length, in certain cases, it ends in the full dignity (or is it lasting disgrace?) of election. Early followers of the elect may weep an idol fallen, but the idol takes it very complacently, and has never been known to commit suicide because of the handle to his name. He has succeeded, and success makes us very tolerant of conventions. And the former rebel has the comfortable assurance that his addition to an academical body has set it just to that extent above convention.

It is the old story of The Mastersingers. There is no getting away from it; the innovator seeks admission at last, and receives it through the influence of that enlightened element absent from no company of Masters, however they may differ in individual opinion. Their great collective exhibitions must always be disappointing in many respects, but they make for sanity, and new merit, if it knows how to curb extravagance, is not denied a chance. Even the rebel Walter von Stolzing owed his triumph to the formative hints of the old Mastersinger Sachs. That familiar musical fable will not be retold this summer; but although Covent Garden is silent, no Season is dull or poor that can enjoy, in the far west, an Opera both Gay and Rich.

J. D. S.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS, FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., RUSSELL, MANUEL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, AND BARRATT.

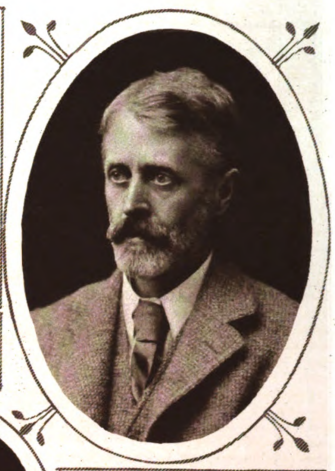




NEWLY COME TO THE FRONT IN POLO: CAPT. A. H. WILLIAMS.



A POWER IN MODERN EGYPT: ZAGHLUL PASHA.



A FAMOUS ARTIST ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN.



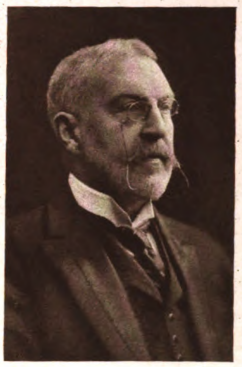


A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. F. CAYLEY ROBINSON.



AN EMINENT ARCHITECT ELECTED AN A.R.A.: SIR JOHN BURNET.

A WELL-KNOWN SCULPTOR ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. W. R. DICK.





A FRENCH AUTHOR'S UNTIMELY DEATH: THE LATE M. PAUL LOYSON.

THE GIANT SOCK-KNITTING M.P.: THE LATE MR. J. CATHCART WASON.





APPOINTED HONORARY DIRECTOR OF HOUSING: SIR C. T. RUTHEN.

APPOINTED A JUDGE OF KING'S BENCH: MR. GEORGE A. H. BRANSON.

AUTHOR OF "AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS": THE LATE MR. F. C. PHILIPS.

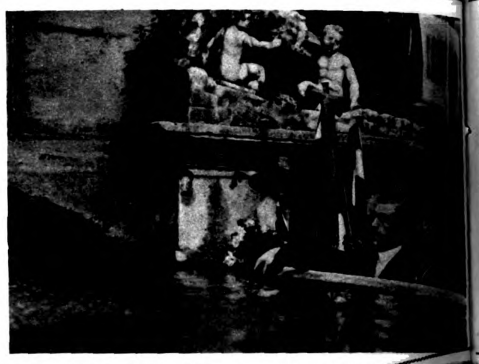
Much interest was caused in art circles by the news that Mr. Augustus John, the famous painter who has hitherto held aloof from academic honours, had been elected an A.R.A. Other notable elections were those of Sir John J. Burnet, the architect of the British Museum extensions; Mr. F. Cayley Robinson, the painter; and Mr. W. Reid Dick, the sculptor.——Capt. A. H. Williams, of the Central India Horse, may be in the British polo team for the international matches at Hurlingham.——Zaghlul Pasha has lately been in controversy with the Premier, Adly Pasha, regarding the coming delegation to London to discuss the future of Egypt.——M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, the well-known French *littérateur*, died in Paris on April 19, in his forty-eighth year. His early death is much deplored. Only recently he was lecturing at the Institut Français in London.——Mr. John Cathcart Wason, M.P. (Co.Lib.) for Orkney and Shetland, died in London on April 19. He was noted for his great height (over 6 ft. 6 in.) and his habit of passing the time, while waiting for a division at Westminster, in knitting socks in the tea-room or some other quiet corner.——Sir Charles T. Ruthen, F.R.I.B.A., has been appointed by the Minister of Health as Honorary Director-General of Housing.——Mr. George A. H. Branson has been made a Judge of the High Court, King's Bench.——Mr. Francis Charles Philips, novelist and dramatist, died on April 21, aged seventy-one. His best-known novel was his first, "As in a Looking-Glass." The play was Mme. Bernhardt's first English production.

NEWS OF THE WEEK: OLD LONDON BRIDGE; THE FASCISTI WIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., MORAN[illegible] (ROME), L.N



ONCE PART OF THE ONLY THAMES BRIDGE IN LONDON: AN ARCH OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE RECENTLY UNEARTHED.



BAPTISING THEIR COLOURS IN THE FOUNTAINS OF THE CAPITOL: FASCISTI IN ROME.



A LONDON BOROUGH HONOURS ITS DEAD: THE MAYOR OF HAMPSTEAD (ALDERMAN J. T. FRAZER, J.P.) LAYING A WREATH ON THE WAR MEMORIAL.



THE FUNERAL OF A GREAT QUARTERMASTER[illegible] OF GENERAL SIR JOHN COW[illegible]

GENERAL: FOLLOWED



A BOND BETWEEN BRITAIN AND AMERICA: SHAKESPEARE—THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, SHOWING SIR SIDNEY LEE AND MR. JAMES K. HACKETT.

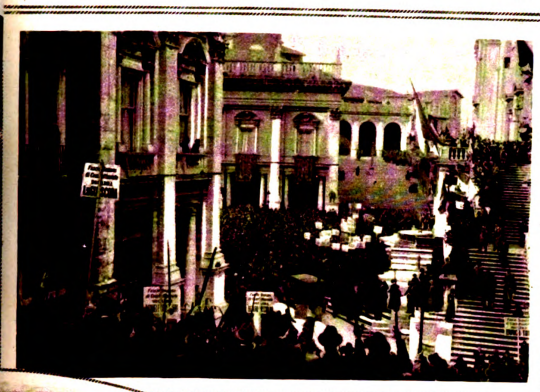


GRAND MASTER OF A GREAT ORDER: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. PAUL'S.

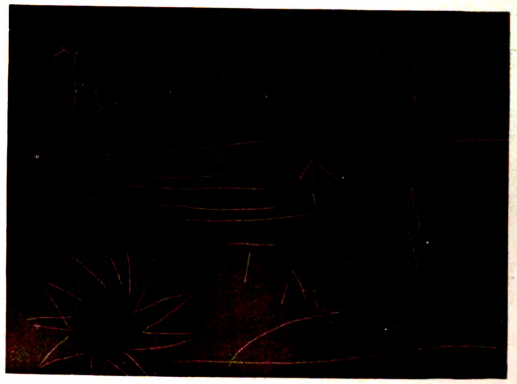
A whole arch of old London Bridge, which was pulled down during the construction of the present one (begun in 1825), was recently discovered during building operations near St. Magnus Church on the north side of the river. The arch is apparently mediæval, but contains supporting ribs dated 1703. Up to 1738, London Bridge was the only one across the Thames at London.——The Roman branch of the Fascisti, an Italian league for the preservation of State institutions against Bolshevist tendencies, recently held a great demonstration at the Capitol, where they took an oath of allegiance and dipped their flags in the fountains.——An extraordinary campaign of "window-slashing" has been going on in London and other cities, causing thousands of pounds' worth of damage. Our composite photograph contains various marks made on London windows in differ[illegible]

THE FA... WINDOW-SLASHING; THE COWANS FUNERAL; MEMORIALS.

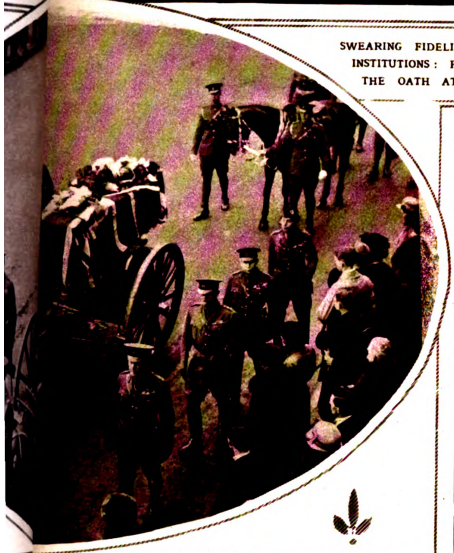
OME), L.N.A., TOPICAL, AND G.P.U.



SWEARING FIDELITY TO ITALIAN INSTITUTIONS: FASCISTI TAKING THE OATH AT THE CAPITOL.



THE WINDOW-SLASHING CAMPAIGN IN LONDON: TYPICAL MARKS—A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH FROM SEVERAL DIFFERENT WINDOWS.



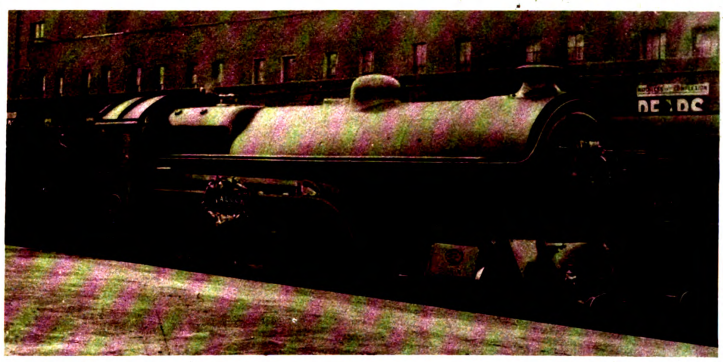
GENERAL: THE GUN-CARRIAGE WITH THE COFFIN FOLLOWED BY HIS CHARGER.



IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: THE REQUIEM MASS FOR GENERAL SIR JOHN COWANS; WITH A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.



IN THEIR G.C.M.G. ROBES: LORD EMMOTT AND SIR FREDERICK LUGARD AT ST. PAUL'S.



A RAILWAY ENGINE AS WAR MEMORIAL: THE G.C.R. LOCOMOTIVE "VALOUR," DEDICATED TO EMPLOYEES OF THE COMPANY WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY IN THE GREAT WAR.

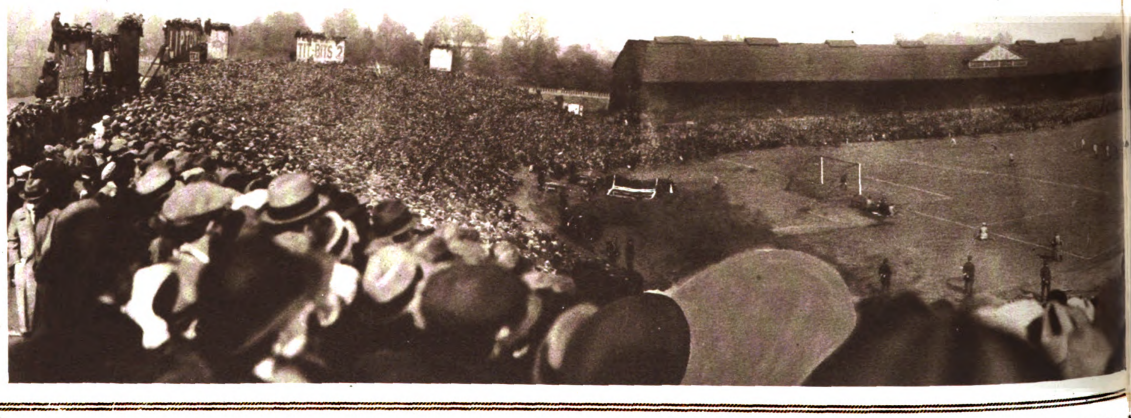
districts.——A memorial was recently unveiled at Hampstead to soldiers, sailors, and airmen of the borough who fell in the war.——The funeral of General Sir John Cowans, ex-Quartermaster-General, took place on April 25. A Requiem Mass was held in Westminster Cathedral, where the Gloucestershire Regiment, of which he was Colonel, provided a guard of honour. Thence the coffin was taken on a gun-carriage to Kensal Green Cemetery.——The Shakespeare Birthday celebrations at Stratford-on-Avon opened on April 23.——The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, attended the annual service at St. Paul's on April 22. He arrived in his uniform as Colonel of the Welsh Guards.——The Great Central Railway has named its latest main-line engine the "Valour," placing on it an inscription in memory of G.C.R. employees who fell in the war.

THE ENGLISH CUP BROUGHT SOUTH AFTER TWENTY YEARS:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.



THE DECISIVE MOMENT: THE SCORING OF THE ONLY GOAL IN THE MATCH, BY DIMMOCK, TOTTENHAM'S OUTSIDE LEFT (IN WHITE JERSEY, THIRD TO THE RIGHT FROM RIGHT-HAND GOAL-POST.)



THE HUGE CONCOURSE OF 72,000 SPECTATORS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE GROUND

In spite of the weather and the coal crisis, a huge throng of 72,000 spectators gathered at Stamford Bridge on Saturday, April 23, to see the final match for the Football Association Cup between Tottenham Hotspur and the Wolverhampton Wanderers. The King, who (accompanied by the Duke of York) went out in heavy rain to shake hands with the teams, and afterwards presented the Cup to the winners, received a tremendous ovation from the crowd. The "Spurs" beat the "Wolves" by one goal to none, thus winning the English Cup for the second time and bringing it South after an interval of twenty years. The single goal of the match was kicked by Dimmock, the Tottenham outside left, and our first photograph above shows the actual moment. Dimmock is the figure (in white jersey) third to the right from the right-hand goal-post, in the front line of players, just over the man seated at the right-hand end of a group of photographers near the line. The ball has just shot past the "Wolves" goal-keeper,

THE "SPURS" BEAT THE "WOLVES" BEFORE THE KING.

PORT AND GENERAL, G.P.U., C.N., AND TOPICAL.



NOT A "FAIR WEATHER" KING! HIS MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF YORK GREETING THE "WOLVES" TEAM IN POURING RAIN.



THE FINANCIAL SIDE OF A CUP FINAL: MONEY-BAGS OF "TAKINGS" ON THE WAY TO THE BANK UNDER POLICE ESCORT.



THE KING HANDING THE CUP TO GRIMSDELL, THE "SPURS" CAPTAIN, AMID TREMENDOUS ENTHUSIASM (THE DUKE OF YORK NEXT BUT ONE TO LEFT).



AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS AT THE CUP FINAL: MEMBERS OF THE TEAM JUST ARRIVED FOR THE FORTHCOMING TEST MATCHES.



DURING THE CUP FINAL (TAKEN IN TWO SECTIONS, SHOWING TWO DIFFERENT MOMENTS OF THE GAME).

George (who has fallen in attempting to save), into the left-hand corner of the net. In the foreground is an ambulance party attending to a spectator who has fainted. The "Spurs" wore white jerseys; the "Wolves," black-and-gold stripes. The Australian cricketers shown are (from left to right) Messrs. E. R. Mayne, E. A. McDonald, J. M. Gregory, H. L. Hendry, J. Andrews, A. A. Mailey, J. M. Taylor, H. L. Collins (Vice-Captain), and Sydney Smith (Manager). The panoramic view, it should be explained, owing to the time taken in turning the camera, shows two successive moments of the game, the players in one section moving in a different direction from that in the other. This, however, does not detract from its value as a general view of the immense crowd and a scene typical of the enormous popularity of football as a British sport. The mass of human heads looks, curiously enough, rather like a vast pile of coal!



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

I HAVE tender memories of the gifted writer that was Frank Danby. Her husband, Arthur Frankau—immortalised, I suspect, by his son Gilbert in "Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant," one of the finest novels of the day—was a great friend and supporter of the Independent Theatre. Mrs. Frankau for a little while helped me in an unspeakably uphill task to maintain the enterprise after the insensate outcry against Ibsen's "Ghosts"—the self-same "Ghosts" which in war-time was encouraged by the military authorities as a red light of warning against a scourge.

In those days Frank Danby was famous in the literary world and notorious among the groundlings, for she had written "A Babe in Bohemia," a Zolaesque picture of life which was taboo in the libraries. She often meditated turning it into a play, but somehow it would not shape. She contested that her dower lay not the way of the theatre; she would have loved to write plays—she may have done, for aught I know, but none of them saw the light. On the other hand, her name as a novelist soared with every book; and when at length—as it were, in reply to critics who said that she was a cynic and realist—she produced "The Heart of a Child," a story full of feeling and human kindness, her name became a household word. She died alas! in the force of her age and power, and it was left to her son Gilbert, who has inherited all his mother's gifts and more, and to his accomplished wife, Miss Aimée de Burgh, to lay reverent hands on the story for stage purposes. In the process of transformation much had to go by the board, and the outcome of the engrossing book is a touching little play of an archaic nature. For the present, it would appear, Gilbert Frankau, like his mother, is more at ease in novels than in stage-craft. Somehow in transit the story has lost some of its force and flavour. There are excellent scenes, and a love episode in the third act so full of charm and discretion that it promises well for Gilbert Frankau as a dramatist; but the whole play is—I mean it not in harshness, but in terseness of criticism—obvious: a kind of "Caste" minus the ingenuity and the ingenuousness of Robertson. Yet it is a pleasant entertainment, which touches little souls, and draws a sob and many smiles from them, mainly because Misses Renée Kelly, Fay Davis—one is glad to see her back—Aimée de Burgh, Anne Russell, Muriel Pope, and Messrs Arthur Pusey and C. V. France play it with sincerity and in the spirit of simple human beings without pretence. Frankly, it was the first time since many a day that Miss Renée Kelly gave me real pleasure, because she often forgot her technical equipment, and gave us nature instead of craft. I wish that this truly talented actress would once be disciplined by a Barker, a Commiscarewski, or a Fagan, and be made to feel the difference between craft and inwardness. Then—and not until then—I wager there would arise an actress who would not merely be idolised by the lovers of "Daddy Long Legs," but would accomplish great things.

. . . . . .

And "the cry is still, They come," the little theatres of London, the little *théâtres à côté*, which in one way or the other mean to push along the Thespian Cart. We have already the Stage-Society, the Phœnix, the Play-Actors, the Playwrights' Theatre, the French Players, the Repertory Theatre, the Hampstead Theatre of Mrs. Bishop, and sundry more from East to West (not forgetting one or two Yiddish side-shows in London's Palestine E.) from Chelsea to Covent Garden. Kensington—rich Kensington, the Royal Borough—stood hitherto in proud aloofness from the artistic wave that is flooding the Metropolis. But Kensington too will be redeemed from the blame of inartistic indifference. In a recent *Telegraph* we read the glad tidings of the forthcoming Studio Theatre, with proposed and befitting headquarters in the poetic Leighton House, in the Melbury Road. A young actress, already well known and glowing with ambition, Miss May Haysack—whose late father was a renowned professor of elocution, to whom many statesmen of light and leading and many singers and actors owe their rise—has discovered the latest egg of Columbus. Her fascinating idea is to associate with three or four promising members of the youngest generation to produce triple and quadruple bills of selected one-act plays, the pick of the British and foreign orchard, to give them a send-off at Leighton House, and thence to "farm them out" on Sundays and on week-days at tea-time, to studios, at flying matinées by the sea, in drawing-rooms after dinner—in fine, wherever there is demand for a high-class and varied entertainment. It is a capital idea, and, if it lives up to its ideal, bound to succeed. The success of the Grand Guignol has proved that there is a great public for the *spectacle coupé*; and what a charming prospect it is for hostesses to fill the evening, not only with music, but with a miniature theatrical performance. Here 's good luck to the Studio Theatre!—and to Miss May Haysack, the directress, who is to be found at 1, Inverness Terrace, W.

. . . . . .

I wonder what was the matter with my good friends in the Gaiety gallery when "Faust on Toast" was produced. Why did they "shoot the pianists," who had done their best?—the author, who brought us back to the good old times of pantomime doggerel; the composer, who very cleverly and with a sense of humour musicianly made fun of the famous tunes of Gounod, adding a few of his own, which sometimes were level with the Gaiety standard of Meyer-Lutz's day; the lyricist, Mr. Adrian Ross, the pleasant greybeard who for ever and a day has added to the gaiety of the Gaiety (and the nation) with his songs? Was it temper or a sign of the time? For truly this "Faust on Toast" is as up to date as its predecessor; and not the least of many pretty things during the evening was the reproduction of the palmy days when the "Bogey-Man" haunted town. That part of the evening—last and best—was a thing of joy and beauty; we were all under the spell of youthful enthusiasm. Of course, during the evening there were long weary moments—but look at the compensations: Robert Hale, and oh! so hearty, the very devil of a Mephistopheles, and a magician to boot, who carries his fifties on shoulders of twenty (yet he is Binnie's father), a world of entertainment in himself; Jack Buchanan, beau-idéal of a loose-limbed young Englishman, a dancer and comedian born; Maisie Gay, true to her name, an incidentally amusing Martha, excelling in a parody of "Irene," that made us shriek; Morris Harvey, driest of extra-dry; Renée Mayer, capital little dancer, but just a little too *terre-à-terre* to be the Marguerite of our dreams. And then there was a feast for the eyes—costumes vying with the beauty of the rainbow; a kinematown as dainty as the toylands of a Nürnberg box; girls so shapely that perhaps Mr. Augustus John would be moved to the same ecstasy as carried him away in his adoration of Isadora Duncan. In fine, an after-dinner menu of choice morsels.



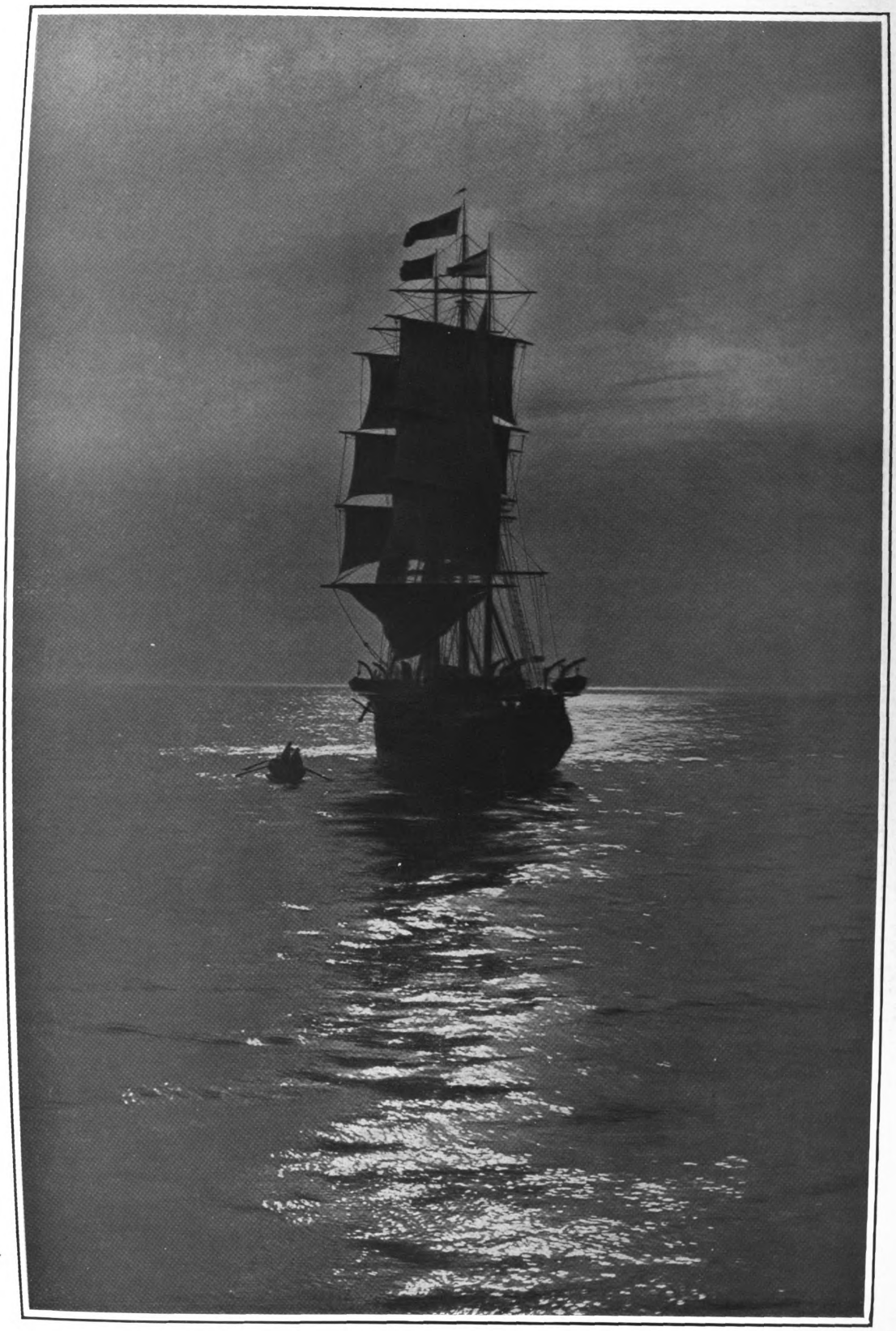
BEFORE IT WAS PREPARED FOR A REVIVAL OF THE "AGAMEMNON" AND "CHOEPHORI": THE ANCIENT GREEK THEATRE AT SYRACUSE, WHERE AESCHYLUS PRODUCED HIS "WOMEN OF ETNA" IN 468 B.C.



WITH MODERN "SCENERY" ADDED FOR A REVIVAL OF AESCHYLUS: THE "AGAMEMNON" PRODUCED IN THE ANCIENT GREEK THEATRE AT SYRACUSE.

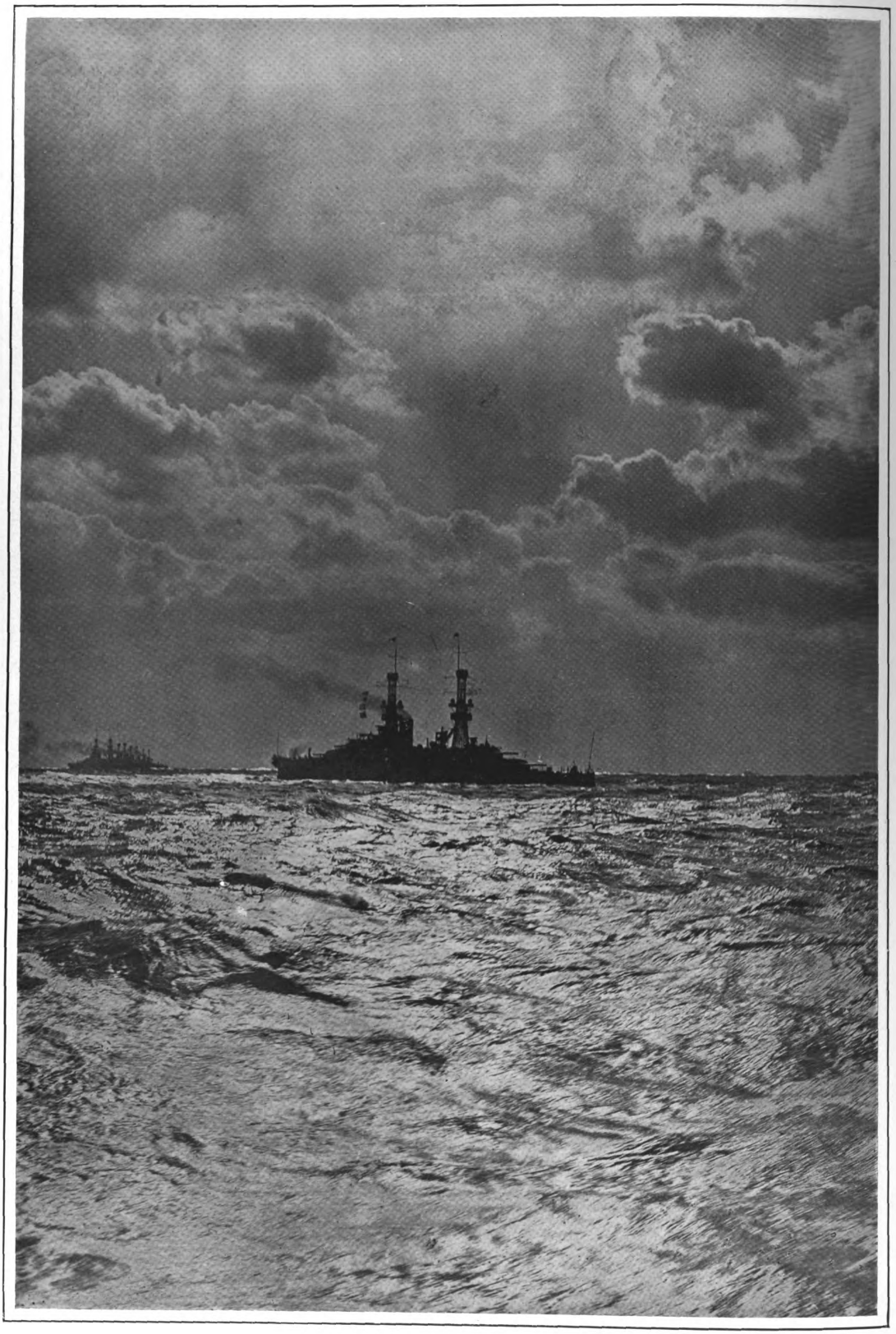
It was arranged to produce the "Choephori" of Æschylus—the second play of his Oresteian trilogy—in Italian, on April 16, 17, 20, 24 and 28, in the ancient Greek theatre at Syracuse, where Æschylus himself produced his "Women of Etna" (since lost) and other plays in 468 B.C. He was then at the court of Hiero, tyrant of Sicily, for whom the theatre was built, about 480 B.C. It is one of the largest, 166 yards in diameter, and hollowed out of solid rock. Æschylus died at Gela in Sicily, in 456 B.C. His "Agamemnon," the first play of the trilogy, was similarly revived at Syracuse in 1914.

By Courtesy of the Italian State Railways.



SAILS: "OUTWARD BOUND."

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING UNDERHILL.



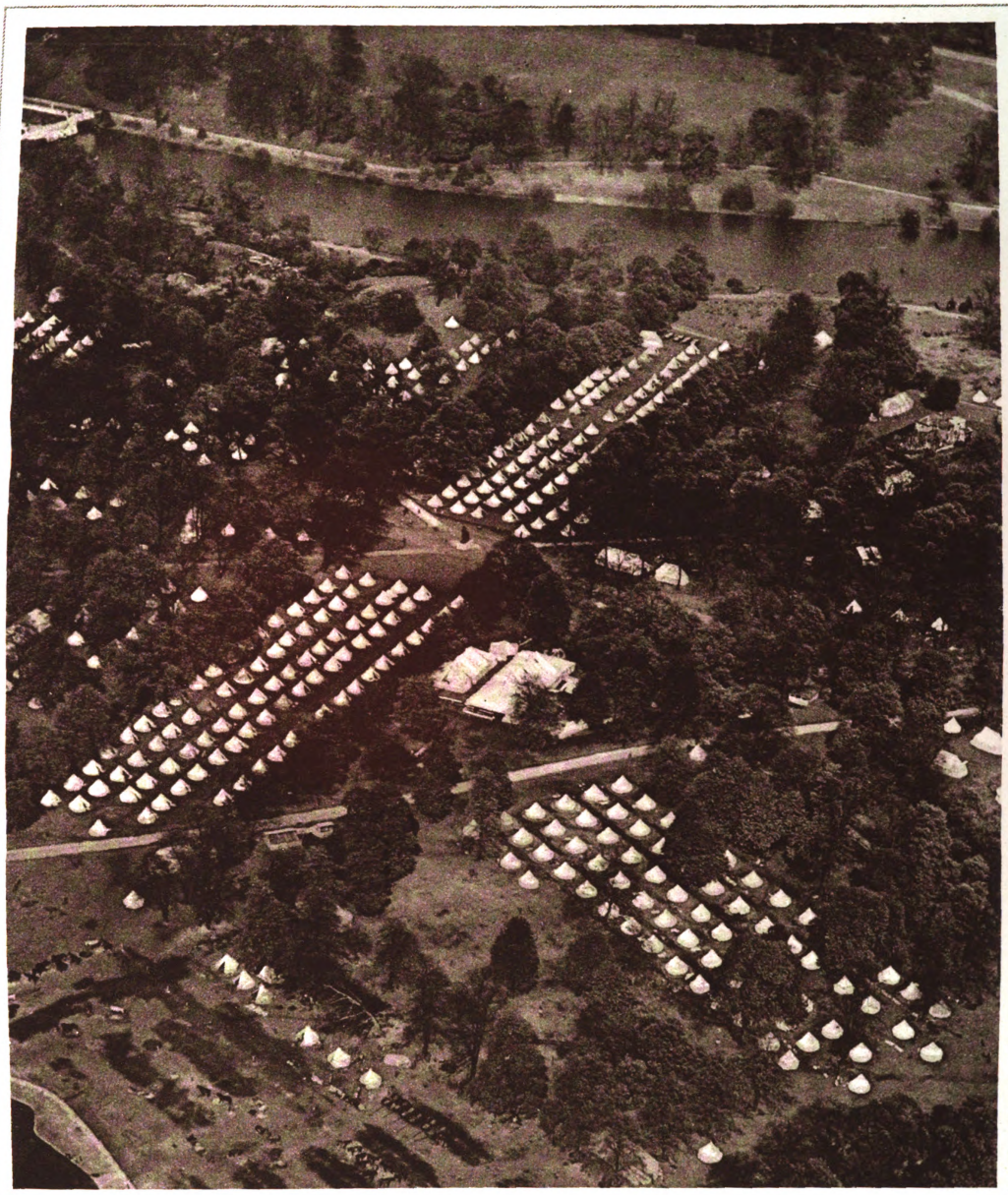
STEAM: "HOMEWARD BOUND."

The photograph shows the U.S. battle-ship "Pennsylvania" in Cuban waters.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY PHOTOPRESS.

PETER PAN YIELDS TO "PHYSICAL ENERGY": KENSINGTON'S CAMP.

AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO., LTD.



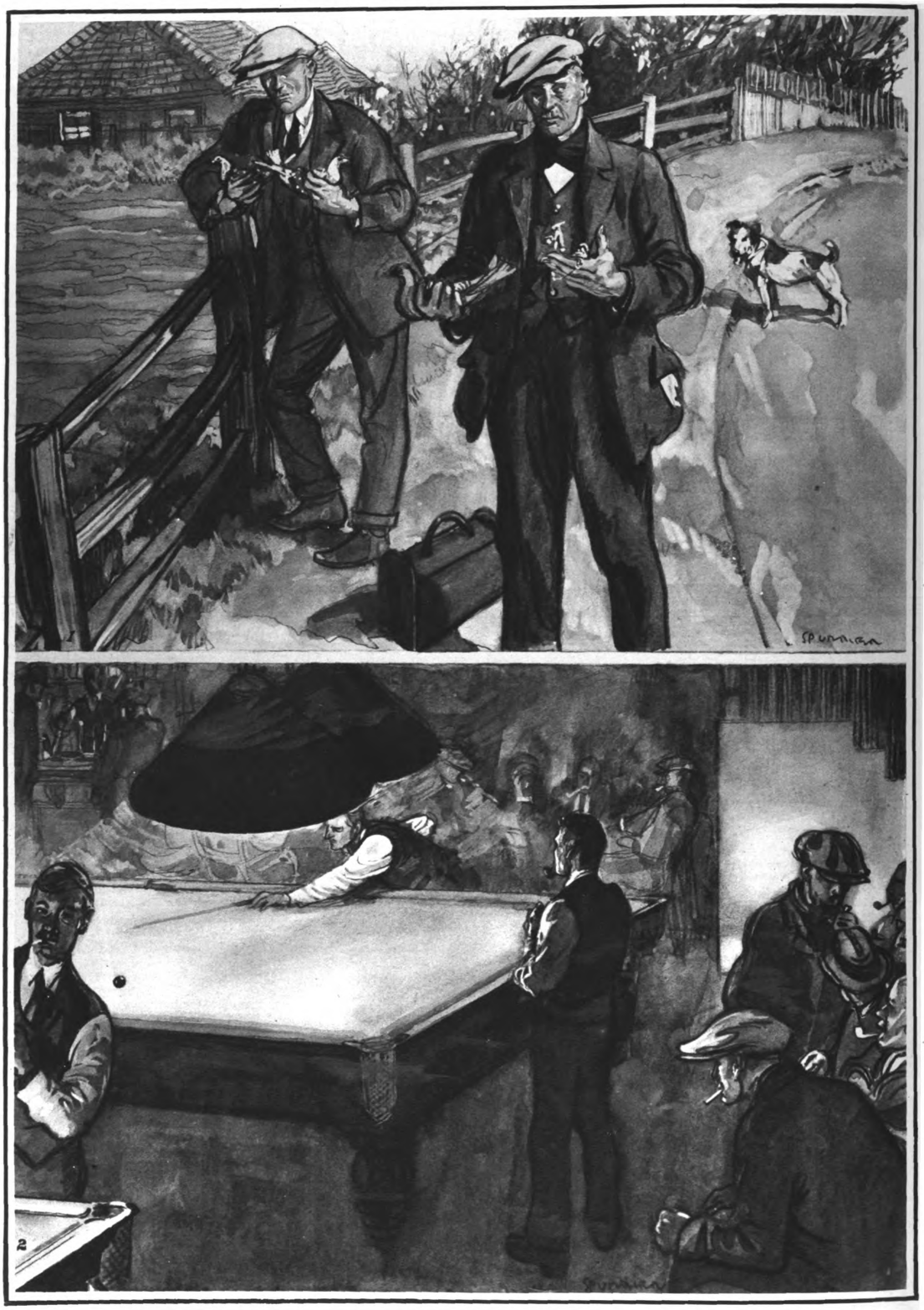
HITHERTO London has looked upon Kensington Gardens as a haunt of ancient peace, despite the proximity of the Magazine just over the border in Hyde Park, at the corner by the bridge that carries the dividing road across the Serpentine. Not even the Great War brought the clash of arms into the domain of Peter Pan, if we except some minor operations of certain volunteers. The spade-work of patriotic vegetable-growers near the old Palace was the principal sign the Gardens gave that London was at war. It was reserved for the menace of civil commotion to turn them into a Campus Martius. The nurse-maids and the perambulators were banished, along with the stickleback fishers and mariners of the Round Pond, and into their walks and grassy pleasances came the tramp of an armed host. The spirit of Peter Pan yielded to that of his rival, "Physical Energy," and the groves of the fairies were turned into a tented field. Times change, and we change with them. This was the place that inspired Matthew Arnold to sing: "Yet here is peace for ever new! When I who watch them am away, Still all things in this glade go through The changes of their quiet day. . . . Calm soul of all things! make it mine To feel, amid the city's jar, That there abides a peace of thine, Man did not make, and cannot mar." That Victorian dream of settled peace, of a social order which nothing seemed likely to disturb, has been rudely shattered in these later days. How, we may ask, would his old subject inspire Matthew Arnold if he were with us now? If he could soar in an aeroplane, looking down upon this war-like scene, it is interesting to speculate as to what might be the burden of his "Lines written *above* Kensington Gardens."

SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: KENSINGTON GARDENS AS LONDON'S CAMPUS MARTIUS, WHERE TROOPS WERE QUARTERED DURING THE STRIKE CRISIS.

Among the photographs given in our issue of April 16, illustrating various phases of the strike crisis and the precautions taken by the authorities to maintain order and protect public services, was one showing a regiment of Guards marching into Kensington Gardens to take up their quarters there. The above photograph, taken recently from an aeroplane, gives a bird's-eye view of the transformation which was rapidly effected in the Gardens. Without undue publicity—indeed, descriptions in the Press have been conspicuous by their absence—lines of tents arose in the broad avenue and surrounding glades among the trees. In the open space in the centre may be seen Watts' equestrian statue of "Physical Energy," appropriately symbolic. In the left foreground is a corner of the Round Pond, with transport lines and horses. Across the background is the western reach of the Serpentine, showing, on the left, part of the Italian gardens and ponds.

MINERS' RECREATIONS DURING THE CRISIS: PIGEON-FLYING; BILLIARDS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



1. SPORT WITH PIGEONS THAT INVOLVES NO CRUELTY: TWO SOUTH LANCASHIRE MINERS OUT WITH THEIR HOMING BIRDS FOR PRACTICE FLIGHTS DURING THE COAL CRISIS.

2. WHERE MINERS AND MINE OFFICIALS MEET IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF GOOD-FELLOWSHIP: THE BILLIARD-ROOM OF A CLUB ATTACHED TO A SOUTH LANCASHIRE COLLIERY.

Life in the mining districts of South Lancashire, round about Wigan, did not seem to be greatly disturbed by the crisis, whatever may be the distress in other coalfields, where, perhaps, conditions are less favourable. In the Wigan mining district there are many cotton-mills, which give employment to the miners' daughters and to some of their sons. The miners' chief recreations are pigeon-flying and, at certain seasons, whippet-racing. They belong to pigeon-flying clubs, which hold periodic competitions, and they frequently take their birds out for practice homing flights. The pigeons are carried closely wrapped, each in a red handkerchief. The time of their release is duly noted, while the womenfolk at home have been instructed to note the time of their arrival. There is usually

[Continued opposite.

THE MINER'S HOME DURING THE CRISIS: A LANCASHIRE "INTERIOR."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



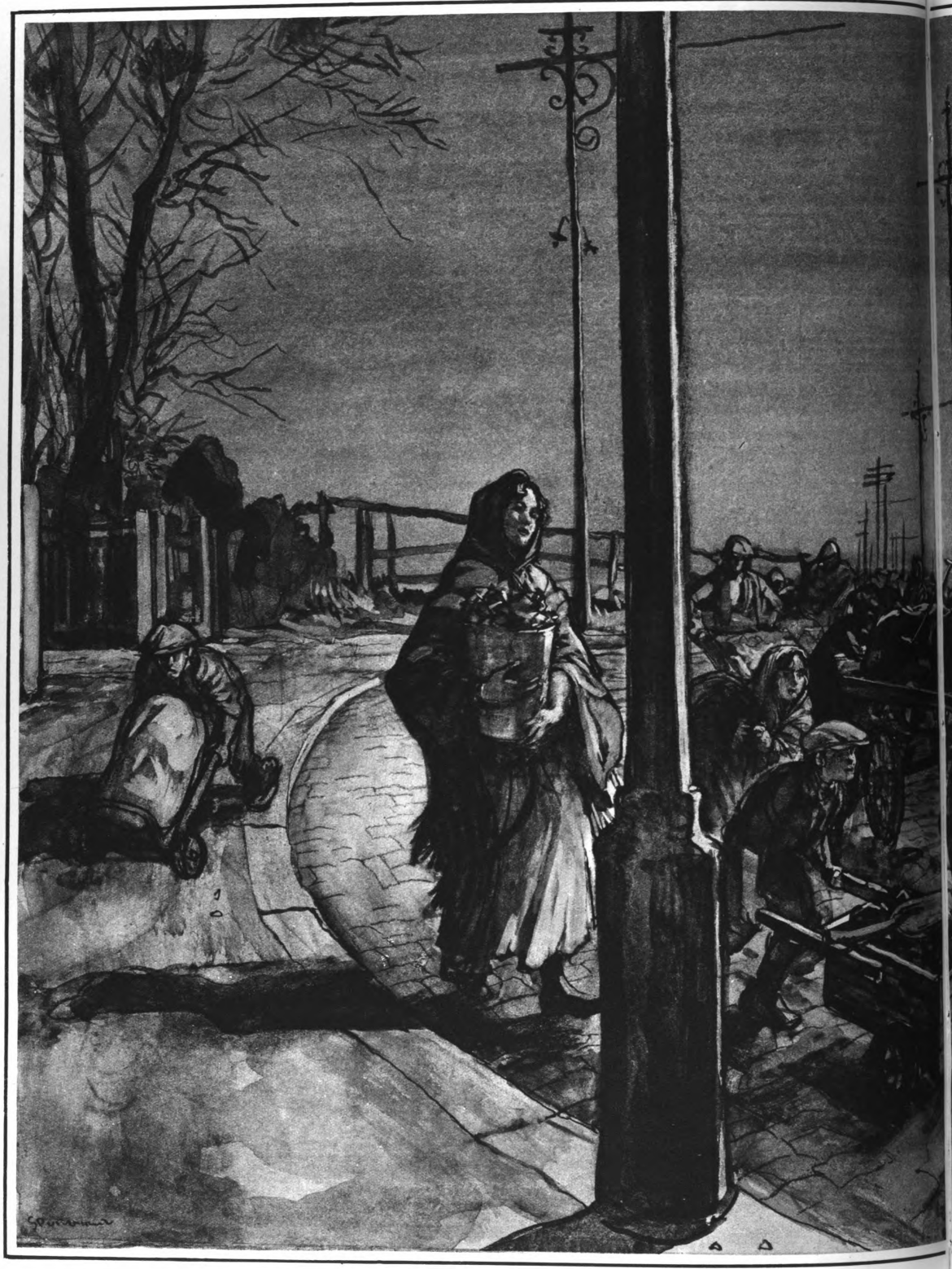
WHERE THE GIRLS, AND SOMETIMES THE BOYS, WORK AT THE COTTON-MILL: DINNER TIME AT A LANCASHIRE MINER'S HOME DURING THE CRISIS; SHOWING A BUCKET OF COAL BROUGHT FROM A "DIRT-ROOK."

Continued.]

a club attached to a colliery, with billiard-rooms, football grounds, and other means of amusement. These clubs are provided by the management, and the miners contribute towards their upkeep. Mine officials associate there with the miners, and thus a spirit of comradeship is established. The clubs are very well patronised. The billiard-room generally contains a bar and a couple of tables. The right-hand drawing shows a South Lancashire miner's home during the dinner hour, when the girls come in from the mills. The only sign of scarcity is the bucket of coal which two younger members of the family have brought in from a "dirt-rook," or waste dump, at the pit-head. An expedition for obtaining fuel from that source is illustrated on the following double-page.

MURDERING SLEEP: A MOONLIGHT TREK TO THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER

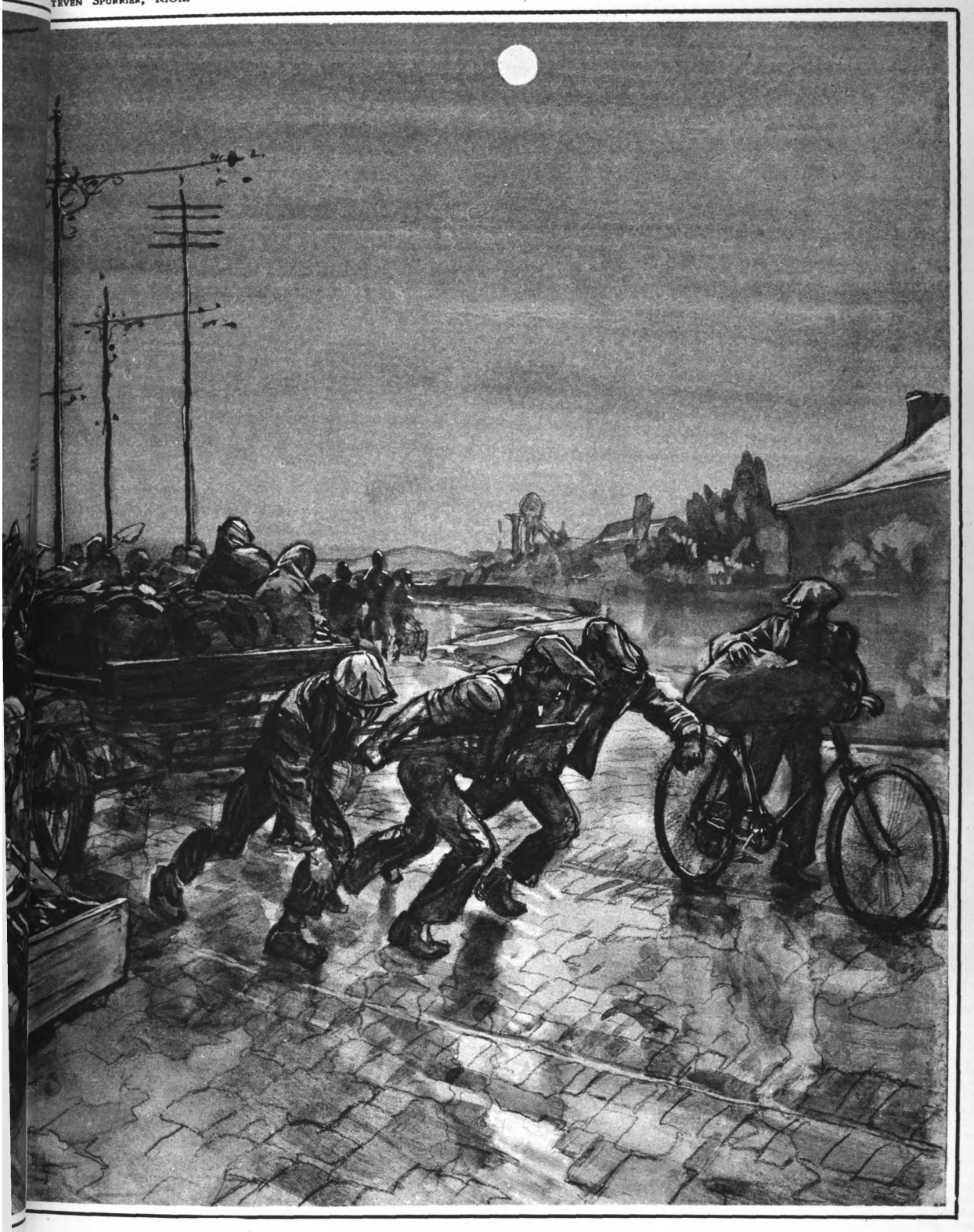


REPLENISHING THE FAMILY COAL-CELLAR IN A SOUTH LANCASHIRE MINING DISTRICT

The dwellers in mining districts have means of replenishing the family coal-cellar, during the time of shortage caused by a stoppage of work, denied to less fortunate householders elsewhere. At the pit-heads there are dumps—known in South Lancashire as "dirt-rooks"—of waste stuff from the collieries which contain some 20 per cent. of coal. Whole families will occasionally spend most of the night (taking their food with them) in scratching for coal among these heaps, regardless of the fact that, being of a combustible material, they are frequently on fire or smouldering. The spoils are brought home in all manner of vehicles and receptacles—lorries, carts, trucks, wheeled boxes,

THE "DIRT-ROOKS" TO SCRATCH FOR COAL.

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



DURING THE CRISIS: BRINGING HOME FUEL FROM PIT-HEAD WASTE DUMPS AT NIGHT.

bicycles, sacks, buckets, and so on. No horses are used, and the wagons are dragged by hand. The noise made by these nocturnal expeditions, when all else is quiet, with the clatter of clogs and rumble of wheels, like Macbeth, "murders sleep" for the unfortunate neighbours who live on the line of route, and for that reason their operations have had to be restricted. Our illustration shows the return journey from a "dirt-rook" by moonlight. Other drawings on the two previous pages, made in the same district about Wigan, illustrate some of the miner's recreations and his domestic life.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE little district called the Adelphi, in London, now associated with the Savage Club, with the Society of Arts, and with London's Grand Guignol, has borne this name since 1772 from the architects, the brothers Adam, who signed their architectural drawings "Adelphi." The Adam style is well known. It is found on the quays in Dublin; it made Edinburgh "the Athens of the North." The furniture, therefore, of the late Mr. Hugo Vallentin, of Adam House, Adelphi, sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 22nd, suggested at once Adam furniture by the designers who founded a school and left their impress on many of the arts. But it is not given to all collectors to keep a tight rein on their hobby and become exclusive. In regard to certain houses of particularly defined styles, the owners have lost that fine sense of perspective and have brought furniture and pictures of other periods, fine enough specimens maybe, into an environment utterly unsuited. There is a notorious example of this mistake in a manor house near Guildford, one of the treasures of the country, upon which a monograph has been written as being a choice specimen of English art, now a wreck of its former grandeur owing to ignorance.

In the sale of the 22nd it was at once seen how far afield the late collector had wandered from the Adam style. It was a miscellaneous collection. There was Dutch metal-work, glass Nankin porcelain, delft jars and dishes, old Imari porcelain; and the furniture ranged in chairs from Queen Anne to a Windsor chair with wheel centre. A Charles II. oak table on spiral-turned legs with square stretchers was noticeable; and a Chippendale mahogany square folding card-table came up for appraisement. Foreign furniture included fine old Flemish cabinets and coffers.

Silver claimed its toll on the 28th and 29th at Messrs. Sotheby's sale of the property of Sir John Trelawny, Bt., and others. A fine Chippendale urn by E. Romer, 1769—the year when the first letter of "Junius" appeared during the great Wilkes controversy—won the distinction expected from connoisseurs. Candlesticks of the William III. era always bring a fair price, and the pair by John Chartier, 1700, won distinction. A fine old Irish candlestick by John Hamilton, of Dublin, had a character of its own. In the same sale, on the 29th, textiles came forward, including a collection of Chinese embroideries and other Oriental art work. One example, the property of Sir Lees Knowles, Bt., exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum, was a seventeenth-century Japanese Buddhist temple hanging, with phœnixes, dragons, peacocks, and tree peonies—a remarkable specimen. Stuart needlework loomed large.

Modern pictures and water-colour drawings at Christie's always afford something interesting. The sale on the 29th was a fine selection. To run through the names one gets a bird's-eye view of what passed into other hands. It was a good show, some of works of known men whose price was settled to a nicety; some on the down grade; others coming steadily onward with posthumous honours. There is always the margin of unknown outsiders — dark horses who may or who will come into the limelight.

Sam Bough is a name, as is Copley Fielding, belonging to days just following Waterloo, 1825, when there were riots against machinery, just as nowadays the same spirit blinds ponies in the coal mines in lieu of more up-to-date methods of transport. Copley Fielding is really a pre-Victorian. He made a name, and his work was rapidly executed. He died in 1855, and the Victoria and Albert Museum has a large collection of his water-colour drawings. But he was an unequal artist. In this sale there were eight of his pieces. E. M. Wimperis, with his "Near Chichester," 1888, and "The Winding River," 1899, recalls old memories. It was his spirit which drove his generation to erect the palatial home of the Painters in Water Colours nearly opposite the Royal Academy. He was the link between the old British water-colour school and modernity. At his death in 1900, his drawings fetched good prices at Christie's. He is numbered among those who did sketching and wood-drawing for *The Illustrated London News*. Included in the sale were three Turners; but Turner is evanescent in his pigments. If Ruskin were alive, that great prophet would see how clayey were his idol's feet.

Napoleonic relics have their charm. Napoleon strode the world as a Colossus. His character was extraordinarily complex. The man with a withered arm attempted a Prussian simulation of his greatness. He was as Potsdam is to Versailles, a miserable echo. Posterity will recognise the kink in his brain, and marvel at an intelligent people being governed by a monomaniac. Nowadays all the world curses him for disturbing the equilibrium of civilisation. But one forgets that Napoleon did the same. Perhaps collectors do not forget, for they value books and prints, autograph letters and works of art bearing on the "little Corsican ogre" in Gillray and Rowlandson terms of opprobrium. As time goes on, and the Entente Cordiale continues, we forget Trafalgar and we bury Waterloo.

We turn common eyes to Sedan, and perhaps some of us remember woefully "Albert says we must have a strong Prussia," as recorded in Queen Victoria's "Diaries," and we wish it had been otherwise. The properties of Dr. Silk and Field Marshal Lord Grenfell falling under the hammer offer illumination in a field already covered with wonderful data. Napoleon at St. Helena is here illustrated in a collection of documents and portraits. A whole library of books encompass the St. Helena period, and here it is. There are a good many portraits here of Napoleon not well known, including the pencil drawing by Captain Marryat of him on his death-bed.

Caricatures are offered, including a German one in the usual bad taste of that cultured race, exhibiting Napoleon's war on rats at St. Helena with an observation balloon.

A wide area is covered, extending from snuff-boxes and Sèvres busts, to Wood and Caldwell Staffordshire figures, so that here the alpha and omega of the subject is reached.



SOLD AT THE GREY SALE FOR £1887: A PAIR OF CHARLES II. TANKARDS, WITH EAGLE FEET AND THUMB-PIECE, BY T. ISSOD, 1671.

This pair of Charles II. tankards formed an item in the Grey sale at Christie's on April 20.

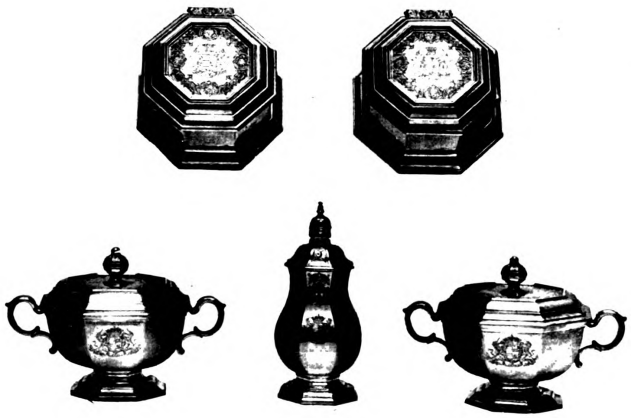
By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.



ONE OF A SET OF SIX WHICH FETCHED £3100: A GEORGE II. SILVER SCONCE (16 IN. HIGH) BY PETER ARCHAMBO, 1730.

The above belonged to a set of six George II. sconces, embossed with classical subjects, sold in the Grey sale.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.



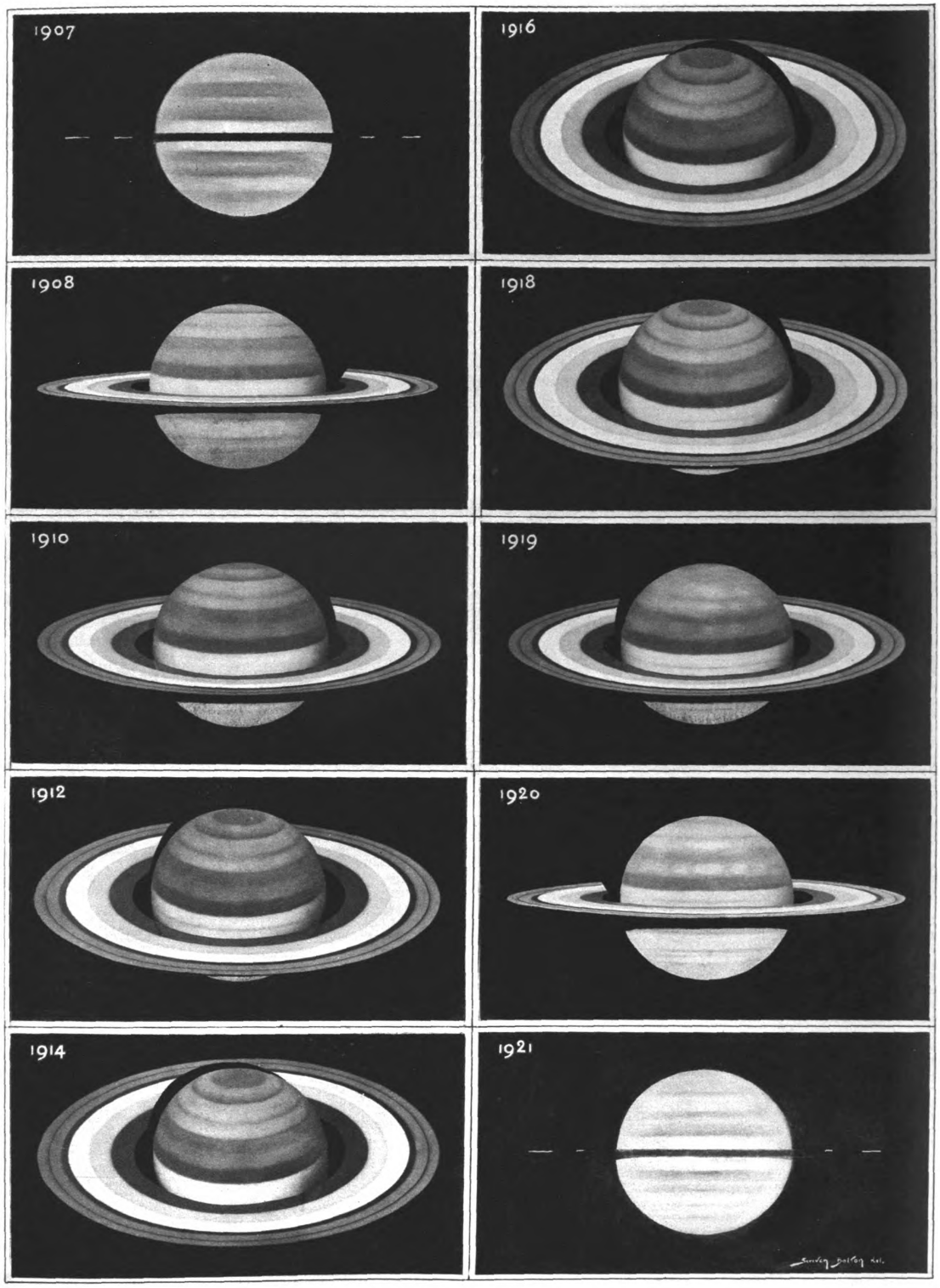
IN A COLLECTION WHICH ATTRACTED THE QUEEN, AND REALISED £32,149: A GEORGE II. SILVER TOILET SERVICE BY MAGDALEN FELINE, 1754—SOLD FOR £2000.

The collection of old English silver plate of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, sold at Christie's on April 20 for Catherine Lady Grey and Sir John Foley Grey, Bt., was one of the most important dispersed for many years. The Queen was among many visitors who went to see it. The 160 lots realised £32,149. The oval wine-cistern by Phil Rolles (1701), illustrated in our issue of April 16, fetched £1750.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

INVISIBLE THIS YEAR: SATURN'S RINGS TURNED EDGEWISE TO EARTH.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., M.B.A.A., ETC.

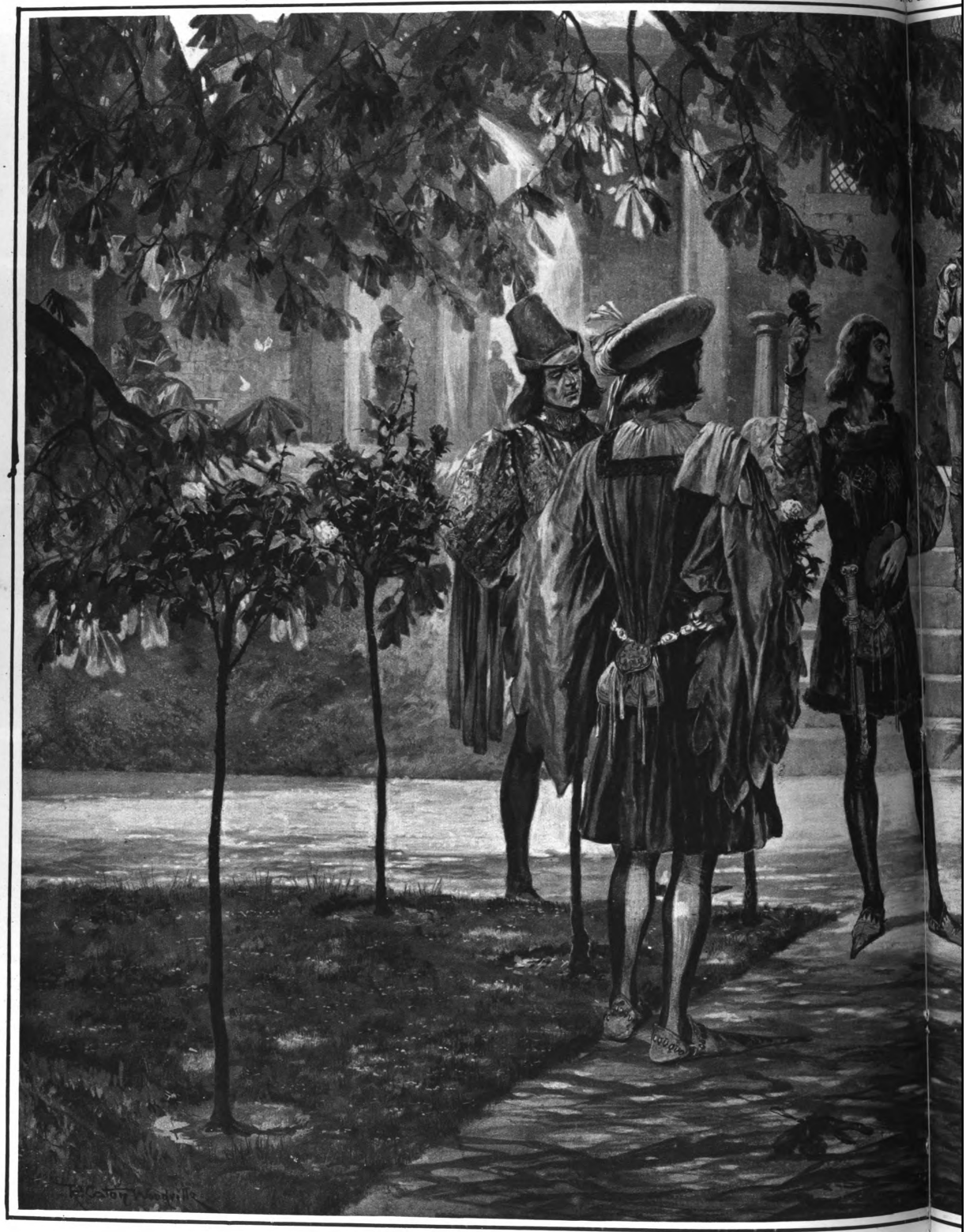


MOONS IN THE MAKING: THE RINGS OF SATURN, TEMPORARILY INVISIBLE EVERY FIFTEEN YEARS.

As shown above, that mysterious ring-plane girdling the planet Saturn is now turned edgewise to the earth. This is one of the greatest events of the year, occurring as it does only about every fifteen years. When looking at Saturn one gains the impression that the rings possess a substantial thickness. But so slender and thin are they—about 50 miles in thickness—that when turned exactly edgewise to us they are invisible. One would expect still to see the outer edge illuminated by the sun; but such is not the case. The disappearance of the rings began about April 9 and lasts to August 4 next. The rings will at first exhibit faint condensations, as in the bottom right-hand picture, but later on these will probably vanish. One startling fact about the rings is that although beautifully symmetrical, they are not solid, but represent a huge conglomeration of particles, probably meteoric matter. As shown above, the particles forming the inner part of the ring are but thinly scattered, as the ball of Saturn can be clearly seen through them. The outer dusky ring is now also believed to be partly transparent. Professor Keeler found that the inner part of the ring travels at the rate of 10 miles a second, the outer 12½ miles. This immense ring-system probably represents a stage in the formation of a new satellite or satellites.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE BIRTH OF A CIVIL WAR IN ENGLAND: A FEUD OF FA

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOO



"THIS BRAWL . . . SHALL SEND . . . A THOUSAND SOULS TO DEATH": THE ORIGIN

Civil war in this country nowadays, if such an unthinkable calamity could occur, would send more than "a thousand souls to death." Civil wars arise from tyrannical oppression, or from the selfish feuds of factions that will not work together for the common good. In the fifteenth century, when the Wars of the Roses raged in England off and on for thirty years, it was individual ambition that caused the trouble. To-day the source of peril lies in divisions between large sections of the population. But the result of strife would be the same—a catastrophe to the nation. Our drawing illustrates the quarrel in the Temple Garden in Act II., Scene 4, of Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," Part 1. It has a special interest at this time of year, because Shakespeare imagines the dispute as taking

ND: A F FACTIONS THAT CAUSED A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

ATON WOODVILLE.



ORIGIN (AS IMAGINED BY SHAKESPEARE) OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

place about the time when Joan of Arc raised the siege of Orleans, on May 8, 1429, just 492 years ago. Shakespeare begins the scene with the plucking of a white rose by Richard Plantagenet (the centre figure of the group of three on the right). With him are the Earl of Warwick (in a long robe)—who has just stuck a white rose in his cap and is replacing it on his head—and a lawyer. On the left are the three Lancastrians. The Earl of Somerset is holding up a red rose. Next is the Earl of Suffolk, with another lawyer. At the close of the scene, Warwick prophesies: "This brawl to-day, Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden, Shall send, between the red rose and the white, A thousand souls to death and deadly night."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE gulf between East and West is so deep and wide that all the tears of eternity, it has been said, could not suffice to fill it so that a lamp in a coracle (like the symbolical craft that navigate the Ganges) could cross safely from either side. Yet Toru Dutt, though she died at the age of twenty, could bridge it with a thought or a flash of emotion, such was her wondrous gift of what can only be called psychical mimicry—the power of entering into the most secret inspirations of alien and remote peoples. The famous French critic, James Darmesteter, said of her: "This daughter of Bengal, so admirably and so strangely gifted, Hindu by race and tradition, an English-woman by education, a Frenchwoman at heart, poet in English, prose-writer in French; who at the age of eighteen made India acquainted with the poets of France in the rhyme of England, who blended in herself three souls and three traditions, and died in the full bloom of her talent and on the eve of the awakening of her genius, presents in the history of literature a phenomenon without parallel." Yet the charm of personality revealed in "LIFE AND LETTERS OF TORU DUTT" (Oxford University Press; 16s. net), by Harihar Das (with a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P.), a memoir which is two or three decades overdue, will even more endear her to posterity than the literary achievements which gave her a European reputation when hardly out of her 'teens. We have in the letters an entrancing vision of a woman-child, pure as a mountain rill and as joyously radiant, loving and lovable, utterly unspoilt by fame, getting up very early in the morning to make friends with the horses and rejoicing when they nibbled at the roses in her belt, demanding a mosquito-net for her canaries, and still wondering which she adored the most—little English children or the old Hindu grandmother, who was the embodied tradition of an elder race. Yet was she also "the undaunted daughter of desires," wild with sorrow and indignation at the downfall of France in the war with Prussia, and exclaiming in rhetorical verse that has something of the intonation of Mrs. Browning, her favourite poetess—

> Not dead—oh, no—she cannot die!
> Only a swoon from loss of blood!
> Levite England passes her by,
> Help, Samaritan! None is nigh;
> Who shall staunch me the crimson flood?—

and, again, so moved by the beauty of a true poem in any tongue, that her dark eyes shone like stars under the brow between her raven tresses, which was like the slip of a new moon in nocturnal storm-clouds. She was equally inspired by the delicate French landscapes she described with such surprising insight into their beauty, and by the scenes in Calcutta, a fine description of which is one of many such vignettes in her delightful letters to Miss Martin. Yet it is clear that all this tropical loveliness never contents her. As the retired Anglo-Indian soldier yearns for "the road to Mandalay," so she is vexed by a tender nostalgia for the West—a desire for its vivid, eager life, for its green countryside under a misty sun, for the lonely wild moors where the Brontës lived in solitude, above all for the strange and lovely enchantments of frost and snow. She could never forget her free life as a student by the banks of the narrow, elusive Cam, the "nice cosy evenings" with her friends and the Sunday evenings when, being a Christian and not merely an *anima naturaliter Christiana*, she drank in deep draughts of music from the college organ. Never was there a more striking example of the perfect interfusion of the temper of the West and the Eastern temperament.

. . . . . .

Time would have given her English poetry the mellow sweetness it lacked, and we should then have possessed more of the lyrics like that which sprinkles the "ashes of roses" on altars of remembrance. It now appears, thanks to Mr. Harihar Das's careful researches, that some of the lyrics attributed to her are really the work of her sister Aru. Thus the very lines quoted by Mr. Edmund Gosse to exemplify Toru's early mastery of English verse—

> Still barred thy gates! The Far East glows,
> The morning wind wakes fresh and free!
> Should not the hour that wakes the rose
> Awaken also thee?
> All look for thee, Love, Light, and Song—
> Light in the sky deep-red above,
> Song, in the lark of pinions strong,
> And in my heart true Love—

have the initial A (Aru) against them in "The Sheaf." As Abju, the only brother, died young, as his sisters did, and also had a literary gift, the story of this generation of the Dutt family is one of the tragedies of literature. It is the strength of Toru's verse shown in such a line as her impression of the *simuls* in blossom—

> Red—red, and startling like a trumpet's sound—

and in the aspect of a weird watcher—

> A grey baboon sits statue-like alone,
> Watching the sunrise—

and in the classical dignity of Savita's speech as she addresses Death—

> I know that in this transient world
> All is delusion—nothing true;
> I know its shows are mists unfurled
> To please and vanish. To renew
> Its bubble joys, be magic-bound
> In Maya's net-work frail and fair
> Is not my aim! The gladsome sound
> Of husband, brother, friend, is air
> To such as know that all must die,
> And that at last the time must come,
> When eye shall speak no more to eye,
> And Love cry—Lo, this is my sum.

—it is her strength I repeat, rather than the piercing sweetness of Mrs. Browning or Christina Rossetti, which would have been the line of advance, had she lived. As it was, she died, as a rose fades and falls, and she is a far and fair sister in remembrance of that rare and valiant poet-soul, Emily Brontë.

"GLIMPSES OF BENGAL" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net) being passages selected from the letters of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, give us many an entrancing picture of the environment whence have sprung the only Eastern poets that have mastered the English tongue as completely as, say, Mr. Joseph Conrad. Here is the visible antithesis between Orient and Occident, which has been a theme of meditation ever since the East—

> Let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again—

expressed in prose that has the very intonation of the English-born masters of the grand style. Yet for all his fame and full achievement, I do not find in this poet and prose-writer the strength and concentration of Toru Dutt's work. He has what she had not—that fatal fluency which is the fault of most Indian workers in an alien vineyard of literature.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN BOUGH": MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON AT THE DOOR OF HIS FOURTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.



A NOVELIST WHOSE WORK HAS BEEN FILMED: MR. RAFAEL SABATINI, AUTHOR OF "THE TAVERN KNIGHT."

Mr. Rafael Sabatini, the well-known author, was born at Jesi, Central Italy, in 1875. His novel, "The Tavern Knight," recently filmed (featuring Mr. Eille Norwood), has had many notable successors.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

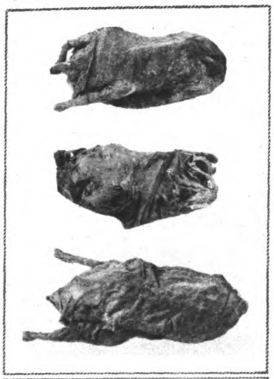


THE AUTHOR OF "THE WANDERING JEW," AT HIS OWN HEARTHSIDE: MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Mr. Temple Thurston has written a new play, "The Passionate Crime," which is to be produced next autumn by Mr. Dion Boucicault, with Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the leading part. His new novel, "The Green Bough," was recently published by Messrs. Cassell. Our photograph shows him at work in his attic bedroom and study, in his fourteenth-century house in Kent.

A MUMMIFIED SIRLOIN AND ROAST GOOSE, FOR THE AFTER-WORLD.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



BURIED FOR 35 CENTURIES: MUMMIFIED GEESE FOUND IN EGYPT.



CONTAINING A MUMMIFIED BABY WHOSE ARMS TOMB-ROBBERS HAD TORN OFF: THE COFFIN OF PRINCE AMENEMHET AS FOUND.



COATED INSIDE WITH BITUMEN: WOODEN CASES FOR MUMMIFIED GEESE.



WRAPPED IN LEAVES AND FLOWERS: THE MUMMY OF AMENEMHET IN ITS COFFIN.



BUTCHER'S MEAT 3500 YEARS OLD: A MUMMIFIED LEG OF BEEF FROM AN EGYPTIAN TOMB.



SHOWING AMENHOTEP I. SLAYING CAPTIVES: THE PECTORAL TIED ON AMENEMHET'S MUMMY.

BEFORE finding the wonderful models illustrated in our issue of March 26, the American archæologists in Egypt made other discoveries of great interest, in the cliffs of Kurneh, near Thebes. These included "funerary meats preserved by some process of mummification, and wrapped with bandages of linen as a human body was prepared for burial. They varied from a huge leg of beef to a very small pigeon or quail. Geese and ducks were numerous. . . . Wooden cases had been provided which resembled their contents in shape . . . stuccoed white outside and coated with bitumen within." The bitumen sealed the two halves at their edges. The chamber had been robbed of its coffin. Near the same spot was found

[Continued below



WITH THE PECTORAL FASTENED TO THE BREAST: THE WRAPPED BODY OF AMENEMHET.

Continued.]

a coffin containing the mummy of the little Prince Amenemhet, whose name was scrawled on the lid. The mummy was covered with leaves and flowers, and tied to the breast was a pectoral of thin wood vividly painted, showing Amenhotep I. (about 1570 B.C.) wielding a battle-axe and grasping two captives, an Asiatic and a Negro, by the hair—a fine example of the art of the early 18th Dynasty. It is thought that Amenemhet was an infant son of Amenhotep I. The body, that of a child about a year old, had been dismembered by ancient tomb-robbers, who had torn off arms and head in haste to steal the ornaments, and it had evidently been re-buried. The pectoral had apparently been discarded by the robbers as worthless. This explains the difference in period between the pectoral and the coffin, which dates from about the 22nd Dynasty. There is not much doubt that the pectoral had been part of the original equipment of the burial—for it had no value in the eyes of the robbers—and that it was simply replaced when the body was buried the second time.

THE COURTSHIP OF GAME-BIRDS: DISPLAY AN

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON



1. A COCK GROUSE CROWING.
2. "BECKING": A COCK GROUSE'S DISPLAY BY LEAP AND CROW.
3. SNIPE "DRUMMING": A SUDDEN NOSE-DIVE WITH TAIL OUTSPREAD, CAUSING A BLEATING SOUND.
4. A COCK PHEASANT CROWING: CLAPPING HIS WINGS WITH BODY BENT BACK.

The courtship of birds is a most interesting phase in the study of natural history. Game birds, as our drawing shows, are no exception, and the various methods of "display" by the males, and their rivalries, are very curious to watch. Taking the above drawings as numbered, the first shows the attitude of a cock grouse crowing; the second a cock grouse "becking." During the spring the cock grouse display by springing up into the air from a stone or hillock, crowing as they do so. The third drawing represents a snipe "drumming." The display of the snipe consists of flying wildly about at a good height in the air, every now and then half-closing the wings and shooting downwards for a few yards at a steep angle; while so doing the outside feather on each side of the tail is very widely spread, and the curious bleating sound that then ensues is caused

...ND RIVALRY IN THE MATING SEASON.

...ONDON NEWS" BY GEORGE E. LODGE.

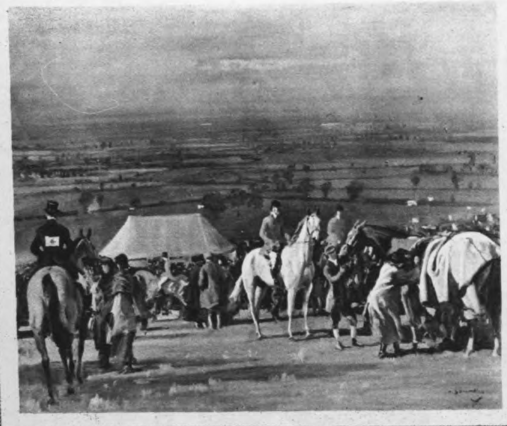


5. WHERE FINE FEATHERS BELONG TO THE MALES: A COCK PHEASANT SHOWING OFF TO A HEN PHEASANT.

6. THE RIVALS: TWO BLACKCOCKS SPARRING AT ONE ANOTHER.

7. DEALING WITH AN INTRUDER: A COCK PARTRIDGE CHASING ANOTHER COCK OUT OF THE COVEY.

by the vibration of air against these two feathers. The sound produced is exactly like a small goat bleating a long way off. The fourth drawing shows a cock pheasant immediately after crowing. A cock pheasant crows, and then, immediately afterwards, violently claps his wings, throwing his body almost backwards, with his tail spread against the ground. Pheasants clap their wings after crowing. Domestic cocks clap their wings before crowing. In the fifth drawing a cock pheasant is seen showing off before the hen, and in the sixth are two blackcocks sparring. The seventh shows a cock partridge chasing another cock out of the covey. The coveys break up long before nesting time. In mild seasons partridges begin to pair off in January, and cock partridges may be seen chasing each other about.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]



"FOR BACKGROUND THE LOVELY ENGLISH LANDSCAPE": THE BELVOIR POINT-TO-POINT MEETING ON BARROWBY HILL.



NED FRIEND (FIRST WHIP) ON ARISTOCRAT STARTING OUT ACROSS BELVOIR PARK WITH HOUNDS ON A BRIGHT MORNING.



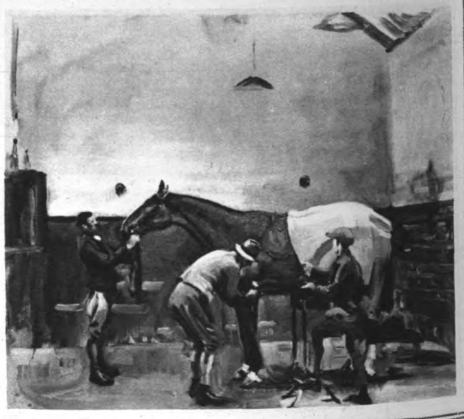
"THE RAW FEBRUARY SCENE": YOUNG DRAUGHT HOUNDS, COUPLED, EXERCISING IN THE SNOW, FEBRUARY.



SHOWING THE ARCHWAY TO THE OLD BELVOIR KENNELS: HOUNDS READY FOR EXERCISE IN THE PARK.



"THE UNMATCHABLE BEAUTY OF THE ENGLISH HORSE": BELVOIR HUNT HORSES AT EXERCISE—DECEMBER MORNING.



"MR. MUNNINGS' SENSE OF BEAUTY IS MOST DEEPLY STIRRED IN HIS PAINTING": THE CLIPPING HOUSE, BELVOIR.

THE BELVOIR HUNT—AND THE GIPSY AT EPSOM: M

Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., has added to his high reputation as a painter of sport and the open air, by his exhibition of Pictures of the Belvoir Hunt and other scenes of English country life, at the Alpine Club Gallery, under the direction of the Chenil Galleries. Mr. John Masefield, whose "Reynard the Fox" and "Right Royal" have established him, in the sister art of poetry, as the singer of sport, contributes an appreciative foreword to the exhibition catalogue. "There is nothing more beautiful to be seen in the countryside," he writes, "than the moving of hounds and huntsmen on a mild winter day. . . . And who, of all our many painters who have loved such scenes, has painted them so movingly as Mr. Munnings? Who has so caught the rhythm of the hounds going to covert, and the quickening of the soul in the hunter, and the

BY THE COURTESY OF THE ALPINE CLUB



"WHO HAS SO CAUGHT . . . THE QUICKENING OF THE SOUL IN THE HUNTER?" CHANGING HORSES IN A FAST FORTY MINUTES—ONE OF MR. A. J. MUNNINGS' PICTURES OF THE BELVOIR HUNT.



"SOLDIERS, POLITICIANS, AND REVOLUTIONARIES WRECK THE WORLD OVER HIS HEAD, BUT HE [THE GIPSY] GOES ON IN HIS VAN": THE ARRIVAL AT EPSOM DOWNS FOR DERBY WEEK.

MUNNINGS' PICTURES OF SPORT AND OPEN-AIR LIFE.

unmatchable beauty of the English horse? . . . Nearly all these paintings have for background the lovely, various English landscape. Mr. Munnings' sense of it is as fresh as a primrose. . . . I love the raw February scene of the hounds going out in the snow. Somebody ought to have put all these scenes into poems." Of the gipsy type, represented in several of the pictures, Mr. Masefield writes: "He is in our world, but not of it; he uses it, as the cuckoo uses the sparrow, and with much the same spirit. Soldiers, politicians, and revolutionaries wreck the world over his head, but he goes on in his van, with a bright silk round his throat and ear-rings in his ears, to tell people's fortunes and sell them a horse at a bargain. 'Others abide our question; he is free.'"

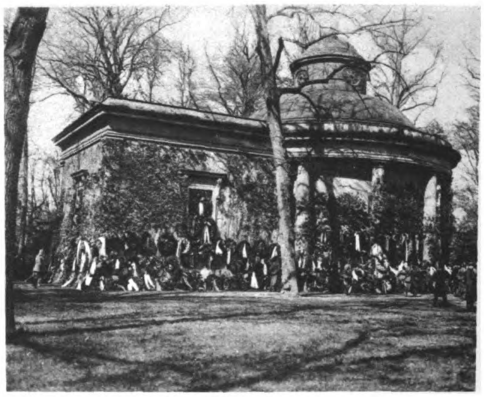
GALLERY AND THE CHENIL GALLERIES.

RECALLING POTSDAM'S OLD SPLENDOUR: THE EX-KAISERIN'S FUNERAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOTHEK, HAECKEL, CLICHOTHEK, AND BERLINER BILD-GERICHT.



DIPPING THEIR BANNERS TO SALUTE THE CORTÈGE: GROUPS OF STUDENTS IN PICTURESQUE COSTUME ON THE LINE OF ROUTE.



WHERE THE EX-KAISERIN WAS BURIED: THE ANTIKE TEMPEL IN THE PARK OF SANS SOUCI, AT POTSDAM, COVERED WITH NUMEROUS WREATHS.



MARSHAL MACKENSEN (IN PLUMED HELMET, CENTRE BACKGROUND) LEAVING THE TEMPEL.



THE EX-KING OF SAXONY (CENTRE): ONE OF THE MANY GERMAN ROYALTIES PRESENT.



HINDENBURG AND LUDENDORFF (ON RIGHT), FOLLOWED BY VON TIRPITZ.



COVERED WITH A PURPLE PALL BEARING THE HOHENZOLLERN ARMS: THE COFFIN OF THE DEAD EMPRESS, SURROUNDED BY GENERALS.



SONS AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: (L. TO R.) THE CROWN PRINCESS, PRINCES EITEL FRIEDRICH, AUGUST WILHELM, ADALBERT, AND OSCAR.

Potsdam was thronged by huge crowds and wore something of its former Imperial splendour when the funeral of the ex-Kaiserin took place there on April 19. The coffin, which had rested overnight in a railway carriage at Wildpark Station, was borne in procession to its resting-place in the Antike Tempel in the park of Sans Souci. Immediately behind the hearse was carried a wreath of Maréchal Niel roses sent by the ex-Kaiser and the Crown Prince. Then walked members of the family: first, Prince Eitel Friedrich with the Crown Princess, and after them Princes Oscar, Adalbert, and August Wilhelm. Other Royalties followed, including the ex-King of Saxony and Prince Henry of Prussia. Next came the most distinguished servants of the old régime, headed by Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, General Ludendorff, and Grand Admiral von Tirpitz (seen in the right-hand photograph of the middle row, Hindenburg with bâton in hand). Among the officers following them were Marshal Mackensen, and Generals von Kluck and von Gallwitz.

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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THE First of May is close upon us, and the German Day of Judgment is at hand. It is a critical day, too, for M. Briand and his Government, who have staked their all upon making the Boche pay, either by agreement or by much more violent methods. What will those methods be? A further occupation of German territory might be a very expensive method of enforcing payment. But what if the German says to M. Briand, "By all means send your troops into our country and keep order for us. We should approve of that very much, but it will not make us a penny the richer or more able to meet your demands." What is the next move if military occupation fails? M. Briand would fall; probably M. Poincaré would succeed him, and the Senate would rejoice. But what would M. Poincaré *do*? Clever critical articles in French reviews are all very well in their way; but a great deal more will be expected from the man who has clearly indicated that, if *he* had his way, all would be well.

Topics of this kind are uppermost in French political salons—which, contrary to the general idea in England, are far from being extinct or without influence to-day. True, they are no longer held in the palaces of the great, where powdered footmen and majestic *maîtres d'hôtel* once ushered the bearers of ancient and honourable names into the presence of some *grande dame de France*, and where, from time to time, Ministers were unmade and the fall of Governments was encompassed. To-day the scenes of these reunions are laid in less sumptuous surroundings, but their effect upon the political situation and the fate of Ministries is by no means negligible. The foreigner, who is occasionally admitted into these circles as a guest, has the advantage of seeing his country through the eyes of others, and of hearing points of view which can rarely find their expression in official despatches.

One does not always *hear* the pleasant things that are written in the Press about ourselves. For instance, there are not a few who say that they are "very sorry" for our labour troubles, but they add that we must expect them if we trade with Lenin and make our beds with Bolshevists. Others, again, do not disguise their satisfaction at the recent reverses to the Greek Army, for the restoration of King Constantine was by no means popular in France, and, rightly or wrongly, Great Britain was held mainly responsible for it. Another group is found condemning us for the failure of ex-King Karl to recover the throne of Hungary—they look upon him as one of the powerful instruments in the band that completed the downfall of Germany; and a fourth party declares that nothing but a military understanding with Kemal Pasha will ever solve our difficulties in Turkey and Asia Minor. It is always a matter of speculation as to how much this sort of talk tends to disintegrate the *Union Sacrée* between France and England, the foundations of which were certainly disturbed when the Treaty of Versailles forbade our neighbours to annex the left bank of the Rhine, and



A DUCAL WEDDING, WITH ROYAL GUESTS: THE EARL OF DALKEITH AND HIS BRIDE (MISS MOLLIE LASCELLES) LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

The marriage of the Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Miss Mollie Lascelles, daughter of the late Major W. F. Lascelles and Lady Sybil Lascelles, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 21. The guests included the Prince of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Helena Victoria, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

when, subsequently, the action of the United States prevented the ratification of the tripartite treaty whereby America and Great Britain were to assist France in the event of unprovoked aggression. Of course, it is devoutly to be hoped that none of these seeds of discontent will bear fruit; but only an ostrich-like nation would bury its head and pretend not to see them.

Living in Paris, one cannot but be impressed by the many interests that occupy the intellect of the average Frenchman or woman. Whereas in England questions of foreign affairs are rarely subjects of popular discussion, in France they are matter of everyday conversation. Everyone is a politician—"a little Liberal or else a little Conservative"—not by tradition, but by instinct, and with a passion for controversy which we islanders do not share. So with Art. Now that the summer is upon us, and important picture exhibitions will follow one another with bewildering rapidity, there will be animated conversations in every café from Montmartre to the Luxembourg on the comparative merits of the various artists. New books, too, are eagerly canvassed; and every play in Paris provides at one time or another the theme for intelligent debate.

This year the pilgrimage to Paris is quite stupendous in its proportions; the city is already full. Furnished apartments or unfurnished flats are not to be had for love or money; hotels are crowded. If any reader of this letter thinks of visiting Paris in May or June, there should be no delay in writing for rooms, and even to bespeak a motor-car, if it should be required.

As an appetiser before meals, a glass of Corelli, one of the best brands of Italian Vermouth, is a favourite drink with those who are particular about their wine and make a point of getting the best. Corelli is a delightful old wine, mellow and pleasant to the taste. It is appreciated by the connoisseur, whether he be a home diner or an *habitué* of the more exclusive type of restaurant. A gin-and-Corelli is also a popular combination. Anyone unable to obtain it at hotels or stores should write to Messrs Edward Young, 62-3, Mark Lane, London, E.C., and Seel Street Distillery, Liverpool, for the name of their nearest agent.

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REG. TRADE MARK

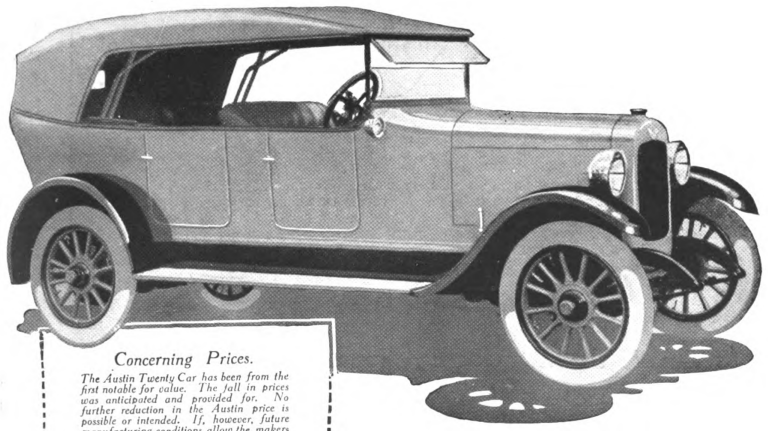
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Cathedral Square View.

GREAT HOSPITALS. *(No. 7)*

Glasgow Royal Infirmary was founded in 1791 upon its present site amid historic surroundings. It was recently reconstructed, and has now accommodation for close on 700 patients. At Bearsden, Dumbartonshire, a Convalescent Home, containing 86 beds, is maintained for the Infirmary patients. Owing to the abnormal increase in the cost of maintenance, the Hospital requires additional income of £35,000 per annum. Beds in the Infirmary may be endowed in perpetuity for a donation of £1,250 or upwards. Hon. Treasurer: Timothy Warren, Esq., Writer, 45 West George Street, Glasgow.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THERE is a *piano, piano* atmosphere just now about everything; we are all going softly and hoping for better things. None of us ever realised before that the rule of coal is so absolute. We women know it in its intimate relations to our domestic concerns, and as we have had it for the most part when we wanted it, the present shortage hits us all hard. I went to see some people in a very large house, with a correspondingly large income, and found that the only fire in the house was in the library, and it was one of moderate dimensions. They dined in an oilstove-heated dining-room, and the hostess remarked that she supposed the only people who had as much fire as they wanted were the miners. There is no class war about this industrial struggle so far as the well-off people I have talked to about it are concerned. They want the miners to have fair play, but their present seat, between two stools, is far from comfortable, and they are in no way responsible. Let us hope that when this is printed there will only be recovery from a hard blow for us all to think about.

The dates of the Courts are fixed for May 4, 23, and 24. This is giving the dressmakers and florists a little cheer, and the truth is they needed it badly, for every woman was hanging back from ordering, especially evening gowns. The promise of the Courts, from a dress point of view, is excellent. Gowns will be lovely, soft, rich, of superb colours, and embellished with embroideries, or of brocades so beautiful that to trim them would savour of that supererogatory task known as painting the lily. They will not be the brocades or the silks or satins dear to two great Queens of England, whose chief excellence was said to be that they would stand alone. These are rather of the character of cashmere and vicuna, that early Victorians eulogised because shawls of them might be drawn through a wedding ring. Courts are, of course, occasions for imposing displays of jewels. Most of our great ladies can be depended upon to make them, and to do so in the most refined as well as becoming manner. Flowers are a matter of choice; no one is required to carry a bouquet. The absence of train and plumes makes the bouquet the sole mark of the official and ceremonial character of the Court. It is therefore seldom omitted from the ensemble. A fan, however handsome, in no way takes its place, for a fan is for use, and no one would use it in passing the King and Queen for Presentation. Flowers are the real compliment to their Majesties—the most harmonious and beautiful complement to a well-thought-out costume.

Dances have been in some instances postponed, to the great indignation of young people, who declare them the most easy and pleasant way of keeping warm. They want no artificial heating, they say; and as to supper, well, people must eat, and cold suppers will do for them. It does not occur to their rapidly working minds that cold food must once have been hot! A good deal of dancing has, however, been going on, but rather on the simple lines that obtained during the war. Even the weddings of last week were quiet, and those most closely concerned were most anxious that they should be so. A lady who was *in loco matris* to one bride said, "I do not like to think of women shivering with cold, and poor and hungry, reading of a gay, smart wedding, lists of presents and smart dresses." This same lady, in all her life, has been a generous friend to poor and helpless, and is no less a one now. Weddings had been arranged and had to take place, but did so under the influence of King Coal in no merry mood.



A FROCK FOR A DÉBUTANTE.

She sits near the lamp as she realises full well that even the most brilliant light could show no flaws in her youthful fairness and in the perfection of her pale-blue taffetas dress.—[*Photograph by Reutlinger.*]

The time is at hand when our gardens, tiny or great, and our verandahs become our sitting-rooms and our work-rooms. England has year by year in the last decade become more and more an outdoor loving and living nation. Furniture for the garden and verandah is therefore as important to us as that for our rooms. On one of the sunny and warm days which are sandwiched even in a cold spell, I found a family sitting out sunning themselves and declaring that for an hour or two they could afford to forget the coal strike. What struck me was the comfort, strength, and reliability of their chairs. They were all Dryad, from the Dryad works at Leicester, and had, they told me, been several years in use, while they looked quite new. Often have I been inducted into a garden chair of whose capabilities I have had such doubts that I hardly dared to breathe. In the delightfully spacious depths of a Dryad easy chair I could comfortably forget that I had a body. Being built on wood foundations and covered with cane that does not split and tear clothes, they are substantial, resilient, reliable and most comfortable.

The Prince of Wales attended the wedding of the Earl of Dalkeith to Miss Mollie Lascelles. Lord Dalkeith was a brother-officer of the Prince in the war, and had for a time been in H.R.H.'s Household as an extra Equerry. Miss Lascelles was married from the house of her cousin, Lord Richard Cavendish.

A. E. L.

Pleasure cruises to Norway by large ocean steamers are to be revived this summer. The Orient Steam Navigation Company, the pioneers of these trips, are sending their new steamer *Ormuz* to make six cruises, each of thirteen days, beginning in June. It is only on the larger steamers that the comforts and conveniences of a first-class hotel can be attained; and in this respect the *Ormuz*, being of 14,167 tons register, fulfils the requirement. The first cruise starts from London, but for the remaining cruises Immingham (Grimsby) will be the port of departure and return. The Orient Company publish an illustrated programme giving full particulars.



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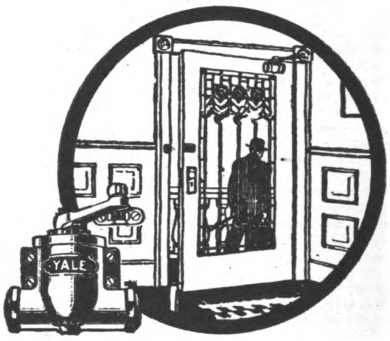
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE WITH THE BABY.

OLD prejudices and old beliefs die hard. Those of us who imagined that we really had heard the last of the ferocious golden eagle which swooped down and bore off a slumbering infant to serve as a meal for its hungry offspring have had a rude awakening. For some of the newspapers have just roused this tired and worn-out story into action again, and I have had one or two queries addressed to me on the subject. We may confidently assert that not only are such stories "non-proven," but that they are incredible.

No golden eagle is strong enough to bear off such a prize, being quite unable to lift so great a weight. The female golden eagle, which is somewhat bigger than the male, does not; it is to be remarked, exceed a weight of twelve pounds. A two-year-old infant may weigh anything from 26 lb. to 30 lb. Now, we have no evidence that any bird can lift and carry off in mid-air a body from two to three times its own weight. Even a six-months-old child is safe.

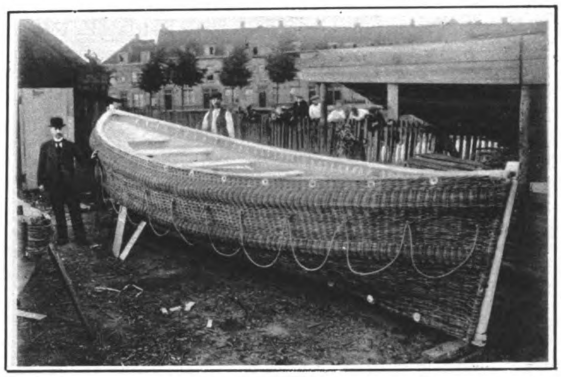
The food of the golden eagle consists of grouse, hares and rabbits, and occasionally the fawns of roedeer. But it also displays the patrician's taste for meat that has been well "hung." As a rule, this trait is described as feeding on "carrion," which sounds disrespectful to so fine a bird. It is this weakness, unfortunately, which often leads to his undoing, for the shepherd and the gamekeeper between them, having no love for this bird, contrive to bring about his destruction by laying out poisoned meat for him. But for the owners of deer-forests in Scotland, the golden eagle would have ceased to exist as a British bird. Long ago he was dispossessed of his other stronghold in the mountains of Ireland.

Though majestic on the wing, the golden eagle is no match, in point of speed, for the peregrine. Mallard know this well. When a flock of these birds, disporting themselves on the water, descry the eagle they at once take to flight, well knowing that they cannot be overtaken. But the moment a peregrine is sighted, all dive, conscious that, while they cannot evade his terrific rush and lunge of his talons in mid-air, by diving and splashing they have little to fear.

Though the golden eagle usually hunts alone, there are many cases on record where two birds have been seen hunting together, a hare being usually the prey. When the victim was started one bird would follow as near the ground as possible, while the other remained poised in the air or waited till a chance for the final swoop presented itself. According to some of the older writers, even horses and deer were attacked by similar concerted action and buffeted with the wings till they were driven over a precipice. There is probably, however, no more truth in such stories than in those of kidnapping infants.

To the south-eastern portion of England the golden eagle has probably never been more than a straggler—at any rate, within historic times. Though every year we may read in the newspapers of a golden eagle being shot by some sportsman or gamekeeper, such birds almost invariably prove, on examination, to be immature specimens of the white-tailed eagle.

There is still much in regard to the life-history of this magnificent bird of which nothing whatever is known. But perhaps the finest account of its behaviour, from the time of the hatching of the eggs till the eaglets take their first flight, is that written by Mr. H. A. Macpherson on "The Home Life of the Golden Eagle" a few years ago. He fulfilled supremely well the arduous task he set himself, and I commend his book to my readers. W. P. PYCRAFT.



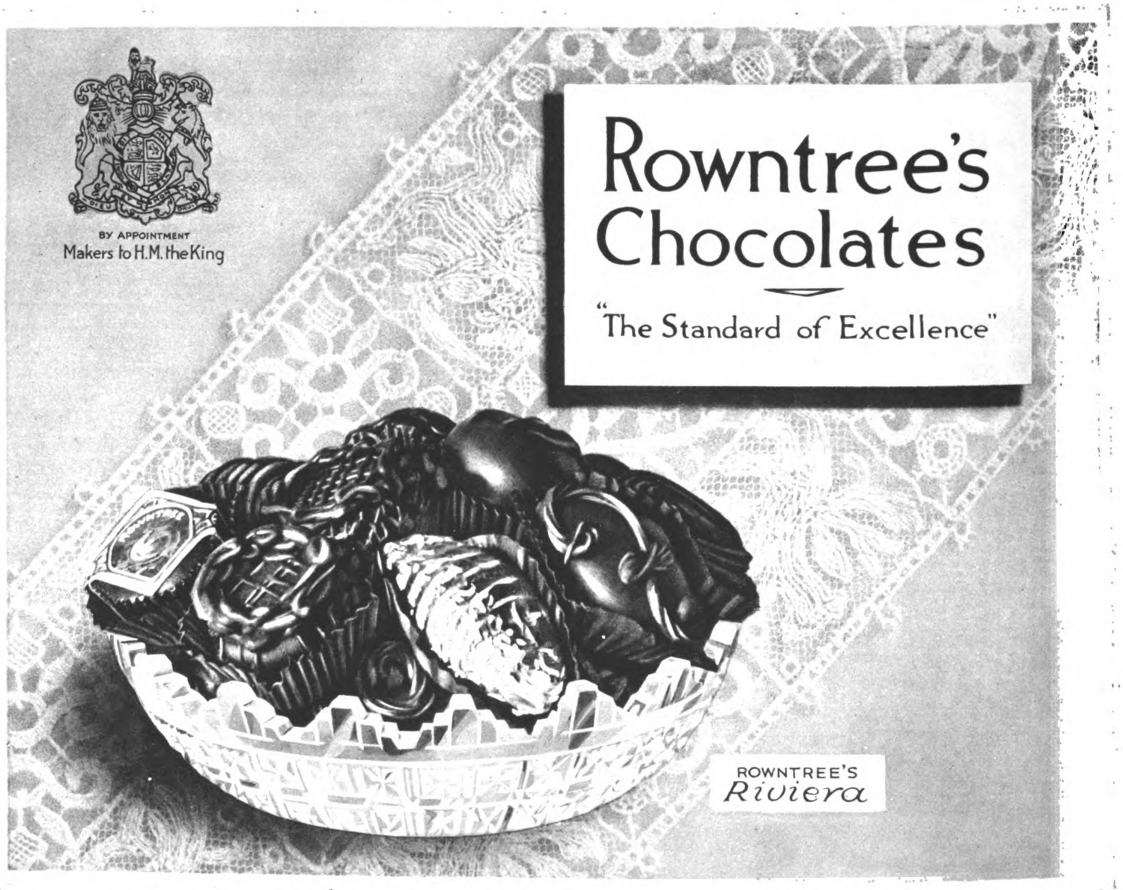
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Our photograph shows a new type of ship's lifeboat invented by Mr. De Vos, of Rotterdam. It has a covering of cork, over which is an outer skin of cane fenders. The inventor claims that it cannot be sunk or overturned when lowered into rough water, and that it can carry fuller loads with greater safety.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

"FAUST ON TOAST," AT THE GAIETY.

WITH the tiresome excrescences cut out, "Faust on Toast" is now a bright and enjoyable entertainment. Mr. George Grossmith's difficulty, of course, in reviving burlesque is the lack to-day of burlesque artists and librettists. It is easy enough to bring back the rhymed couplet and to set a band of comedians making fun out of a travesty of the Faust story, with Marguerite turned "queen of the movies"; but genuine Gaiety burlesque hit out all round with its satire, whereas the new sort seems content with chaffing one thing only—the cinema stage—and hardly attempts the topical song or the political skit, while of the players engaged only one, to a triumphant extent, shows the burlesque temperament. This is Miss Maisie Gay, whose Martha is full of gusto and rollicking humour. Her song, "I Want a Man to Hold Me," is, apart from the prize-fight skit, in which Miss Heather Thatcher as Valentine shows so amusing a swagger, the gem among the turns. Next to Miss Gay, Mr. Hale scores most heavily, though at present his Mephistopheles is more on musical-comedy than burlesque lines. It is probably not Mr. Jack Buchanan's fault that he looks too dandified a Faust, but his dancing is always delightful, and in his quiet way he is as spontaneous a humorist as was Mr. Seymour Hicks in his young days. The petite Marguerite of Miss Renée Mayer is rather too child-like for burlesque, but she sings and moves daintily enough; and if we get rather too many sentimental ditties from Miss Nancie Lovat's Siebel, we have to admit that the Marion Hood ballad was always a feature at the old Gaiety.

To promote the "adoption" of war-wrecked French towns and villages by British boroughs and districts, admirable work is being done by the City and County of London Committee of the British League of Help, 346, Strand, W.C.2. In connection with this movement, the Mayor of Kensington, Alderman Dr. A. J. Rice-Oxley, C.B.E., J.P., gave an interesting lecture (illustrated by lantern slides) at Kensington Town Hall on April 25, regarding the adoption by the Royal Borough of the village of Souchez. Among those present were General the Vicomte de la Panouse, Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, Lord Phillimore, and the Bishop of Kensington.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Issue of Registration Books.

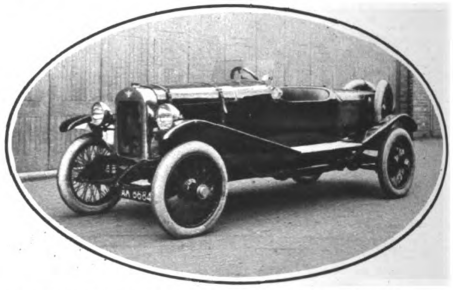
When the Ministry of Transport forced the Roads Act, with all its vexatious restrictions, through Parliament, a great point was made of the safeguard against theft that would be provided by the registration book, which was in effect to be a species of title-deed to the car. I agree that this document ought to assist in the undoing of the motor thief, because no careful person would buy a second-hand car the owner of which was not in possession of the current license and the registration book, unless he knew the vendor well and was quite satisfied of his bona-fides. But if this much-talked-of safeguard is to be effective, it follows as a matter of course that the registration book must be duly issued by the licensing authority. Having regard to the indecent haste with which the new legislation was forced through, it is not surprising that a little delay should have taken place in the issue of the necessary documents. The local authorities had no machinery in existence for dealing with the increased work entailed by the new system of taxation, and, with a few notable exceptions—such as the L.C.C.—they do not seem to have troubled themselves in the matter. So long as they were able to collect the motorists' money, that was all they cared about. The issue of the documents could take care of itself.

It is nothing short of scandalous that registration books in respect of cars which were licensed and upon which the tax was paid in January last have not been issued yet. I understand that some of the County Councils are thousands in arrear still, and there seems little probability of those arrears being overtaken for some time to come. I can well believe this, inasmuch as I have not received the book relating to my own car, on which the tax was paid to the Surrey County Council before the end of January. It took that authority nearly two months to issue the license, so how long it will be before the registration books are ready I should not like to hazard a guess. The worst of this official slackness is that it actually prevents the car-owner from effecting the sale of his car, unless he and the prospective buyer are inclined to go to considerable trouble to verify ownership.

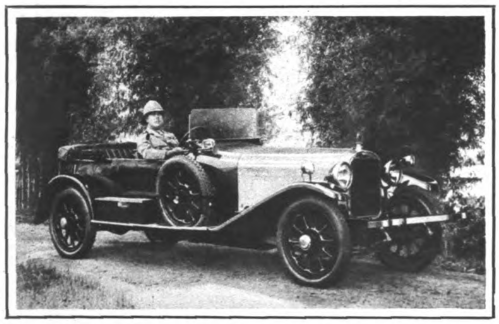
Car Theft Still Rife.

While it is true that car-stealing is not quite so common as it was, the thief still manages to get away with a certain number of vehicles, and, apparently, to dispose of them to his own satisfaction. It is stated that most of the cars that are stolen are sent across the Channel for disposal, and find a ready market on the Continent—at a price. Surely it ought to be easy enough for the Customs authorities to check this illicit traffic. There are certain formalities which have to be gone through by every motorist who takes his car abroad, and one would think the Customs people should as a matter of course demand production of the registration book before issuing the necessary papers. That would stop the egress of stolen cars which are ostensibly accompanying their owners on a Continental tour, though here arises the difficulty of so many bona-fide owners not having obtained the book from the licensing authority which has taken the money for the tax.

There is more difficulty, perhaps, in the case of second-hand cars which are exported in the ordinary way of trade. Even so, it should be possible for the authorities to insist upon proper proof of ownership before allowing them to be shipped. As a matter of fact, unless a car is so old that there is practically no market for it and it is thus not worth stealing, it is practically certain that it has been in use during the present year. If it has, then it must obviously have been licensed, and the documents of the case must be in existence somewhere, and the Customs authorities ought to insist on their production at least until this traffic is stopped.



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A Scottish Trial Next Year.

It is officially announced that the Society of Motor Manufacturers has approved the idea of holding a trial next year, open to all classes of cars, and that it will be held under the joint auspices of the R.A.C. and the Royal Scottish A.C. I still think it is a great pity that a trial for light cars at least could not be held this year. It would have done endless good to the section of the industry most concerned, because it would have shown the public how enormously this class of motor vehicle has progressed in design and reliability since 1914.

W. W.

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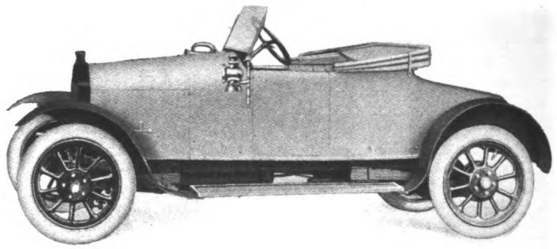
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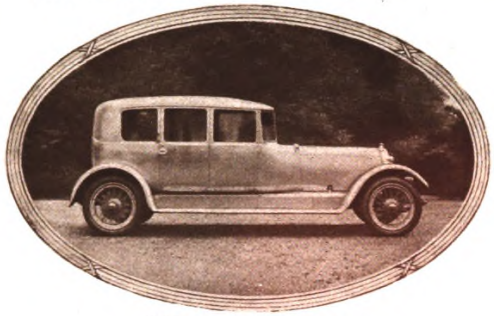
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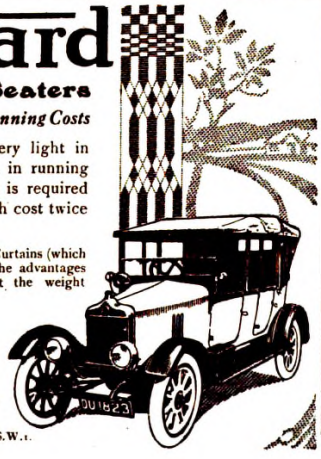
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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1921.

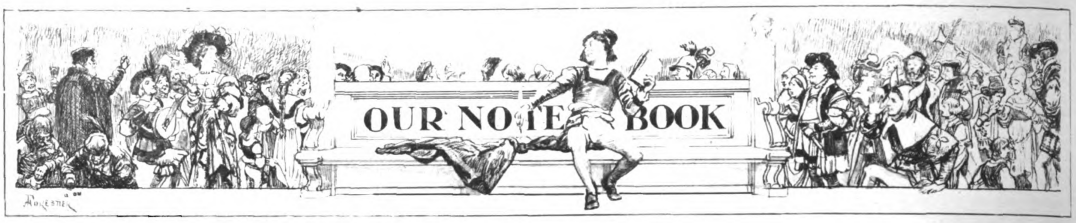
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THE MOST-TALKED-OF PICTURE AT THE ACADEMY, AND BOUGHT UNDER THE CHANTREY BEQUEST: "LE CHEF DE L'HOTEL CHATHAM, PARIS," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.-ELECT.

Fame has come to the grill-room *chef* of the Hotel Chatham in Paris, M. Eugène Grossriether, familiarly known as "Chester" (a nickname due to his dislike of cheese), from the fact that Sir William Orpen's portrait of him is the picture of the year at the Royal Academy. "Chester's" chops and steaks are known to all frequenters of central Paris, and Sir William Orpen, a constant visitor, was led thereby to notice the artistically striking face and figure of the "high priest" of the grill. This led to sittings at the Hotel Majestic, Sir William's headquarters, and the resulting portrait. The double-buttoned white jacket and rakishly poised cap, as well as the bottle of stout which helps "Chester" to keep cool amid his fiery duties, are all in the picture. It was announced on May 3 that this work, and Mr. Bertram Nicholls' "Drying the Sails," had been purchased under the Chantrey Bequest.

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THE Centenary and the Sexcentenary commemorated during the current week bring into conjunction two stars of equal magnitude but diverse aspect. For the first time, perhaps, the names of Napoleon and Dante have been closely linked together, and although the connection is due merely to an accident of time, it carries with it a curious significance for an age disturbed like the present with the consequences of war, and occupied with problems of Imperialism and with dreams of Universal Peace. There the poet of the "Divine Comedy," inventor of the "sweet new style" that won all Christendom, and the disturber of Europe, whose vehicle of expression was the roar of artillery, find points of contact and of contrast.

The Man of War and the Man of Peace are strange companions to pass together across the stage of fleeting publicity. Yet even where they seem most remote they touch, for the poet was also a soldier and diplomatist. He fought at Campaldino in 1289, when he was twenty-four, saw in all likelihood the surrender of Caprona, and from a passage in the "Inferno" we may suppose that the officer's whistle was as familiar to Dante on the fields of the late thirteenth century as it has become to recent soldier-poets. Dante's life was one of political struggle; his death was hastened by chagrin at the partial failure of his conciliatory mission to Venice, then threatening reprisals on Ravenna. His aim, through all the storms that beat about him, was to seek peace and ensue it.

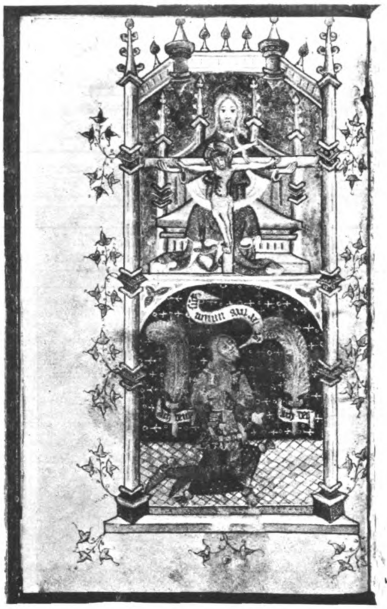
The Imperialism of Dante and the Imperialism of Napoleon offer a basis for nice speculation. Had Napoleon succeeded in his dream of universal conquest, he would have claimed that his ultimate aim was universal peace. The same plea has been advanced by the latest adventurer for world-power, but both he and Napoleon stand charged with personal ambition as their prime motive. Dante's Imperialism excluded grasping tyranny. It was based upon recognition of the interdependence of individuals. But humanity cannot attain this end without universal peace. In the *De Monarchia*, he outlines a world empire to effect what the present age seeks through a League of Nations.



WRITTEN ON THE BLACK PRINCE MS. BY A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY LONDONER: "MA JOYE A SHIRLEY."

The above words are written on the front leaf of the manuscript, probably by the hand of Shirley himself, a Londoner who was a patron of literature in the Black Prince's time. There is a similar inscription on a Shirley manuscript in the British Museum.

The world, Dante held, could not secure general peace unless it were governed entirely by one paramount ruler. He argued from the analogy of any group of individuals, whose combined action can be effective only if it be controlled by a supreme authority. Much more, then, must the whole human race be guided by one Head. Mediæval piety, of which Dante is the last and most consummate exponent, now intervenes with a characteristic stroke. For this universal empire, Divine sanction had to be found. The task was not difficult to a mind trained as Alighieri's had been in the methods of the Schoolmen. Here is the proof in skeleton. "It is God's intention that all things should resemble Himself as far as their nature will admit—humanity is most like God when it is most one—it is most one when it is united in one, which postulates the governance of one prince. Therefore, the human race when subject to one prince is most likened to God, and consequently most conformable to the Divine intention." This World-Monarch is to arbitrate between all lesser princes, who are not excluded from the scheme, and such an arbitrator is necessary on practical no less than on ethical grounds. Obviously the scheme endangers an ideal equality of States, if one temporal ruler is supreme over all; but Mr. Wicksteed gets over this difficulty when he points out that "Dante's Imperialism does not mean the supremacy of one nation over others, but the existence of a supreme



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MOTTO OF DUTCH ORIGIN? THE FRONTISPIECE, INSCRIBED "ICH DENE," OF THE BLACK PRINCE MS. PRESENTED TO H.R.H. BY THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The University of London arranged to present to the Prince of Wales at the Guildhall on May 5, on his receiving the degrees of Master of Commerce and Doctor of Science (the proposed dinner was cancelled owing to the industrial crisis), a beautifully illuminated fourteenth-century manuscript telling in Norman-French verse the exploits of the Black Prince. Those chosen to make the presentation were Sir Edward Stern, Sir Israel Gollancz, Dr. Walter Seton, and a student. Its chief interest is in the frontispiece (here illustrated) showing (above) the Trinity, and (below) the Black Prince, with his ostrich feathers and the motto "Ich Dene." This confirms Sir Israel Gollancz's theory that the Prince of Wales's motto is not of German origin ("Ich Dien"), but of the Gelderland dialect. The Black Prince's ally, the Duke of Gelderland, married Edward the Third's sister. The frontispiece is also the first known association of the motto and the feathers in the Black Prince's lifetime.

law that can hold all national passions in check." That is what the modern League of Nations is groping after, and it is much in the same case as the Poet-Politician, who could formulate the theory, but could not see where it must fail. The crux lies in the administration of this supreme law. Dante's imagined Monarch could not enforce the principle; it seems as if any group of States must be in a like difficulty.

The world empire of *De Monarchia* was to spring from common consent and goodwill: nothing could have been further from Dante's thought than that his ideal polity should arise from conquest by a single ambitious will. He conceived a State at once spiritual and temporal, in which the Pontiff and the Holy Roman Emperor should jointly represent and administer the supreme law so that mankind might attain the highest good, both here and hereafter. The ideal world ruler was to be free of all greed, for the simple reason that, having all, he could covet nothing. It was assumed that he could come by his dominion without war or violence, of which Dante's world and Dante himself were already very weary. He sought not to bring a sword but peace, with his conception of an Imperial Christendom as the arbitrator of human destinies. It is written otherwise, "not peace, but a sword," at least until the great millennial reversal, which seems still far distant and which no definite expedient of man can hasten. Yet such dreams and efforts as Dante's are contributory to the main event, however little it can be hurried. In its ethical bearing his Imperialism is the negation of Napoleon's. In what circle, curiosity may ask, would the Poet have set the Man of Destiny, and what would he have devised as the form of his expiation? To suffer everlasting defeat even with big battalions at his command, to know an eternal Moscow of ice and fire? More likely something far less obvious and deeper-thrusting. Or would he have seen in the cage of St. Helena sufficient penalty; Inferno and Purgatorio realised and passed in those six years? That would be to strain too much the Dante Theology. There is no gate from the first region to the second, as there is from the second to the third of the "Divine Comedy." Even the Concordat would hardly have sufficed to win clemency for the instrument that ended, more or less directly, the Holy Roman Empire.

The influence of Imperial Rome upon Dante and Napoleon is a subject abounding in almost whimsical paradox. The poet's political ideal is entirely coloured by his conception of the Empire, but his knowledge of her institutions was that of the mediævalist, and therefore imperfect. "He imagined," says Dean Church, "that the Roman Empire had been one great State; he persuaded himself that Christendom might be such." His conception began in misconception peculiar to the age just preceding the rediscovery of classical antiquity. Ancient Rome was to the scholars of Dante's time a vague and somewhat distorted vision, worshipful but dimly apprehended. To her language, as the Middle Ages knew it, he was so loyal that the "Divine Comedy" had the narrowest of escapes from being written in Latin. But, fortunately for



WITH THE BLACK PRINCE'S ARMS BLAZONED IN THE INITIAL CAPITAL: THE BEGINNING OF THE POEM RECOUNTING HIS EXPLOITS.

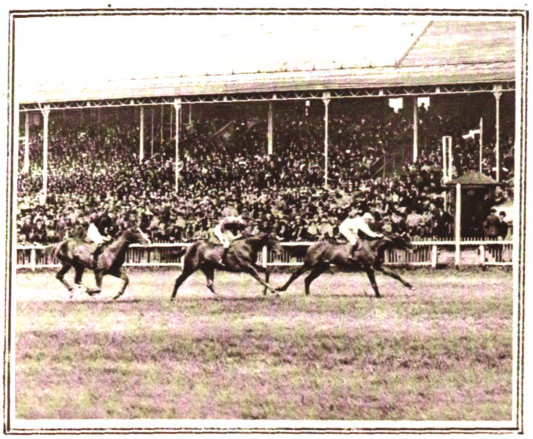
This shows the top of the beautifully illuminated first page of text in the Black Prince manuscript, a story of his exploits, in Norman-French verse. He is described in the opening lines as "prince de Gales & d'Aquitaine."

the world, the Poet triumphed over the Schoolman. The first few lines of the "Inferno" were actually set down in Latin, but Dante changed his mind, to the great gain of the Tuscan tongue and of poetry. Even Petrarch could not give Latin poems immortality. Napoleon's imitations of Rome were equally foredoomed. Her history was clearer to him than to Dante, and he saw in himself another Cæsar. Yet it was but the outward trappings of old Imperial Rome, the laurel wreaths, the mystic monograms, the Eagles, the titles of Consul and Emperor that he revived for a day. For permanent work the Imperial Poet has beaten him, not least by his departure from Roman traditionary speech. The Eagle of Dante's begetting soars immortal on the golden wing of the Alighieri. It availed Napoleon's Eaglet nothing to be King of Rome.

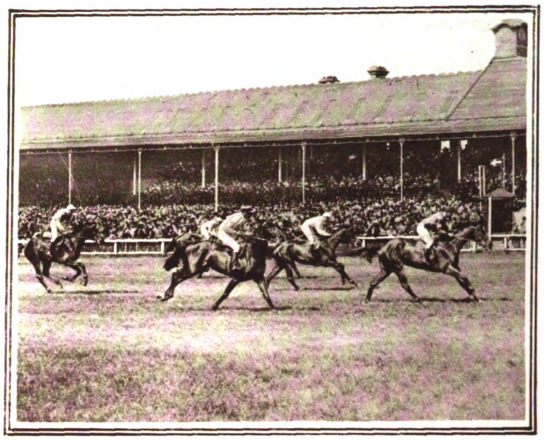
J. D. S.

THE TURF AND THE TRACK: THE "GUINEAS"; WOOLWICH v. SANDHURST.

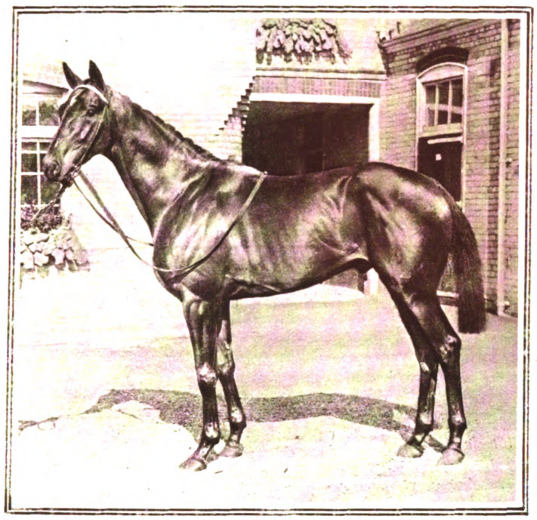
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



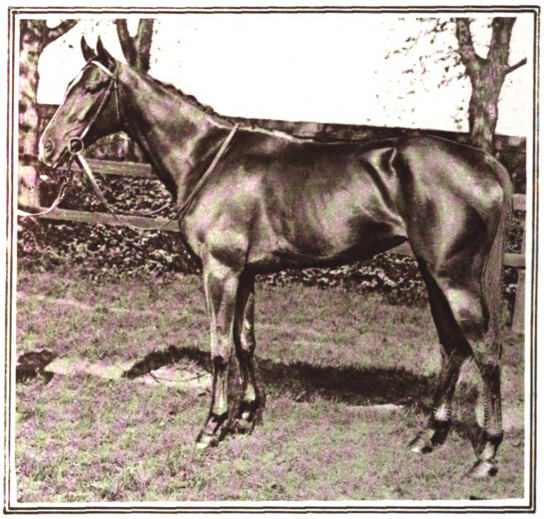
A SURPRISE IN THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS: THE FINISH—CRAIG AN ERAN (J. BRENNAN UP) WINNING FROM LEMONORA AND HUMORIST.



A SURPRISE IN THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS: THE FINISH—BETTINA (G. BELLHOUSE UP) WINNING FROM PETREA AND POMPADOUR.



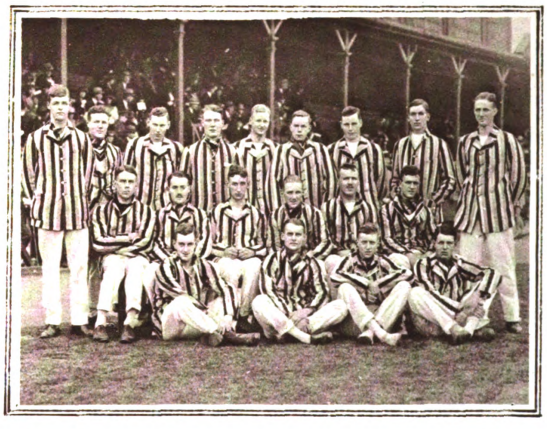
THE WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS AT NEWMARKET: LORD ASTOR'S CRAIG AN ERAN, WHICH STARTED AT 100 TO 6.



THE WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS AT NEWMARKET: MR. WALTER RAPHAEL'S BETTINA, WHICH STARTED AT 33 TO 1 AGAINST.



VICTORIOUS OVER WOOLWICH IN THEIR ANNUAL ATHLETIC MATCH BY EIGHT EVENTS TO ONE: THE SANDHURST TEAM.



DEFEATED BY SANDHURST IN THE ATHLETIC MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB BY EIGHT EVENTS TO ONE: THE WOOLWICH TEAM.

In spite of railway restrictions due to the coal dispute, there was a good attendance at Newmarket for the classic "Guineas," which were both run on the same day, April 29, in the presence of the King. In each case the result was a surprise victory for an outsider. The Two Thousand Guineas was won by Lord Astor's Craig an Eran, with Mr. J. Watson's Lemonora second, and Mr. J. B. Joel's Humorist third. The One Thousand Guineas was won by Mr. Walter Raphael's Bettina, with Mr. W. Clark's Petrea second, and Lord Astor's Pompadour third.——On April 30 the thirty-fifth annual athletic match between the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, took place at Queen's Club, West Kensington. Sandhurst won easily, carrying off eight of the nine events. The prizes were presented by Prince Henry, and Marshal Foch was a keenly interested spectator for most of the afternoon.

A "CENTURY" OF TEST MATCHES: THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKE

PHOTOGRAPHS



MR. H. L. HENDRY (NEW SOUTH WALES).



MR. J. RYDER (VICTORIA).



MR. H. CARTER (N.S. WALES).



MR. C. G. MACARTNEY (N.S. WALES).



MR. W. BARDSLEY (N.S. WALES).



MR. H. L. COLLINS, VICE-CAPTAIN (N.S. WALES).



MR. W. A. OLDFIELD (N.S. WALES).

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

(From an Australian Correspondent.)

IT was to be expected that Australia would send to England the cricketers who have recently scored such a decisive victory over the M.C.C. team. With the exception of Kelleway, all the men who have taken a prominent part in the long series of successes in Australia are included in the team. It is unfortunate that Kelleway was obliged, for business reasons, to decline the invitation, as his style of batting is often invaluable when defensive tactics are required, and his medium length, accurate bowling would have been a source of strength to a side not as strong in bowling as many Australians would desire.

Warwick Armstrong will again lead the Australians, and his appointment has given satisfaction in Australia, despite his recent controversy with the Victorian Cricket Association. Some critics would have preferred Collins, the Vice-Captain, but Armstrong went to England with the general confidence of the Australian cricketing public. He is such a genial fellow that he is bound to be popular in England. He has a smile for everything, even his own mistakes at the wickets and in the field. His ponderous figure prevents him from displaying much agility in the field, but he is useful in the slips, and his wonderful catch at fine leg off a tremendous drive from Douglas was one of the outstanding incidents in the recent series of Test matches.

As a batsman Warwick has lost none of his skill, and his century in the first Test match in Sydney was one of the most attractive displays of batting ever seen on that ground. As a bowler he will send down over after over of his apparently simple slow balls. With the wicket helping him he frequently gets a good turn on the ball, and if he does not always get wickets, he invariably keeps down the runs. In the Test matches he was second only to Macartney in the batting averages, with the fine figures of 77·33; and he was first in the bowling averages with 22·66. With this all-round record, the Australian Captain is a source of tremendous strength to his side. As a skipper he shows excellent generalship, and he is never averse from consulting his colleagues.

If his recent form affords any true guide, J. M. Gregory is likely to prove the greatest all-rounder that Australia has ever produced. It is a remarkable fact that, prior to his inclusion in the A.I.F. team, this member of the famous cricketing family gave no indication of future brilliance. He is generally regarded as the fastest bowler in the world to-day, and no fast bowler has probably ever achieved such success with the bat. He is a tall, powerfully-built fellow, with youth on his side, but it is doubtful whether, with his particular frame, he will be able to maintain his pace with the ball. He puts tremendous energy into his run, and bowls from a great height. His pace at the end of the recent tour was not nearly as fast as in the first Test. Possibly his successes with the bat contributed to this. A fast bowler who makes a century towards the end of an innings, and is then called upon immediately afterwards to bowl, obviously suffers a strain on his physique which must have its effect.

As a batsman Jack Gregory has improved out of sight. He is still somewhat unorthodox in style, but he has a wonderful sight of the ball, and his aggressive tactics and vigorous strokes will please the English cricketing crowds. He is now much better in defence than he was with the A.I.F. team, and has a greater variety of strokes. His tremendous strides between the wickets always cause amusement in Australia. In one Test match, when he had Armstrong as a partner, he almost reduced his skipper to a state of exhaustion.

It is in fielding, however, that Gregory displays most his inexhaustible energy and agility. As first slip he is second to none in the world to-day. He has an extraordinary reach with his arms. I can best describe his movement, when he dives after a ball which would be out of the reach of most players, by comparing it to the arm of a linotype machine. He made no fewer than fifteen catches in the slips in the recent Test matches, and some of them were very extraordinary. He sometimes falls to the ground in his endeavour to reach a ball, but once his large hands have touched it they rarely let it go. In batting Gregory had the fine average of 73·66 in Tests, and in bowling an average of 24·17.

English cricket enthusiasts will be eager to see the bowler who caused such havoc to the English batsmen in the Test series. Arthur Mailey is an intelligent player, who understands and remembers the weaknesses of particular batsmen. He was helped, no doubt, by the hard Australian wickets, and may not secure such a turn on the ball in England. He is, however, adaptable, and will probably be able to change his tactics to suit the altered conditions. He was certainly expensive at times in the Test matches, but wound up with an average of 26·27 and secured 36 wickets, which is a record for Test matches. None of the English batsmen was ever comfortable in facing those deceptive slow balls, which looked so easy and yet so often beat them.

The googly bowler was called upon to do a tremendous amount of work, and bowled nearly 3000 balls in the matches against the English team and the Inter-State matches. He is, however, a willing player, and knows that sooner or later he will capture wickets. Douglas was his special victim, as the English skipper was out to Mailey no fewer than six times. He also captured the wickets of Hobbs, Hendren, Makepeace and Rhodes on three occasions each, and Woolley and Russell each on two occasions. The Gregory-Mailey combination was one of the chief factors in the defeat of the English side. It remains to be seen whether it will be equally successful on English wickets.

Apart from Armstrong and Gregory, who have already been mentioned, the Australian team contains eight batsmen any one of whom is as likely as not to

The Australians began their tour in England auspiciously by beating Leicestershire, in the match which concluded at Leicester on May 2, by an innings and 152 runs. Australia had made 430 for 7 wickets when Mr. Warwick Armstrong (the captain) declared the innings closed. To that total Mr. C. G. Macartney contributed 177 runs, Mr. Warren Bardsley 109, and Mr. J. M. Gregory 78. Both the two latter are left-hand batsmen. Mr. Gregory is considered by some the best all-round cricketer in the world. He comes of a famous cricketing family, of whom it has been said that "the Gregorys are to Australia what the Graces were to England." The present season is of especial interest

LIAN TEAM SOON TO MEET ENGLAND FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME.

...RT AND GENERAL.



MR. T. J. ANDREWS (N.S. WALES).



MR. E. A. McDONALD (VICTORIA).



MR. J. M. TAYLOR (N.S. WALES)



MR. A. A. MAILEY (N.S. WALES).

make a century in big cricket. Macartney maintains his position as the leading Australian batsman to-day. He was at the head of the averages for the Test matches with 86·66, and he also secured the fine average of 75 in the State matches against the English team, and 68 in the Sheffield Shield matches. His two centuries in the second match, New South Wales *v.* England, and the Fifth Test, were masterpieces of stylish batting. His wristy strokes, late cuts, cover drives, leg glances, and beautifully timed strokes in other parts of the field proclaimed him as a worthy successor to the famous Australian batsmen of other days.

Herbert Collins, the Vice-Captain of the team, has the real Test-match temperament. He usually goes in first with Bardsley, and commences his innings as if he had just finished making a hundred runs. He has been called "Lucky Collins," and he certainly was fortunate in some very badly missed catches early in the recent tour. It requires, however, a player of no ordinary ability to make century after century in big cricket, and although Collins is not so stylish a batsman as Macartney or Taylor, he can usually be relied upon to make runs. The fact that he scored three centuries against the M.C.C. team, and was associated with Bardsley in three first-wicket partnerships of over a century, indicates his great value to his side.

Warren Bardsley, the left-hander, is a different type of batsman. Always imperturbable, he makes his strokes all round the wicket. In the Sheffield Shield matches last season, he had the wonderful average of 108, mainly due to two innings of 235 each against South Australia. He has had previous experience of English wickets, and is expected to do better than some of the other batsmen who are more suited to the Australian conditions. In the outfield Bardsley is always safe and sometimes brilliant, and saved a great many runs for the Australian side which would otherwise have gone to the boundary.

Clarence Pellew, the only South Australian in the team, is a born athlete. His fielding at cover point is a delight to watch. He pounces on the ball with extraordinary agility, picks up and throws to the wicket with speed and precision. He made two centuries in the Test matches in excellent style, and is usually a dependable batsman.

"Johnny" Taylor is a little chap of whom great things are expected. His charming style at the wickets reminds one more of Victor Trumper than of any present-day Australian batsman. He puts great force into many of his strokes which is surprising from a man of such small stature. In the outfield he is as skilful as Hendren in the speed with which he covers the ground, the clean and rapid way in which he picks up the ball, and the deadly accuracy with which he returns it. Taylor is a young man with a great cricketing future. In the Test matches he had an average of 32·85, in the State matches 118 (assisted by a fine innings of 107 not out), and in the Sheffield Shield 84·33 (to which a magnificent innings of 180 materially contributed).

Of the other batsmen, Ryder can make runs when he is in form. In build he resembles Russell, the Essex player. In the field his work has not hitherto been noteworthy, whilst as a bowler he is useful as a relief and often keeps an excellent length for a long time. Andrews is at the top of the Sydney Club averages for the season with the fine figures of 99·66. He is a steady bat and an admirable field, especially at cover point.

Hendry replaced Kelleway in the team. He is one of the younger players of promise, and should benefit considerably by his experience in England. Tall and slight, he is second only to Gregory as a slip field amongst the Australian players. With more confidence he should improve as a batsman, as he puts much power into many of his strokes, and an excellent innings of 66 not out in the second match N.S.W. *v.* England gave an indication of his potentialities in this direction. As a bowler he resembles Kelleway in style. He never looked dangerous in the big matches, although he usually kept a good length and occasionally got wickets.

Oldfield secured his place in the team as a result of his good "keeping" in the early Test matches following his record with the A.I.F. team. He should improve with more experience, and, like many of his colleagues, has most of his big cricket in front of him. On the other hand, this will probably be "Sam" Carter's last participation in international cricket. In the last two Test matches he showed that he is just as active behind the stumps as ever. Two of his catches in the Fourth Test in Melbourne were remarkable, one of them, in the opinion of many old cricketers, being the finest catch at the wicket ever seen on the Melbourne ground. With two such safe men available behind the wickets to support the bowlers, the Australian team completes its efficient representation in every department.

McDonald is the other fast bowler in the team. He was not successful in the Tests, but the selectors considered it desirable that another fast bowler should be available in case Gregory should be incapacitated. Few people in Australia know why Mayne was included. He has shown no recent form as a batsman, he is a poor fieldsman except at point, and is not a bowler. With this single exception the selections have met with general approval. The weakness probably lies in the absence of a medium-paced left-hander who can get a spin on the ball. Collins and Macartney are both left-hand bowlers who may do well on wet wickets in England, but they have had little success—or, indeed, opportunities to succeed—this season. It is interesting to mention that both Collins and Macartney are right-hand batsmen, whilst Gregory, who is a right-hand bowler, is a left-hand batsman.

The Australian team is likely to be a happy family. Many of them served together in the great struggle for Empire and Freedom, and they combine well together as a team. They are all good sportsmen.



MR. C. E. PELLEW (S. AUSTRALIA).



MR. J. M. GREGORY (N.S. WALES).



MR. W. W. ARMSTRONG, CAPTAIN (VICTORIA).

because England and Australia have now each won forty of the international matches, and the Test Match to be played at Nottingham on May 28 will be a historic occasion, as the hundredth meeting between the Mother Country and the "daughter" lands of the Antipodes. It will be interesting to see whether the "Cornstalks" will be as successful on English wickets as they were in Australia against the M.C.C. team, whom they defeated in all five Test Matches during the season recently past. Of the fourteen members of the Australian team whose portraits are given above, no fewer than ten hail from New South Wales.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE great question of the day is the future of Parliamentary institutions. The alternative recommended by Treitschke in theory and by Bismarck in practice—autocracy, to wit—has been ruled out by the failure of the "German War" to impose it on the world and by the first stage of the Russian Revolution, if not by the second, which culminated in the twofold tyranny of Lenin and Trotsky, that figure-of-eight spider in a dark net of shaken circumstance. In reading "NEW CHAPTERS OF BISMARCK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY" (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d. net), translated by Bernard Miall, it is not surprising to find that the old statesman, dismissed by a young, untried monarch and made the butt of such pompous imbeciles as the Grand Duke of Baden (who described him as "an old driveller"), began to have his doubts as to the future of autocracy (even the limited liability type), though he still preserved his contempt for Parliamentarianism. As in a glass darkly, contrasting the personality of William II. with the characters of his predecessors, he had glimpses of the historic truth that autocracy fails as soon as the right type of autocrat is lacking—a result bound to arrive sooner or later, when the autocrat is supplied on the principle of primogeniture.



THE PATHOS OF THE LAW COURTS INTERPRETED BY A GREAT FRENCH ETCHER: FORAIN'S "LA SORTIE DE L'AUDIENCE" (ORIGINAL SIZE, 13¾ BY 11⅛ IN.)

By Courtesy of the "Print-Collector's Quarterly" (see Article on a later page).

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This year is the centenary of the death of Napoleon, and the new and enlarged edition of "NAPOLEON, 1769-1821" (G. G. Harrap and Co.; 10s. 6d. net), by H. F. B. Wheeler, sets us thinking over the character and career of the greatest autocrat the world has ever seen. The chief omission in Mr. Wheeler's otherwise excellent example of the "popular" history, which is reliable as well as readable, is the lack of a fitting appreciation of Napoleon's work as an organiser of civil reforms. Here, as in the sphere of military organisation, his grasp of broad principles, mastery of detail, and capacity for choosing the human instruments of his purpose, had full play and were magnificently effective. The Napoleonic Code and the other institutions he created, using the *élan* of revolutionary feeling to better purpose than in the vast effort to realise his dreams of world conquest, are the bedrock of modern France, which is far too strong an edifice—stronger indeed than that Bismarck called "the granite block" of his unified Germany—to be wrecked and overwhelmed by the tidal waves of Bolshevism. That is why Napoleon's name is honoured even by the Frenchmen to whom the national conception of *la gloire*, so deeply rooted in a thousand years of stark experience, is the abomination of desolation. Napoleon's keen interest in national education, which caused him to establish the University of France, would alone have made him famous as an architect of social institutions. "There will never be fixity in politics," he averred, "if there is not a teaching body with fixed principles. As long as people do not from their infancy learn whether they ought to be republicans or monarchists, Catholics or sceptics, the State will never form a nation; it will rest on unsafe and shifting foundations, always exposed to changes and disorders." France in Napoleon's days and pre-war Germany, even more manifestly, carried this principle to unwise extremes, but there can be little doubt that all State schools should teach patriotism—and here we can learn something well worth learning from the mighty conqueror we held in so narrow a prison, for it is the height of folly to permit even State-subsidised teachers to preach internationalism (as many do) and to provide no specific antidote in the nation's schools to the educational propaganda now conducted on a large scale in all industrial districts by the revolutionary exponents of the Marxian economics.

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It is with a feeling of shame at a dreadful lack of magnanimity that one reads the story of Napoleon's life at St. Helena—a sad and dismal subject to which "A GIFT OF NAPOLEON" (John Lane; 10s. 6d. net), being a sequel to letters by Captain Engelbert Lutyens (orderly officer at Longwood), edited by Sir Lees Knowles, makes a picturesque contribution. Long ago we gave back "Orestes to Electra in his urn," but there is still scope for repentance.

. . . . . .

But the question for the moment is whether, in this and other countries, Parliament is to be superseded by some form of the Soviet system, which already exists in such bodies as the National Union of Railwaymen, which can declare a strike—that is war, for it is a kind of *ultima ratio*—against the community without taking a ballot of its members. Anything which diminishes the vitality and prestige of Parliament must strengthen the case for the Soviet idea; anything which increases it adds to the efficacy of what Lord Morley praised as "the greatest instrument of civil liberty ever devised by man." The revolt of the Two Hundred M.P.s against the silence imposed on them during a great national emergency (twice the House of Commons was prevented from discussing the Triple Alliance threat of the "General Strike" which Sorel so sagaciously said ought to remain a vast and cloudy menace!) by the oligarchy called a Cabinet, was heartening to all who do not despair of the future of Parliamentary institutions. Among these must be numbered Mr. Michael MacDonagh, whose admirable book, "THE PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT" (Unwin; two vols.; 36s. net) clarifies and crystallises the experience of thirty-five years in the Press Gallery. His work is a mine of exact information, but it is never for a moment dull, since its author has a keen eye for the human interest that is never wanting for a moment in either House, and has even been able to add new and true treasures to our store of Parliamentary anecdote—an achievement one would have thought impossible! Mr. MacDonagh scoffs at the idea that Parliament is slow and cumbrous in fulfilling the task of reflecting the nation's reasoned judgment in matters of vital importance. But he does not face the difficult question of finding remedies for the present weakness of the House of Commons which originates in (1) the usurpation of undue authority by the Cabinet, (2) the increasing number of placemen in the House, and (3) its inability to impose its will, through the Ministers, on the huge bureaucracy which has grown out of the necessities of the war and the peace with its vast problems of industrial unrest, and is now far too strongly entrenched to be reduced by any display of high-explosive rhetoric. But the House still possesses a great store of intelligent energy, and we can agree with Mr. MacDonagh in believing that it is capable of adapting itself to each new set of circumstances—if only, we must add, its power, at present latent, can be released and brought to bear directly on the new problems of administration.

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"THE MODERN TEACHER" (Methuen; 10s. 6d. net), edited by A. Watson Bain, M.A., and introduced by Sir W. Henry Hadow, M.A., D.Mus., is a collection of essays on the various phases of modern education by famous experts in the theory and practice of teaching. Education is not vocation—that is the root-principle accepted by all the contributors, who see that the pupil's imagination must be trained as well as his capacity for amassing useful knowledge. In the last essay but one, on "Citizenship," Dr. William Boyd emphasises the necessity of "educating our masters" in their duty to the State as well as to themselves, if they are not to be tricked and made use of by any plausible demagogue. We have, in fact, to return to the ancient Greek truth that "the state (city) came into being that men might live and is continued that they may live well." The first necessity is to get young people to take a continuous interest in political problems, so that they may think for themselves and not be content to be mere cyphers, adding consequence to the party No. 1 at whose coat-tails they stand in a serried impotence.



ONE OF FORAIN'S MASTERLY SERIES OF ETCHINGS FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT: "LA FRACTION DU PAIN" (ORIGINAL SIZE, 11⅛ BY 10⅛ IN.)

By Courtesy of the "Print-Collector's Quarterly" (see Article on a later page).

FROM EAST AND WEST: PERSONALITIES AND HISTORIC RELICS.

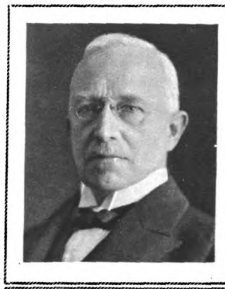
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RECEIVED BY THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: H.E. CHU CHI-CHIEN, EX-PREMIER OF CHINA.



PAINTER OF THE MOST-TALKED-OF ACADEMY PICTURE: SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



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OUT FOR A STROLL IN LONDON DURING HIS RECENT VISIT: MARSHAL FOCH IN MUFTI.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN IN EGYPT: H.I.H. (SECOND FROM LEFT IN FRONT) WITH LORD ALLENBY (FOURTH) AT CAIRO.



PLACED PERMANENTLY AT THE INVALIDES IN PARIS: THE RESTAURANT CAR IN WHICH THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED.

His Excellency Chu Chi-Chien, ex-Premier of China, was received by the King at Buckingham Palace on May 2, and handed to his Majesty an autograph letter from the Chinese President, together with valuable gifts.——Sir William Orpen's Academy picture, "Le Chef de l'Hotel Chatham, Paris" (reproduced on our front page), has been bought by the Chantrey Bequest.——Mr. John Henry Whitley, the new Speaker, has been Liberal Member for Halifax, where he has a cotton-spinning business, for twenty-one years.——The Crown Prince of Japan is due to arrive at Spithead on May 7. He reached Cairo, where he stayed with Lord Allenby at the Residency, on April 18, and he has since visited Malta and Gibraltar on his way to England.——At the Morgan S. Williams sale at Christie's, Messrs. Duveen gave 2500 guineas for a fourteenth-century Arab glass mosque lamp, given to the late owner by the Shah of Persia.——At the Tobacco Trade Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Mr. Alfred Dunhill shows a large pipe of North American maple wood which Sir Walter Raleigh smoked on the scaffold in 1618 and gave to Bishop Andrews. Near the mouthpiece is a whistle for summoning a servant to refill the bowl.——Mr. H. B. S. Rhodes again won the Stock Exchange Athletic Club's walk from London to Brighton, in 9 hours 16 min. 23 sec., beating his last year's time.——The Earl of Reading, the New Viceroy of India, and the Countess of Reading arrived at Delhi on April 5.——The railway restaurant car of Marshal Foch's train, in which the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, in Compiègne Wood, was brought to the Invalides in Paris on April 28, and placed in the Musée de l'Armée. A luncheon was given in it at which Marshals Foch and Joffre were present. Marshal Foch was recently in London for the Allied Conference on German reparations.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

A COLLEAGUE said to me when we met at the Court Theatre: "Is this your eightieth Othello?" "No," said I "it is more likely to be my hundredth, for I began playgoing when I was seven, and I have a faint recollection of my tenth birthday, when the Moor of Salvini excited my young brain to such an extent that I did not sleep for nights." I have seen all the great Othellos of my time—in English, Dutch, Flemish, Italian, German, including Austrian—and if I were to-day to "reminisce" on the subject, I should call Salvini the greatest of them all; in England, Matheson Lang the most powerful, Lewis Waller the most picturesque, and Forbes Robertson, in spite of what other critics have said, the nearest approach to the autumnal lover of the child-wife Desdemona. Now enters Godfrey Tearle under the banner of Mr. James Fagan at the Court, who splendidly and valiantly maintains one of the most glorious traditions of the nation. From the point of view of diction it is a fine performance. His voice sounds like a bell; his every word surges like a wave from an ocean; but from my point of view he is all too vehement—he is a roaring lion from the first, and in this great effort of force something of the childish tenderness of the Moor is lost. This exuberance is not so much a fault as an attribute of youth. Tearle gives us a juvenile Othello of leonine figure. It is a defensible conception, but it mars somewhat the dignity of the hero, who was not only a great lover, but a leader of men and a doughty general. Next comes the Iago of Mr. Basil Rathbone. Here was something new, something original, a revelation. Hitherto Iago has been generally played as a Macchiavelli, ripe of age, ripe in cunning, a kind of serpent in human form. But Basil Rathbone, who seems to have studied his Shakespeare well, adheres to the notion that Iago spoke of his twenty-eight years of age; so, instead of endowing him with maturity, he created a figure of youth in whom craft was more innate than the outcome of experience. To me it was an interesting study of a criminal born, an Iago so overwhelmed by ego, so prone to rule, that, to use a Continental expression, "he would tread on corpses" to reach his goal. It was a deeply interesting study, and it marked the actor as a man of promise. He has still little mannerisms of smacking lips and eye-play, but that is a detail. A part of such magnitude is a great trial to a nervous temperament. Anon the Cassio of Mr. Frank Cellier, the performance of the evening, which by its tremendous force, its enthusiasm, its magnificence of delivery, lifted me off my feet. One must know the bitter school of life to value the conviction with which Frank Cellier delivered that glorious speech on "Reputation." It went to the heart; it went to the soul; it was superb; it was human. Alas that I cannot praise the Desdemona and the Emilia! Miss Madge Titheradge as Desdemona was pale and passive. She simulated youth, but she did not convey it. Her speech was sometimes convincing, she had touching moments, but one felt that she seemed to await opportunities which the part did not offer to her impassioned temperament. The Emilia of Miss Mary Grey, though prepossessing in personality, lacked stamina. We had but a glimpse of the long-suffering woman, not her complete portrayal. On the whole, "Othello" at the Court, set by the pictorial eye of Mr. Fagan in scenes beautiful in colour, grand in simplicity of diction, was worthy of *the* Shakespeare Theatre of West London.

She is *quelqu'une*! When Miss Violet Vanbrugh enters upon the scene there is a presence and an atmosphere. Why, oh why, does so gifted an actress not find a play worthy of her talent? Violet Vanbrugh in an adaptation of "The Knave of Diamonds," by Ethel M. Dell!—the very combination jars, and it is but homage to the actress to say as little as possible about the play. As it unfolded its weary story I had time to think what the Continental drama could offer to Violet Vanbrugh if the English supply should fail, and on my fingers I counted not less than a score of plays in which Violet Vanbrugh could repeat her world-famed success of "The Woman in the Case." She did her best with her trite material, but the opportunities were all too few, and we felt what power worked here for nothing. Two other splendid impersonations: the drink-sodden baronet of Mr. Townsend Whitling, a Napoleonesque impression which makes one long to see this powerful actor as the real "*petit caporal*"; and the cunning hero of Mr. Scott Sunderland, who, rueing that he had tried to capture his lady-love by stratagem, was a model of restraint, of sincerity and dignified humility.



SARDOU'S IMMORTAL WASHERWOMAN LEARNING DEPORTMENT TO RECEIVE NAPOLEON: MLLE. MISTINGUETT MAKES A GREAT SUCCESS IN "MADAME SANS-GÊNE," AT THE PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE, PARIS.

Mlle. Mistinguett has made a great hit in the Paris revival of "Madame Sans-Gêne," as Catherine (ex-washerwoman), wife of Marshal Lefebvre. The drawing shows Madame Sans Gêne in Act I., Scene 5, taking a lesson in deportment from M. Despréaux, formerly ballet-master at the Opera, and now professor of dancing at the Court of Napoleon. Catherine is learning the correct manner in which to receive Imperial Highnesses.—[*Drawn from Life by René Lelong.*]

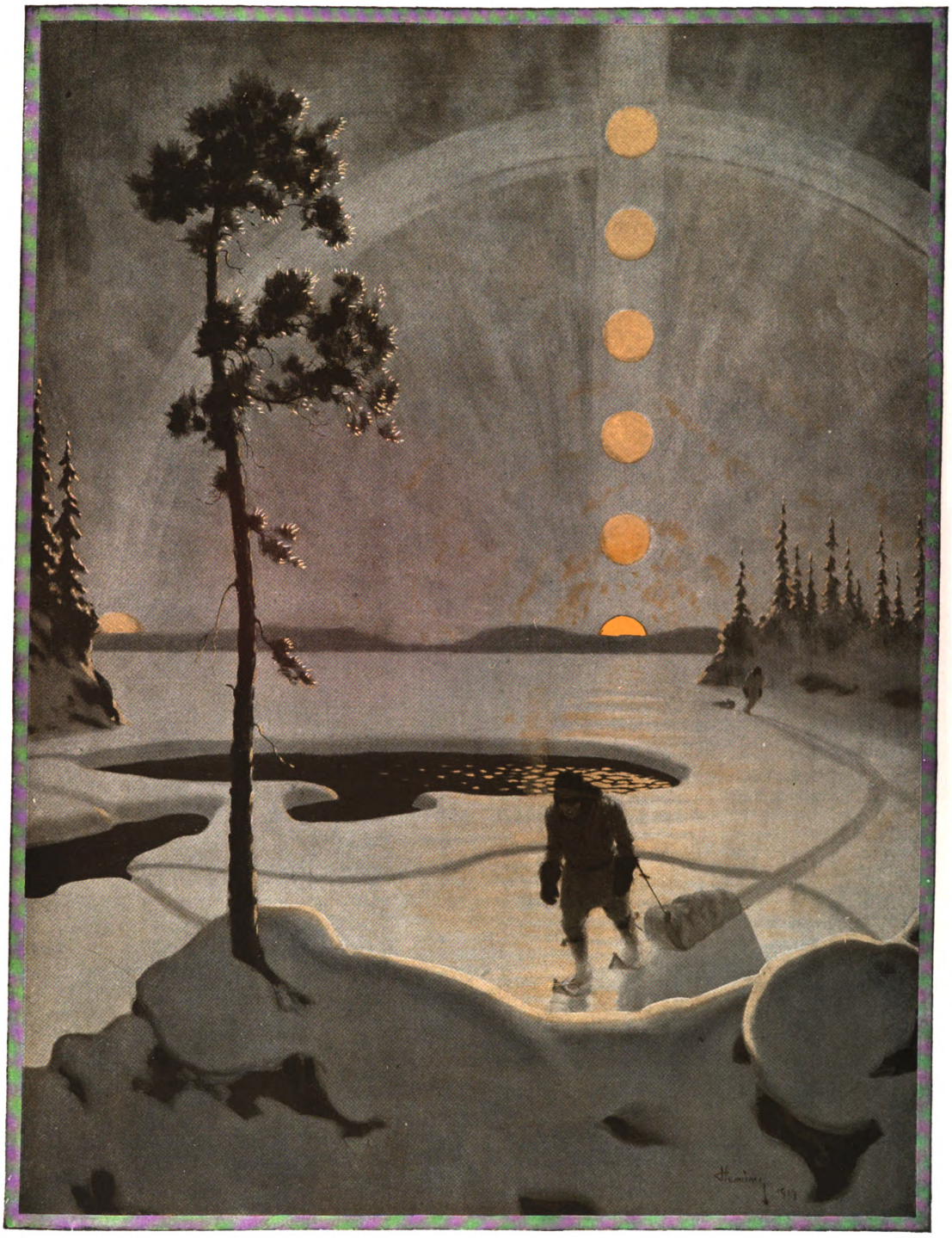
"The Peep-Show" is, next to "Jumble Sale," at the Vaudeville, the best revue London has seen for some time. It is a revue and it is a peep-show. There are scenes galore and many sights, yet the sights are so daintily and so discreetly panelled that in a treasure trove full of happy thoughts they make a far greater impression than more gorgeous displays. The music-shop in which we were regaled to all the songs of the 'eighties and 'nineties known to glory was one of those things which make the heart jump with joy and set the whole audience humming. The Dickens pageant was a fairylike kaleidoscope of many peeps into the novelist's works, and it was truly wonderful to behold with what chameleonic nimbleness the actors, such as Stanley Lupino, Mona Vivian, Annie Croft, and Fred Allandale, crept into Dickensian skins. In Mona Vivian the Hippodrome has found a host of fun, humour, and imagination. She does many things, and does them all to perfection. In Stanley Lupino they have a comedian as clever and supple as a vanload of monkeys; and in Fred Allandale a kind *compère* who plays burlesque character parts with a mien as if he meant it. The music is bright; the chorus girls are fair; the text is jolly; the costumes are such a dream that it is almost dangerous to be accompanied by a lady, lest they should create nostalgia of Paquin and Reville. The whole thing is gay from beginning to end.

Leon M. Lion scores in "Count X." His Bond Street pseudo-Russian spoof-sayer is a fine pastel of the late lamented (?) Rasputin. The third act, full of spookeries and satire, is a whole evening in itself. It is likely to thrill London as did "The Thirteenth Chair."

Alas that my editor cannot grant me a whole page to enlarge on the firstling of Mrs. Gerald Montagu, "Mother Eve," with which the Playwrights' Theatre has scored! It is a play of thought and quality, in spite of technical immaturity. It pounds the eternal marriage question; it pounds the man who looks upon wedlock as an eternal honeymoon and not as a union of two minds, who looks upon woman as the inferior partner unfit to share his intellectual pursuits; it hits home in many lines and some scenes; it deserves more than a one-day's life. The acting of Miss Mary Merrall was a thing of beauty and feeling. She learned the part in three days, yet acted it as if it were the expression of a young lifetime. And Miss Edith Evans as a foolish mother was as fascinating as Miss Ruth Mackay was flamboyant as the "woman who did."

A GALAXY OF SUNS AND FLAMING BOW: A NORTHERN DAWN.

FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR HEMING.

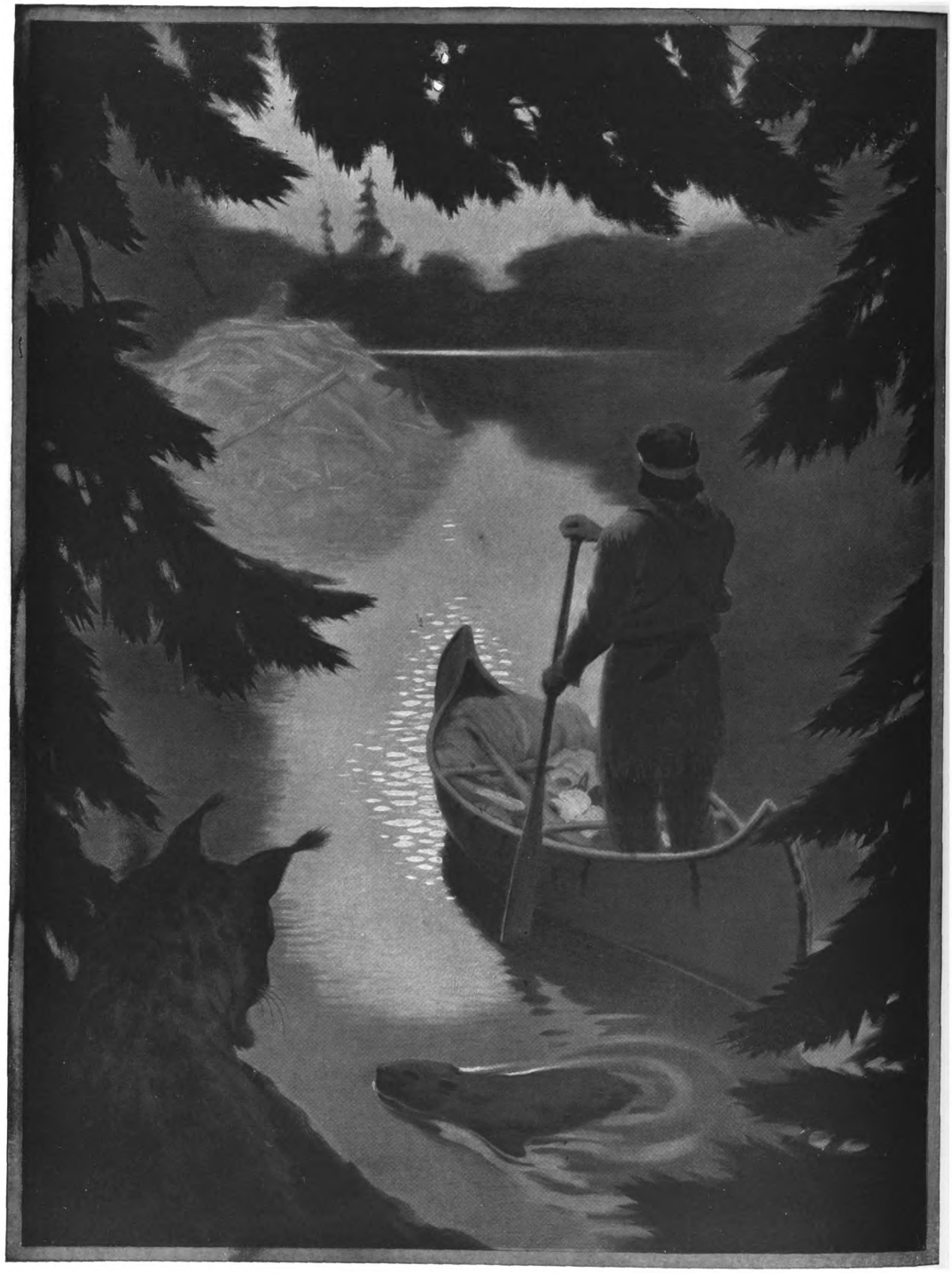


"AFLAME WITH BANDS AND BALLS OF FIRE": A WONDERFUL SUNRISE PHENOMENON IN THE FAR NORTH OF CANADA—THE ACTUAL SUN ON THE HORIZON, WITH MOCK SUNS ABOVE, AND AT EACH END OF THE RAINBOW ARCH.

The remarkable phenomenon shown in the picture was seen by the artist, Mr. Heming, during a journey in the northern wilds of Canada. "Just before daylight appeared in the south-eastern sky," he writes, "the Aurora Borealis vanished from view. Later, a golden glow, tipping the tops of the tallest trees, heralded the rising of the sun. Coming out upon a little lake we saw that the light over the distant hills had broken into a glorious flood of sunshine. Half over the far-off trees, along the horizon, the sun was shining, and the whole south-eastern sky seemed aflame with bands and balls of fire. A vertical ribbon of gradually diminishing lustre, scarcely wider than the sun, was rising into the heavens to meet a vast semicircle of rainbow beauty arched above the natural sun. Where the strange halo cut the vertical flame and the horizon on either side, three mock suns marked the intersection. (That on the horizon to the right is not seen in the picture.) Above the natural sun and beneath the halo, four other mock suns studded the vertical band of light. It was a wonderful sight, and lasted fully twenty minutes. Now the brigade was halted. . . . The drivers, conversing in little groups, watched the beautiful phenomenon. . . . Presently the mock suns grew dim; the arch faded away; the band lost its glow; the true sun rose above the trees."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

A HUNTER'S PARADISE: BY CANOE THROUGH CANADA'S NORTHLAND.

FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR HEMING.



"IN THESE NORTHERN WILDS ANIMALS HAVE LITTLE FEAR OF MAN, EVEN THE USUALLY SHY AND TIMID BEAVER": A WOLVERINE MEDITATING AN ATTACK.

Describing the journey through the far north of Canada during which he made this drawing, Mr. Arthur Heming writes: "In these northern wilds, animals have little fear of man, even the usually shy and timid beaver having not yet learned to recognise his most deadly enemy. . . . When we reached Bear Lake, I found a hunter's paradise. . . . Oo-koo-hoo recalled having seen the tracks of a wolverine that afternoon, and was reminded of a former experience. One spring, while hunting along a river, he discovered a beaver at work upon the bank, cutting poplar-sticks to take them, through a hole in the ice, to the under-water entrance of his near-by house for his family to feed upon. But presently Oo-koo-hoo discovered another moving object,; it was a wolverine, and it was stalking the beaver. When it drew near enough to the beaver, the wolverine made a sudden spring and landed upon its back. A desperate fight ensued. . . . The beaver, with the wolverine still on his back, dived in. On being submerged, the wolverine let go and swam around in an effort to get out. But the beaver, now in his element, rising beneath his foe, with one bite of his powerful, chisel-like teeth, gripped the wolverine by the throat; then he let go and sank to watch the wolverine bleed to death." The originals of the drawings are in the Royal Ontario Museum, which purchased them.—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

A MIGHTY MEMORY HONOURED ALIKE BY FRANCE AND BRITAIN:

THE CENTENARY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH.



PRUDHON'S LITTLE-KNOWN PORTRAIT: THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, NAPOLEON'S FIRST WIFE.

The tragedy of Josephine's married life was the fact that she brought the Emperor no heir. In reading stories of her light conduct, it is to be remembered that she lived in perilous times, like those of the Great War a century later, when moral standards were shaken, and that she barely escaped the guillotine, to which her first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, fell a victim in 1794 during the Reign of Terror. Her maiden name in full was Marie Josephine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie, and she was born in 1763 at Trois Ilets, Martinique, where her father was captain of the port of St. Pierre (destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Pelée in 1902). By her first husband she had a son, Eugène, who was made Viceroy of Italy, and a daughter, Hortense, afterwards Queen of Holland and mother of Napoleon III. Josephine married Napoleon in 1796, and was devoted to him. He crowned her at his coronation as Emperor in December 1804. Because of her childlessness, the marriage was dissolved by the Pope in 1809, and the next year Napoleon married Marie Louise of Austria. Josephine wished to share his exile at Elba in 1814. He arrived there on May 4, and she died on May 29, at Malmaison, near Paris.

A Charcoal Drawing by Prudhon. From the Collection of M. David Weill.

THE GUARDING OF NAPOLEON:

ST. HELENA IN 1815—A BRITISH OFFICER'S DESCRIPTION.

HAD Great Britain acted solely on her own initiative in 1815, it is perhaps possible that the once great Emperor might have been spared the hardships entailed by banishment to such a desolate speck in the ocean as St. Helena. Great Britain, however, was but a single Power in the Alliance which had finally overthrown Bonaparte, and the disastrous escape of the Emperor from Elba had justly alarmed that Alliance, so that, although Napoleon had thrown himself on the protection of England, the British Government was yet compelled to intimate to him that the determination of the Allied Sovereigns was that he must be removed to St. Helena.

St. Helena had been settled by the British East India Company as early as 1651, being made by them a port of call for the supply, more especially, of their home-coming vessels, an important function at a time when all ships bound to or from India had to sail past the Cape of Good Hope. However, at the date of the Emperor's imprisonment there the island had completely ceased to be self-supporting, although but thirty years before it had been described as "well stocked with a breed of black cattle, sheep, hogs and goats, with a breed of spirited little horses well suited to the rugged roads." Turkeys, geese and ducks were also plentiful at that time in the island.

The inhabitants, mostly fishermen by trade, were, in 1815, from the precautions taken to guard against the escape of the illustrious prisoner, permitted only to fish by daylight, and even then were under the greatest restrictions.

An idea of the elaborate precautions in question is given in the following extract from a letter written by an officer of the 53rd Regiment, which had been sent to reinforce the East India Company's slender guard at St. Helena. In especial he speaks most sarcastically of the building of a redoubt on Egg Island, in order to dominate a beach on St. Helena, on which, from his showing, it would have been well-nigh an impossibility for an enemy to land:—

"St. Helena, Nov. 5, 1815.

"We who are sent into banishment with Napoleon to the most wretched and desolate spot in the habitable world, have good reason to curse his name; here we are, literally starving, or living upon the hard Irish beef which we get for a ration, in the proportion of 1 lb. a day, and which is so hard as to be susceptible of as high a polish as mahogany. The privations we all endure are very great; and were it not that we sometimes catch fish (for buying them is out of the question), I do not know what would become of us; five or six fish regularly every day for dinner and breakfast, and have continued to get a mackerel or two each for those meals; but you must not suppose them like the mackerel you get in England, the largest not being half the size. It was ludicrous to see the ladies of the 53rd (who arrived in 'Ceylon' with the 2nd division of the Regiment ten days after us) asking for the market, and their astonishment was not small when they found there was no such thing in the place. They are worse off than ourselves; all the officers have only three marquees among them, and those four miles from the town. Poor Napoleon is at a house in the country, or rather hut, for he has but one room which serves him for bedroom, parlour, kitchen, and hall; a house at Longwood, about four miles from the town, is preparing for him, but will not be ready in two months, and then he will not be much better accommodated for the whole of his suite (eight persons, independent of servants), as it will not furnish a room each. The Generals and their wives are at present in a house in town, until the one that Napoleon goes to at Longwood is ready, when they all go there. Captain Mackay (53rd) lives with Napoleon, and he never moves without two sergeants with him, so that there is no fear of his escaping. Every boat, fisherman's or not, is moored at sunset by a naval officer, and reported to the Commander to be done so. All guards under arms at sunset and day-break; draw-bridges up at sunset, and as many precautions taken as if an enemy were actually in sight of the island; no merchant ship of any description is allowed to anchor, and the place exactly the same as if blockaded most closely. It is morally impossible that he should escape from the island without having a ship at a little distance to receive him; and any sail can be seen sixty miles off in moderately clear weather.

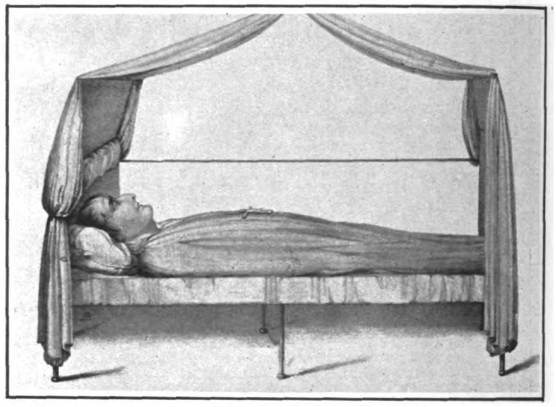
"Two ships have been sent to the Cape of Good Hope for stock, which are anxiously looked for. This island supplies itself with nothing but vegetables, and depends entirely on imports for subsistence. Cutting off all trade prevents any supply to the inhabitants but what they are allowed to purchase from the public stores (the same quantity as the ration to the troops); the fishing boats not being allowed to fish at night, which was the best time altogether, renders the situation of the civil ans worse than ours, and they murmur not a little. I suppose the population of the island may amount to 3,500, including 500 Company's troops. The state of society here is much behind what one would have expected in an English Colony. Indeed, there is scarcely any society to be met with except the daughters of the Company's officers, and they can say 'Yes' or 'No.' They are what we call Yamstocks (natives of the island). They had a theatre, which, however, was shut long before we came. We first made it a barrack and now a hospital. A library, they say, they will have in six months. We are all invited to dine at the Governor's on the 8th instant. I do not think many will go. They say he is worth £70,000, with only a son and daughter; but I think no man with any fortune would ever live here even as Governor—his name is Wilkes, and he is a Colonel in the Company's service.

"Sir G. Cockburn is now building a redoubt on Egg Island, about half a mile from St. Helena, to defend a bay or beach on which in very smooth weather people may land and get into a cavern, and on which beach the artillerymen are nearly drowned by the sea washing over them, because they could not get up the rocks out of its way. An enemy with arms and ammunition certainly might be able to get up better than many without, who were only trying to save their lives by escaping from the waves! Indeed, there would be great difficulty in landing anywhere on the island (but just at Jamestown) from the tremendous surf. To the northward of the island it is always impossible; and to the westward, except James's and Lemon Valley, you see nothing except an abrupt rock rising out of the water. The whole island is nothing but a number of high rocks, evidently volcanic, showing even now a great appearance of fire, black, excoriated, and as light as pumice-stone, in many masses. These rocks are intersected with narrow valleys, which in any other country you would call ravines; little patches of these gullies are cultivated, and produce Guinea grass and some vegetables. The following fruits grow *very sparingly*—oranges, peaches, dates, figs, bananas, lemons, and one or two more fruits. You see a few coconut trees, but they do not bear fruit; but these are only seen in the valleys, the mountains not even having a shrub on them. The climate is very temperate, and, they tell us, very fine and healthy. The brown canary-bird is a native of the island, and has a more beautiful note than the yellow one. The Java-sparrow, a most beautiful bird with a very low note, is also found here. There are pheasants, partridges, some pigeons, and a number of wild doves, which we are not allowed to shoot yet.

"Between three and four miles of the little village which is dignified with the title of Jamestown, after ascending a narrow winding road bordered with ravines and precipices, you reach a small plain of about a mile and a quarter in length, terminated by an abrupt cliff overhanging, at a considerable elevation, the sea. About the middle of this plain stands Longwood, which serves the once mighty Corsican either for a palace or a State prison, according as his imagination may embellish the scene. The house, which is small, is surrounded at every outlet by sentries, regularly relieved. Half a mile in advance of the house stands the lodge, where an officer's guard is stationed, suffering no individual to pass without a written order, signed by the Admiral's own hand. The opposite front of the house is about three-quarters of a mile from the cliff before mentioned; on the one side is an impassable ravine, on the other an unscalable mountain. The space within those limits is all that is assigned to the movements of the State Prisoner. There is, besides, within the boundary an encampment for 150 or 300 men; and on every commanding eminence, at every point which can serve to keep his movements under view, sentries are posted, who may be said to form the interior line of circumvallation, closing in the monster in the toils. The before-mentioned road to Jamestown is the only outlet from this certainly not 'happy valley,' but that road has sentries and picquets posted in regular succession all the way to the town.

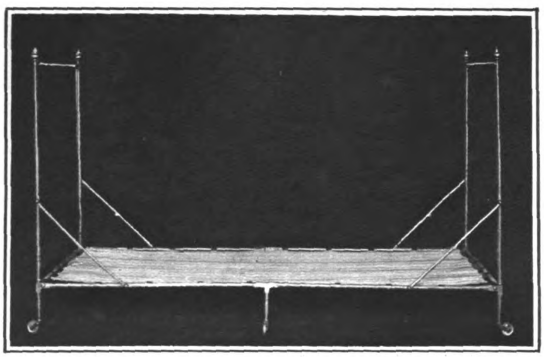
"So much for the securities by land. Those by sea seem to be provided with still greater care, to render the escape of the prisoner physically impossible. No vessel can approach the island in any direction without being seen by some of the numerous signal-posts which are established and communicate with each other all round the island. The moment a strange sail is seen, signals are made to the cruising vessels, of which there are two divisions which alternately relieve each other, in the uninteresting but ceaseless duty of hovering about this speck in the ocean. They proceed from the anchorage to a certain distance, and then move round in one direction or the other, according to the winds or other circumstances, until they have completely encircled the island. If a straggling vessel from India or elsewhere approaches, they instantly make sail towards her, carefully overhaul her, and, if necessary, bring her up for final examination by the Admiral. She is not, however, suffered to anchor unless she be a King's ship or an Indiaman, and this latter class are under very strict regulation. Few of their officers are suffered to land, and even their Captains are not permitted to visit the interior of the island. As to the small boats that go out to fish for the supply of the inhabitants of the island, they are carefully examined both on their departure and their return, are limited to a few short hours for the pursuit of their occupation, and when unemployed are carefully drawn up under the guns of the harbour or of the men-of-war. It is difficult for anybody belonging to the squadron to get leave to spend a night on shore. In general, all individuals must come off from the land before sunset, at which time the drawbridge is taken up and is not let down again till sunrise the next morning; and during this interval guard-boats are constantly employed in rowing round the island.

"Such are the precautions systematically devised and employed to prevent a second attempt of this restless being to create insurrection and disturb the repose of the Continent. Military and Naval men who have thoroughly investigated all these arrangements are of opinion that they promise as much security as the nature of human affairs in any case can afford against the escape of the most crafty or desperate prisoner."



DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIDSHIPMAN EASY": CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S FAMOUS SKETCH OF NAPOLEON ON HIS DEATH-BED.

Captain Marryat, the novelist, who was then at St. Helena, made this sketch fourteen hours after Napoleon's death, for the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe.



THE BEDSTEAD ON WHICH NAPOLEON DIED: HIS CAMP-BED WHICH HE HAD USED AT AUSTERLITZ (NOW IN THE MALMAISON MUSEUM).

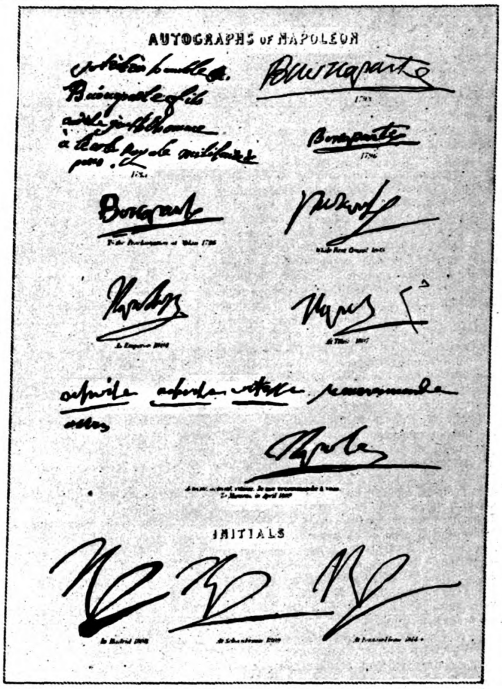
Print supplied by G.P.A.

NAPOLEON AS PENMAN AND PRISONER: AUTOGRAPHS; A PORTRAIT.

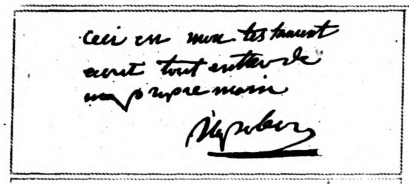
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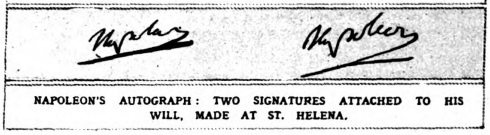
ON THE VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA: NAPOLEON ON BOARD H.M.S. "NORTHUMBERLAND," A SKETCH BY MR. IBBETSON.



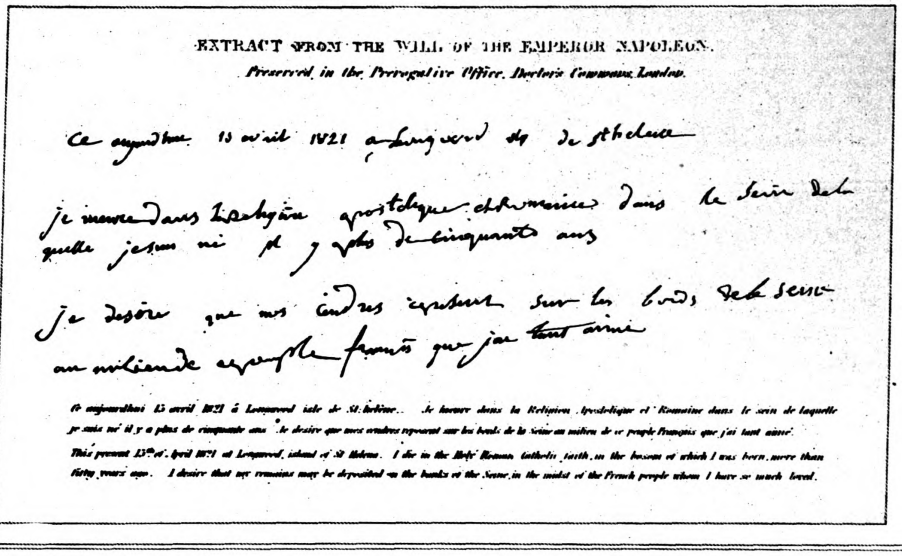
"ACTIVITÉ, ACTIVITÉ, VITESSE!" A NOTE FROM NAPOLEON TO MASSENA, AND AUTOGRAPHS OF NAPOLEON OF VARIOUS DATES.



'THIS IS MY WILL WRITTEN ENTIRELY IN MY OWN HAND. NAPOLEON": AN EXTRACT FROM THE WILL.



NAPOLEON'S AUTOGRAPH: TWO SIGNATURES ATTACHED TO HIS WILL, MADE AT ST. HELENA.



EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

Preserved in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons, London.

"I DESIRE THAT MY ASHES MAY REST BY THE BANKS OF THE SEINE AMID THE FRENCH PEOPLE THAT I HAVE SO MUCH LOVED": AN EXTRACT FROM NAPOLEON'S WILL, WITH HIS SIGNATURES THERETO.

The autographs of Napoleon given in the top right illustration are dated (from top to bottom)—left column: 1785; Proclamation at Milan, 1796; as Emperor, 1804. Right column: 1793; 1796; as First Consul, 1803; at Tilsit, 1807. The note to Massena, written in April 1809, reads: "Activité, activité, vitesse. Je me recommande à vous." The portrait bears the following note by Theodore Hook, the novelist, who was Accountant-General of Mauritius from 1813 to 1817: "This sketch of Napoleon was made on board the 'Northumberland' man-of-war on her voyage to St. Helena, by Mr. Commissary Ibbetson, who gave it to me in that Island." In his book, "Napoleon," Mr. Thomas E. Watson writes: "In his Will, written by his own hand, he set out an elaborate list of legacies, including those who had befriended his boyhood, and those who had been loyal to him in the days of his power, as well as those whose fidelity had been the comfort of his captivity and dying hours. . . . Only a small portion of the vast assets Napoleon claimed to have left in Europe could be found by his executors, and during the Second Empire the State voted 1,600,000 dollars toward the unpaid legacies." His handwriting shows swiftness and scorn of pedantry.

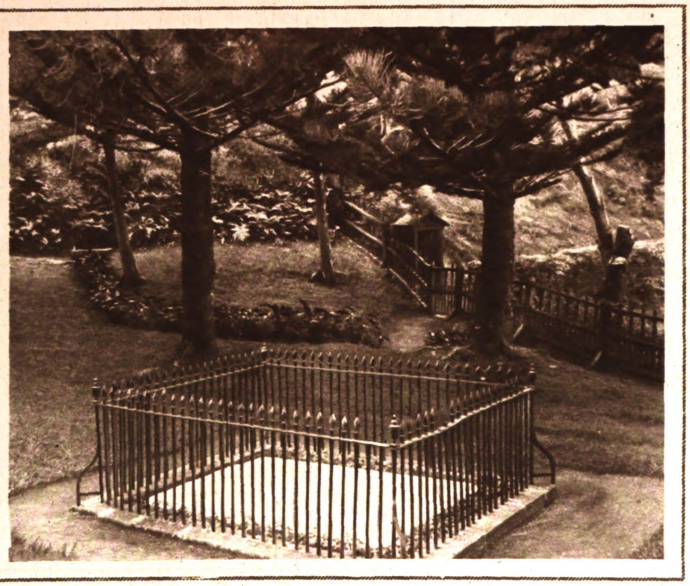
LONGWOOD—NAPOLEON'S ST. HELENA "PRISON HOUSE"



WHERE NAPOLEON LIVED IN EXILE AFTER 1815 AND DIED IN 1821: LONGWOOD, IN ST. HELENA, BOUGHT BY NAPOLEON III. IN 1858.



SHOWING ON THE LEFT THE WINDOWS OF NAPOLEON'S STUDY AND



WHERE THE BODY OF NAPOLEON RESTED UNTIL ITS REMOVAL TO PARIS IN 1840: THE TOMB OF THE EXILED EMPEROR AT ST. HELENA.



NAPOLEON'S HOME DURING THE LAST SIX YEARS OF HIS LIFE: LONGWOOD—THE VERANDAH.

The centenary of Napoleon's death at Longwood, on the lonely island of St. Helena, on the evening of May 5, 1821, was made the occasion for many commemorative celebrations in France, Corsica, Belgium, and on the Rhine. Those arranged in Paris included a Requiem Mass at Notre Dame, a ceremony at the Invalides (where the body of Napoleon was re-buried, after removal from St. Helena, in 1840) with an address by Marshal Foch, another at the Institut de France, and on the actual anniversary a great military procession through the Arc de Triomphe, with a salvo of 101 guns. Simultaneous celebrations were planned at St. Helena, in which the British Government was associated with the French authorities. It may be recalled that Longwood and Napoleon's tomb there have been French property since 1858, when the Government of

PRISON H[OUSE] WHERE ANGLO-FRENCH CENTENARY RITES WERE ARRANGED.

A. C. CAVICCHIONI.



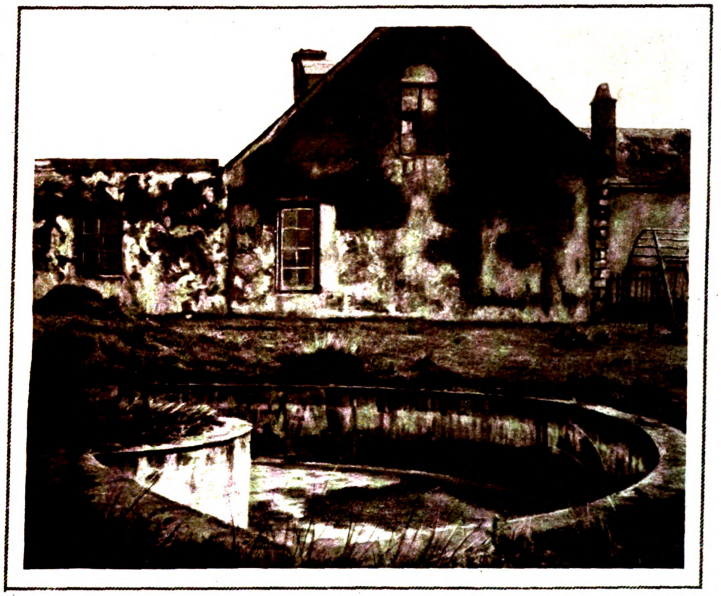
IN THE [LEFT] OF NAPOLEON'S BEDROOM: PART OF LONGWOOD.



WHERE NAPOLEON USED TO FOREGATHER ON FINE DAYS WITH HIS COMPANIONS IN EXILE: THE "TUNNEL" IN THE GARDEN.



WITH THE POSITION OF HIS CAMP-BED MARKED BY AN ENCLOSED BUST: THE ROOM WHERE NAPOLEON DIED.



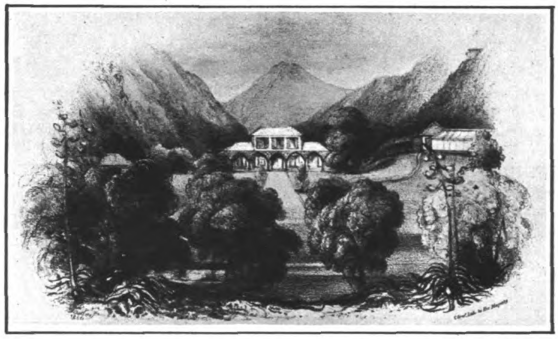
SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) AN ORNAMENTAL BASIN DESIGNED BY NAPOLEON: THE SOUTH-WEST FRONT OF LONGWOOD, WHEN IT HAD FALLEN INTO DISREPAIR.

Napoleon III. bought them for 178,565 francs. The place had become much dilapidated, and the rooms occupied by Napoleon had been used for a stable. It was afterwards restored and a custodian was appointed. It was stated recently that a French battery would go to St. Helena, and on May 5 would fire a gun every hour from dawn till 5 p.m. and at 5.58 p.m. (the hour of Napoleon's death) a salute of 21 guns, the number fired when his remains were removed in 1840. It was said also that a British war-ship might take part in the ceremony, and that the British Government had arranged a special commemoration service. An article describing a recent pilgrimage to Longwood, by Mr. Charles Dawbarn, appears on another page in this number.

NAPOLEON'S ISLAND PRISON:

A PILGRIMAGE TO ST. HELENA.

ST. HELENA rises a grey barren rock out of the sea. Its appearance is particularly uninviting. It seems to express the boredom and *ennui* from which Napoleon perpetually suffered. A padre on board the *Grantully Castle* told me, as we approached the shore, that before goats were imported into the island, green saplings grew out of the rocks; but such vegetation is now destroyed; goat-like appetites have proved destructive. Yet first appearances are somewhat deceptive. When I step ashore from the boat in which coloured men have brought me from the ship, I find there is more greenery than I expected. The soil varies in productivity just as does the temperature, which changes according to height above sea-level and exposure to the winds. There are trees and vegetation of all kinds growing luxuriantly in the hollows; but as we ascend a series of terraces up towards Longwood, the object of our pious pilgrimage, we are struck with the occasional dreariness of the scene. Giant cacti and aloes dispute the dry earth with tumbled rocks. Yet the climate is delicious. We are in the tropics, but there is always a movement of the air to moderate the heat. And so we found, when, our carriage having rather miraculously reached higher levels, in spite of the slippery roads and the starved steeds, we encountered a refreshing breeze. From the upper plain we could see growing crops in the valleys and groves of mangoes, peach-trees, and bananas. New Zealand flax has been lately introduced and does well. Tempted by high prices, the inhabitants have rather overdone the planting, with a resultant restriction in the area given to foodstuffs, which have to be imported—a foolish system, since flax fluctuates in price, and, moreover, the tonnage difficulty exists.



NAPOLEON'S FIRST PLACE OF RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA: THE BRIARS.

When Napoleon first arrived at St. Helena he stayed at The Briars, the home of Mr. Balcombe, who, with his wife and two daughters, entertained him until Longwood was ready in 1816.

Print supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

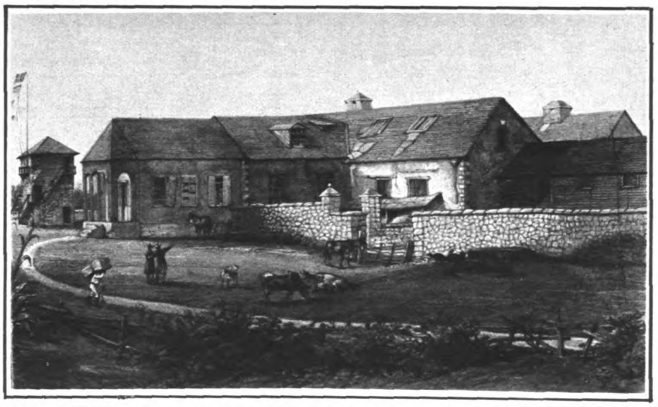
Nestling in a hollow between two shoulders of a hill is Jamestown, the capital, a huddled, irregular-looking little town, with a blind-eyed appearance as if perpetually in a siesta. The market-place is alive with sellers, who spread their wares to catch the tourist: lace, pottery, baskets, and necklaces of red beads. There is the church containing an entry of Napoleon's death. He is described as "Ex-Emperor of the French." The inhabitants knew nothing of his illness, and their first intimation of his demise was a large order for black! His death was of a piece with his life of melancholy seclusion at Longwood. During the last few years, he passed almost unperceived by the St. Helenians, who used to await eagerly the arrival of French and English newspapers by the ships to ascertain whether the illustrious prisoner was still amongst them.

Poor melancholy monarch surveying the interminable sea from the Barn Rock, a little east of Longwood, and named by its resident "The Grey Sentinel," by reason of its solitary post overlooking the wastes! Finally we arrive at the plateau where the plain-looking wooden bungalow is placed. It is in the same state as it was one hundred years ago, when Napoleon lived there, except that no stick of furniture exists within it—nothing but a visitors' book, in which one signs one's name, and a black marble head upon a pedestal which, railed from the rest of the drawing-room, indicates that here the Man of Destiny expired at six o'clock on the evening of May 5, 1821. Queen Victoria handed over the house to Napoleon III., who restored it to its original state. It had fallen to base uses as a stable and hayloft after the Emperor had died.

His earthly career had ended; his restless body, emaciated by his last illness, reposed in the tomb. This was in a valley beneath two willow-trees, where the great Corsican was wont to muse on the mutability of human fortunes, and slake his thirst, and possibly cool his anger against his gaoler, from the stream which bubbles close by. The simple grey slab which covers the grave where the body lay is nameless in its dumb eloquence, but a tablet on a neighbouring tree records the fact that the coffin was removed in 1840 to France on board *La Belle Poule*. Dead, his entry to Paris was probably more imposing than had he, living, headed his Guards into the old capital—at least, there was greater unanimity in his welcome. French Royalists dared to honour the Imperial Adventurer in a way which they would not have done had he been still a menace to their hopes. Four million lives perished with his ambitions, and eight hundred millions of treasure went the same way. Yet his arrival at his last resting-place was grandiose and impressive in the extreme. A distinguished audience, including the King of France, rose as the body was brought in, and a stentorian voice announced "L'Empereur!" The majesty of the man and the magnitude of his genius were at least recognised in his death, even if the very circumstances of the ceremony showed that very little remained of his work.

There was no brightening of his existence during the concluding part of his exile. It remained unrelieved monotony—a dreary absence of all interests to uplift him from his state. The Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, was always haunted with the fear of his escape. He imagined that he would communicate with the outside world, though his letters were always closely scrutinised, and slip through some ravine down to the sea and disappear mysteriously in a submarine boat. He was obsessed with the idea of plots, and, on occasion, would double and treble the guards around Longwood, as if he feared a sudden eruption from an enemy, though ships are visible sixty miles from these rocky shores. The notion of evasion became his predominant thought. A wretched officer was instructed to see Napoleon—at any cost to his dignity—at least once daily, so as to assure Sir Hudson that he was really there. The officer's mission was no sinecure, and his unflagging zeal brought him the laughter of the French personnel and the Chinese gardeners whom the Emperor employed when he took up gardening as a distraction from his tormented mind. The officer would peep into the house to discover Napoleon, perhaps, in his bath or stropping his razor. Occasionally he would see the Emperor's small cockaded hat, which he habitually wore, without being certain whose head was beneath it. On one occasion, it is said, Napoleon advanced towards the officer's hiding place in "a state of appalling nudity."

The prisoner took daily rides during the first few years of his stay in the island, but this exercise became intolerable when Lowe insisted that he should be followed by a British orderly officer. Finally, he refused to see Sir Hudson Lowe at Longwood, and was always "out" when he called. There were only six occasions upon which the pair exchanged words—words so hot that Napoleon, refusing to compromise his dignity further, determined to avoid seeing his tormentor in future. Thereafter, Napoleon hardly left Longwood, sitting there all day, either reading or directing activities on his small estate. When I saw it, a little more than a year ago, agapanthus lilies, plumbago, fuchsias, and marguerites, were growing there in profusion. One could picture in these narrow, commonplace limits the great Emperor's ineffectual anger, his nervous pacing to and fro. The caged lion longed for the liberties of action on a great and sufficing stage. Until the last he dreamed that, somehow or other, he would get away to America and there found a state. Curious to think that the line of Washington and Lincoln might have been that of Napoleon! Yet, in spite of remorse and the bitterness of memories of grandeur which had been his and could be so no more, he was wonderfully patient in his exile. There were occasional fits of anger, but usually he held himself in, and showed dignity and fortitude. The splendour of his own genius and the very exuberance of his overflowing personality were instruments in his undoing. They placed him high above his fellows, and they thrust him down into the nethermost pit—beneath the feet of Hudson Lowe.



WHERE NAPOLEON DIED: LONGWOOD, THE HOUSE AT ST. HELENA WHERE HIS LAST YEARS WERE SPENT.

After Napoleon's death the house fell into disrepair, and for many years was used as a stable.

Print supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

His conversations and reflections are known to all the world interested in the great career. One of his striking utterances was: "I found the crown in the gutter and I picked it up with my sword." And he might have added that with the sword he was forced to lay it down. Many of his observations on the art of war, on government, on the psychology of crowds and the management of men, will remain enshrined as gems of thought, and as singular witnesses to his acuteness of vision, as well as, sometimes, to his stupendous egoism. The world's greatest military genius, perhaps, he was also the world's greatest law-giver. And the man had not only unrivalled powers of mind, but a body that resisted — like some legendary hero in the days of the gods—unlimited fatigue. He had a stupendous capacity for work. Here in this lonely island was quenched the formidable spirit which was the terror of Europe, but which is still, in many senses, the inspiration of the world. This was his living tomb for six long years. And his pathetic and obscure burial in the little valley close to Longwood contrasts strangely and significantly with the glory of his last mausoleum under the gilded dome of the Invalides in Paris.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND: PORTRAITS AND HISTORIC RELICS.

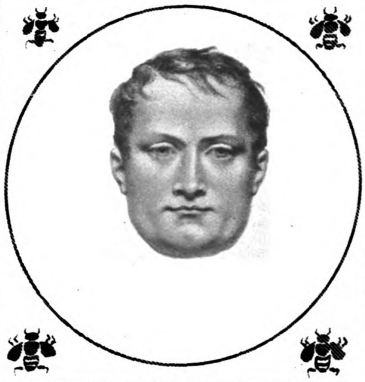
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ATLAS AND CARRIAGE BY COURTESY OF MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS.



"GENERAL BONAPARTE" AS FIRST CONSUL: A MARBLE MEDALLION BY BOIZOT, 1799.



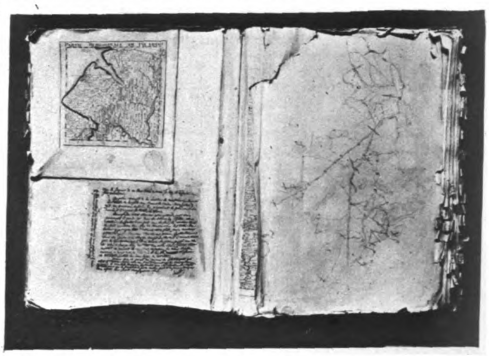
NAPOLEON'S SECOND WIFE: THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE—A DRAWING BY PRUDHON.



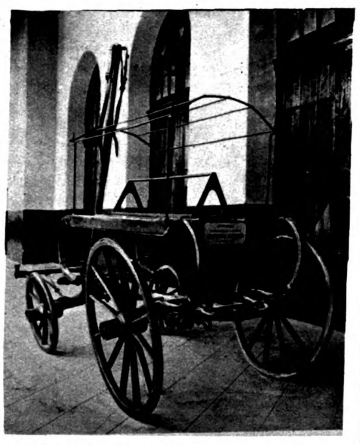
NAPOLEON: A STUDY FROM A MASK OF THE EMPEROR, BY PRUDHON, IN BLACK CRAYON.



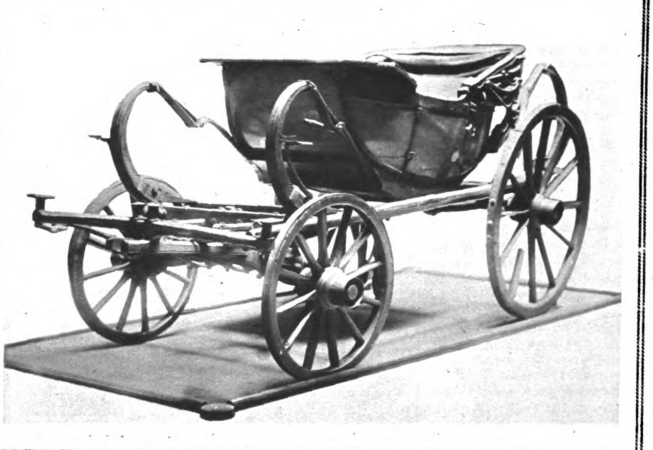
NAPOLEON'S SON, THE LITTLE KING OF ROME, IN HIS CARRIAGE DRAWN BY TWO SHEEP: A DRAWING BY BINELLI, ENGRAVED BY CHARON.



CONTAINING PLANS OF BATTLES DRAWN BY NAPOLEON: HIS CAMPAIGNING ATLAS, USED FOR SEVERAL YEARS (NOW AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S).



USED TO CARRY THE COFFIN OF NAPOLEON TO HIS FIRST GRAVE AT ST. HELENA, IN 1821: THE HEARSE.

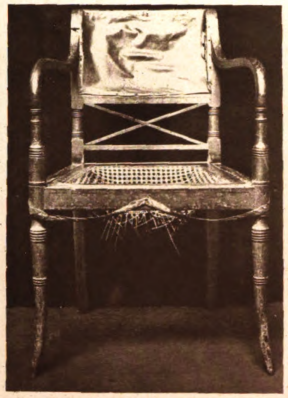


NAPOLEON'S CARRIAGE AT ST. HELENA, WHICH WAS DRAWN BY FOUR HORSES WITH TWO POSTILLIONS: A RELIC NOW AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

Napoleon became First Consul after the *coup d'état* of 1799. In 1802 he was made First Consul for life, and in 1804 he assumed the title of Emperor. He married Marie Louise, daughter of Francis I. of Austria, in 1810, having divorced his first wife, the Empress Josephine, the previous year. Marie Louise had one son by Napoleon, the little King of Rome, whom she took with her to Schönbrunn when she left France in 1814, on Napoleon's overthrow. In 1822 she married, morganatically, her Chamberlain, Count Neipperg. The atlas shown above was carried by Napoleon on his campaigns for several years. After the battle of Montmirail, on February 11, 1814, when he defeated Blücher, it was left behind by mistake at an hotel at Château Thierry. This atlas and the carriage used by Napoleon at St. Helena are now at Madame Tussaud's. The carriage was the last he ever entered. He always used it drawn by four horses, with two postillions, and the front let down. In 1848 it was sold by Major Charles Sampson, of St. Helena, to Mr. John Blofield, who brought it to Europe, and its authenticity was certified by General Count Montholon and Count Emmanuel de las Casas. The St. Helena hearse is in the Musée de l'Armée, Paris.

A GREAT NAME IN THE CALENDAR OF MARS: RELICS OF

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RELICS FROM MADAME TUSSAUD'S FAMOUS EXHIBITION SUPPLIED BY



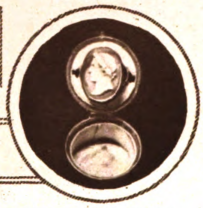
A NAPOLEONIC RELIC FROM ST. HELENA: HIS FAVOURITE GARDEN CHAIR.



USED BY NAPOLEON ON HIS BATTLEFIELDS: HIS SPY-GLASS.



BEDDING ON WHICH NAPOLEON DIED AT ST. HELENA: THE PILLOW AND MATTRESS OF HIS CAMP-BED.



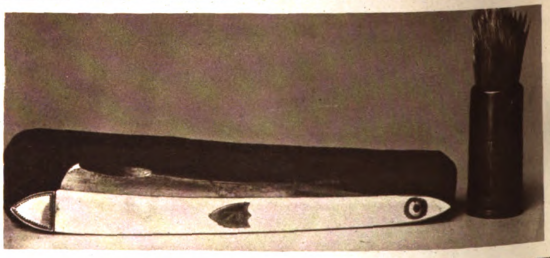
FOUND AMONG NAPOLEON'S POSSESSIONS AT ST. HELENA: A CAMEO RING.



THE VICTOR OF WATERLOO AND HIS DEFEATED FOE: "WELLINGTON VISITIN
A PICTURE BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER (1852, THE LAST PO



BUILT FOR NAPOLEON, BUT NEVER OCCUPIED: THE NEW HOUSE AT LONGWOOD, ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

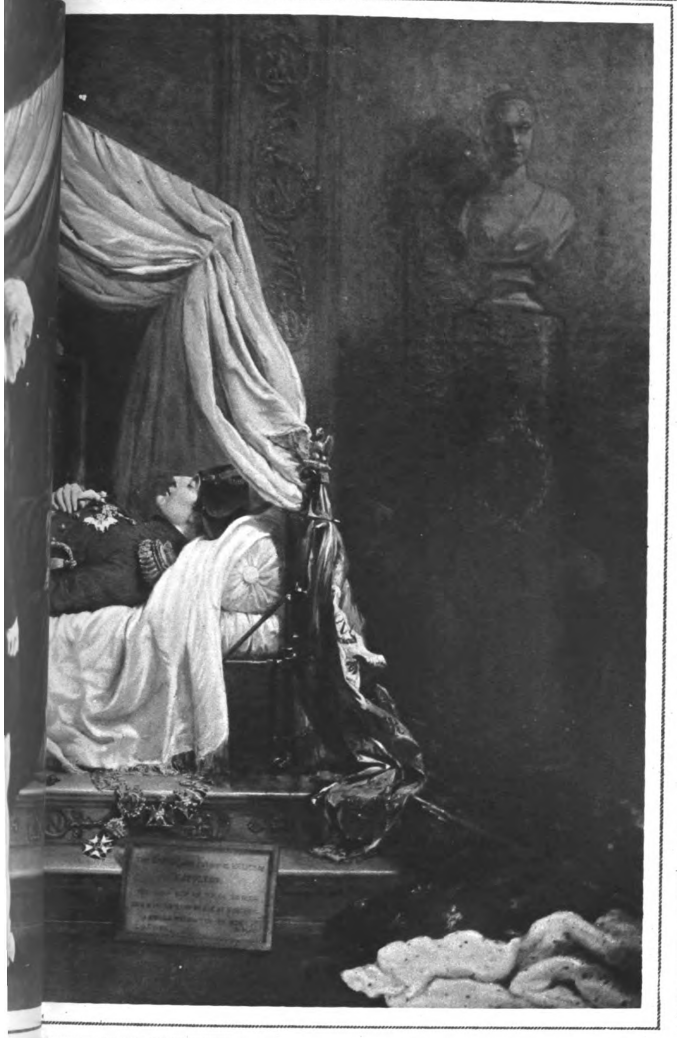


PERSONAL RELICS OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA: HIS RAZOR AND SHAVING-BRUSH, (NOW IN THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION).

Napoleon bequeathed to the world an immense legacy of tradition, anecdote, and reminiscence, and a whole literature has grown up around his memory. At this time of the centenary of his death at St. Helena, on May 5, 1821, anything connected with his exile there acquires a pathetic interest. Most of the relics illustrated here are to be seen at Madame Tussaud's; the others—his razor and shaving-brush, spy-glass and one of the chairs—are in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. Especially interesting is the picture by Sir George Hayter of the Duke of Wellington visiting the effigy of Napoleon at Madame Tussaud's, remembering the day when "Again their ravening eagle rose In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, And barking for the thrones of kings; Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down." In the tableau is the camp

...OF NAPOLEON, THE "RAVENING EAGLE" OF EUROPE.

...LIED BY MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS; OTHERS BY AUGUSTIN RISCHGITZ.



"VISITING THE EFFIGY OF NAPOLEON" (AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S)—...AST PORTRAIT FOR WHICH THE DUKE SAT.



A ST. HELENA RELIC: A COFFEE-CUP USED BY NAPOLEON.



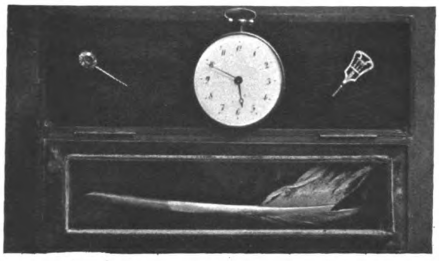
A CHAIR USED BY NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA: NOW IN THE UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.



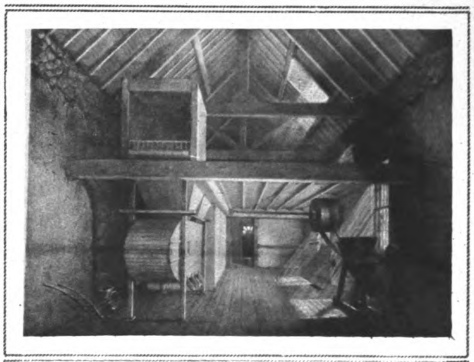
STAINED WITH NAPOLEON'S BLOOD: THE COUNTERPANE OF HIS DEATH-BED.



RELICS FROM ST. HELENA: PART OF NAPOLEON'S DESSERT SERVICE.



SHOWING THE HOUR (5.50 P.M.) AT WHICH NAPOLEON DIED: HIS WATCH (GIVEN TO HIS VALET); AND HIS QUILL PEN.



WHEN IT WAS USED FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES: THE ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON DIED AT LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA.

...edstead used by Napoleon during his six years' exile, with the mattresses and pillow on which he died. His effigy is clad in his Chasseur uniform, covered ...with the cloak he wore at the Battle of Marengo in 1800. The likeness of Napoleon is from the original cast by Antommarchi, an Italian surgeon sent to St. Helena ...o attend him. The figure of the Duke of Wellington was painted from life shortly before his death in 1852. As mentioned under our double page ...illustrating Longwood, Napoleon's residence at St. Helena, the house after his death fell into disrepair and was used as a stable, until Napoleon III.'s Govern-...ment bought it in 1858. In connection with the centenary, many exhibitions of Napoleonic relics have been arranged in and near Paris—at Fontainebleau, ...Compiègne, Malmaison, and Sèvres.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE sale rooms include the selections made from great houses and great collections. The sieve that a modern auctioneer of art-objects applies to his clients is not known. It is he who determines what is or what is not proper to offer to the public, irrespective of family tradition that it has been this or that. He has to believe so little and forget so much. Objects that have been "a hundred years in the family," but are palpably modern, disturb his equanimity, especially when such dilemmas occur every day. But, on the whole, things right themselves. As to great houses, there is often the desire of owners to sell on the spot. Hence a sale such as that conducted by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, at Watlington Park, Oxon, the property of Lady Winifred Renshaw. Lock, stock, and barrel it ran, from the outdoor effects to the nursery. But one must not forget the portrait of Madame Ninon de Lenclos, and two interesting canvases by Johannes Storck, 1678. A really fine Chippendale chair, with shaped arms terminating in rams' heads, brought only 88 guineas. A Queen Anne walnut cabinet on spiral-turned legs and shaped stretchers was another feature. A fine Louis XV. cartel clock, with ormolu case surmounted by an urn, exhibited fine craftsmanship.

On April 29, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson disposed of old English furniture, several properties including that of Clara, Countess Cowley, which embraced a Queen Anne cabinet of yew wood, which was interesting, and another Queen Anne cabinet which had a pedigree as once belonging to Nelson, having been purchased at the Merton Abbey sale in 1805. Here was a piece hall-marked sufficiently enough to interest American collectors of old English relics, which only realised 60 guineas.

Lovers of Turner deplore the fugitive character of his pigments. Soon there will be no Turner visible. Little blinds have been provided by the authorities of the National Gallery, London, to shield his water-colour work from the feeble light which penetrates to the basement where his dreams are enshrined. It was Sir Joshua Reynolds who exclaimed that McArdell and his contemporary engravers in mezzotint would perpetuate his fame. Turner might have similarly paid the tribute to his interpreters in black and white. Time has laid a heavy hand on Turner, who, though he wooed posterity with his emulation of Claude, neglected basic rules ensuring permanence physically. His vagaries at the Royal Academy on varnishing days, with his lamp-black and his red-ochre, proclaimed his unthinking eccentricity. The sun he worshipped destroys him every hour. We who love Turner wish a thousand things when we see Turner's dreams vanishing, melting into crude skeleton shadows of his greatness in colours. The old masters prepared their pigments to last five centuries; the modern painters hardly outlive a century in colour-values.

Hence a fine collection of engravings after J. M. W. Turner has a striking value—a value, be it said, that will grow as the years go on. There are *Liber Studiorum* prints, a fine sprinkling of illustrated volumes, Views of Sussex, Rivers of England, Ports of England, prints of the Tivoli, the Grand Canal, Venice, Lucerne, the Golden Bough, Ancient Italy, and many others in parcels and in portfolios. These came suddenly on Turner collectors with bewildering profusion. Perhaps the prices were not great, not so great as they will be when every scrap of engraved work after Turner will be eagerly competed for as of intrinsic worth. Those who snatched the treasure won greatly, for all was gold. The time will come when Turner will be a tragic memory, and the black-and-white translations of his art will be all that posterity can claim.

Christie's sale of porcelain and faience on May 3 offered some interesting examples in a quiet sale where nothing stood pre-eminent. For the minor collector, here was the chance on a somewhat flat market. There were some rather interesting Chelsea figures of boys and girls, two in harlequin costume, and a Chelsea figure of Diana, "huntress chaste and fair," and another of John Wilkes, who was neither chaste nor fair. Lovers of cats in general, or of cats in pottery in particular, were able to jump at the chance to procure *en bloc* a collection of porcelain and earthenware figures of cats, comprising ninety-eight specimens of Whieldon, Persian, Delft, old Staffordshire, Rockingham, Dresden, and other wares.

All sorts of ideas are held about cats. It was Charles I. who told Strafford that "Parliaments are of the nature of cats, they grow cursed with age." Lovers of cats should read Miss Repplier's "In the Dozy Hours," or grow sentimental with Pierre Loti in his sketch of his two cats. Edgar Allan Poe's "Black Cat" is eerie; but Swinburne, who drank the wine of life, has his—

> Stately, kindly, lordly friend,
> Condescend
> Here to sit by me and turn
> Glorious eyes that smile and burn,
> Golden eyes, love's lustrous meed,
> On the golden page I read.

It is George Wither, not always the most gay and debonair of poets, who sings—

> Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
> And therefore let's be merry!

Old English silver plate was sold by Messrs. Christie on May 4, the property of the late Countess of Selkirk, of the Rev. J. F. W. Woodyeare, and from other sources. Naturally, in regard to the former owner, Scottish silver came uppermost. Big prices were not to be expected, but discreet buyers could obtain fine values, to be doubled and trebled shortly. Porcelain and pottery, on May 5 at Christie's, offered just such chances as those who are interested care to take. For instance, how many people who know English china know Church Gresley? But here is a complete service. Burton, in his "English Porcelain," has something to say of this factory neglected by collectors, but here it is for speculative connoisseurs. Years ago Lowestoft octagonal plates on powdered-blue ground, museum specimens that they are, would bring great prices, but Lowestoft is not in fashion as it was. The little factory has been relegated to its subsidiary position.

On the following day, Messrs. Sotheby arranged to sell porcelain and pottery, including Urbino dishes of fine character, and one was attracted by an eggshell plate with turquoise-blue ground, a ruby-backed eggshell plate of *famille-rose* design, and a collection of *famille-rose* examples dear to the connoisseur.

Chinese art has something greater than Japanese. It is as old Italian is to French. It claims greater recognition. Japan seized Whistler and seized Aubrey Beardsley, and they became instantly men on a lower plane than if they had studied Chinese art. All this is inevitable, and posterity will put Whistler in his right place. Here is Chinese art in this small sale; heaps of things potentially beautiful, exceptionally rare, although at the present not marketably rare. It was to be expected that the eggshell examples would bring good prices, but that many of the others would, like the sower's seed, fall on barren ground. The ground is barren because people do not trouble to think how much Chinese art means. Its symbolism is superlative, its technique is unexampled, its *insouciance* and its native poetry are unequalled in the world; for that reason a Chinese gentleman or a Chinese poet must be fine examples of humanity. We Westerns have been too arrogant. All the earth is not ours—the map shows us that. Let us worship and let us revere the beautiful dreams of the Chinese potter who gave his art to the Western "red-haired devils," which we may be to the Chinese proletariat. But we are outer barbarians still in ceramics. If we are lovers of what is fine and what is still unattainable, let us worship here. A glance at a Staffordshire potter's show-room, a visit to one of our china trade exhibitions, should awaken the love in every sane man of collecting the prototypes of the Far East.



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AT THE TIME OF HER CORONATION WITH NAPOLEON: A SKETCH BY DAVID.

Above this sketch are written the words: "L'Impératrice Josephine dessinée d'après nature, par David"; and below: "Donné à mon fils Eugène. David." Jacques Louis David became Court painter to Napoleon in 1804, the year when he declared himself Emperor. The pose of the head in the sketch resembles that in David's picture of the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine.



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE ABOUT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE TO NAPOLEON (1796): A PASTEL STUDY BY PIERRE PRUDHON.

From the Collection of M. David Weill.

The Royal Academy of 1921: Notable Exhibits.



"THE LADY VERNON":
BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.



"THE LADY KATHARINE SOMERSET":
BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



"MRS. H. DELMEGE":
BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.



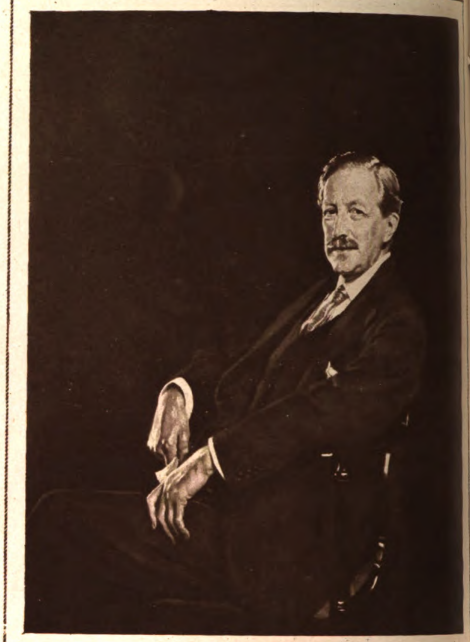
"MRS. HENRY POOLE":
BY WALTER W. RUSSELL, A.R.A.

Copyright Reserved by the Artists. *Photographs by Paul Laib and W. H. Grove (top right).*

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MODERN PORTRAITURE IN THE



"MADAME TAMARA KARSAVINA": BY OSWALD BIRLEY.



"SIDNEY BOULTON, ESQ., CHAIRMAN OF LLOYD'S": BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



"THE HON. MRS. ODO VIVIAN": BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.



"MISS DOROTHY PERKINS BULL": BY RICHARD JACK, R.A.

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PORTRAITS THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



"MRS. MELVILL": BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



"SLADILLA": BY WALTER W. RUSSELL, A.R.A.



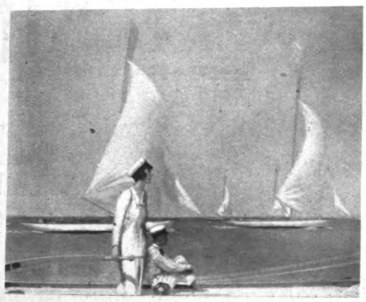
"SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON" BY MEREDITH FRAMPTON.



"THE HON. CECIL WELD-FORESTER, R.H.G.": BY J. ST. HELIER LANDER.

Supplied (in most cases) by Paul Laib.

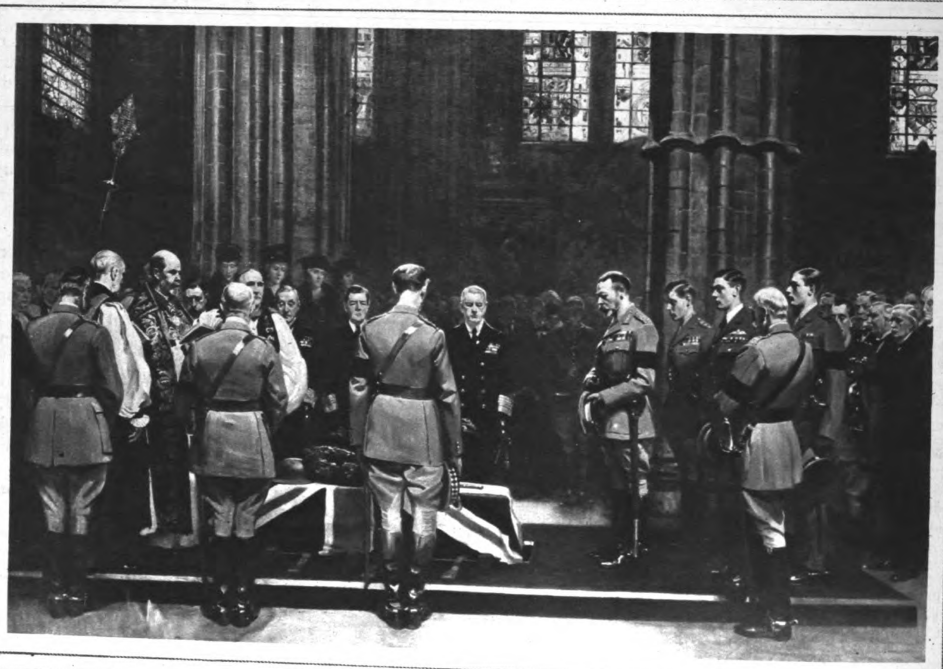
THE ROYAL ACADEMY: HISTORICAL AND SUBJECT PICTURES.



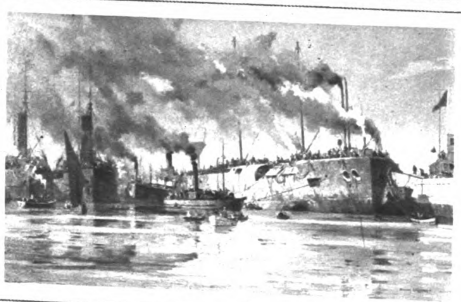
"THE LADY'S RACE": BY CHARLES PEARS.



"THE CLUB" (*i.e.*, THE DEVONSHIRE): BY A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER.



"AND THEY BURIED HIM AMONG THE KINGS": WESTMINSTER ABBEY, NOVEMBER 11, 1920: BY FRANK O. SALISBURY.



"SALVING OF H.M.S. 'VINDICTIVE,' OSTEND": BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



"UP A TREE": BY J. CHARLES DOLLMAN.

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Yet, still we were not quite satisfied; the ideal we aimed at was a tablet which should be chemically perfect, and yet be free from the ordinary "binding agents" hitherto considered indispensable.

That ideal has at last been achieved!

We now guarantee that Genasprin consists solely and simply of the finest quality aspirin, with a minute quantity of wholesome arrowroot, and contains no other ingredient whatsoever.

We further guarantee that these tablets are absolutely free from even the minutest trace of uncombined acid, disintegrate perfectly, and therefore represent the highest possible standard of purity, efficiency and harmlessness.

The importance of these facts cannot be over-rated; for aspirin is more widely used than any other medicament — with the possible exception of quinine — and, as many people take it without medical advice, it is in the interests of the public that the tablets supplied should be perfectly pure and perfectly constructed.

Many prescribers now specify Genasprin and explain the correct way to take it—one or two tablets, not chewed or swallowed whole, but disintegrated in a little water.

HOW TO OBTAIN FREE SAMPLE.

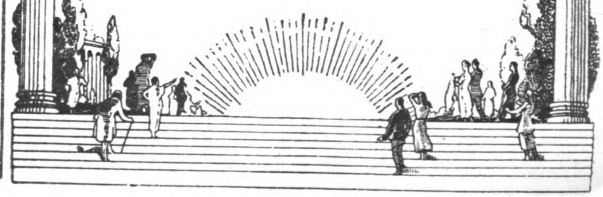
Send us a two-penny stamp to cover postage—and we will forward a Testing Sample of Genasprin, with an Explanatory Booklet. Please mention this paper.

The cost, naturally, is a little more than even the best brands of ordinary aspirin—quite a lot more than the cheap, impure brands!—but the difference is worth it. Buy a bottle to-day—2/- for 35 tablets.

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"JANE KELLY":
BY GERALD KELLY.



"MADAME Y. S.":
BY OSWALD BIRLEY.

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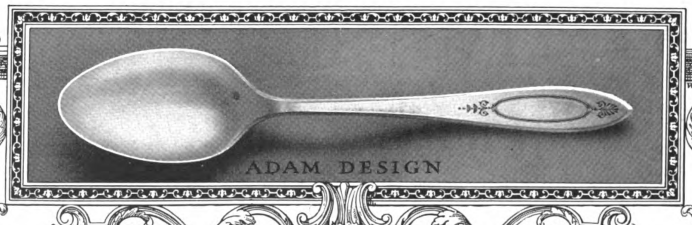
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FORTY YEARS OF ANGLING.

THIS is a book—"Forty Years of Trout and Salmon Fishing" (Heath Cranton, 12s. 6d. net)—which should please all anglers, for the author, Major J. L. Dickie, gives us a full basket of experiences, not only among salmon and trout, but with other fish, and tells his pleasant story in a chatty and happy vein. To read "Forty Years of Trout and Salmon Fishing," is the next best thing to being by the riverside, rod in hand. An enthusiastic and skilled angler, Major Dickie brought a salmon to gaff when fourteen, and since those days his lines have been cast in many waters other than Dee and Don, two of his favourite rivers—the far-away mahseer in India have bent his rod, as well as the salmon and trout over the Border, and pike and perch in Staffordshire.

Taking into consideration his long experiences in the haunts of the salmon, Major Dickie's views on the time-honoured question as to whether salmon do or do not feed in fresh water are of considerable importance. Like many other thoughtful and observant anglers, his verdict is against the idea held by numerous fellow-anglers that these fish go foodless whilst in the upper or angling reaches of our rivers.

"Forty Years of Trout and Salmon Fishing,' is a good book by a good angler, and another angler of the first water contributes an introduction to it—Mr. R. B. Marston, Editor of the *Fishing Gazette*.

The book contains interesting photographs, and a coloured plate of killing lures for trout and salmon.

THE "PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY."

PRINT-COLLECTING is one of those hobbies which, like all intelligent recreation as well as outdoor sport, form an international bond of union. An excellent medium for those interested in the subject is the *Print-Collector's Quarterly*, a dainty little magazine, charmingly and abundantly illustrated, which before the war ran for ten years in America, and won favour in twenty-three countries. Suspended "for the duration," it has now been revived under English auspices, edited by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E., and published by Messrs. J. M. Dent. The American editor, Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, contributes an *ave atque vale* introduction to the new issue (Vol. VIII., No. 1) for April 1921. This transference of an art magazine from American to English management is claimed to be unique. Its continued success is assured by the growing interest in prints and print-collecting. One of the most interesting items in the present number is devoted to Forain, the great French etcher, of whose work Mr. Campbell Dodgson writes an illuminating appreciation, claiming him as "one of the great etchers of the world." The number also includes illustrated articles by A. M. Hind on the etchings of G. B. Tiepolo, by A. P. Oppé on Alex. Cozens, and by Malcolm C. Salaman on the etchings of E. S. Lumsden, R.E.

CHESS.

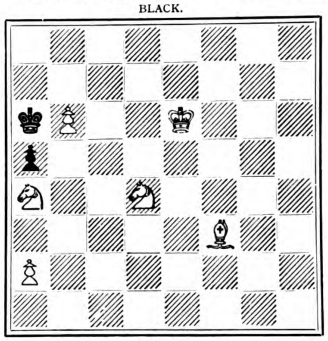
To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Edstor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

JOHN DONEY (Winnipeg).—Your letter with enclosure was at once forwarded to the proper quarter, and the particulars you mention will be attended to in due course. If you will send us a problem for publication we shall be very pleased to examine it.

P N BANERJI (Calcutta) and A M SPARKE (Lincoln).—Problems received with thanks.

PROBLEM No. 3858.—BY THE LATE J. B. FISHER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3856.—BY H. F. L. MEYER

WHITE	BLACK
1. P to Kt 6th	K takes Kt
2. P to Kt 7th	P to B 4th
3. P to Kt 8th (Kt) mate.	

If Black play 1 P to B 4th, then 2. Q to Kt 5th, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3854 received from John Doney (Winnipeg) and P N Banerji (Calcutta): of No. 3855 from J B Camara (Madeira), G Dorado (Barcelona), Henry A Seller (Denver, U.S.A.) and Fred G Dixon (Regina, Canada); of No. 3856 from Aurigny (Guernsey), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), James M K Lupton (Richmond), H W Satow (Bangor), Acisclo Karag (San Sebastian), Rev. Armand Der Meares (Baltimore), F O McKears (Handsworth), J B Camara (Madeira), H Hayes (Staunton), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill), and E M Vicars (Norfolk).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3857 received from W H Statham (Charlton), Léon Rylski (Belfast), C H Watson (Masham), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), James M K Lupton (Richmond), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), H W Satow (Bangor), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), Jas. T Palmer (Church), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Herbert Russell (Leicester), and R J Lonsdale (New Brighton).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Philadelphia Masters' Tourney at the Franklin Chess Club, Philadelphia, between Messrs. JACKSON and WINKELMAN.

(*King's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th

The old-fashioned way of declining the Gambit. Falkbeer's Counter Gambit by P to Q 4th is a much better defence.

3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
5. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
6. P to Q 3rd	B to K Kt 5th
7. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt
8. Q takes B	Kt to Q 5th
9. Q to Kt 3rd	

The game is identical so far with that opened as a Vienna Gambit between Tchigorin and Pillsbury in the Hastings Tournament.

9.	Q to K 2nd

Pillsbury now played Kt takes P (ch) and ultimately lost. In almost the same position Anderssen, against Blackburne, played the text move, but without success. It raises the question whether Black's 8th move is a wise one.

10. K to Q sq	Castles (Q R)
11. P takes K P	P takes P
12. B to Kt 5th	P to Q B 3rd
13. R to K B sq	R to Q 3rd
14. P to Q R 3rd	P to K R 3rd
15. B to Q 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd
16. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
17. P to Q R 4th	R to K R 2nd
18. P to R 5th	B to Q sq
19. Kt to Q R 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
20. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q Kt 4th
21. B to K 3rd	P to Q R 3rd
22. K to B 2nd	R to B 3rd
23. R takes R	Q takes R
24. Kt to B 5th	Q to R 5th

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)

Black has conducted a skilful defence against considerable danger, and now seeks a breathing space by exchanging Queens.

25. Q to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd
26. P to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd

If 26. Q takes R P, the Queen is lost by 27 R to R sq.

27. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to K B sq
28. R to K B sq	P to K B 4th
29. Kt takes R P	

The beginning of a clever combination, with just sufficient margin of strength and time to turn the scale in his favour.

29.	P takes Kt
30. P takes B P	P to K 5th
31. P takes K P	Q takes P (ch)
32. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q
33. B to Q B 4th	

The decisive stroke which White seems to have had in view in sacrificing his Kt.

33.	K to Kt 2nd
34. P takes P	Kt (B sq) takes P
35. B to Q 3rd	R to K 2nd
36. B takes K R P	Kt to Q 3rd
37. B to K Kt 5th	

If B takes Kt, Black wins back the piece with 37. R to K 3rd.

37.	R to Q 2nd
38. B takes B	Kt to K 4th
39. B to Kt 6th	Kt takes B
40. K takes Kt	Kt to B 4th (ch)
41. B to Q 4th	Kt takes Kt P
42. R to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th

With his Kt thus hemmed in, Black's game is now hopeless, and resignation might as well come now as 19 moves later.

On behalf of the British League of Help for the devastated areas in France, the company of the Comédie Française are coming to London to play at a matinée at the Oxford Theatre on May 31, by special authorisation of the French Government. The King and Queen have given their patronage. The matinée is being organised by Lady Tree, and other leading people in the theatrical world are helping to make it a great success. It will enable London at once to enjoy an unusual opportunity and to do something to assist a cause which everyone here has deeply at heart.



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"The Tatler"

IN our last advertisement we were privileged to quote an extract from an appreciation of Corelli which appeared in a recent issue of the "Bystander."

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(Signed) DOLLY SISTERS.

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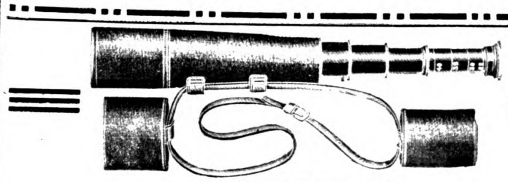
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LADIES' NEWS.

THERE was quite a spurt in Private Views lately. I cannot write of that at Burlington House, as it came too late in the week, being on Saturday instead of Friday, and there was no banquet, because of the coal crisis. Things, so far as the Royal Academy is concerned, were almost back to war-time conditions. Princess Beatrice, with Miss Minnie Cochrane in attendance, went to the Grafton Galleries private view, and stayed there for quite an hour. Her Royal Highness wore a dark-grey soft satin dress, and a long black cape-coat with a black, rather large hat of chiffon velvet with white under the brim. This Princess has a wonderfully handsome head and a specially fine profile, inherited by her daughter the Queen of Spain. The portrait of her eldest son, the Marquess of Carisbrooke, was probably familiar to her Royal Highness in Mr. R. G. Eve's studio, for she was more interested in other pictures. The new President of the International Society of Painters, Gravers, and Sculptors, Sir William Orpen, R.A., has several portraits hung. None was found so interesting as that of Colonel Lawrence, the soldier administrator evolved by the war out of the archæological student. Katharine Duchess of Westminster was also enjoying the pictures; so was the Marchioness of Sligo, with whom was Lady Edward Gleichen, married to the only son of the late Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, who was herself Lady Laura Seymour. Lady Edward Gleichen, as the Hon. Sylvia Gay Edwardes, was Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, and is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Henry Edwardes, who, despite much suffering and an invalid state, makes her house a centre of real hospitality and great interest. Mr. Ivor Ferguson was, as usual, with his mother, Sophia, Lady Paston-Cooper, to whom he explains every picture, as she is, unhappily, blind. Quite a number of well-known people were present. Pictures begin once again to take their old place in social regard, as when private viewing at the Academy, Grosvenor Gallery, and other art galleries called together large assemblages of most interesting people.

Our next excitement will be the visit of the Crown Prince of Japan, who is due to arrive next week, and to whom every honour is to be shown. For three days his Imperial Highness will be the guest of the King at Buckingham Palace, where a State Banquet is arranged. Prince Hirohito had his twentieth birthday on April 29, but will not come of age until he is twenty-five, according to Japanese custom. His father, the Emperor, has the Order of the Garter, with the insignia of which he was personally invested by Prince Arthur of Connaught, who journeyed to Tokio for the purpose. He will be sixty-nine in November. He married in Tokio in May 1900 Princess Sadako, daughter of Prince Kujo-Michitaka. When Prince and Princess Fushimi were over here they were much lionised. They belong to a collateral branch of the Imperial family.



A RESTAURANT GOWN.

Navy-blue has a charm and "chic" all its own. This dress is made of soft satin of this shade, with the skirt veiled with grey net embroidered in silver and black.

Photograph by Talma.

Tennis will be as much played this season as it was last, and interest in this fascinating game is greater than ever. Girl and women players are more keen about dress for it than that for the biggest balls. Lace-fine Shetland wool dresses, in delicate stripes and scollops of colour on white ground, were worn last season at such exclusive functions as Ascot and the Royal Garden-party. This season they will be worn in tennis courts by fortunate feminine players who can afford them, for they are expensive. So fine are they that only those who have experience of what the Shetland knitters and yarn spinners can do believe them made by human fingers. I have seen in Thurso shawls of this wonderfully fine wool and still finer knitting priced up to £40 each. They were, of course, specimens, as the finest of these Shetland dresses are, and Americans purchased them most freely. I am told that machine-made fine work approaches very nearly to hand, but there are many material differences.

We are a much more united nation than we were before the war. One result is that we are appreciative of our own things. Malvern Waters is one of these. The famous springs of Malvern have always been known by the *cognoscenti* as of marvellous purity and of very beneficial medicinal value, while delicious to the palate. Now the public in general adopt "Malvernia" as their pet table-water. W. and J. Burrow, Ltd., are the sole lessees of these famous springs, and bottle and supply the waters in the most convenient and hygienic way. Malvernia is slightly aerated; the Alpha brand gives the water in its natural still state. For gout or rheumatism, Malvernia is *the* water to drink, for it is lightly mineralised, and bears also the splendid properties of the springs, which provide a British drink fit for good Britons.

A. E. L.

On behalf of the British Spa Federation, which comprises the Spas of Bath, Buxton, Cheltenham, Droitwich, Harrogate, Llandrindod Wells, Leamington, Woodhall, and New Zealand, Mr. F. J. C. Broome, the Hon. Secretary, writes to contradict most emphatically a widespread impression that the Spas are closing down on account of lack of fuel. "This is far from being the case," he says, "and none of us has the slightest fear of being placed in this disastrous position, as our fuel-supply arrangements are such as to enable us to carry on for some time to come."

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A MATTER OF FACT," AT THE COMEDY.

THE heroine of Mr. Ernest Cecil's play, "A Matter of Fact," is one of those women who cannot forgive their failings in others. Asked by her husband to call on a divorced neighbour, Mrs. Hethcote, the happily married Lady Marlow flatly refuses, though, as we soon find out through the visit of a blackmailer, she has a black spot in her own past. Thereby she brings on herself a lot of needless suffering, Mrs. Hethcote having it in her power to relieve the self-righteous lady of all anxiety about the indiscretion of her youth. Our old friend coincidence here bobs up afresh, and with it a prolonged series of emotional scenes which cannot help having an artificial ring. Three times Lady Marlow makes confession of her early fault, her worst ordeal being her confession to her husband, who knows all the facts in advance; but her woes are not genuinely pathetic, because they are machine-made, and, moreover, become tedious through reiteration. Even Miss Eva Moore's art, so beautifully sincere when it can deal with sincerity, is handicapped in such sham-lachrymose situations; and Mr. Norman McKinnel, by playing the part of the husband in a subdued key, emphasises unconsciously the artificiality of the scheme.

"COUNT X." AT THE GARRICK.

There is an agreeable combination of the apparatus of the mock-supernatural and the melodrama of detected roguery in Mr. H. A. Vachell's new Garrick piece, "Count X." Its inventor-hero may be sickened by the atmosphere of the séance which in his absence his silly wife has introduced into his home; but for the audience the mysterious voices, the green eyes that shine out of the darkness, the cigarettes that burn without the application of a match, and all the patter about auras and psycho-analysis, make good enough fun for a starting point of the duel that is obviously preparing between the charlatan responsible for the properties and the returned scientist. But, as it soon appears, we are offered here something more than a struggle for influence over the wife between husband and intruder: this Count X, with his purple evening clothes, is a thief as well as a humbug, and his eye is after the formula of a new invention locked up in the grand piano. On the whole, then, there is a fair amount of excitement in this story, of which a capital company takes full advantage. If Mr. Leon M. Lion is inclined to over-act his part of the charlatan, he is amusing even in his moments of burlesque; while as husband of the "Still Waters Run Deep" type, Mr. Herbert Marshall exhibits excellent judgment; and the support given by Miss Moyna Macgill, Miss Marie Illington, and an attractive newcomer, Miss Laura Wallis Mills, is of the kind that is wanted.

"MARY," AT THE QUEEN'S.

The feature of "Mary," the new musical comedy which has come to us from America, is its riot of dancing, dancing which goes from climax to climax. Ordinarily we are content this side of the Atlantic if "star" or "stars" dance to the music they have previously sung; but this is not enough for "Mary," nor even an ensemble in which the chorus takes up the refrain. Here groups of dancers one after the other pick up the air and whirl to its strains with more and more of a hurricane agility, until the audience is forced into storms of enthusiasm. There are other things—the mere wisp of a plot, some delightful singing on the part of Miss Evelyn Laye, clever comedy acting from Miss Maidie Hope, Miss Mabel Sealby, and Mr. Ralph Lynn, and good vocalisation (especially in the sentimental duets) from Mr. Alec Regan; but the dancing eclipses all else—whether solo dancing as supplied by Mr. Bernard Granville, or the whirlwind kind contributed by the rival organisations of the Magleys, the McLeans, and the Lorner Sisters. We have had nothing like this last in London heretofore in its mechanical precision, its deliberate breathlessness, and it is pretty sure to take the town.

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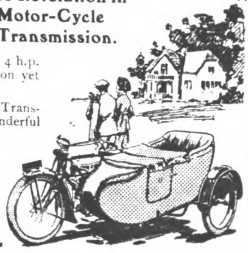
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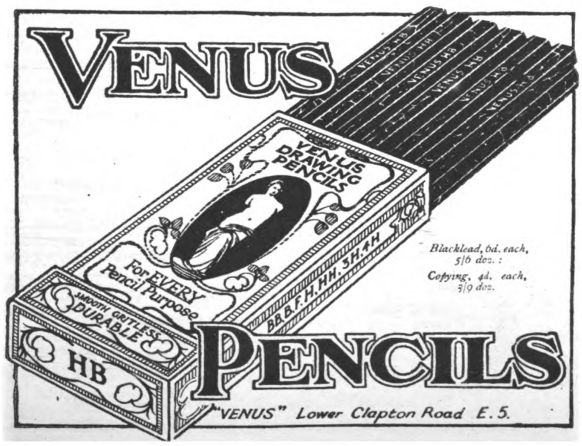
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

London to Edinburgh.

Each year the Whitsuntide run of the Motor Cycling Club from London to Edinburgh receives a larger, and moreover a wider, number of entries for the 24-hours' reliability trial. This will be its fourteenth anniversary, and though originally only motor cycles were the competing machines, this year the full-sized cars range from Rolls-Royces down to air-cooled Rovers, besides 117 solo motor-cyclists, 90 side-cars, 22 three-wheeled cycle-cars, and 110 motor cars of all sorts and sizes, as aforesaid. Consequently, Mr. George Reynolds, the starter and timekeeper, who will despatch this crowd from the Old Gatehouse, Highgate, on the evening of May 13, will be busy from 7 p.m. until 9.50 p.m. giving the word "go" every half-a-minute for nearly three hours. Biggleswade is the first check, at the Swann Inn; Grantham, the second halt, where breakfast will be taken at the George Hotel, at half an hour after midnight, for the first arrival; so it is not to be wondered at that another halt will be made at Ilkley, at the Middleton Hotel, at 6.27 a.m., for a second breakfast, an hour's interval being allowed for this, besides the three-quarters of an hour taken at Grantham. After Ilkley comes the new part of the course for this run, which includes Buckden, Aysgarth, Bainbridge—over the mountain road that is known as Buttertubs, down to Kirkby Stephen, to Appleby, Penrith, and Carlisle, where the luncheon halt is made at the County Hotel, as usual. The first competitor is due here soon after half-past twelve (mid-day). Tea will be taken at the Annandale Arms at Moffat, about four o'clock, and the first official car is due at Edinburgh, at the Waverley Market House, off Princes Street, at 7 p.m., after 24 hours on the road. As Mr. W. H. Wells, the captain of the club, leads the van on his 30-h.p. Chandler, accompanied by Mr. Bidlake, the official timekeeper, the schedule will be strictly adhered to in his case; but it will be curious to see if the ascent of Buttertubs reduces the number of winners of gold medals given in the competition to those whose schedule time is correct at all the checked controls for the 402½ miles travelled.



TO MARRY HIS CO-DIRECTOR AND FORMER TYPIST, MISS E. M. SAYER: MR. A. J. WILSON. Mr. Wilson is head of the well-known advertising firm of A. J. Wilson and Co., Ltd. He was a pioneer of cycling and motoring, and founded the Motor and Cycle Trade Benevolent Fund. During the war he organised the Hospital Motor Squadron, which did excellent work.



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Coke for Engine Fuel.

During the years that have elapsed between 1915 and the present day, producer gas, as a substitute for petrol, has off and on been mooted. In fact, one or two inventors have put on to paper small portable gas plants suggesting that the motorist should make the fuel for his motor engine while he goes along the highway. Among these suggestions a practical application has evolved, known as the Parker Producer Gas Plant, on the Bamber system, of which a demonstration was given recently in Fitzjohn's Avenue and Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead, where an A.E.C. lorry owned by the Great Western Railway Company, and another lorry owned by the Parker Company, both equipped with a Parker's Producer Gas Plant, successfully demonstrated that the vehicles could run on producer gas made on the vehicle from coke. And an economical business it is, too, for the consumption of this fuel worked out at the price of petrol at 7½d. per gallon, giving 75 per cent. of the full power of the engine. As it is but seldom that any motor lorry engine is ever asked to give out its full power, beyond a slight slowing up on steep hills, there was practically little difference in the running of the vehicles under load.

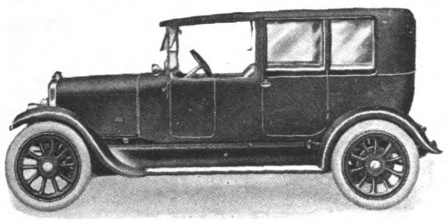
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A ROMANCE OF THE CITY: MISS E. M. SAYER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO HER CHIEF, MR. A. J. WILSON. Miss E. M. Sayer began her career as typist to Mr. Wilson, and helped him to build up a great business, of which she is now a Director. She is also a Freeman of the City, and a Councillor for the Borough of Holborn.



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The charges for certain raw materials and accessories have been reduced during the last few weeks, and although the manufacturers of Ruston-Hornsby cars are not yet reaping the full benefit of these lower costs, they have decided to give immediately to customers the advantage of the fall.

THE REDUCED PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

16-20 h.p. £585

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The price guarantee is unconditionally withdrawn.

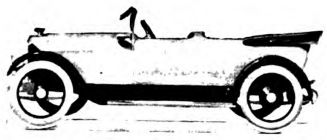
The present high standard of manufacture is maintained, and both models carry the same complete equipment. For cars of their power, quality and seating capacity the Ruston-Hornsby is remarkable value.

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Great Reduction in Prices!

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CROSSLEY 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. MODEL

Chassis (including electric starter and lighting set) £800
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Five-seater "Manchester" Touring Car - - £1050
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At the above reduced prices the Crossley 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model represents the finest value for money proposition obtainable to-day. Place your order now and obtain the benefit of these reductions. Write at once for name and address of nearest Agent.

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Chassis price **£550.**
Complete with:—
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Five lamps;
Clock;
Speedometer;
4-Speed Gearbox;
Cantilever Suspension;
5 Wheels and Tyres.

"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"

"Daily Dispatch" Nov. 4, 1920.

"After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'value for money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia motor show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16-h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'value for money.'..."

W. H. Berry

The same writer states, in the "Evening Standard" Mar. 4, 1921.

"After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

THIS IS THE NEW PRICE OF THE

16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ

DECREASED production costs, owing to intelligent co-operation between the various firms associated with the Darracq Company; the reduction in labour costs in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes; a heavy reduction in the cost of raw material, and the whole 1921 output of the 16 h.p. model contracted for by agents, added to which the sales in France have been much heavier than anticipated. All these facts have resulted in a further large series of this model being placed in production, a drop of £100 in price, and the further upholding of the Darracq Company's "Value-for-Money" policy, which gives its customers the IMMEDIATE benefit of the improved industrial outlook.

Catalogues and all details from our Head Office, and trial runs arranged.

TALBOT DARRACQ

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Showrooms: 150, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.

(Continued.)

through pebbles to purify it from all its unnecessary constituents, is made in a producer that, in the Parker or Bamber system, can be easily adopted by any lorry, as it can be clipped upon the dash-board, and yet not be outside the body line of the vehicle. The cost of fitting and supplying the plant is about £180, and the reward for the expenditure is independence during strikes—as coke seems always plentiful—and freedom from high costs for running expenses as regards fuel.

Banns and Bonds.

That old-timer, Mr. A. J. Wilson, has announced his impending marriage with Miss Councillor Sayer, his co-director and partner in so many enterprises concerning motors and their accessories. Both are pioneers in their respective fields of business, and congratulations are rightly being showered upon them, to which I should like to add "A life-long happiness to them both in their closer partnership." In the same post that conveyed to me the news of these banns of marriage came a protest, from those responsible for the second-hand motor show at the Crystal Palace, that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders had reminded some of the exhibitors there of the bonds they had entered into concerning only exhibiting their motor wares at exhibitions authorised by the Society. Is not business hard enough to get without worrying people about bonds and price maintenance, and goodness knows what else, when receivers and liquidators are in evidence galore, even in the big firms, because of the turnover not being quick enough? Rules that are closely approaching restriction of trade ought to be jettisoned for the time being, until the overstocked market of cars, tyres, and accessories has been reduced to a normal level. And, even then, firms outside the bond-signers—like Ford, for instance—seem to do quite happily without the bond, though they are barred from Olympia at Motor Show time, as that, apparently, is the only value given to the bond-signer: a chance to exhibit there, and in Scotland.

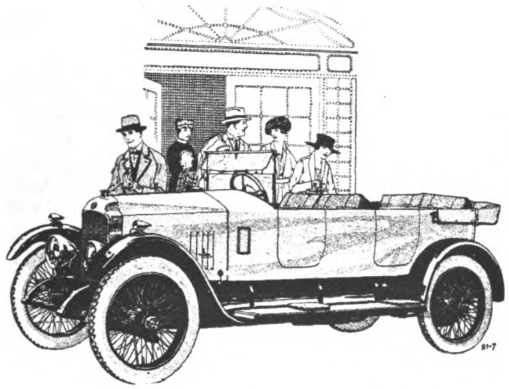
W. W.



MOTORING PAST ENGLAND'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN: A "WOLSELEY FIFTEEN" BY THE SHORES OF WAST WATER, NEAR SCAFELL AND GREAT GABLE. In the right background is Scafell (3210 ft.), the highest mountain in England. To the left, in the distance, is Great Gable, a favourite haunt of rock-climbers.

Chess enthusiasts will have noted that the match between Messrs. Capablanca and Lasker came to an abrupt termination. After suffering his fourth defeat without any compensating success, Lasker resigned, pleading as his excuse the prejudicial effects of the climate of Havana on his play.

Pleasure cruises to the Baltic have been inaugurated by the United Baltic Corporation, consisting of a series of holiday trips to the more important Baltic ports. The cruises are of about fifteen days' duration, and include the Kiel Canal, Danzig, Libau, and Reval, at which ports time is given to visit places of interest. Passengers may sleep and dine on board while in harbour, and thus avoid hotel expenses on shore. Further particulars may be obtained of the United Baltic Corporation, Ltd., 158, Fenchurch Street, London, or of the usual passenger agents.



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Quality, guarantee and free inspection service continue as heretofore.

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25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington car complete	£1100
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The series with the black and gold diamonds.

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Daintily perfumed with Attar of Roses.

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FILTER

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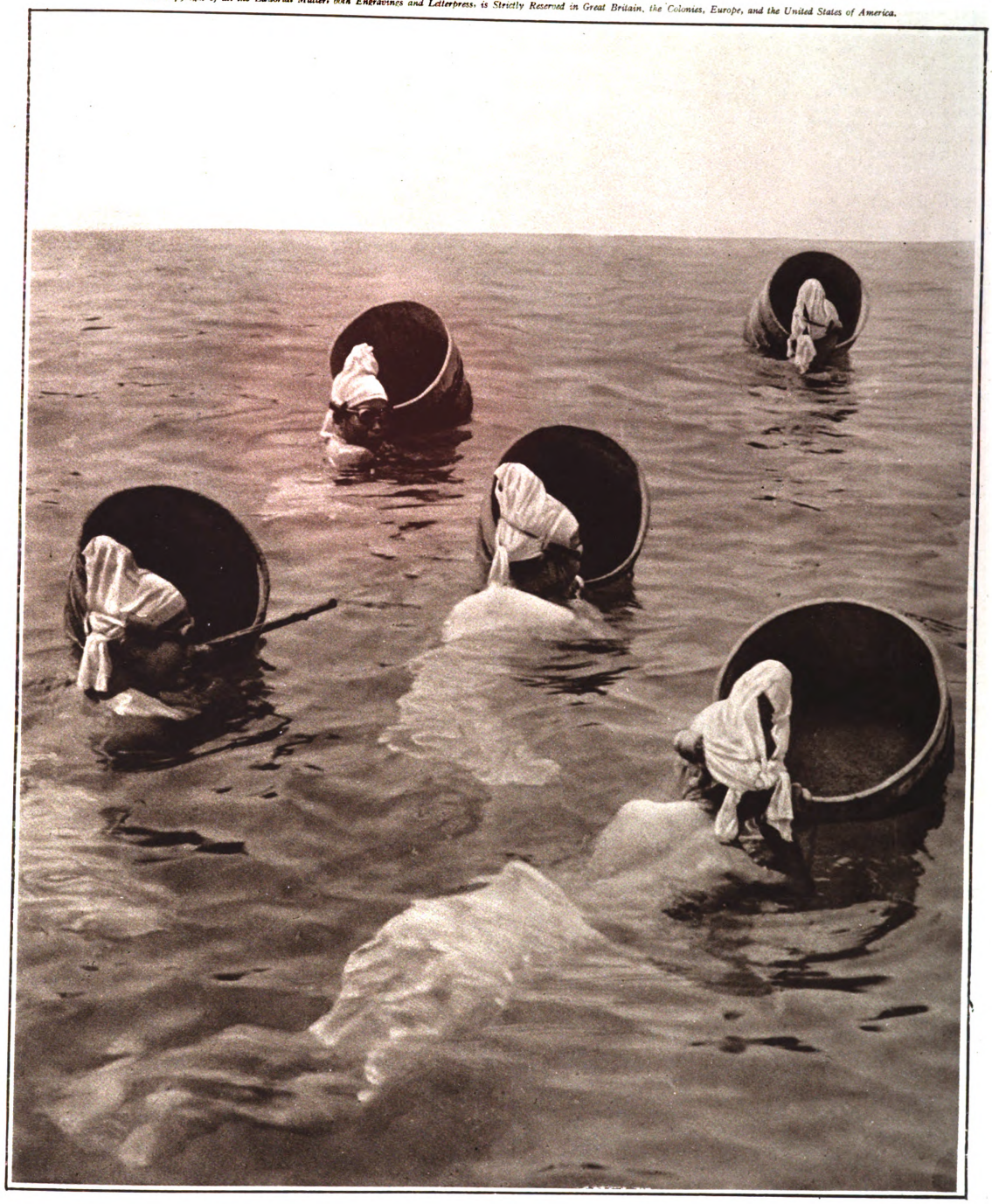
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SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1921.

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THE PRODUCTION OF JAPANESE "CULTURE" PEARLS: WOMEN DIVERS ("SEA-GIRLS") SWIMMING TO THE OYSTER-FISHING GROUND.

A sensation has been caused, both in the jewel trade and the world of fashion, by the claim of Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto to have at last perfected the production of "culture" pearls. Other illustrations and notes on the subject appear on later pages in this issue. Here it is sufficient to quote from Mr. Mikimoto's booklet, "The Story of the Pearl," in explanation of the above photograph: "A large part of the submarine work in the oyster-culture of Japan is done by women divers, or 'sea-girls,' as they are called there. This is common in Agu Bay, and in many other localities of the country. There has been a belief from time immemorial that women can work better and stay longer under water than men. The women divers of Ise have often been mentioned in classic literature. These sea-girls are dressed in tight, thin, white garments. Their hair is twisted into a hard knob, and diving glasses are worn. They dive without any apparatus, and stay under water from 60 to 80 seconds at each diving." The floating tubs are used to carry the oysters they bring up.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MR. KOKICHI MIKIMOTO.



IT is characteristic of the modern woman's courage that a woman should have raised the current discussion on the place of women in the new social order. She may take it as another feather in her cap that she has rushed in where the wisest of the Greeks feared to tread. He only consented to enter upon the question when he was driven to it by importunate friends. Socrates (or his exponent Plato) knew perfectly well what lay before him, if he should attempt to determine woman's place in the Republic, and you remember how he tried to get out of it by hastily including it among "things which we will pass by for the present."

Later, when the subject was pressed upon him, Socrates still fenced. He warned his friends that they were rash fellows who ought to have let well alone. They little knew what a swarm of questions they were arousing by this return to the attack. He himself had foreseen all that at the time, and his evasion was intended to save endless trouble. Glaucon interposed with well-meant encouragement, but that did not help Socrates much. He professed, in fact, that it hindered him; for to broach a theory while one is still only a doubting enquirer, is a slippery course beset with fears. Not that he has any childish dread of incurring ridicule, but he trembles lest he should miss his footing upon the truth and, falling, drag his friends down with him, and that upon ground where a false step is particularly serious. Being in, however, he puts the best face upon it, and "the men having quite played out their piece," he proceeds "with the performance of the women." He only prays that Nemesis may not overtake him for what he is going to say.

The passage of two thousand years and more has not greatly changed the situation. The course is still slippery and beset with perils, not only for the doubting, but for the cocksure enquirer, and even to-day footing may be missed very easily upon the truth. The doubting male enquirer of Athens would not have agreed altogether with the modern feminist, who claims that women should be regarded, not as a sex, but as a class. The basic distinction of sex does not hinder Socrates from arriving at conclusions that must be pleasing to the most advanced advocate of the equality of women. That he should have reconciled his enlightened and prophetic view with "the natural relation which ought to govern the mutual fellowship of the sexes," is a point that, carefully considered, should help to purge away that regrettable antagonism which too often obscures the issue in this discussion. Socrates lifts the question to the highest ground. He, with his unfortunate domestic experience, might have been forgiven had he taken an unfavourable view of woman's fitness for public affairs, but throughout his argument he utters no single note of petulance or disparagement. Until this problem is approached in the Socratic spirit it must lose itself in bogs and sands. A common cry, almost a cant, of the present day, where industrial disputes are concerned, is "Get together." It applies with equal, if not greater force, to this controversy of the sexes. From the very outset Socrates gets men and women together, with harmonious results. It need not concern us here that he permitted community of women and children in his ideal State. The thing to remark in the present connection is his handling of women's fitness for public work.

He held that none of the occupations which go to the ordering of a State belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man; but natural gifts are to be found here and there in both sexes alike, and, so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissible to all pursuits as well as the man. He adds, "though in all of them the woman is weaker than the man." This qualification need not damn the philosopher in the opinion of modern women. It was made simply because he was out to discover truth, and he knew that a degree of physical disability was a hard fact: it did not prevent his going what may be considered "the whole hog." He found in the admitted weakness no pretext for the exclusion of women from public affairs. "So far as the guardianship of a State is concerned, there is no difference between the nature of the man and of the woman . . . then we shall have to select duly qualified women to share in the life and the official labours of the duly qualified men, since we find that they are competent to the work and of kindred nature with the men."

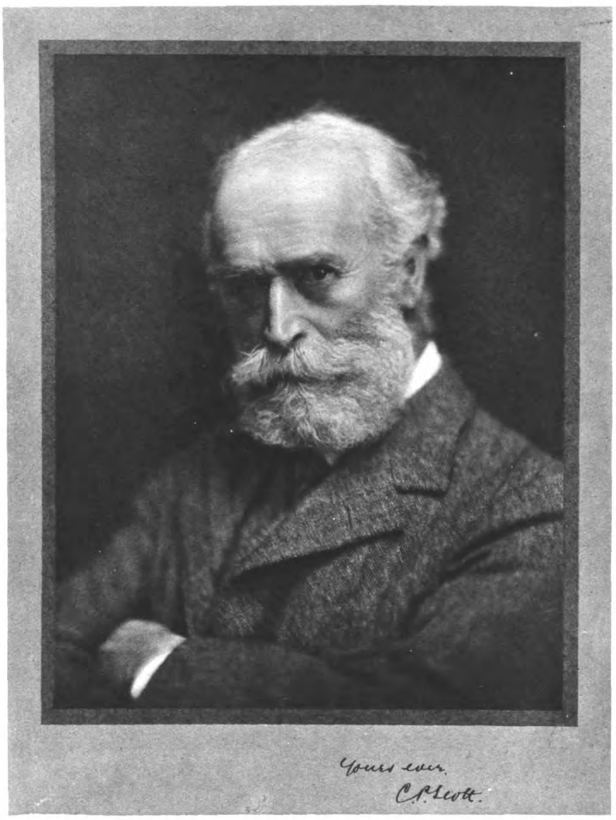
It is true that Socrates deliberately sets aside mere sex difference as affecting political capability; "it does not touch our purpose," he says; but he does not therefore set up any distinction of class for men and women in their relation to the State. His scheme is far broader, as we have seen—"so far as guardianship of the State is concerned, there is no difference between the natures of the man and the woman." Here he foreshadows the only solution, the most perfect, loyal, and liberal alliance between man and woman for the public good. Class breeds dissension: sex is not incompatible with harmony. Nowhere does he betray the faintest concession to antagonistic or separatist feeling. But, for all that, a distinction remains, and it is simply the old one of sex, which enables him to effect the ideal marriage of man and woman in the service of the State, man remaining man and woman woman, the essential condition of union. Nowhere does Socrates intend any obliteration or denial of sex in his guardians. Otherwise he could not have proceeded to formulate his scheme of eugenics. Among his women officials he found his most perfectly equipped mothers.

On the education of women, the Platonic doctrine leaves nothing for the most advanced of modern feminists to desire. In some respects it is ahead of them. The women who showed special aptitudes and abilities were to be trained equally with men in medicine, music, gymnastic, or any study suitable to their talents. They were even to be taught and to practise the military art, a provision that rather outruns the recent contention that women are the non-fighting sex.

If Socrates had his private views, formed on observation of Xanthippe, as to the deadliness of "the female of the species," he kept them to himself. His scheme of women soldiers was merely the logical concomitant of his throwing open all careers to the female half of humanity, and it is not likely to be fiercely demanded even by the most militant of present-day pioneers. They have, in fact, disavowed any such inclination, and the disavowal has drawn fire from controversialists who have not yet quite risen to the lofty impersonality of the Platonic argument, and who saw a chance to recall and rub in certain incidents of what is now ancient history.

Since those things happened, women have made so admirable an appearance in public affairs that the pretty follies of an infant movement are best forgotten. It is time to lift the problem of woman's place in the new social order into the serene and impartial atmosphere of the Republic. That dream, as its author admitted, was not to be realised in an imperfect world, but it was not useless, as it pointed the way to the ideal which would be attained only by the co-operation of both sexes alike. To that dual unity Socrates was jealously loyal. When, later in the argument, he was complimented for finishing his portrait of the leading men in a style of faultless beauty, his correction and reproof sped arrow-like—"Say leading women too, Glaucon, for my remarks apply no less to women than to men." Here again, on the woman question, Plato's by-play is as illuminating as his formal doctrine.

J. D. S.

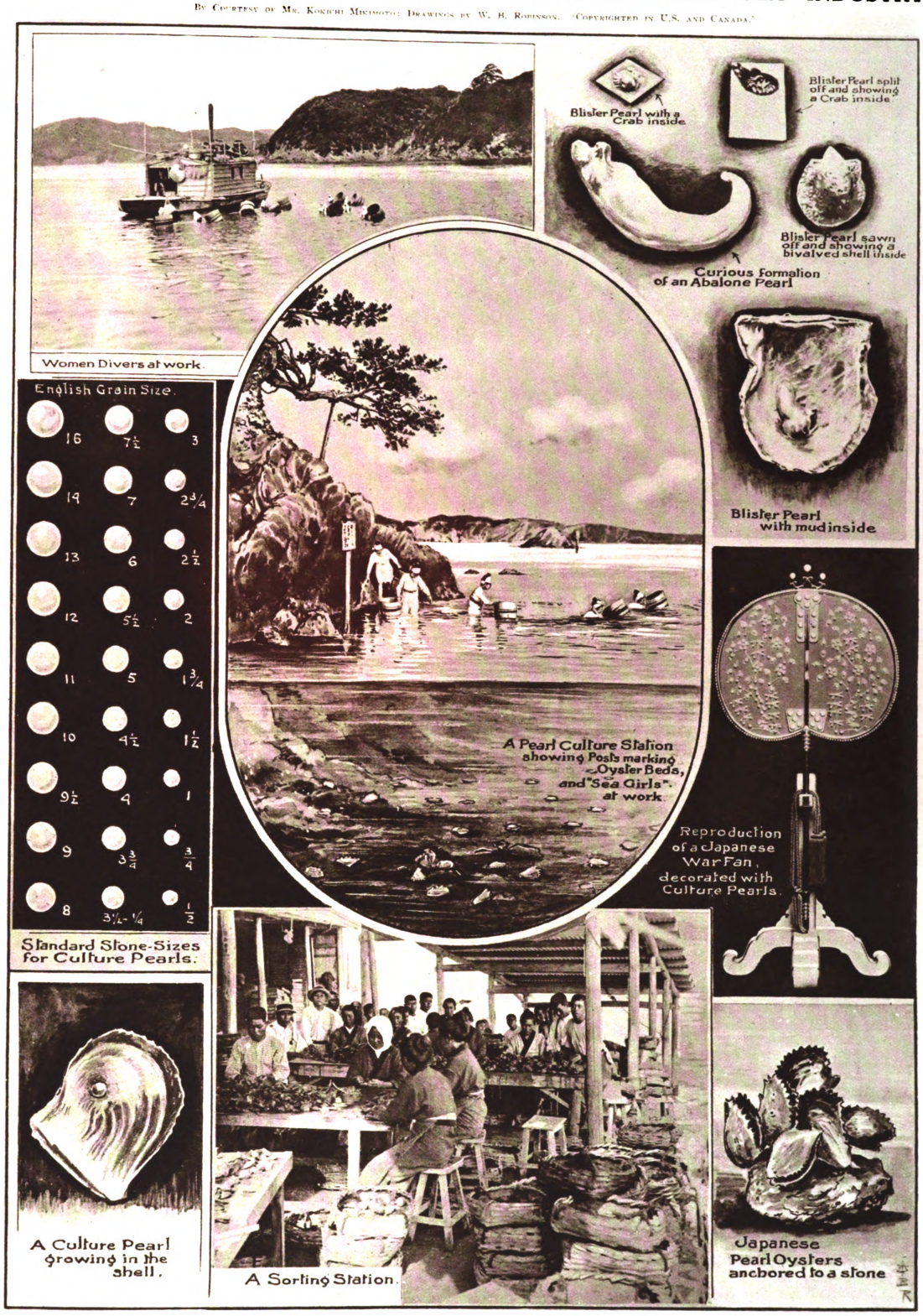


A GRAND OLD MAN OF JOURNALISM: MR. C. P. SCOTT, WHOSE JUBILEE COINCIDED WITH THE CENTENARY OF HIS PAPER, THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN."

Mr. C. P. Scott, the governing director and editor of the "Manchester Guardian," celebrated his fiftieth year of journalism on May 5, along with the centenary of the paper. He joined it just after the Franco-German War of 1870, after being a year on the "Scotsman," and became editor in 1872. From 1895 to 1906 he was M.P. for the Leigh Division of Lancashire. Mr. Scott has received a message of congratulation from the King, who spoke of his "courageous and high-minded guidance" of the paper which "has secured for itself a position of such eminence and esteem in the world of journalism."

THE BIRTH OF THE "CULTURE" PEARL: A JAPANESE SEA INDUSTRY.

By Courtesy of Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto: Drawings by W. B. Robinson. (Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.)



AN ENTERPRISE WHOSE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS HAVE CAUSED A STIR IN THE PEARL MARKET: WORK AT A PEARL-CULTURE STATION IN JAPAN; AND ITS PRODUCE.

At the Mikimoto Pearl-Culture Station there are two seasons, one in early summer, when new oysters are cultivated, and the other in winter, when the pearl crops are gathered. The method of cultivating pearls is, briefly, as follows: When the spats, or young oysters, are three years old, they are taken out of the sea and a scientific stimulus is applied to them. They are then planted in the sea-beds and remain there for four years, during which the pearl is formed. If the oysters are attacked (as in 1905) by the Red Current, an accumulation of micro-scopic organisms, the work must start all over again. Other deadly enemies against which they have to be guarded are the octopus, star-fish, and sea-weed. Among the foreign substances that enter an oyster and cause the growth of natural pearls are sand grains, parasitic worms, crabs, sea-weeds, and small fishes. A "blister" pearl is one that is attached to the inner surface of the shell and is flat on one side when removed. The "culture" pearls illustrated in the left-hand centre diagram above are shown in their actual size.

THE GREAT PEARL CONTROVERSY: JAPANESE "SEA-GIRL DIVIN

By Courtesy of Kokichi



WITH THEIR FLOATING TUBS FOR COLLECTING THE OYSTERS: WOMEN DIVERS AT WORK

The controversy that has arisen in the pearl trade is due to the claim recently put forward by Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto that, after many years of experiment, he had at length succeeded in producing "culture" pearls closely resembling the natural article. Opinions differ as to the effect of the claim, and many experts have declared that the value of natural pearls will not be endangered, though of course there has been a good deal of anxiety both among jewellers and the women who possess "pearls of great price." Mr. Mikimoto's enterprise has been established for many years and his methods are well known. The pearls he produces are in no sense "fakes." He cultivates them in his oyster-beds by inserting an irritant—a tiny piece of nacre or mother-of-pearl—into the oyster, and then replacing the oyster in the sea, leaving it there for some four years.

E "SE ING FOR OYSTERS AT A PEARL-CULTURE STATION.

:ICHI MIKIMOTO.



ORK AT THE MIKIMOTO PEARL-CULTURE STATION OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN.

ig which a pearl grows round the irritant in the same way that natural pearls are formed. Thus the process is merely an artificial stimulation of nature. Women divers, vn as "sea-girls," are employed to retrieve the oysters, as described under another photograph on our front page in this number. Mr. Mikimoto has been experimenting pearls since 1879, and the Mikimoto Pearl-Culture Station was established in 1890 on the island of Tatoku in Agu Bay, Province of Shima, Japan. It supports a flourishing ty of several hundred inhabitants. The oyster beds now extend for fifty nautical miles in the Bay of Agu alone. There are also branch farms in the Bays of Gokasho Hasama, in the province of Ise, Omura Bay in Kiushiu, and Ishigaki Island in Okinawa. The total area is over 10,000 acres.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK ILLUSTRATED: NOTABLE EVE AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P.P.P., PHOTOTHEK (BERLIN), FARRIN... STANLEY,



"THE FATHER" OF THE FILMS: THE LATE MR. W. FRIESE GREENE.



ALDERSHOT AFTER THE "RIOT": THE PRINCIPAL STREET WITH LOOTED SHOP-WINDOWS BOARDED UP.



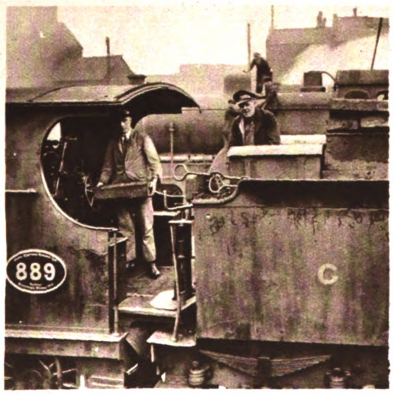
MRS. ROSITA FORBES... EXPLORER: HASSANEIN ... THE POLISH ... SILESIA



THE ORIGINAL OF ORPEN'S FAMOUS ACADEMY PORTRAIT: "CHESTER" AT HIS GRILL IN PARIS.



MALTA GRANTED SELF-GOVERNMENT: BUGLERS AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE HERALDING HIS PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION.



OLD SLEEPERS USED AS FUEL FOR A G.E.R. ENGINE: AN EFFECT OF THE COAL SHORTAGE ON THE RAILWAYS.



THE NEW RÉGIME IN IRELAND: VISCOUNT FITZALAN (FOURTH FROM LEFT IN FRONT), THE LORD LIEUTENANT, AT A DUBLIN GATHERING.

Mr. W. Friese Greene, who died suddenly while addressing a meeting of the cinema trade in London on May 5, was the inventor of the moving-picture camera, but it brought him neither money nor recognition. He lost £20,000 in experiments, and was once in prison for debt and had his home sold up.——A "riot" occurred at Aldershot on the night of May 7, said to have been instigated by "Bolshevists." The ringleaders were in uniform. Shops in three streets were looted, and 53 windows were smashed.——Ahmed Mohamed Bey Hassanein accompanied Mrs. Rosita Forbes's expedition to Kufra. He is the son of a noted Sheikh el Alim, of the famous Azhar University in Cairo, so the prestige of his name helped to smooth the path of the explorers among the religious fanatics of Libya. Educated at Oxford, where he won a fencing half-blue, he has since represented Egypt in the World's Fencing Championship. He is an inspector in the Ministry of the Interior with a prominent career before him, and to his original friendship with the Senussi, gained in the Italo-British Mission of 1916, of which Hassanein Bey was a member, much of the initial success of the expedition was due.——M. Korfiati

NOTABLE PROMINENT PERSONALITIES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPEY, C.N., VANDYK, AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



POLISH LEADER IN UPPER SILESIA: M. KORFANTY.



THE UNION JACK IN THE IRISH HOME RULE ELECTION: A STREET PROCESSION IN COUNTY DOWN.



WELCOMED BACK TO LONDON WITH FERVOUR: KREISLER, THE VIOLINIST.



THE LONDON DIOCESAN BOY SCOUTS: CHURCH PARADE AT SOMERSET HOUSE BEFORE THE MARCH TO ST. PAUL'S.



THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY: THE LATE DR. F. E. RIDGEWAY.



THE ULSTER UNIONIST LEADER WHO RECENTLY MET MR. DE VALERA, THE SINN FEIN LEADER, IN DUBLIN: SIR JAMES CRAIG (CENTRE, FRONT ROW).



A CAMBRIDGE "RAG": UNDERGRADUATE MEMBERS OF THE "PAVEMENT CLUB," WHOSE RULE IS TO SIT ON THE GROUND.

the leader of the Anti-German Polish insurrection in the Upper Silesia plebiscite area, where fighting has taken place.——Irish election meetings in Co. Down have been held nder armed guard.——Herr Kreisler, the famous violinist, was rapturously received on his recent reappearance in London, at Queen's Hall.——It was questioned whether Sir filliam Orpen's portrait of a Paris *chef*, bought by the Chantrey Bequest, conformed to the rules by having been "entirely executed within the shores of Great Britain." Sir filliam has stated that he took only rough notes for it in Paris.——The Letters Patent granting self-government to Malta were read by the Governor (Lord Plumer) on April 30. he Constitution comes into force on May 16.——The London Diocesan Boy Scouts held their annual Church Parade on May 7.——The Right Rev. F. E. Ridgeway, Bishop of lisbury, died on May 4.——The new Viceroy of Ireland, formerly known as Lord Edmund Talbot, was recently created Viscount FitzAlan of Derwent.——Sir James Craig, the lster Unionist leader, met Mr. De Valera, the Sinn Fein "President," in Dublin on May 5, with a view to settling the Irish dispute.

"A COURIER OF FRIENDSHIP": FIRST OF HIS LINE TO LEAVE JAPAN.

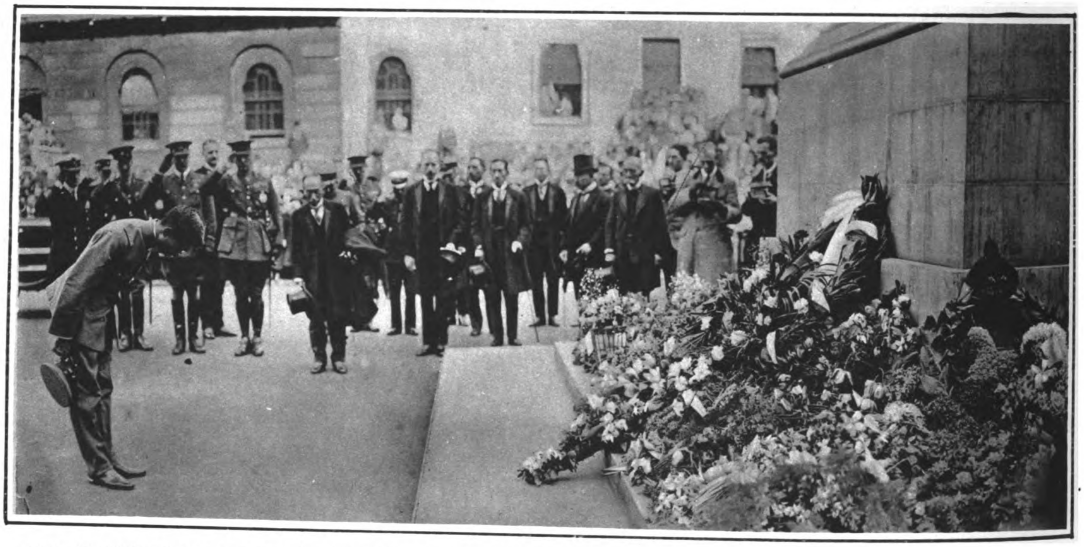
PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., C.N., L.N.A., CENTRAL PRESS, AND I.B.



THE FIRST HEIR TO THE THRONE OF JAPAN TO VISIT ENGLAND: THE CROWN PRINCE, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES, ON THE JETTY AT PORTSMOUTH.



THE CROWN PRINCE'S ARRIVAL AT THE CENOTAPH: GREETED BY GEN. MACDONAGH, AIR-MARSHAL TRENCHARD (NEXT TO LEFT), AND ADMIRAL OLIVER.



HIS FIRST PUBLIC DUTY IN LONDON: THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN MAKING A DEEP OBEISANCE AT THE CENOTAPH, AFTER HIS WREATH OF LAURELS, PALMS, AND CARNATIONS, RED AND WHITE (THE JAPANESE COLOURS), HAD BEEN LAID UPON THE PLINTH.



AFTER LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH: THE CROWN PRINCE INSPECTING THE NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR.



THE PROCESSION IN LONDON: THE CARRIAGE CONTAINING THE CROWN PRINCE AND THE KING.



GUEST AND HOST: THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN DRIVING WITH THE KING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

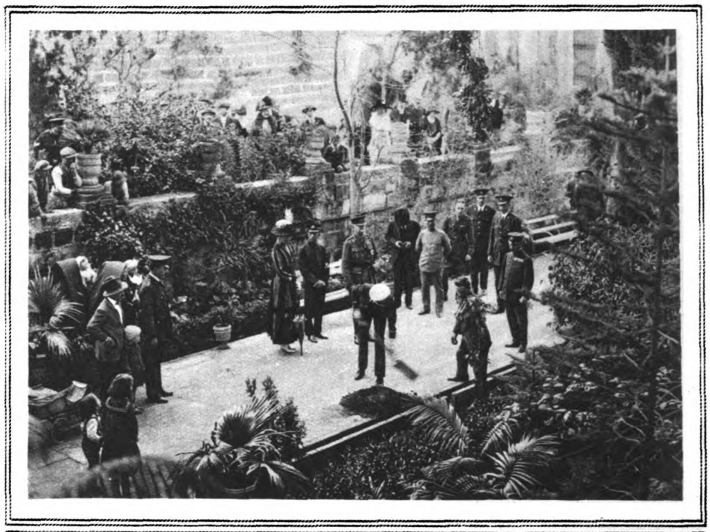
The Crown Prince Hirohito Shinno of Japan, the first of his line to leave his own country, arrived at Spithead in the Japanese battle-cruiser "Katori," on May 7. He issued a public message in which he spoke of himself as "a courier of friendship and goodwill from the people of Japan to the British people." On May 9 the "Katori" entered Portsmouth Harbour and was berthed alongside the south railway jetty. The Prince of Wales (in the uniform of a Naval Captain) went aboard and conducted the Crown Prince, who was in Japanese military uniform, ashore. They travelled to London in a special train, and at Victoria the Crown Prince was welcomed by the King, accompanied by the Duke of York and the Duke of Connaught. The King was in Field-Marshal's uniform. Large crowds, including many Japanese, cheered the Crown Prince with great enthusiasm as the procession drove to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen and Princess Mary received him. In the afternoon, after calling on Queen Alexandra, he visited the Cenotaph and the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. He arranged to visit Windsor on the 10th and the City on the 11th. The King has made him a G.C.B.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: MALTA; SPITHEAD; AND LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., GOUDER (MALTA), L.N.A., AND I.B.



DRESSED WITH FLAGS: THE "KATORI" (WITH THE PRINCE ON BOARD) ARRIVING AT SPITHEAD.



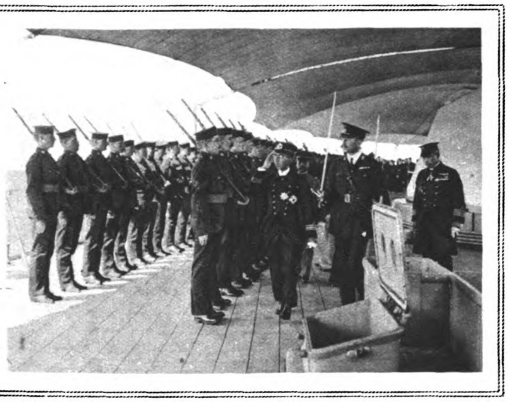
THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AT MALTA: H.I.H. (BETWEEN LORD AND LADY PLUMER) WATCHING PRINCE GEORGE PLANT A TREE IN SAN ANTONIO GARDENS TO COMMEMORATE HIS VISIT.



WITH THE JAPANESE FLAG REPRESENTED IN THE "IRON DUKE": WAR-SHIPS AT MALTA ILLUMINATED IN HONOUR OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.



NOT AN "IMPASSIVE" FACE: THE CROWN PRINCE PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE "KATORI" AT SPITHEAD.



HIS FIRST OFFICIAL FUNCTION IN ENGLISH WATERS: THE CROWN PRINCE INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR IN ADMIRAL MADDEN'S FLAG-SHIP.



LENT BY VISCOUNT LASCELLES FOR THE USE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN DURING HIS STAY IN LONDON: CHESTERFIELD HOUSE, MAYFAIR.

The Crown Prince of Japan arrived at Malta, in the Japanese battle-ship "Katori," accompanied by the "Kashima," on April 24. Lord Plumer, the Governor, and Admiral Sir John de Robeck, from the "Iron Duke," went on board to greet him. He then landed, and drove with Lord Plumer to the Palace at Valetta, receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the crowd in the decorated streets. In the afternoon the Prince attended a matinée of "Othello" at the Opera House. At night Lord Plumer gave a State dinner at the San Antonio Palace, the guests including Prince George, who is serving in the "Iron Duke." The Crown Prince, who is of about the same age, was delighted to meet him. Prince George later planted a tree in the Palace gardens to commemorate the Crown Prince's visit. The Japanese crews ashore were hospitably entertained by the British. The next day the Crown Prince visited the graves of Japanese sailors killed in the war, in the Naval Cemetery at Bighi. The Governor gave a garden party, and the Crown Prince a dinner on board the "Katori." All the ships were illuminated. The "Iron Duke" had the Japanese flag represented in lights amidships and an Admiral's flag at the masthead. There was a great searchlight display.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

BY far the most important of recent biographies is "THE LIFE OF WHITELAW REID" (Thornton Butterworth; 2 vols.; 52s. 6d. net), by Royal Cortissoz, the famous diplomatist's lifelong friend, who, like himself, has been intimate with the makers of American history for several generations. It is a pity that Whitelaw Reid did not live long enough to follow the example of his predecessor in Paris, Benjamin Franklin, and write his own memoirs; for, as his letters show, he had a gift of pithy and picturesque narration which must have made them one of the few famous American autobiographies. As it is, his friend's biography will always be regarded as a document of first-rate importance by American historians who are tracing the emergence of the United States from



DANTE IN LATER LIFE: THE PORTRAIT BY ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO, IN THE EX-CONVENT OF SANT' APOLLONIA, FLORENCE.

a self-centred isolation into a position of ever-increasing consequence in world-politics. Born in 1837, Whitelaw Reid was at the storm-centre of events during the period of incubation of the Civil War, and no other journalist had a clearer understanding of the tendencies that made the final struggle between North and South inevitable. When hostilities began he became a correspondent at the front in the intervals of supporting Lincoln's policy with a pen that was deadlier than the sword of any of the earlier generals on his side, and his descriptions of some of the crucial episodes of the War are rightly accounted as indispensable evidence. He was a great moral asset to the North, for, unlike his journalistic chief, Horace Greeley, he did not quail at the first unlooked-for disasters, and he saw that the North must not only win the War, but also the Peace that followed, sternly exacting the fruits of victory so that the Union might be consolidated and any further attempt to create an *imperium in imperio* rendered for ever impossible. But travel in the South and residence there as a cotton-planter gave him a more sympathetic insight into Southern character and the problems of reconstruction than was possessed by any other Northern publicist, and from the first he understood the criminal folly of the régime of the "Carpet-baggers." As editor of the *Tribune* he was a notable figure in the creative age of American journalism, and before his entrance into diplomacy (as Ambassador to France in 1889) many sound judges saw in him the stuff of which Presidents are wrought. He was of Ulster origin, and Ulster, as every student of American history knows, has given more statesmen to the great Republic than any other section of the mother-islands.

. . . . . .

For the Presidency many are called, but few are chosen, and it may well be that Whitelaw Reid's sturdy independence and contempt for the authority of party "bosses" would have prevented him from ever receiving the nomination, even if such may have been the end of his ambition. As a diplomatist he served his country admirably. He was popular and effective as Ambassador to France; he was an invaluable member of the Commission which signed the Treaty of Peace with Spain at Paris; and he closed his diplomatic career with seven successful years as the representative in England not only of the U.S. Government, but also of the American people—the latter a function which a succession of American Ambassadors have fulfilled with singular felicity, all of them dispensing that "semi-detached literary criticism" which is one of the chief privileges and responsibilities of a unique position. As diplomatist he belonged to the old school of courteous secretive specialists, with a genius for avoiding friction; and you get his point of view by reading between the lines of the delightful comparison of Wolf-Metternich and Marschall von Bieberstein he sent to Secretary Knox by way of official information—

> A greater contrast between the old Ambassador and the new could hardly be imagined. Metternich had the bearing and dignity of an accomplished man of the world and of the old diplomatic school. Marschall, but for a certain dignity of bearing, might be mistaken for a prosperous tradesman, or even butcher. . . . His looks bear out his reputation in the Far East as a man accustomed to push diplomatic points with a strong hand and with the rattle of the Prussian sabre behind him.

This change was one of many omens which pointed to a fateful alteration in German policy, and were all noted and weighed aright by one who regarded the Anglo-French Entente as the crowning achievement of King Edward's peculiar and personal genius and as a strong guarantee of the world's peace. It is surprising how accurately he judged the protagonists of European politics and its underlying motives during the years in which he was engaged in adding to the fund of Anglo-American good feeling—a task which he looked upon as the most vital of his innumerable tasks as a living link between the Old World and the New. He read the character of Wilhelm II. like an open book, and could see there were influences behind him which might in the end compel him not to be content with mere sabre-rattling. Moreover, he had a sure grip of the intricacies of British politics and of the strength and weakness of our leading politicians, and, what is even more remarkable, he saw the great subterranean dangers—the growing restlessness of organised labour and the Government extravagance which, consciously or unconsciously, aimed at corruptly suppressing it—more clearly than any British observer of the signs of the times. He did not foresee the Great War—but he foresaw the industrial difficulties which were to follow it! And, while he watched the symptoms of danger at home and abroad, he played a brilliant part in the social and intellectual life of London which, had he lived to carry out the work he reserved for the unofficial years he anticipated, would have been the theme of the liveliest and most human pages of his reminiscences. He died in harness, and the then Prime Minister's apposite phrase: "We regard him as a kinsman," and the use of H.M.S. *Natal* as his floating bier, touched the heart of the American people. So that, even in death, he was able to continue his life-long task of strengthening Anglo-American friendship.

This spring we all resemble Meredith's old farmer whose waggon-load of thoughts (mostly about crops) had a "bit o' cricket" at the bottom, and volumes of cricketing reminiscences should be particularly popular. In "A FEW SHORT RUNS" (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s. net), by Lord Harris, the



DANTE IN HIS YOUTH: THE PORTRAIT BY GIOTTO, IN THE BARGELLO, OR PALAZZO DELLA PODESTA, AT FLORENCE.

guiding spirit of M.C.C. affairs, we have a most entertaining account of cricket *in partibus*, interspersed with personality sketches of famous players of the past and amusing anecdotes. One would like to have had a special story of the Test match of 1884, when England, under Lord Harris's leadership, beat the Australians in an innings. It was a famous victory, and I was told the inner history of it a short time ago when watching Mr. Armstrong's men practising at Lord's and admiring the fine, free follow-through which is a characteristic of their batting style.



THE SEXCENTENARY OF DANTE'S DEATH: DOMENICO DI MICHELINO'S PICTURE (1465) OF DANTE, FLORENCE, AND THE THREE REGIONS OF THE "DIVINE COMEDY."

Celebrations of the 600th anniversary of the death of Dante (on September 14, 1321) began in Florence on April 27, continue through May and June, and will be resumed in September in association with those at Rome and Ravenna. In London a Dante exhibition of books, MSS., and so on, has been opened at the British Museum. We are indebted for our photographs to Miss Dorothy Nevil Lees, author of "Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany." "The picture of Domenico di Michelino," she writes, "is set in the walls of the Duomo (the cathedral at Florence), close to the spot where the works of the poet used to be publicly expounded." It represents the city as it was in 1465, with the completed cupola, campanile, and Palazzo della Signoria. The Palazzo was begun in 1299, but Dante never saw its splendid tower.—[*Photograph by the Ditta Alinari.*]

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE GREAT BRITISH EXPLORERS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDOZA GALLERIES.



THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO REACH KUFRA, THE SENUSSI FASTNESS, ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT: MRS. ROSITA FORBES, RECENTLY RECEIVED BY THE KING.

Woman's place in the new order is by no means restricted to sheltered and stay-at-home occupations: witness the achievements of Mrs. Rosita Forbes, whose adventurous journey into the heart of the Sahara has placed her in the front rank of British explorers. She travelled from Benghazi across the Libyan desert to the oasis of Kufra, the headquarters of the Senussi, never before visited by a white woman, and only once by a European (Rohlfs) over forty years ago. The journey was one of great hardship and danger, due chiefly to the fanaticism of the Zawais, a native tribe who hate strangers. More than once Mrs. Forbes was in peril of her life, and escaped in disguise. From Kufra she made her way to Egypt, having gathered information of great value regarding the political conditions and commercial possibilities of the country. On May 3 she was received at Buckingham Palace by the King and Queen, and told their Majesties the story of her wonderful experiences, showing them also the 150 photographs which she took by stealth in a land where the camera is regarded as anathema. On May 23 she is to speak on Kufra before the Royal Geographical Society. A series of articles by Mrs. Forbes will be published in "The Illustrated London News" almost immediately, and the best of her photographs will be given for the first time in the pages of this journal.

Cromwell Inside Charles I.! A Remarkable Statuette Discovered in Geneva.



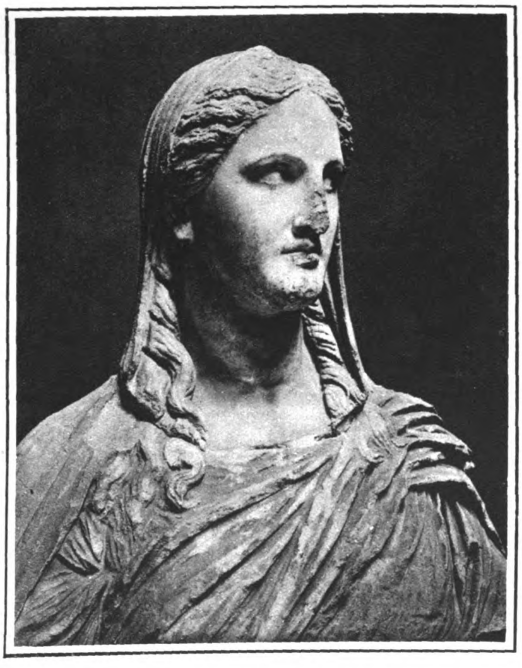
WITH JACKET "BUTTONED UP": AN IVORY STATUETTE OF CHARLES I. PRESENTED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY.



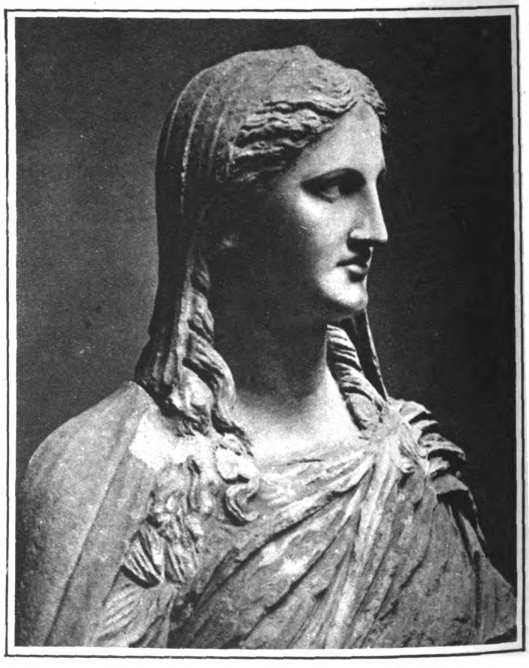
WITH JACKET "UNBUTTONED," SHOWING CROMWELL DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT: THE STATUETTE OF CHARLES I. OPENED.

We illustrate above a curious ivory statuette of Charles I. which has been presented to the Library of the House of Commons by Major Morrison Bell, M.P. He picked it up in a second-hand shop in Geneva. The peculiarity of it is, as shown in our photographs, that the King's body can be opened like a cupboard, disclosing within a carved representation of Cromwell dissolving Parliament. It is evidently the moment when he said, "Take away that bauble," for a man is seen about to remove the Mace. In the background, apparently, is the Speaker being hauled out of his chair by a soldier. The inner sides of the King's jacket contain two other panels, forming, with the central one, a triptych. The inscription below is in French: "Dissolution du Parlament (*sic*) par Oliver Cromwell."

Demeter and her Plaster Nose: The Restoration of Ancient Marbles Controversy.



BEFORE THE RESTORATION: THE HEAD OF THE DEMETER OF CNIDOS, WITH BROKEN NOSE AND LIPS.



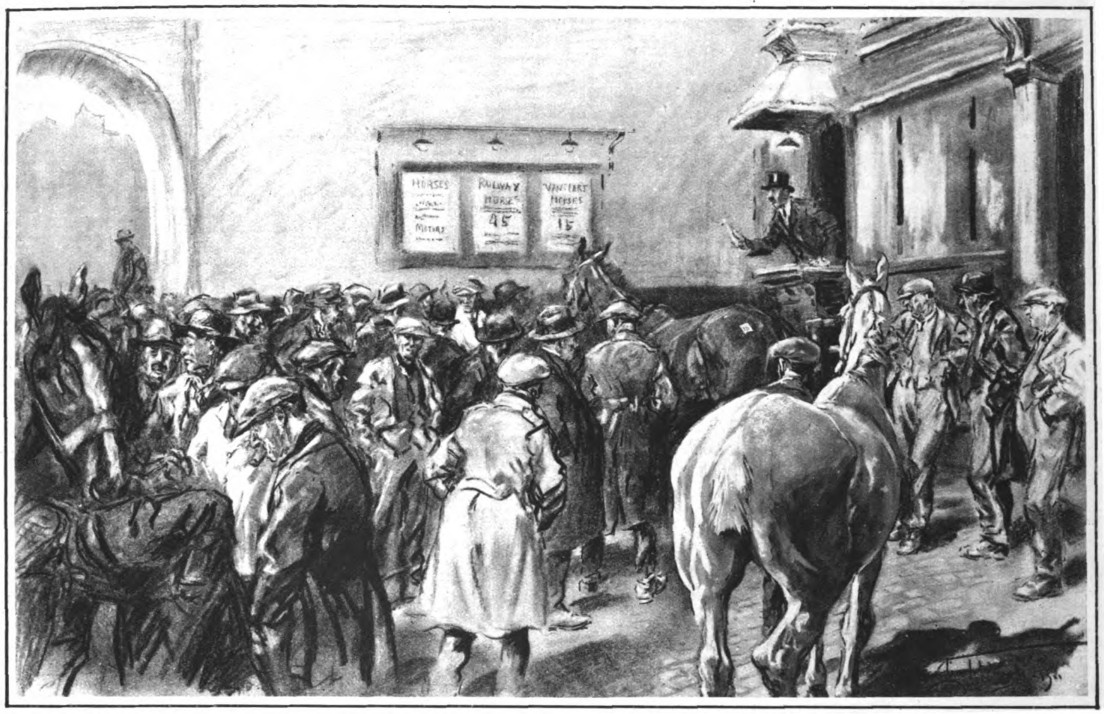
AFTER THE RESTORATION: THE DEMETER OF CNIDOS, WITH A NEW NOSE AND LIPS OF PLASTER.

Controversy regarding the restoration of mutilated ancient statues was aroused recently by a strongly-worded letter to the "Times" from Mr. Jacob Epstein, the well-known sculptor, denouncing the action of the authorities at the British Museum. In particular he protested against what he called "the incredible crime of 'restoring' the Demeter of Cnidos," alleging also that "the whole face has been scraped and cleaned, thus destroying the mellow golden patine of centuries." This latter charge has been denied, and it is explained that the face and the remainder of the figure are of different colours because they are carved in different pieces of marble. As to the "restoration," it merely consists in the addition of a plaster nose which can easily be removed. It would be a different matter to restore with marble, as was formerly done. It has been said that "the most dignified figure in marble becomes ludicrous when it loses a nose," and for the majority of visitors to the Museum the addition enhances the beauty of the statue. There are many examples of restoration done by Flaxman.

PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE OTHER BY FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.

THE DOOM OF THE EXPORTED HORSE: STAGES OF HIS JOURNEY.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, LIONEL EDWARDS.



WHERE IT IS "A NOT UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE FOR HORSES TO BE BOUGHT FOR SHIPMENT ABROAD": A HORSE SALE AT THE BARBICAN REPOSITORY—SHOWING THE AUCTIONEER IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



WHERE THE TESTING ARRANGEMENTS ARE WELL CARRIED OUT: A VETERINARY EXAMINATION BEFORE EMBARKATION AT CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY—TROTTING A HORSE IN ORDER TO DETECT ANY UNSOUNDNESS.

The traffic in old horses for export to the Continent, where most of them are killed for food, has lately come again under discussion. The conditions have been much improved under the Act of 1914. As Mr. Lionel Edwards points out in his article on the next page, the regulations against the export of unfit horses are satisfactorily enforced, at any rate, in our southern ports, though not always in the north. "Before going to see the horses embarked" (at Custom House Quay), he writes, "I attended a sale of horses at the Barbican Repository, it being a not unusual occurrence for some horses to be bought there for shipment abroad," and he goes on to give particulars of the animals and their prices. Describing the scene on the quay, he says: "The majority of the animals were trotted on the stone setts—a severe test, as even a suspicion of unsoundness must become a certainty on such hard ground." —*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

Old Friends Bound for the Foreign Butcher:

THE FATE OF THE EXPORTED HORSE.

In our issues for January 11, 1908, and March 5, 1910, we gave illustrated accounts of the traffic in worn-out horses to the Continent for slaughter, in order to draw public attention to what was then a grave scandal. We are glad to note, from the following article by Mr. Lionel Edwards, whose opinion is unbiassed, that the conditions of the traffic have been greatly improved.

QUESTIONS recently asked in the House of Commons with reference to the exportation of worn-out horses have again brought this subject into prominence, and the following brief notes on the traffic may be of interest.

The Exportation of Horses Act provides for the examination of all horses shipped to the Continent by a veterinary surgeon. The latter is appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, and is required to see that every animal is not only fit to travel, but to work. This would seem to ensure that horses sent over must be workably sound; but that the Act has been evaded in individual cases was more or less admitted by Mr. J. Parker in replying in the House of Commons to Sir John Norton-Griffiths. He stated that the services of certain officials had been dispensed with, as a result of special enquiries which had been made with regard to the trade.

On Saturday, April 23, I visited Custom House Quay, to see animals which were to be shipped abroad examined and embarked. On that occasion 72 animals arrived for embarkation. They were first placed in a dry, well-ventilated stable, and tied in rows. From these quarters they were led out one by one for veterinary examination. The majority of the animals were trotted on the stone setts—a severe test, as even a suspicion of unsoundness must become a certainty on such hard ground. Some of the animals were aged, some very aged, but there were surprisingly few unsound ones. I saw only five, in fact, that I considered not "workably sound"—in plain English, very lame. Of these, the vet. put four on one side, and I do not doubt he knew best about the other.

The majority of the horses were of the cart or van type, and most were in good condition, as regards both flesh and skin. There was one light horse, a black of thoroughbred type, who was shod, I noticed, with leather pads. He went pretty sound, however, and as he was in good condition and rugged up, he was presumably going to a good home. One rather good-looking horse arrived clipped and without a rug, and I was glad to notice the inspector refused his embarkation until a rug was provided.

Although most of the horses were aged, they were, on the average, in distinctly good condition, and a few were even fat. I only saw three thin horses, in fact. The reason of this, as well as an explanation of the circumstance that the animals were mostly big horses, is to be found in the Government statistics. These show that out of 2420 exported from England to the Continent during January 1921, 2029 were slaughtered for food and 391 only released for work.

After examination each horse is led on to the quay and placed in a box, and then lifted by crane direct into the main deck of the waiting steamer, where he is taken out and tied up in his standing. The horse-standings are all on the main deck, forty-two aft and the remainder forward. The fittings are good, being the exact width and length of a horse, and it is thus impossible for the animal to be thrown about if the ship meets with rough weather. Moreover, the individual horse is saved from contact with his fellows, as the partitions are built up on each side, instead of a single plank sufficing. This is an improvement on the way remounts were carried during the war, for space was then so valuable that horses had to be carried not only in the main deck, but in pent-houses, and also 'tween decks, where they were inevitably crowded together in darkness and stifling atmosphere, and, moreover, were at sea for long periods. The horses are watered before embarkation. I did not see this done, but understood it had been done before my arrival. The dealers bring the food for their horses (hay) with them, and this is distributed on board, the animals being fed before the ship leaves dock. This I saw done, and there appeared sufficient, considering the shortness of the voyage—thirteen hours (of which only seven are actually at sea). The ration is 13 lb. of hay per day, which is more than cavalry allowance for the same period, but minus the oats. Incidentally, the animals are better without the latter, for horses suffer not a little from *mal-de-mer*. The Government inspector is responsible, I understand, for the feeding arrangements.

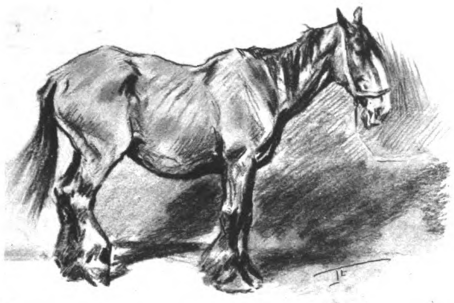
The horses are watered when on board ship by the crew; for the first time before leaving dock, again at night, and on the following morning; *i.e.*, three times between 12 noon Saturday and 7 a.m. Sunday. I also gathered that the crew consider watering horses a soft job, so that there is no danger of its ever being neglected!

Before going to see the horses embarked I attended, on the previous day, a sale of horses at the Barbican Repository, it being a not unusual occurrence for some horses to be bought there for shipment abroad. The animals in the catalogue were as varied as the prices they fetched. A number of excellent nearing draughts made prices to match, whilst some "lights of other days" were bought at prices varying from £3 to £30. I took particular note of the low-priced animals, expecting to see them appear at the docks for export; but in this I was agreeably disappointed, as I only spotted two on the quay the following day. This was easily to be understood, as these worn-out animals would not have passed the strict examination given. It is surprising to learn the prices which dealers give for animals which are sent abroad—the majority for human consumption. One animal which I had seen bought for £40 went overseas, and, in view of the high proportion of animals slaughtered which is recorded in the statistics already quoted, one must presume he was intended for conversion into food. Now the cost of transit is roughly £5, which makes his value £45 on arrival. It would be interesting to have authoritative information as to the price paid for freshly killed horseflesh on the Continent. If my information on the point is correct, it makes much the same price as frozen meat, and I am told the retail price is somewhere about 10 or 12 francs (Belgian) to the kilo. The present rate of exchange is 52¾ Belgian francs to the £ sterling. This would make a horse weighing 1300 lb. (an average weight for a small heavy draught) yield a profit of £60, and, presuming that this has to be split up between dealer, middle-man, and butcher, each of these would net £20 profit per head. If these figures are fair estimates, one can easily understand why the majority of the animals exported are heavy draught and in good condition.

[Continued on page 660.



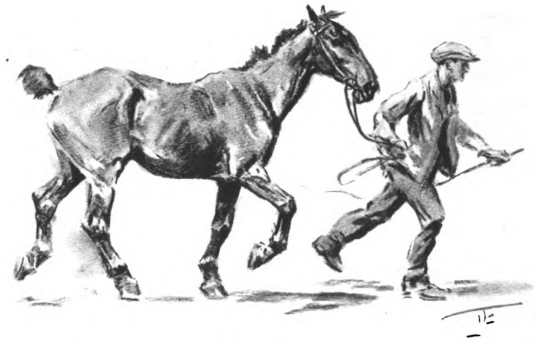
"THE MAJORITY OF THE HORSES WERE OF THE CART OR VAN TYPE": AN OLD VAN-HORSE.
Drawn by Lionel Edwards.



TYPICAL OF THE MAJORITY SHIPPED AT CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY: AN OLD CART-HORSE.—[*Drawn by Lionel Edwards.*]



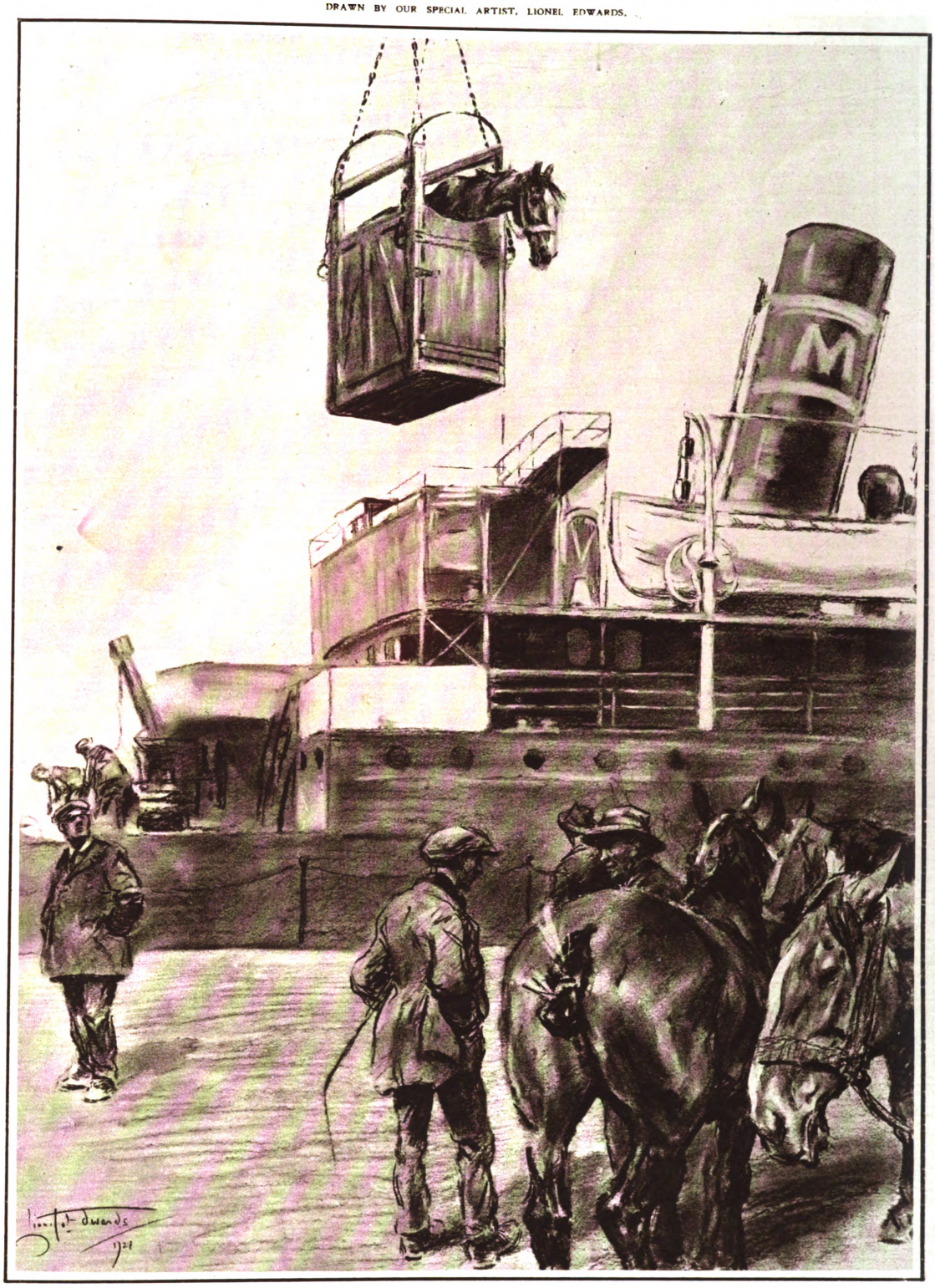
NEVER MORE TO SHARE IN THE JOYS OF THE CHASE: AN OLD HUNTER.—[*Drawn by Lionel Edwards.*]



A CANDIDATE FOR A CONTINENTAL SLAUGHTER-HOUSE: AN OLD HACKNEY.
Drawn by Lionel Edwards.

HIS LAST VIEW OF ENGLAND: AN OLD HORSE'S EMBARKATION.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, LIONEL EDWARDS.



"LIFTED BY CRANE DIRECT INTO THE MAIN DECK OF THE WAITING STEAMER": A HORSE BEING HOISTED ON BOARD THE "BATAVIER III." AT CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY, FOR EXPORT TO THE CONTINENT.

The inspection and embarkation of horses at Custom House Quay for export to the Continent are described by Mr. Lionel Edwards in his article on the opposite page. "After examination," he writes, "each horse is led on to the quay and placed in a box, and then lifted by crane direct into the main deck of the waiting steamer, where he is taken out and tied up to his standing." The Exportation of Horses Act (1914) forbids the export of animals worn-out and unfit for work. Yet most of those exported are bought for food. Out of 2420 horses sent abroad from England to the Continent last January, no fewer than 2029 were slaughtered for the butchers, and only 391 were released for work. In order to save the unfortunate creatures the added suffering of sea-sickness, arrangements are being made by the Ministry of Agriculture for the slaughtering to be done on this side. The French authorities have already agreed in the case of horse-flesh destined for France, and negotiations are pending with Holland and Belgium.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

OVER 57,000 BRITISH HORSES SHIPPED ABROAD FOR SLIGHTE

DRAWN BY OUR S... LIONEL



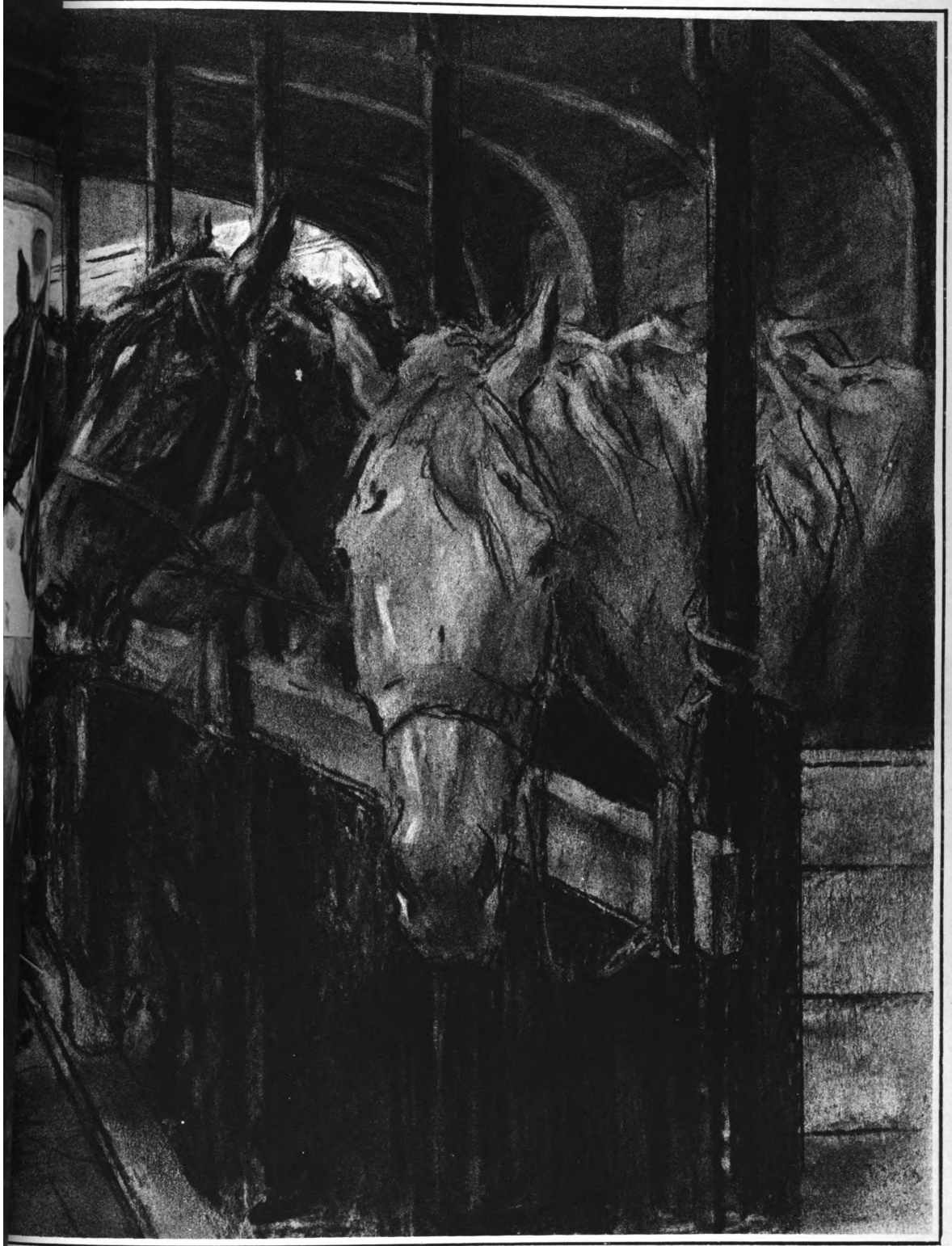
"ON THE MAIN DECK": A TYPICAL GROUP OF BRITISH HORSES BOUND FOR THE

The conditions under which old horses, sold in this country to foreign purchasers, are shipped to the Continent have been greatly improved since the Exportation of Horses Act was passed in 1914. Every animal sent abroad must be not only fit to travel, but also to work, so that the former scandal of "traffic in worn-out horses" has to that extent been abolished. Inspectors appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture examine the horses and arrangements for their voyage at ports of embarkation, and, although cases of neglect have occurred at some northern ports, the work on the whole appears to be properly performed. The fact remains, however, that most of these horses are sold to be slaughtered for butcher's meat in countries where hippophagy is practised. It was officially stated that from March 12, 1920, to March 12, 1921, there were 64,128 horses exported. It has also been stated that 90 per cent. are killed for food; that is, a total of about

ABROAD

TER IN ONE YEAR: OUR TRIBUTE TO HIPPOPHAGY.

NEL EDWARDS.



IE CONTINENT, WHERE 90 PER CENT. ARE SLAUGHTERED FOR HUMAN FOOD.

57,700 in a single year. The cause of the horse has been championed lately by several prominent M.P.s. Sir Harry Brittain suggested that efforts be made to stop the export traffic. Questions on the subject have been put by Sir John Butcher, Sir W. Davison, and Sir John Norton-Griffiths. The Minister of Agriculture, Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, said the Ministry would welcome inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A. at the examination of horses. Lord Lambourne, Chairman of the R.S.P.C.A., recently asked the King of the Belgians to support the appointment of Belgian veterinary inspectors to examine in England the carcasses of horses intended for food, so that they need not be exported alive. King Albert commended the Society's views to the Belgian Minister of Agriculture. The horse-standings on board ship (illustrated above) are described by Mr. Lionel Edwards in his article on a previous page.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE spring always opens in the London sale-rooms with glorious promise. This year has been no exception. On April 26 Messrs. Christie dispersed as fine a collection of armour of archæological interest as has come into the market for several years. The two-days' sale of the Morgan Williams armour realised £31,687; and the third day, devoted to early English oak furniture and tapestry, brought £13,620. One item, a fourteenth-century Arab mosque lamp (illustrated in the *I.L.N.* last week), sold for 2500 guineas; and the grand total of the three days' sale reached £45,307.

The impulse of spring was felt all round. On April 30, at Messrs. Robinson, Fisher, and Harding's sale at Willis's Rooms, a carved ivory model of a frigate, made by a French prisoner of war in Napoleonic days, brought £90. The rising of the sap in the markets extended to Edinburgh, for in Messrs. Dowell's rooms in that city a copy of the first original Kilmarnock edition of the poems of Robert Burns, printed in 1786, sold for £505. It was of exceptional interest as having copies of original verses of Burns, thirty-three pages, in the handwriting of Mrs. Dunlop.

The collection of silver sold by Catherine Lady Grey and Sir John Foley Grey, Bt., rich in George II. examples—perhaps richer than any collection for many years—realised £32,150 at Christie's in April; 370s. per ounce was the highest price paid for a toilet service by Isaac Liger, 1728, which brought £1350.

But there is other silver ahead, which will "summon envious comparison and win with perfect art." We had thought that all armour had been exhausted, but we have yet to reckon with the Earl of Pembroke's armour, which comes shortly into the market, from Wilton House, Salisbury, a famous seat where fine trout lie pendulous in the waters.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, on the 6th, came into the arena with old English furniture, old Chinese and English porcelain, lace, textiles, and Persian rugs. There were toreador suits of velvet (Spanish, eighteenth century), following silk waistcoats embroidered with flowers, of French origin, of the same period. All this colour of the male is the colour of the male in nature. The human female has usurped the natural colours belonging to the other sex. We realise the chagrin of old Pepys when he feared the eclipse of his camelot waistcoat and his velvet and silk coat with gold buttons by "the young and pretty ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps with ribands, and with laced bands, just like men."

At Christie's, on the 6th, pictures and water-colour drawings came up for precedental valuation. Perhaps Ernest Crofts attracted buyers for old times' sake, and his studies of Napoleon and of French and English soldiers struck a current note. We turned to Claud Hayes, always delightful. He wandered apace for his character. He had his "Hay Time, Wareham, Dorset," "A Sussex Common near Mudiford," and "The Sandpit." He represents sound technique and fine atmosphere, the glorious inheritance of the great water-colour artists. A Claud Hayes is always a fine possession. To-morrow it will have to be reinsured in regard to its risen value. An Orpen, 1904, is noticeable to students of the progress of Sir William Orpen, R.A. It is the portrait of a gentleman in riding costume. It is early work of the man whose "Chef," the picture of the year, is to be bought from the funds of the Chantrey Bequest. Sir William Lavery, R.A., had two 1884 subjects—"A Day in Midsummer" and "An October Evening." But nowadays Lavery paints portraits; such is the march of time. We notice Sir Philip Burne-Jones's portrait of Lady Diana Manners as "The Prado Infanta," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1912, and attracted attention then as it realised attentive regard on its changing owners now. The portrait of Mrs. Pettie, the wife of John Pettie, R.A., 1865, has been exhibited from 1867 to 1911. It was reminiscent of old tunes long forgotten, the lavender perfume of days evanished. A streak of the old came with "A Tavern Yard," by A. Brouwer. His canvases of taverns are scattered across Europe from Brussels to Dresden, and from Dulwich to Florence, in well-known galleries, and we wonder what has become of those at the Hermitage, Petrograd. Another old canvas was by Dirk Hals, the brother of the great Franz Hals—"A Musical Conversation." His pieces are usually convivial. This was dated 1625.

On the 10th, Messrs. Christie sold decorative furniture and tapestry from various sources. Two fine Flemish panels of the seventeenth century attracted notice. One represented the Entry into Jerusalem, and the other was woven with Tobit and the Angel, with emblematic figures and military emblems. Two Audenarde panels, early eighteenth century, with views of a château in woody landscape, were marked "I.R.," probably Jean Robyns.

On the 11th, at the same rooms, water-colour drawings and modern pictures were up for inspection. A head of Robert Louis Stevenson by G. Nerli, 21¼ in. by 17½ in., was offered after much speculation as to what Stevensonians would value it at; and America, too, had to be reckoned with. It is a charcoal drawing, the property of Mr. F. J. Hytch, for whom it was executed at Samoa, and whose family still possess the receipt from the artist, dated July 11, 1911, but no published record can be given as to the amount paid.

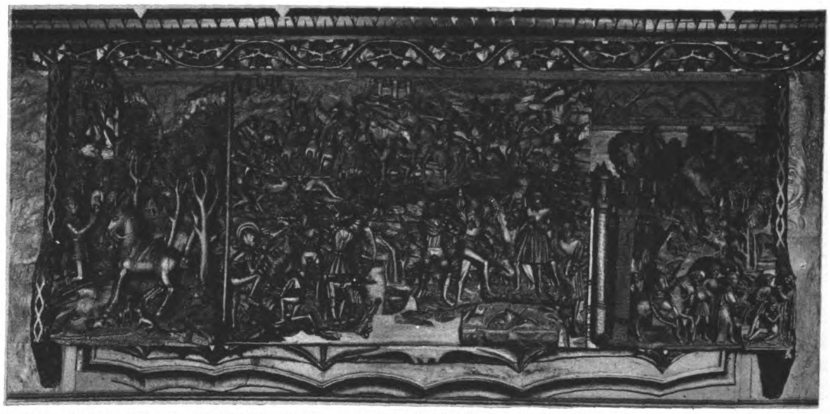
In a miscellaneous sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on the 12th and 13th, jewellery, miniatures, bronzes, china, and furniture came forward. Sundials and watches formed alluring items, French and German examples of pocket sundials of the early eighteenth century being remarkable. There was a Louis XIV. *memento mori* watch by Baili, Paris, in the form of a silver skull of small size, finely modelled—a gruesome reminder of the march of time which was once the vogue. Mary Queen of Scots had a similar example of an earlier period. A Cromwellian clock was ascribed to Tho. Tompion, London, and was of small size, only 8¼ in. A *pièce de résistance* was a fine Elizabethan gold chain of ninety-five oval hollow beads formed of four spiral panels of filigree work. The pedigree of this piece is complete from 1660, when it was bequeathed in a will, and later in another will. A fire in 1817 destroyed twenty-eight links. It is quite an archæological example, and is well known. Charms which ladies wear nowadays were represented in a sixteenth-century prototype of a gold wheel-lock pistol, 3 1-8 in. long. The pistol was finely modelled, and had three table emeralds as ornaments, one of which is now missing. Henry VIII. in 1536 gave a similar charm to Anne Boleyn. On her execution she gave it to Captain Gawyn, and it is still preserved. The same design is known in two portraits by Holbein.

Chinese porcelain had its moments. A blue-and-white Ming teapot was finely mounted with metal gilt base, spout, handle, and lid. Two fine *famille-rose* jars, with ladies and flowers in shaped panels on Mazarin-blue ground and gilt-pencilled, were exquisite specimens of Kien Lung; and a *famille-verte* bowl decorated with the interior of a house, with figures, garden terrace, and fishing scene, upheld the glory of K'ang-hsi. A pair of blue-and-white Delft dishes, with birds and flowers, and inscription "I. A." 1696, were fine and rare examples.



WITH EXQUISITE TUDOR CARVING AND PANELLING, AND AN EARLY SPANISH LEATHER FRIEZE: THE OAK PARLOUR AT GWYDYR CASTLE, WHICH IS TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE.

The centre panel of the magnificent overmantel bears the date 1597, with the arms of the Wynns and their motto ("Nec timet nec tumet"), and supporting figures of "Julius" and "Augustus." This room and the dining-room (illustrated in two photographs on the opposite page) will be dismantled and sold separately at a sale to be held in the Castle grounds by Messrs. Ward Price, on May 24 and 25, unless the Castle has been purchased as it stands when offered for sale at Chester on the previous day.—[*Photograph by Courtesy of "Country Life."*]



GWYDYR CASTLE AND ITS TREASURES COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: A TRIPTYCH PANEL OF BURGUNDIAN CARVING SHOWING THE LEGEND OF ST. HUBERT.

This fine panel (9 ft. 9 in. by 4 ft. 2 in.) is attributed to one of John Wynn's sons who was a monk in St. Hubert's Monastery.

Photograph by Courtesy of "Country Life." (*See further Illustrations on the Opposite Page.*)

A TREASURE-HOUSE OF TUDOR OAK: GWYDYR CASTLE FOR SALE.

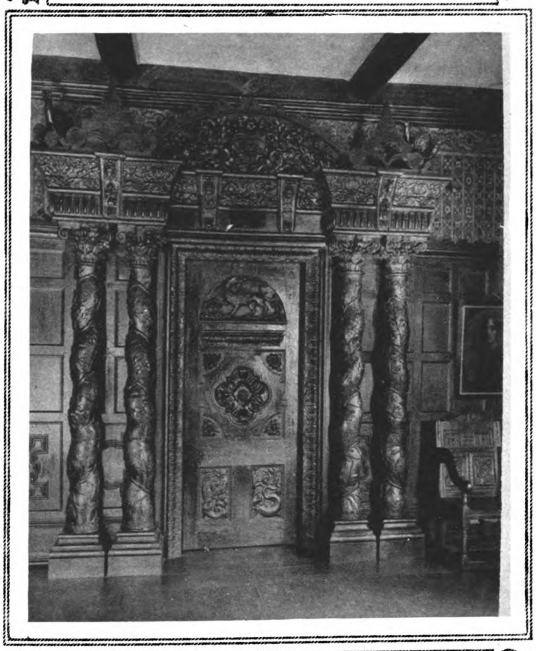
By Courtesy of Messrs. Ward Price and Co., the Auctioneers.



MADE IN 1535: JOHN WYNN'S COURT CUPBOARD, CARVED WITH THE ARMS OF LLEWELLYN'S FATHER.



A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF EARLY ELIZABETHAN FURNITURE: THE WYNN JUSTICE CHAIR, USED IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



ATTRIBUTED TO INIGO JONES: A RICHLY CARVED DOORWAY IN THE DINING-ROOM OF GWYDYR CASTLE.



WITH THE WYNN ARMS IN THE CENTRE PANEL: A BEAUTIFULLY CARVED TUDOR CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Gwydyr Castle, on the River Conway, near Llanrwst, a famous and historic mansion full of beautiful old Tudor carving, panelling, and furniture, is to be offered for sale by Messrs. Ward Price at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester, on May 23, as it stands, with the estate and "all panelling and fixtures except two carved panels. Failing a purchaser, the contents are to be offered separately, including the panelled oak parlour and dining-room, by the same auctioneers at a sale in the Castle grounds on May 24, 25 and 26. It is greatly hoped that the dismantling which would thus be necessary may be avoided. The dining-room is considered to be the work of Inigo Jones, who was a friend of the Wynn family, ancestral owners of the Castle and descendants of the royal Welsh Princes. The first known owner, Howell Coetmor, served under the Black Prince at Poitiers, and his son, Dafydd, sold it to Meredydd ap Jevan, great-grandfather of Sir John Wynn, the historian, who was made a baronet in 1611. Meredydd rebuilt the Castle about 1480. Later, the estate passed to the first Duke of Ancaster, who married Mary Wynn, and in 1895 it was bought by Earl Carrington. The house to-day looks practically as it was in Jacobean times.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

GIVE me the playwright of ideas, and I will forgive him shortcomings of craft. Here is a new man, Ernest Cecil; in private life Sir Ernest Cecil Cochrane, of gingery champagne. He feels the vocation of playwriting; he fancies a bold subject—the county-lady, narrow to the fault of refusing to meet a divorcée, yet with a distinct blot on her own escutcheon, a son begotten without benefit of clergy. He forges ahead, and in sight of port he cuts the Gordian knot instead of disentangling difficult skeins. In other words, Ernest Cecil, unconventional up to a certain point, becomes conventional when he does not know what to do with the love-child: he kills it off. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* The real postulate was, what would have happened to the narrow county-lady if her child had lived? So we were not quite satisfied, nor did we approve of all the methods of the new author. He may or he may not have heard of the French author Dennery, whose centenary draws near; he may or he may not have grown up with the melodramatic school with "cry of the heart" and the blushing mother facing a young stranger, after much tribulation, with the words: "I am your mother" (tableau; tears; applause). For aught I know he may have derived all these munitions of the theatrical arsenal out of his own head. But there they are, and they mar a work which has great qualities of thought, of language, of ideas which reveal a promise to be fulfilled when the practised hand will show him when he is right and when off the rails. There was the stuff of a good play in "A Matter of Fact," but it did not materialise because the author is as yet trammelled by theatricality and unfamiliarity of technique. In France they would have received his play *à correction*—that is to say, they would have moved amendments and got them carried before production. Miss Eva Moore, much praised in all quarters, did not, in my opinion, help to humanise the play. She, too, played *à la* Dennery. She *acted*, perhaps, to perfection, but real life did not vibrate in her performance. She whined long and often; she grovelled on the floor. Dennery's "Two Orphan Mothers" did that; mothers of 1921 are of sterner mould.



"THE 'UMBLEST PERSON GOING": MR. STANLEY LUPINO AS URIAH HEEP IN "THE PEEP-SHOW" AT THE HIPPODROME. One of the most delightful scenes in the new revue at the Hippodrome, "The Peep-Show," is the Thirteenth Peep, "Down Dickens Street," in which various Dickens characters make brief appearances. Mr. Stanley Lupino plays Uriah Heep, Scrooge, and Sam Weller; Miss Mona Vivian, Oliver Twist, Little Nell, and Poor Jo; and Miss Annie Croft, Nancy and Dolly Varden.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

Some of the young ladies acted without inspiration. Miss Auriol Lee alone held her own: she has spirit and power of characterisation. Mr. McKinnel may be thanked for giving a hearing to a newcomer who has something to say. Mr. Norman McKinnel tried to efface himself in the secondary part of the husband, yet he is always a dominating, arresting personality.

Silence about "Love Among the Paint Pots," by G. E. Jennings! It is an error of a gifted woman who excels in one-act plays and has not yet mastered the secret of expansion. There was some humour in the dialogue and collateral characterisation, but there was more horse-play humour of music-hall and revue facility. It was painful recently to behold Charles Hawtrey clowning under a four-poster; it is even more painful to see an actress of comic genius caprioling on a window-sill (three-and-a-half minutes, watch in hand) like a Grock at his piano. Nor did we like Owen Nares wasted on a rôle of no consequence of a penny-novelettish nature. To me the most interesting part of the evening was the contemplation of Basil Dean's, typical stage picture. He is a producer of rare observation.

. . . .

"Mary," at the Queen's, is capital fun—a feast of dancing, of pleasant tunes (one of them of quality) and perfect stage drill. There is nothing like it in town. It is a combination of musical-comedy, operette, and ballet which never flags, never allows breathing-time, but is always pretty, often bright, and never vulgar. In Mr. Bernard Granville we make the acquaintance of a dancer whose humour is as nimble as his limbs and feet. In Miss Evelyn Laye we have a dreamland-girl—a Neame (with intelligence) in aspect, a charm in manner, a little squirrel in grace, a little song-bird in voice; anon she will adorn the mantelpiece of every self-respecting boy of eighteen—and more. One does not criticise such pleasant entertainments; one sips them like a liqueur. I felt as if I were under a gentle treatment of massage, physical and mental. It was excellent relaxation after a day's hard work in a coal-starved world.

. . . .

To whomsoever the credit may belong, there was a master hand at work in the arrangement of the Shakespeare Festival at the New Theatre, organised by Mr. Matheson Lang and Mr. Bronson Albery on behalf of the Shakespeare Association. First a pageant of Shakespearean characters, gay, grave, sorrowful and passionate, passing before us in rich and sombre colouring, with gleams of gold and clang of steel, and then—the climax. A single figure, scarlet-robed, stepping modestly on to the empty stage, to hold us all spellbound, as of yore, by her voice, by her inimitable charm, by her womanliness and her whole wonderful personality—our Ellen Terry! No Doge was there, no revengeful Jew or tortured Merchant, but just Portia alone. And yet she conjured up the whole scene for us with a few words, and then moved us to pity for the Merchant and to admiration for the young advocate by her rendering of "The quality of mercy is not strain'd." No wonder the house rose at her! Ours was not a tribute to age, for Ellen Terry seems to possess the secret of perennial youth; nor to past glories, for glory enhaloed her as she stood there before us, smiling and alert. It was the spontaneous enthusiasm aroused by a really great actress.

From the shifting scenes that went before many figures stand out—the touching and truly dignified Katherine of Sybil Thorndike, the debonair Benedick of Matheson Lang, the two Henrys, old and young, of Frank Cellier and Basil Rathbone, and Arthur Bourchier's robust Shylock. But besides these there was so much admirable good work done in honour of the Bard, such tuneful ditties sung—especially by Mr. Hayden Coffin, whose voice, as fresh as ever, should surely be heard more often—that I should have to quote the whole programme in order to do justice to an afternoon full of fine achievement.



THE GIRL WHOM BILL SIKES MURDERED: MISS ANNIE CROFT AS NANCY IN THE DICKENS SCENE OF "THE PEEP-SHOW."

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

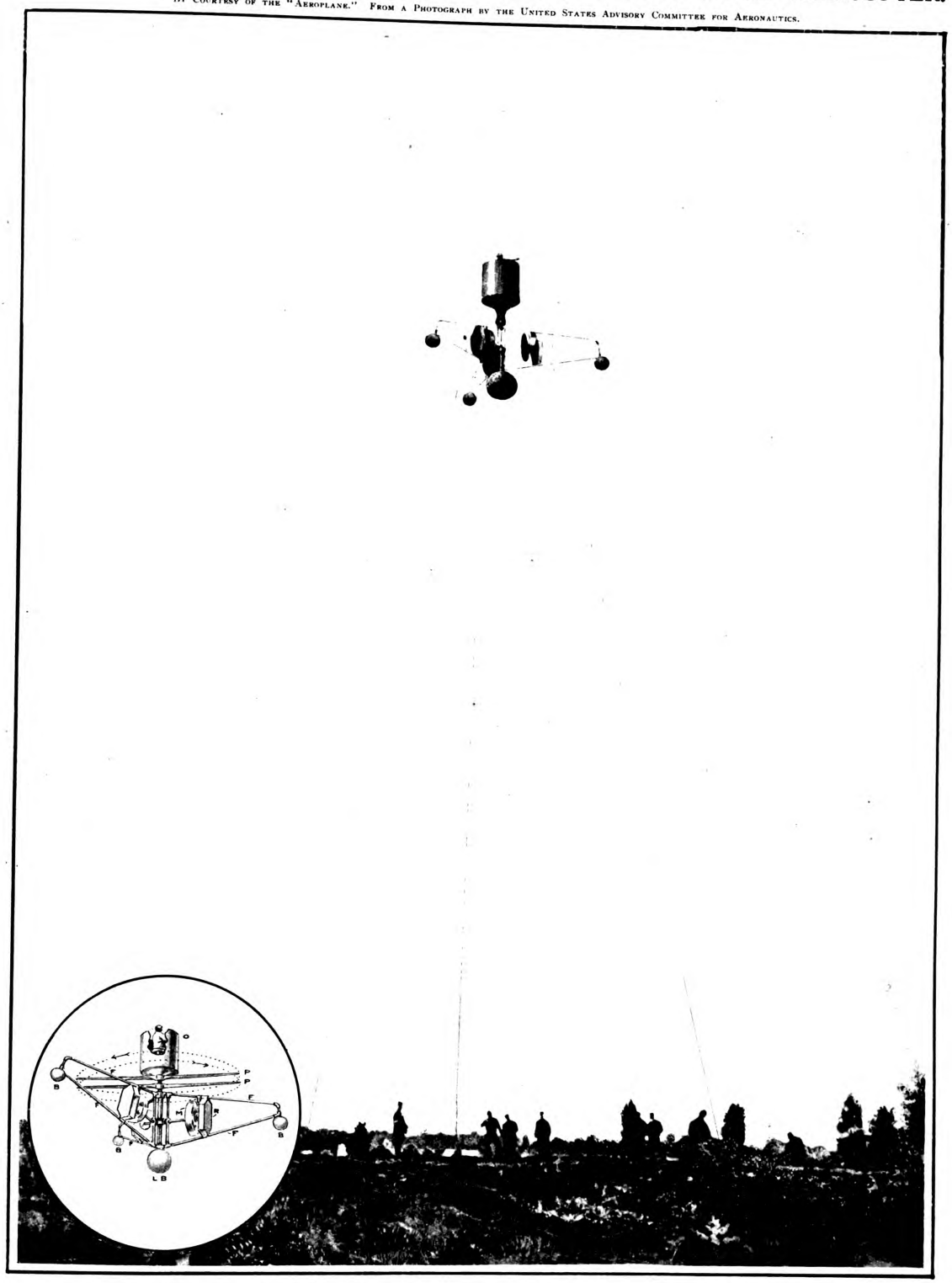


ASKING FOR A SECOND HELP OF GRUEL: MISS MONA VIVIAN AS OLIVER TWIST IN "THE PEEP-SHOW" AT THE HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

THE FIRST HEAVIER-THAN-AIR HOVERER: A SUCCESSFUL HELICOPTER.

BY COURTESY OF THE "AEROPLANE." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE UNITED STATES ADVISORY COMMITTEE FOR AERONAUTICS.



A NEW TYPE OF AERIAL "O-PIP": THE PETROCZY HELICOPTER RISEN VERTICALLY TO 120 FT. BY THE UPLIFT OF ITS SCREWS, DURING TRIALS; (INSET) A DIAGRAM OF THE MACHINE.

The problem of inventing a heavier-than-air machine capable of ascending vertically and hovering has been solved by an officer of the Austrian Army Balloon Corps, Lieutenant Stefan von Petroczy. Our photograph illustrates a successful test of his new captive helicopter, which rose to a height of 120 feet. Describing it from information published by the United States Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the "Aeroplane" says: "It consists of a three-armed steel-tube framework, each arm carrying one 120-h.p. Le Rhone engine, all three driving two oppositely rotating air-screw shafts. . . . In the observer's cockpit is stowed a large parachute (mechanically ejected) sufficient to allow the whole machine to descend safely without aid from the air-screws." This is the first helicopter in the world to remain hovering for any time after ascent. It was controlled by three cables (attached to winches on the ground), which were paid out as it rose, and by which it was hauled down against the upward pull of the screws. So far, a descent with engines stopped has not been attempted. The letters in the inset diagram indicate: *F F F*, the tube frames; *M*, one of the three motors; *R*, radiator; *B B B*, small landing buffers; *L B*, large buffer; *P P*, propellers; *O*, observer's turret. For artillery observation the helicopter is less conspicuous than a balloon, can fire upwards, and, having no gas, needs less field equipment.

NESTS OF OUR GAME BIRDS: THE POLYGAMOUS PHEASAN

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY



BRITISH GAME BIRDS—THEIR NESTS AND EGGS: (1) GROUSE; (2) WILD DUCK; (3) SNIPE; (4) GREY

Mr. G. E. Lodge gives the following notes on the breeding habits of the birds he has here illustrated: "(1) Grouse pair early in spring, and the hen bird makes a rough nest among heather, and lays eight or ten very handsomely marked eggs in April, the eggs being cream colour with profuse blotches and mottling of rich red brown. Both parents are assiduous in their care of the chicks when hatched. (2) Wild ducks are early breeders, the hen beginning to incubate her eight or ten pale greyish-green eggs by the middle of March. The nest is a fairly bulky structure, and is lined with down plucked from the breast of the hen. The nest is not necessarily near water, and may be found in hedgerows, plantations, heather, and so on; not infrequently the eggs are laid in trees, either at the top of a pollarded tree or in the deserted nest of some other bird. (3) Snipe nest in April; the eggs are always four in number, and are placed normally in the nest with the points meeting in the centre of the nest. The nest is generally made in a tuft of grass or heather in a more or less marshy situation. The eggs are greenish in ground colour with dark-brown blotches, as a rule concentrated towards the large end of the egg. (4) Black-game are polygamous, the blackcock taking no interest in either the eggs or the chicks; therefore upon the grey hen devolves all the trouble and responsibility of looking after the welfare and safety of her family. The nest is a slight structure on the ground, and the eggs are creamy-white, dotted all over with small orange-brown spots. (5) Pheasants are also polygamous; therefore much excuse must be made for the hen pheasant if she fails always to rear up the

POLYG[A]SANT AND THE MONOGAMOUS PARTRIDGE.

[LY] DRAWN FOR "[NEW]S" BY G. E. LODGE. (COPYRIGHT.)



[N]; (5) PHEASANT; (6) RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE; (7) WOODCOCK; (8) PLOVER; (9) PARTRIDGE.

[e] of her rather numerous family. Hen pheasants will often lay their eggs in another pheasant's nest, and also in partridges' nests. Occasionally the eggs will be laid in an [nest] up a tree. The eggs are pale olive in colour, and the clutch varies from eight to twelve in number. (6) Red-legged partridges are monogamous, and lay their eggs [similar] situations to those chosen by the common partridge. The eggs are from twelve to sixteen in number, and are yellowish-white in colour, with small reddish dots [ver] them. They will frequently lay their eggs in nests of common partridge. (7) The woodcock is an early nester, the eggs being sometimes laid in March. The eggs are [in] number, and the site of the nest is among the dead leaves on the ground in woods. (8) To most people plovers' eggs are more often seen on the dinner-table than in [natural] surroundings. Any kind of open country will suit a pair of plovers for their nesting operations. Pasture, arable, moorland, 'brek' or swamp is equally suitable, [ng] as the country is open enough for the sitting bird to have a good view for possible danger, so that she can steal away from off her eggs before taking to flight. [r] eggs are annually destroyed by farming operations, especially by horse-rollers, but the birds will always lay a second clutch. (9) Partridges lay more eggs than any other [bird], frequently up to nineteen or twenty. They nest later than either grouse or pheasants, and, both parents taking charge, they very frequently bring up their whole [l] successfully. The cock bird is very gallant in defence of his chicks, and has been seen to beat off a sparrowhawk that was attempting a raid on the family."

LADIES' NEWS.

MOST of our news this week is of postponement. Happily, tennis, polo, and cricket can carry on without light, and heat is supplied actually or vicariously by the participation or interest in the games; also, the outdoor season is at hand. The Court is, I am sure, postponed, not cancelled; about those fixed for later in the month nothing has been said. It would not be at all surprising if all three were held on afternoons when the weather is warmer. Pictures have come into their own again, and private views become quite fashionable. It is now long since that at Burlington House, which was more remarkable for quantity than for quality as far as the attendance was concerned. There was, of course, a large flavour of distinguished personages to leaven the lump of ordinary individuals. Dress was under the influence of coal black economy, and was, save for some hats, dull and unremarkable.

It would almost seem that a wave of recklessness was passing over every class and each sex. Women have raised the red cap of liberty in the form of a perfect epidemic of red hats of all sorts and sizes, as the Irish fishwife said of her wares. So universal is the craze for red hats that their becomingness, or their suitability, is little considered. I saw a lady bent with the burden of years and wrinkled with the ravages of time gallantly wearing a bright-red glissé straw hat trimmed with gay little clusters of red-currants. It was a daring deed. When red is kind to a complexion it is very kind; otherwise, it is cruel in the extreme. Fashion in hats has ruled lightly for many years, and now it is go-as-you-please with regard to millinery.

Much is said in these days about the prevalence of make-up on young and pretty faces. Men vote it simply ridiculous, but women know how the habit grows. It begins with lack of proper care of a good complexion. Life is lived at such a rate that the very first and most important consideration for keeping the skin clear and healthy is forgotten, and the modern girl, in her own phrase, "uses any old soap." Soon her skin complains visibly, but she remains heedless. Then, instead of sending for such a celebrated tonic for the skin as Knight's beautiful, velvety lathering Castile Soap, super-milled and deliciously fragrant of lavender, which permits the skin to breathe pure air, they use make-up which calls for more and more every time and eventually becomes a mask, and the complexion beneath is ruined. Knight's Castile Soap, procurable anywhere, is the skin's best friend, rendering it clear and healthy, and preserving a good skin, not painting over it.



A WALKING COSTUME.

The dress, which is embroidered in white silk, is of dark-blue serge, and has a cape of the same material.

Photograph by Talbot.

Pictures are now the fashion, and an Exhibition of Modern Flower-Painting and impressions of Corsica by Ethel Wright, R.O.I., and of decorative designs for the stage by Guy de Gerald, opened this week at the Brook Street Art Gallery until the 31st inst., will interest many art-lovers. There are very few artists who devote themselves in any adequate measure to flower-painting, yet of all pictures those really representative of favourite flowers are the most decorative and the most satisfactory to settle down with. Ethel Wright is a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and very successful with portraits. She is now much taken up with flowers.

Pearls will have to have pedigrees; there is no doubt about it. The Japanese, the cleverest and most thorough imitators on earth, have pressed the oyster into service and produced pearls so perfect that it is said that the only possible way to prove them the work of the coerced oyster rather than of the free bivalve, is to cut them in two, and so halve their value. The only way, therefore, to make my lady secure that her pearls are like Cæsar's wife, is to have their pedigree in their passage through family archives. Receipted bills are of little use, since enormous sums are said to have been paid for these artificially produced gems. Every well-known jeweller who has pearls for sale knows where they came from, and can give fair histories of the gems. So beautiful are pearls that they will always be favourite jewels, and the possession of their pedigrees will make them specially interesting.

There are some elegances and graces without which refined women would find life hardly worth living. Among these is a good, reliable, dainty and delicious series of toilet requisites. If, when one emerges from a bath in which have been some of Morny Frères' salts of, say, the hauntingly elusive "Nocturne" set, soap of the same kind being used, one dusts with Morny "Nocturne" dusting-powder, continues the use in "Nocturne" toilet water and other necessaries, and finishes with a few drops of the perfume, the day is entered upon delightfully. The woman of taste and charm finds moral support from such a toilet. It is more quickly performed than in Georgian days, when hours were spent in the process of dressing. It is refreshing and it is harmonious; also it sends the lady out into the world feeling fresh and comfortable, ready for anything, not, as her Georgian ancestress, afraid to move quickly or naturally lest she injure the effect so laboriously acquired by the careful and leisurely toilet.

A. E. L.

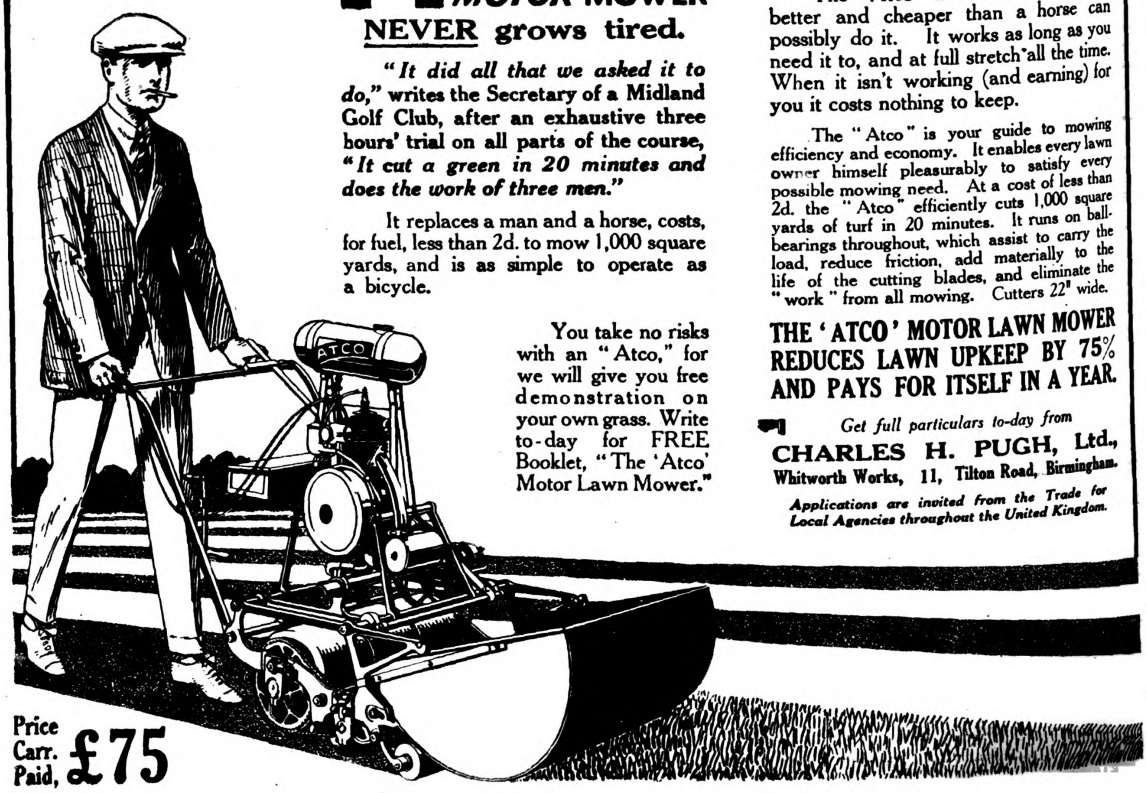
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LOVE AMONG THE PAINT-POTS." AT THE ALDWYCH.

IF Miss Gertrude Jennings could only spin a plot as well as she can invent eccentric characters and bring them into humorous relations, what refreshing stage-work we should get from her! As it is, we have always to be content with something less than a full-length play, with a scheme that is constantly fraying into holes and shows obvious signs of padding. Take her latest effort, "Love Among the Paint-Pots"; it has moments of the richest fun, it contains at least half-a-dozen low-life types which have quite a Dickensian comicality, and much of its dialogue is irresistibly droll; but, alas! there must be a story, and sentiment too, and a sentimental hero, if Mr. Owen Nares is to figure in it, and there Miss Jennings's weakness shows itself. She can devise the most screaming situations for a comédienne of Miss Sydney Fairbrother's quaint type: watch this artist in the rôle of a woolly-brained spinster scrambling through a window or diving under a table in search of a lost cigarette-case; or, again, bemusing a trio of excited listeners in an attempt to explain a mystery, and you will shriek with laughter over her acrobatics in the one scene and her triumph of fatuity in the other; and it is Miss Jennings who has given her this biggest opportunity in her career. The playwright can even hit off the modern flapper to the life—you will like Miss Joan Maclean in the part, notwithstanding a little too whining a note. But when it comes to creating a hero, the author's resources will not run to the job. Her young Arthur has a mania for self-sacrifice, for taking other persons' crimes on his shoulders, and so has always to be telling his forward little sweetheart that he cannot explain who he is or what he has done. A sad business this for the dashing Mr. Nares; his Arthur's kisses come too late to save him from seeming ridiculous. Fortunately, there are the paper-hangers, to whom Mr. Edward Rigby and Mr. Roy Byford give full-blooded humour; fortunately, Miss Dora Gregory and Miss Mary Brough, as village "cats," have a delightful quarrel scene, rendered with infinite gusto. And, of course, there are the "turns" of Miss Sydney Fairbrother, worth going miles to see. Let us be grateful for the good things.



TYPICAL OF THE HAVOC TO BE RESTORED IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BATTLE-AREAS: A COMPOSITE MODEL OF DEVASTATION SCENES IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS—SHOWN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE WAR EXHIBITION.

Much has been done towards reconstructing the devastated areas in France and Flanders, but much still remains to be accomplished. The above model, in the Imperial War Museum's Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, does not represent any single town, but shows typical examples of wrecked houses, churches, bridges, and factories.—[*Imperial War Museum Official Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.*]

"SWEET WILLIAM." AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

There are sufficient turns of humour in the scheme and sufficient wit in the dialogue to make Mr. Keble Howard's "Sweet William," fantastic story of sentiment though it is, a very agreeable entertainment, and it certainly has the recommendation of being beautifully acted. The author, there is no denying, makes heavy claims on his audience's capacity for make-believe; those who are to enjoy his play must be prepared for "love at first sight" proceeding to most exfravagant lengths. A chance encounter with a girl at his studio door is enough to fire the armless hero, after a single call on her aunt, into storming her bed-room and commencing a courtship as ardent as Romeo's; while the girl herself, in the midst of discouraging remonstrances, outdoes Juliet by telling the young madman where he can find the ladder which will bring him to her window. Audrey, indeed, is not only the aptest of pupils in the school of Love; she becomes an ardent proselyte in Love's service, and induces a girl-cousin almost on her marriage eve to throw over a fiancé who has never touched her heart for the right man "who is sure to come along," and straightway is brought along in the person of the hero's friend. So whole-hearted a votary of Cupid deserved that any obstacles to the progress of her own romance—to wit, lack of commissions for her lover and her family's natural objections to love in a hurry—should be promptly removed, and the playwright removes them for her in one magnificent sweep. The fable has a delightful actress to make its artifice seem nature: Miss Cathleen Nesbitt does wonders with her part, and gives life and an air of sincerity to every scene in which the heroine figures. Mr. George Tully puts ardour into his love-making; Miss Susie Vaughan lends quite a lot of character to the aunt; and Miss Pollie Emery's broad comic style wins many a laugh for the sallies of the artist's charwoman.

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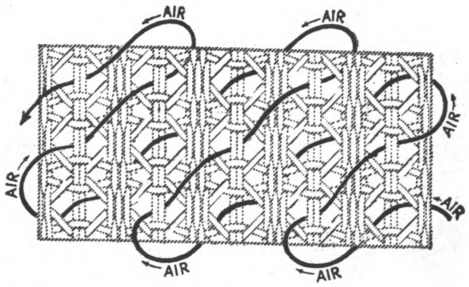
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THE FATE OF EXPORTED HORSES.—(*Continued from p. 646.*)

As the Government restrictions ensure the animals being reasonably sound, it seems that the phrase "Worn-Out Horse Traffic" is a misnomer.

Personally, I am of opinion that the humane conduct of the traffic entirely depends on the integrity and competence of the Government inspectors. It rests with them whether any cruelty is possible in the export trade—at any rate on this side of the water.

Judging from the official Report made by Mr. Peacey (Veterinary Inspector) to the Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, the condition of horses landed at Antwerp and Rotterdam in February last was only fairly good. Making due allowance for kicks and other accidents in transit, there were some bad cases from the northern ports, such as Hull and Goole, and, as he remarks, "any cause for horses having to be slaughtered immediately on their arrival should be eliminated at English ports—namely, grease and skin trouble—because, until the real reason is understood, it is apt to create a wrong impression or cast a slur on the standard of fitness adopted by the veterinary inspectors at English ports." The Report further states that at Rotterdam the testing of animals for lameness is not usually carried out, and the process of selecting animals for slaughter is based only on physical appearance. This would not appear to be of great moment, however, as 90 per cent. are slaughtered for food within a few days of arrival.

Judging from what I saw at the Custom House Quay, there is little chance of doubtful cases going from southern ports, whatever may be the case in the north, and I am of opinion, after some years' experience (as Remount Officer) of embarkation and transport of horses by sea, that as regards the veterinary examination, the horse-sheds and ship fittings, and the feeding and watering arrangements during transit, the arrangements are satisfactory.

In conclusion, I might add that in the six months Sept. 12, 1920, to March 12, 1921, no fewer than 39,863 horses were passed for shipment abroad. It is, I think, agreed that everywhere the export of old horses has been improved, as regards conditions, to an extent scarcely yet realised, although (to quote the Report again) "there is undoubtedly scope for raising the standard of horses shipped from the northern ports." The conclusion arrived at is that, "if this were done, it would be difficult for any society to attack the Ministry on the charge of cruelty. The whole case would then resolve itself into trading in working horses as permitted by the Act of 1914, but it would not stop the slaughter of working horses for food by the Belgians."

LIONEL EDWARDS.



No. 1. For the new State of Trans-Jordania in Palestine: an E.E.F. 1-millième stamp overprinted (in Arabic) "East of Jordan." — Nos. 2, 3, and 4. Olympic Games stamps used by the Belgian Post Office: (left to right) the 5 centimes green, 10c. carmine, and 15c. brown, converted by surcharging into 20 centimes stamps. — No. 5. A Dutch stamp surcharged: the 4½c. lilac converted into a 4c. provisional stamp. — Nos. 6, 7 and 8. D'Annunzio stamps used up at Fiume: three of the sixteen overprinted "Governo Provvisorio."—[*Stamps supplied by F. J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.*]

Now that the cricket season is in full swing, devotees of the game will frequently need to turn for information to that old and trusted oracle, "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack." The new edition for 1921, edited by Sydney H. Pardon, includes scores and bowling analyses of all important matches played in 1920, and a portrait of Mr. P. F. Warner.

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THE stamps of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, used by our British administration in Palestine during the latter part of the war, have been continued in use under the new régime with a tri-lingual overprint reading "Palestine" in English, Arabic, and Hebrew. These have already been illustrated and described in these pages, but the same E.E.F. stamps have also been over-printed for the new State of Trans-Jordania. A few months ago some British political officers were sent across the Jordan to establish a provisional Arab Government east of Palestine, and it is in connection with this embryo State that the E.E.F. stamps have been over-printed with an Arabic inscription signifying "East of Jordan." Post offices have been established in this territory at Irbid, Ajulan, Es Salt, Amman, Madeba, and Kerak. There are eleven values from 1 millième to 20 piastres, and the overprint is in black, except for that on the 1 piastre indigo stamp, which is a silver over-print.

The Belgian post office having large quantities of the recent Olympic Games issue left over, and finding a heavily increased demand for stamps of 20 centimes denomination, have surcharged the commemorative set. The original issue comprised the 5c. + 5c. green, 10c. + 5c. carmine, and 15c. + 5c. brown, then being sold in each case at 5 centimes over their postal franking value to raise funds for the Belgian wounded. Each of these three stamps has been converted into a 20 centimes stamp by means of surcharging. The surcharge is in black on the 10c. + 5c. carmine, and in red on the other two values. A provisional 4 cent. stamp has been issued in Holland, created by surcharging the 4½c. lilac with a large "4C" in red. It was thought that when Gabriele d'Annunzio surrendered Fiume after the celebrated battle of Christmas last, there would be an end to the quaint issues of stamps of his regency. But the autonomous Fiume has used up the stock of the stamps bearing d'Annunzio's portrait by cancelling the poet's effigy with the superscription of the Provisional Government. The over-print reads "Governo Provvisorio," and has been applied to sixteen of the stamps of the d'Annunzio issue.



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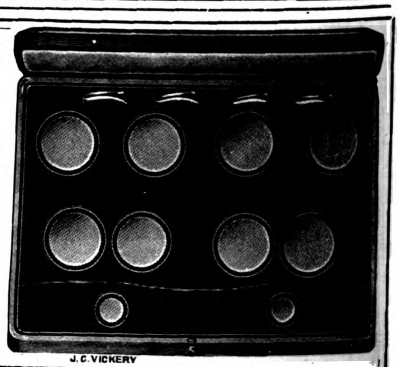
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A Message to Mothers

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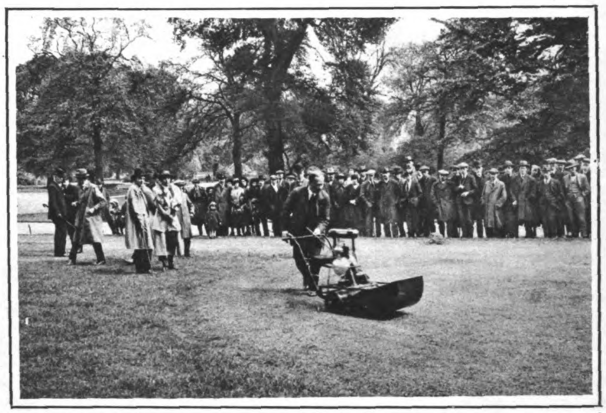


MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd. Swan House, 133-135, Oxford St., London, W.1. London Branches: 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.1; 07, Cheapside, E.C.2; 05a, Regent Street, W.1.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Price of Petrol.

We are now being treated to an object-lesson in the practical application of Sir Marcus Samuel's famous dictum that the price of petrol is what it will fetch. By a severe process of experiment, the petroleum "combines" have arrived at an exact appreciation of the price the motorist can be induced to pay for his fuel, and apparently the price has been fixed in accordance with the discovery, and looks like remaining as the one stable thing in the midst of instability. There is no reason in the world, save the greed of gain, why the price of petrol should not be substantially reduced forthwith. The *Motor* quotes some rather interesting, not to say almost startling, figures bearing on the cost of the motorists' fuel—figures which are well worth keeping in mind. A fortnight ago, the price of Diesel oil fell from £10 to £6 per ton, and bunker oil, used for steam-raising, was reduced from £7 to £4 10s. per ton. At the end of last year, the price of Diesel oil was £16-£17, and of bunker oil, £13-£14 per ton. That is to say, while the prices of the heavy oils have been reduced by 60 per cent. to 70 per cent., the cost of petrol to the consumer has remained unaltered since the end of last year. I suppose that if the combines were seriously tackled about the profiteering they are undoubtedly carrying on at the expense of the petrol-user, they would have some more or less washable excuse ready to hand. But on the figures there seems to be no conscionable reason at all for maintaining the price of petrol at its present inordinate figure. I am afraid that nothing will have effect but healthy competition; but where that is to come from is not at all apparent.



ECONOMY IN LAWN-MOWING: A DEMONSTRATION OF THE ATCO MOTOR MOWER IN REGENT'S PARK.

The subject of our illustration is a new and extremely simple motor lawn-mower, the production of Messrs. C. H. Pugh, Ltd., the Birmingham firm of motor engineers, and manufacturers of the famous "Senspray" Carburetter. The idea of applying motor power to a lawn-mower is not new, but certainly the "Atco" Motor presents many new features, and at a price that brings it within the reach of anyone possessing an area of lawn no larger than a couple of tennis courts. Its design embodies twelve patents. Within an hour or so it does work that would take two men and a horse a day or two, and is very easy to operate.

Coloured Petrol.

What extraordinary ideas some people evolve! One of the latest daily newspaper discoveries is that in future all our petrol is to be of some distinctive colour or other, in order that we may be able to see at a glance whether we are getting the grade we are paying for, or whether the wicked garage-keeper is trying to swindle us. As a matter of fact, the idea is not at all a new one. Before the war, a concern known as the Motor Owners' Petrol Combine, which owned certain wells in Galicia, used a solution of cochineal for colouring its petrol. So far as I know, no ill effects resulted from its use, though it might quite possibly be different if aniline or mineral colouring matters were used. Even the concern I have mentioned was not the pioneer of coloured motor spirit. Before 1909, the Austrian Government used a pink colouring matter—probably cochineal—to differentiate between free and taxed petrol. In those days, spirit used commercially was free of duty, while that used in private cars was subject to tax; so, as the easiest way out, the Government decreed the use of the pink dye.

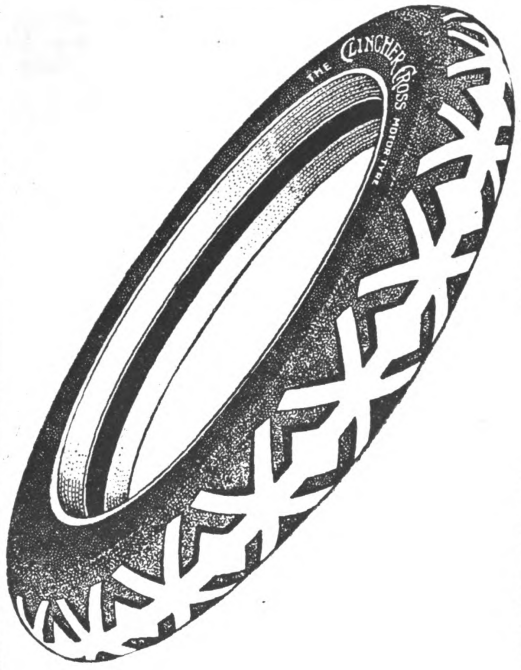
As an abstract idea, there is something to commend itself about the use of dyes, particularly in view of the growth of the bulk-storage system. The motorist is very much in the hands of the petrol seller when he obtains his supplies from the kerb-side pump installation, and though I should say that by far the greater percentage of traders are perfectly honest in their representation of what the tank contains, there is a sufficiency of unprincipled dealers to make some safeguard desirable. If that safeguard is to be found in coloured petrol, by all means let it be adopted.

Special Cars in Competitions.

There has been quite a lot of discussion lately on the subject of "special" cars in hill-climbs and competitions, mostly apropos the sensational performances of a certain air-cooled cycle-car. The question of freak cars in competitions has always been a vexed one, and one for which it is difficult to find a satisfactory solution. If it were thoroughly and generally understood that certain cars which achieve marvellous speeds on the track or up well-known hills were radical departures from their maker's standard practice, all would be well, and nobody could object to their being driven purely as a matter of sport. The trouble, however, is that a very large section of the public is allowed, by implication at least, to rest in the belief that some of the startling performances are actually made by cars which are standard productions. Cars are purchased on the faith of freak performances, and much disappointment naturally results. Of course, the purchaser has himself to blame, because it ought to be perfectly obvious to him that no standard car is or can be capable of doing what these freaks habitually achieve.

It has been suggested that the clubs promoting sporting events should confine their entries to absolutely standard vehicles. This I do not hold to be a practical solution, because of the tremendous difficulty that must arise in defining the precise meaning of "standard." Strictly and literally, it means a car exactly as it is delivered by maker to purchaser; and if we are going to restrict all sporting events to such cars, we shall not be able to take entries at all, for the reason that nobody who takes part in sporting events runs his car as he received it from the makers. He adds a "gadget" here, and takes away something there, until, although the essentials remain unaltered, the car is not strictly "standard."

W. W.



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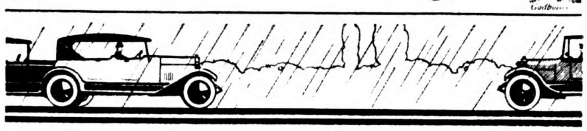
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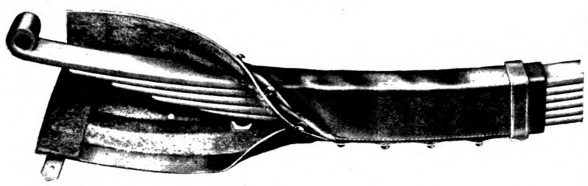
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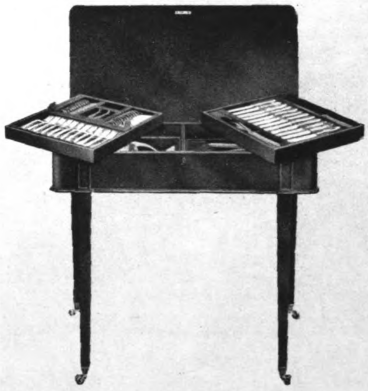
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THE HORSE AS COMRADE AND FRIEND.

THE general reader who happens on "The Horse, as Comrade and Friend" (Hutchinson), by Mr. Everard R. Calthrop, will make a great mistake if he puts it back on the shelf with the idea that it is a book for the specialist. It is that, but it is much more. Mr. Calthrop explains in it, with the fullest detail, his method of handling and training young horses. The love of them, and success in breaking them in, has been, he tells us, the possession of his family for some hundreds of years, warranting him in the belief that his own powers are hereditary. Lord Lonsdale, in a prefatory page or two, endorses his views on breaking, and the late Mr. Walter Winans is quoted as having advised horse-owners not only to read the work, but also to give it to their stablemen to read. Beside such expert opinion, the layman's has no importance, and it is only by the way that we record our impression of the extreme common-sense underlying the author's system. Briefly, "festina lente," which Mr. Calthrop adopts as a motto for his title-page, sums it up. "Patience" must be the watchword. Recollect how highly sensitive and nervous an animal it is with which you are dealing. Be assured of his long memory, and make good use of it. In all your movements—in the pasture, the strawyard, the stable, on the common and on the road—avoid haste and fuss, and strive to make them natural. "Tie up all dogs" is advice which the author prints in italics, and repeats in every chapter until the earlier educational stages are past. Do not forget the value of some oats always in the pocket, and pay no attention to the traditional objection to flattering with a few sugar-lumps. In a word, study the horse as you would the young human being, win his confidence, and thus enjoy the affection of which the horse is quick and lavish. By following this system of slow and gradual training, of which these are a few indications, any man or woman without expert knowledge, Mr. Calthrop claims, can break in a horse for his or her own use, or for sale. It is certain that any reader following the account of it in these pages will remarkably increase his knowledge and admiration for that "noble quadruped." The author's enthusiasm is infectious, and when he comes to write of individual horses at Goldings, affection heightens the spell of his pen. The text of this really delightful work is excellently illustrated from photographs.



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In Messrs. Harrods' advertisement of Stainless Steel Sheffield Cutlery that appeared in our issue of April 30, the Electro-Plate Spoons and Forks were quoted as "their famous A1 Quality" Electro-Plate, instead of "A" Quality Electro-Plate.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1921.

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AT THE GATE TO THE UNKNOWN: ROSITA FORBES ON CAMEL-BACK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE MYSTERIOUS KUFARA—IN THE DISTANCE THE SALT LAKE AND MOUNTAINS OF BUSEIMA.

Rosita Forbes has the distinction of being the first white woman to penetrate to the mysterious home of the Senussi in the oases of Kufara, far in the heart of the Libyan desert. Her daring and hazardous adventure has won for her recognition as a leading explorer, and a personal interview with the King and Queen. On several later pages in this number we illustrate incidents of the journey; together with an article from her pen, and a map of the approximate route she followed. The above photograph was taken beside the salt lake of Buseima, an outlying oasis of the Kufara group. Here she was at the gateway of the unknown, for Kufara itself lay beyond the mountains seen in the background. The full story of the adventures of Mrs. Forbes is to be published in "Cassell's Magazine."

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES. (SEE OTHER PAGES IN THIS ISSUE.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHILE being what many would call a fanatic for the French alliance, I cannot bring myself to admire the suggestion, recently made in some journalistic quarters, that we should alter such names as that of Waterloo Station, out of delicacy towards the French. If once the memory of a national victory is to be regarded as an international insult, France herself would have to apologise to nearly every country in Europe. There is scarcely a city on the Continent the French have not entered in triumph; there is scarcely a flag in the civilised world that the French have not hung on their temples or their triumphal arches; there is scarcely a kingdom or a province that has not the name of a French victory that might be or is the name of a Paris street. If such a reminder to the victors is a reproach to the vanquished, England, as well as Europe, has a right to complain of the monuments of France. Every statue of Joan of Arc is a memorial of English defeat. I am not sure, on the same principles, that we might not complain of the sneering insolence of our American friends, in having dared to give their capital the name of Washington. There is, at the same time, a not uninteresting difference between Washington and Waterloo. Washington is rather like Washington; and Waterloo is not in the least like Waterloo. Washington as a city is conceived in a classic spirit, still full of the eighteenth century and the great gentleman of the Revolution. By deliberately excluding the commercial elements of America from the political capital of America, the Americans have really succeeded in planning out a place that is not unworthy of such a name. I can imagine an American walking in some of those stately avenues, or where a grove of trees, I fancy, once bore the great name of Jefferson, really feeling spontaneously something of the spirit of the Fathers of the Republic. I can less easily imagine a tourist, waiting for a train in Waterloo Station, spontaneously feeling his soul uplifted with all the trumpets of the last charge at Waterloo. The emotions which most of us have felt, when waiting for a train, were not invariably and exclusively intoxicated with the madness of patriotic vainglory. The particular architecture of Waterloo Station has never inspired me personally with the fiery ecstasy of the laurel and the sword. I do not think it does any harm to the station of Waterloo to give it such a name as that of the field of Waterloo. Whether it is quite fair to the field of Waterloo to erect to it such a monument as the station of Waterloo might be another question. In short, if we, the English, did really desire to glorify the memory of the battle, it would seem that we have adopted a rather dingy and ineffectual way of doing it. We have never been very fortunate with our public monuments, and this would certainly seem to be one of the least felicitious. The great figure on the Colonne de Vendôme can afford to smile at the artistic effort.

But there is another reform, connected with the same set of ideas, which I would very respectfully urge as a substitute. I fear it is a much more radical and even revolutionary reform than the alteration of a name connected with the defeat of Napoleon. It is that we should leave off talking nonsense about Napoleon, and especially talking nonsense against Napoleon. It is, that instead of bothering about whether a large railway shed is named after the battle of Waterloo, we should actually try to learn something about the battle of Waterloo, and about the real merits and demerits of the European adventure which finally failed there. So drastic and even dramatic a change in our historical habits is certainly more of an undertaking than the alteration of a luggage label from Waterloo to Stockholm or Brest-Litovsk, or some name which our Pacifists might prefer. Men will certainly not forget Waterloo any more than they will forget Napoleon; and, since we cannot forget them, we are almost driven back on the desperate expedient of understanding them.



WEARING THE RIBAND OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH: THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AT THE GUILDHALL, REPLYING TO THE CITY'S ADDRESS.

On May 11 the Crown Prince of Japan, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, drove in state from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall, where he was presented by the Lord Mayor with an Address of Welcome in a gold casket (illustrated on another page). He replied in Japanese, reading from a great white scroll, and Count Chinda translated. Behind him, to the left, are the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. To the right of the table are seen in the front row (from left to right) the Prince of Wales, Prince Kan'in, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Connaught. Afterwards the Crown Prince was entertained to lunch at the Mansion House.—[*Photograph by Alfieri.*]

In looking over a large number of English articles and essays touching Napoleon and the recent celebration of the centenary, I was astonished to find how insular, and even ignorant, our national tradition still is on the subject. So far as moral atmosphere is concerned, nothing seems to have changed. Bonaparte is still Boney. Nobody denies his genius now; but nobody denied it then. Even those whose very natural emotions at the moment made them insist that he was a great tyrant, a great murderer, a great monster, did not dispute that he was a great man. But what he was doing, what he was driving at, why he was what he was, and what the whole terrific business was all about, none of us seems to have had any notion then, and none of us seems to have any notion now. What is wanted is not glorification of Napoleon, still less glorification of him as a demi-god, which is even worse than denunciation of him as a demon. What is wanted is a calm and candid consideration of him as a historical human being, and of the things he stood for, which were much more important than himself. This is the one thing that nobody will do for Napoleon; and the trick by which his reasonable fame still suffers is simple enough.

The trick consists of first artificially attiring him in all the terrors of a superman, and on that ground denying him the rights of a man. Somebody said the devil was a gentleman; and somebody else said that Napoleon was not a gentleman. The trick consists in expressing surprise that he was not a gentleman, when we have settled to our own satisfaction that he was the devil. But if we need sanity touching Napoleon in his personal aspect, we need it much more in his public aspect. For the things for which Napoleon really fought were the very contrary of those cloudy and fatalistic things with which his legends have been clothed. If ever a man stood for the strong southern sun against the clouds and the confusing twilight, it was he. What Napoleon stood for was common sense—*le bon sens français*. That French commonsense can sometimes be cruel, but never fatalistic. It despises dooms and omens and hereditary curses and chosen races, and all the superstitious necessitarianism of the North. In short, he stood for French freedom, and in this sense for French free thought. But, if there was another thing he stood for, it was French respectability. He represented a mass of customs and conceptions of which his English enemies seemed to know nothing and his English admirers to know less. His laws cannot be understood without the French key of domesticity. All his legislation and social reform revolved round the very thing which all our legislation and social reform are seeking to destroy—the family. It was the very reverse of what we call grandmotherly legislation, but it might in one sense be called legislation for grandmothers. The central figure of its family council was that terrible person the French grandmother. If Napoleon was not always a Christian, he was always a pagan, and what paganism would call a pious pagan. He understood the thing that so many French poets express, the veneration of the soil and the invocation of the dead. In all this he was doubtless merely the leader of Latin culture; and all the more because all forms of that culture are rooted in the form we call agriculture. It desires the human family to stand on its own feet, within the frontiers of its own land. With that object it was revolutionary. With that object it is conservative. And if we had no other reason for understanding all these ideals, of which that Southern soldier was merely the instrument, it might be worth our while to discover why at this moment France alone speaks in as firm a tone to Russian anarchs as to Prussian autocrats. The French Revolution cannot be understood, till we realise that it is exactly where the Jacobins went that the Bolshevists cannot follow.

FAR AND NEAR: THE U.S. AMBASSADOR; POLAND; IRISH INCIDENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, RUSSELL, AND L.N.A.



THE NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR'S ARRIVAL: MR. HARVEY ON BOARD THE "AQUITANIA."



THE "D'ANNUNZIO" OF POLAND: M. KORFANTY (CENTRE), LEADER OF THE REVOLT IN UPPER SILESIA.



DENOUNCER OF "THE WORLD CONSPIRACY": THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



KORFANTY'S IRREGULARS IN UPPER SILESIA: AN AMMUNITION PARTY, TYPICAL OF THE FORCES OF THE POLISH INSURRECTION IN THAT COUNTRY.



THE SITUATION IN UPPER SILESIA WHICH PROMPTED MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S SPEECH: KORFANTY'S MEN PREPARED FOR A STREET ATTACK.



IRISH ELECTIONS: A D.M.P. INSPECTOR READING LISTS AT THE COURT HOUSE, DUBLIN.



A "ROUND-UP" BY THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY: SUSPECTED MEN BEING INTERROGATED IN A QUARRY IN THE WICKLOW HILLS.

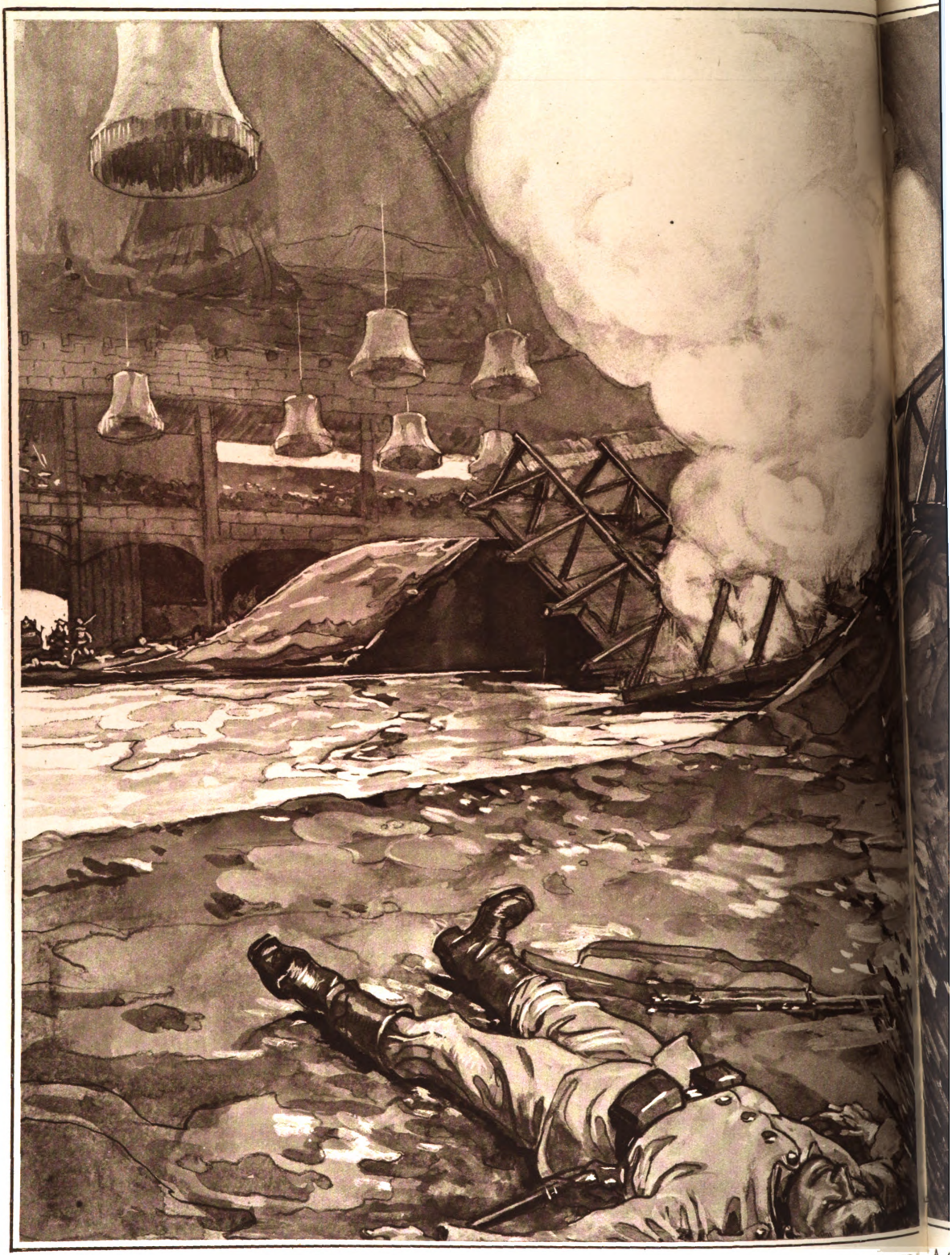


IRISH ELECTIONS: (L. TO R.) FATHER LYNCH, MISS O'CONNELL, AND MRS. GIFFORD WILSON.

The new United States Ambassador, the Hon. George Harvey, who recently arrived in the "Aquitania," was received by the King at Buckingham Palace on May 12, when he presented his Letter of Credence. Mr. Harvey, who is well known and popular in this country, is heartily welcome here, and gives every promise of maintaining the high traditions of his office. Like many of his predecessors, he has had literary associations.——The Duke of Northumberland made a strong speech at a meeting at the House of Commons recently against the international Communistic movement, whose chief aim, he said, is the destruction of the British Empire. In particular, he denounced the policy of the Miners' Federation.——Mr. Lloyd George's recent speech on Poland and Upper Silesia caused disquiet in France, and it was expected that the Allied Premiers would shortly meet again, at Boulogne or Lympne, to discuss the question. The Poles in Upper Silesia, it may be recalled, revolted under the leadership of M. Korfanty, the dismissed member of the Plebiscite Commission. M. Briand, the French Premier, has expressed strong opposition to any suggestion of Germany's being allowed to use troops to restore order.

OLYMPIA RE-ECHOES THE WAR-THUNDERS OF 191[illegible] BLOW

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ART[illegible] STEVEN SPURR[illegible]

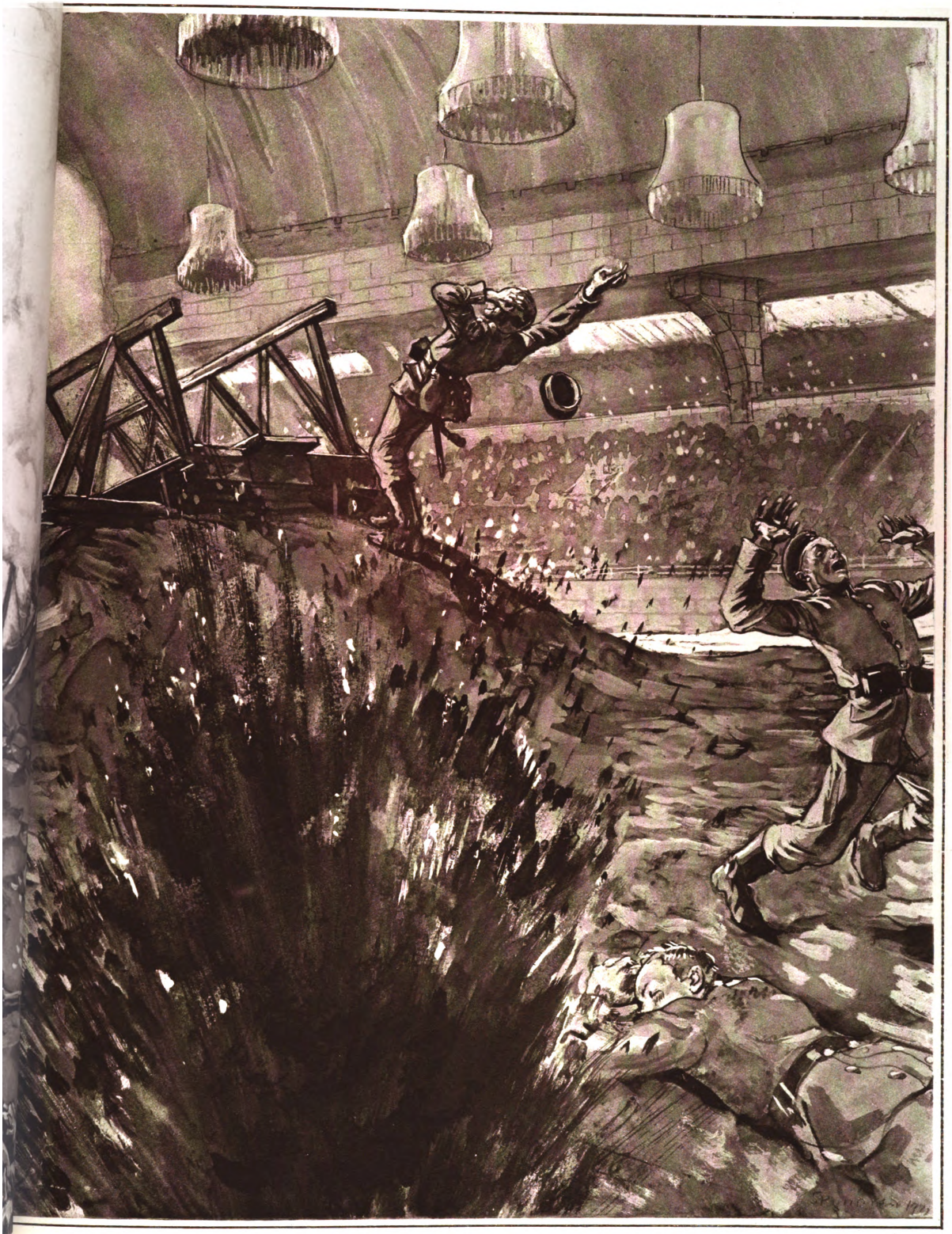


THE ROYAL ENGINEERS FIGHT THEIR BATTLES OVER AGAIN: DESTROYING AN EPISODE IN THE ROYAL

It was arranged to open the Royal Tournament at Olympia on May 19. One of the most striking and realistic episodes is a representation, by the Royal Engineers, of an incident that took place during the retreat of 1914—in the early stages of the war—the destruction of a bridge over a canal near Soissons. The enemy attacked before the work was completed, and the Engineers laid their charge under protection from the infantry guarding the crossing. The demolition was successfully carried out. When the

NDERS OF OWING UP A BRIDGE IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

DRAWN BY H. SPURRIER, R.O.I.

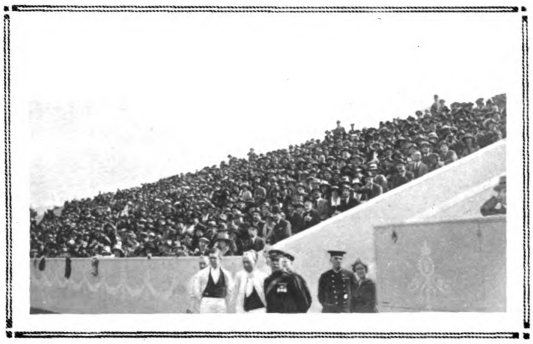


A CANAL BRIDGE NEAR SOISSONS DURING THE RETREAT OF 1914—TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA.

British rear-guard troops had retired over the bridge, it was blown up just as the enemy were attempting to rush it, and our barrage fell among the German troops. In the illustration, a British shell is seen bursting in the foreground among the enemy. On the extreme left in the background is seen the rear-guard of the British force retiring after the destruction of the bridge.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

POLO AS A CROWD-COMPELLING GAME: HURLINGHAM RIVALS LORD'S.

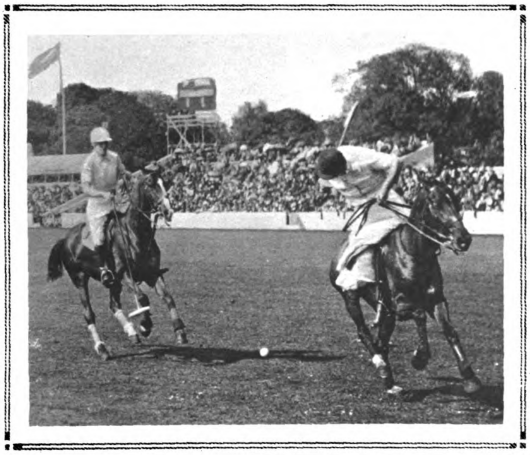
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., AND L.N.A.



USING THE NEW STANDS AT HURLINGHAM FOR THE FIRST TIME: PART OF THE GREAT CROWD OF SPECTATORS ON WHIT MONDAY.



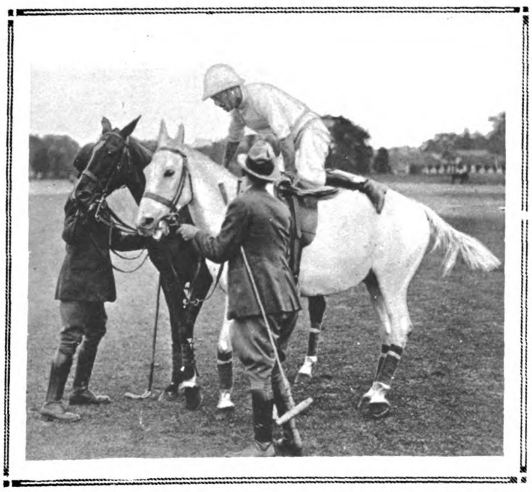
SUBSTITUTE FOR LORD ROCKSAVAGE AFTER HIS INJURY: MR. TRAILL (CENTRE) OVERTAKING MR. HITCHCOCK.



RIDING WITH A SHEEPSKIN SADDLE-CLOTH: MR. J. A. E. TRAILL (ON THE RIGHT) TAKING THE BALL FROM MR. C. C. RUMSEY.



THE HURLINGHAM TEAM: (L. TO R.) MR. BUCKMASTER, MAJOR BARRETT, MR. TRAILL, AND THE DUKE OF PENARANDA.



A NOVEL METHOD OF CHANGING PONIES: THE DUKE OF PENARANDA TRANSFERRING FROM ONE TO ANOTHER WITHOUT ALIGHTING.

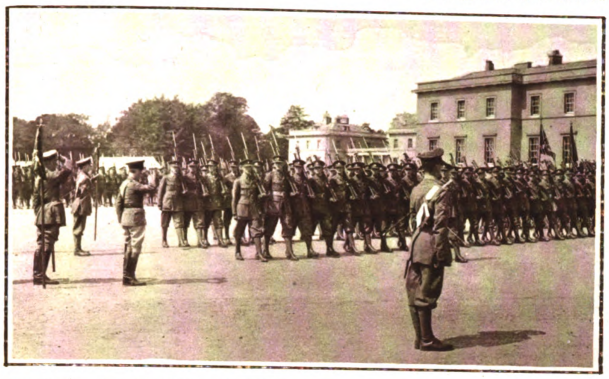


BEFORE THE START OF THE MATCH (AGAINST THE AMERICANS, IN WHICH HE BROKE HIS COLLAR-BONE: LORD ROCKSAVAGE.

Hitherto, watching polo has been an amusement for the few, comparatively speaking, but the great crowd at Hurlingham on Whit Monday, when the new stands were used for the first time, indicates that the game bids fair to rival cricket and football in its capacity to draw the multitude. The event of the day was the defeat of the American International team by a Hurlingham team, by 3 goals to 2. The result was considered significant, as Hurlingham had been beaten by the English team by 6 to 4 on the previous Saturday. An unfortunate accident took place in the second period (or chukker), when Lord Rocksavage collided with Mr. Milburn and, falling heavily, broke his collar-bone. He pluckily played out the period, but was unable to continue, and his place was taken by Mr. Traill. The teams were as follows: America—Mr. C. C. Rumsey, No. 1; Mr. T. Hitchcock, No. 2; Mr. J. Watson Webb, No. 3; Mr. D. Milburn, back. Hurlingham—the Duke of Penaranda, No. 1; Major F. W. Barrett, No. 2; Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, No. 3; Lord Rocksavage, back (replaced by Mr. Traill).

OUR BUSY PRINCE: HIS JAPANESE GUEST; AND MANY VISITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., STORT AND GENERAL, AND SPEAIGHT.



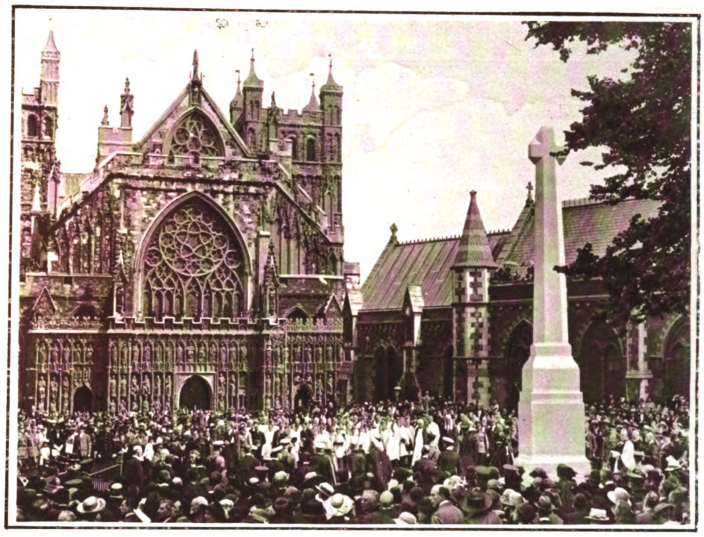
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SANDHURST: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TAKING THE SALUTE AS THE COMPANIES OF CADETS MARCHED PAST.



HIS FIRST VISIT TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AS ITS PRESIDENT: THE PRINCE OF WALES WATCHING A MARCH-PAST OF THE "BLUE-COAT" BOYS.



A SYMBOLIC GIFT TO THE PRINCE FOR A CORNISH MANOR: "DOROTHY"—ONE OF A PAIR OF GREYHOUNDS.



IN HONOUR OF DEVON'S 11,600 DEAD: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EXETER, STANDING BEFORE THE MEMORIAL CROSS WHICH HE HAD JUST UNVEILED ON ST. MARY MAJOR'S GREEN.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EXETER: H.R.H. (IN CENTRE) ON HIS WAY TO THE CATHEDRAL AFTER RECEIVING AN ADDRESS AT THE GUILDHALL.



ENTERTAINING THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE GUEST: (L. TO R.) THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCE KAN'IN, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Prince of Wales is indefatigable in the keeping of his multifarious engagements. On May 11 he gave a dinner at St. James's Palace in honour of the Crown Prince of Japan.——On the 12th he visited Christ's Hospital at Horsham, of which he is President, and lunched with the boys. With the Headmaster (Mr. W. Hamilton Fyfe), he watched a march-past of the school to the dining-hall.——On the 13th he dined with the Crown Prince of Japan at the Japanese Embassy.——On the 14th the Prince of Wales visited Sandhurst, where he inspected the addition made to the old chapel as a memorial to 4000 cadets who fell in the war.——On the 16th he began his tour in the West Country, as Duke of Cornwall, with a visit to Exeter, where he unveiled the war memorial in honour of 11,600 fallen Devonians. It was arranged that at Launceston, on May 25, instead of an address, various gifts symbolic of service should be made to the Prince, including two greyhounds presented by Sir Hugh St. Aubyn for the manor of Elerkey (Veryan).

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE time has gone by when, in general, collectors were considered to be fairly harmless people, extravagant in their hobbies, and dense in regard to accepting advice from common-sense outsiders. But the dispersal of what must have seemed, to the uninitiate, dry-as-dust autograph letters, old-world books which nobody can have read, seemingly, as these are the only copies extant, and of early illuminated manuscripts, such as the Yates Thompson collection—with its hundred items, of which fifty-eight already sold have brought £130,325, and by the time the whole collection is sold will realise a quarter of a million pounds—staggers the business man who regards Art as he regards the Turf—as a nondescript plane where luxurious idlers can, if they wish, fritter away capital.

As to pictures, the statistics of the sale-room outrival those of Copthall Court in some of the startling jumps under the hammer. There is the history of the two Franz Hals pictures sold almost simultaneously at public auction, the canvas at Sotheby's and the small panel at Christie's, which together brought £15,000, bought back by the Dutch. It is incredible to think that the Sotheby Hals was bought in 1884 by Sir Russell Bailey for something under five guineas.

In restless times, in changing markets, with the flotsam and jetsam of Continental art floating into the London sale-rooms, the collector is wise in his generation in again coming in "on the ground floor," as the stockbroker tersely puts it, when he is on a good thing.

The promise of May in the sale-rooms has not been unduly disappointing in a sensitive market. The remaining sales offer fine things. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, on the 11th, sold modern pictures and water-colour drawings, the properties of Clare, Countess Cowley, the late Mr. H. S. Sutton, of Neath, and others. A small water-colour drawing of Ely Cathedral, signed by Girtin, only 4½ by 7 in., was worthy of the name. Among the older masters, a De Loutherbourg, a classical landscape, with waterfall and figures in the foreground, was decorative. It represented the acme of the classical vogue—the ruined temple and the brown tree which Turner inherited and killed when he visited Italy and found its landscape as gloriously realistic as the London sunsets in a mist. But London, with her fogs, made Turner the poet, and Italy widened his outlook. "A Madonna and Child," by J. Van Cleeve, sold for £283. The Cleeves, or Cleefs, were an artistic family. Joost Van Cleef has his portraits at Berlin, his own portrait in Lord Spencer's collection at Althorp, and the artist with his wife at Windsor. These are all of middle sixteenth century. Jan Van Cleef, a century later, followed De Crayeyer, and approached the colouring of Vandyck. A signed Louis Verboeckhoven, a seascape representing Dutch fishing-boats, was an interesting canvas. "A Hilly Landscape," by J. Linnell, depicting a passing storm, with a herdsman in smock driving cattle, brought the English school into competition. John Linnell has never really come into his own in landscape, although his "Noonday Rest" hangs in the Tate Gallery. One forgets that he engraved in mezzotint after Varley and Collins. Linnell died in 1882. He has his "Woodcutters," and "The Windmill" in the National Gallery, London. This establishes his fame. In the sale-rooms there is competitive cosmopolitan art, backwards and forwards; it is pell-mell, "here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling." Chronological order is nothing around the baize tables. It is simply the present monetary value of art, without prejudice and without advertisement. It is just the exact stroke of the pendulum as to outside demands. If the public, or the art critic, or anybody else clamours for certain works, the auction-room reflects such clamour. But, as a rule, it is sober and adamant, unless reputations are marketable. In the same sale a J. Van de Bosch, signed 1786, landscape with herdsmen and cattle at a stream, came up in competition with a De Loutherbourg, more pastoral than ordinary, with cottage, and cattle watering at a stream. It is here, where cosmopolitan points of view meet in the auction-room, that collectors grow wise in selection. Here, too, came Richard Wilson, with his "Woody Landscape," with figures resting by a stream, to compare with foreign rivals.

Perhaps if the Royal Academy admitted foreign contemporary pictures, the public would learn to value contemporary art. In the sale-rooms there are no rules excluding foreign competitors. Hence Christie's, Sotheby's, and the rest are emporiums where the laurel wreath is placed on unrequited genius. The ivory hammer is a severe test to modern reputations, but in the end great work is recognised.



FROM A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH MANUSCRIPT: DRAWINGS OF SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS IN THE "SPECULUM HUMANÆ SALVATIONIS."

The "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis" is a fourteenth-century Flemish manuscript, on vellum, in Gothic characters, with 170 drawings of Scriptural subjects, two on each page above the text. The manuscript will be included in the forthcoming sale of the late Sir John Brooke's library at Sotheby's. It is among the lots to be sold on the seventh day of the sale, June 2.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



BELIEVED TO BE DRAWN BY MARY, DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY (1460): THE LETTER "N" IN A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ALPHABET; WITH AUTOGRAPH (BELOW) FROM ANOTHER PAGE.

The Alphabet of Mary, Duchess of Burgundy, a set of twenty-four drawings of decorative Gothic letters believed to be by her hand will be offered on the first day of the sale at Sotheby's (from May 25 to June 3) of the library of the late Sir J. A. Brooke, Bt. The above letter forms the initial of "Nunc Dimittis." The others similarly begin a sentence or proverb in French. The autograph below: "A Dame Marie de Bourgogne, 1460," is written under the letter "Z."

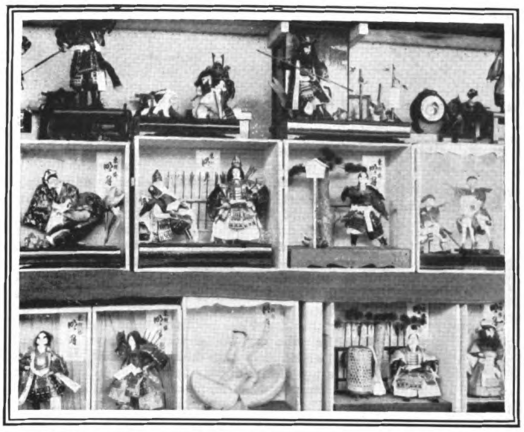
By Courtesy of Messrs Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

On the 13th, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold engravings and etchings formerly in the collection of Sir A. Wollaston Franks, and some choice sporting aquatints. A portfolio of early title-pages, some by W. Hollar, and a collection of Tradesmen's Cards, were alluring. In mezzo-tint, there was Constable's "English Landscape," twenty-two plates by David Lucas, open letter proofs. Four aquatints in colours of London markets, by M. Dubourg after J. Pollard, were desirable. Ward's "Thoughts on Matrimony," after J. R. Smith, in colours, and a set in colours, "Shooting," by Sutherland, after Westenholme, in aquatint, which were rare, obtained a fair price. Perhaps collectors were too niggardly in regard to a set of Rowlandson's drawings, "Plymouth," "Greenwich," etc., and Blake's drawings, including illustrations to "Rowley's Poems," deserved a better price. An eight-day sale, commencing on May 25, by Messrs. Sotheby, of the library of Sir John Arthur Brooke, Bt., of Huddersfield, offers four Shakespeare folios, and many rare works on English poetry and literature. The portions embracing Erasmus, Milton, and Sir Thomas More are noticeable, and certain details of Mary Queen of Scots, Henry Prince of Wale, the elder brother of Charles I., and of Charles I. and the Stuarts in general, are noteworthy. "The Alphabet of Mary, Duchess of Burgundy," a series of finely executed drawings of the letters A to Z in pen and ink, are of Gothic design, with figures of men and women and animals introduced. Of fifteenth-century work, presumably by the hand of the Duchess of Burgundy, these drawings form the first letter of a sentence in old French, in the same manner as our modern children's books—"A was an Archer," etc. With its contemporary binding, this forms an alluring item. Of comparatively modern volumes, Orme's "Collection of British Field Sports, 1807-8," with its coloured plates, offers a desirable acquisition. It is a rare sporting volume.

The Amherst collection of Egyptian gods and Oriental antiquities occupies five days in a sale at Messrs. Sotheby's, commencing on June 13. Egyptologists are agog at the dispersal. Museum authorities look askance at their thin purse. American bidders are to the forefront. This collection has been gathered together, almost without price, by the late Lord Amherst and his daughter, the late Lady William Cecil. It is not the collection of a tyro, for in 1861 Lord Amherst (then Mr. W. A. Tyssen Amherst) bought the collection of the Rev. W. Leider, of Cairo, of two hundred specimens. Since that date he and his daughter have carried out extensive excavations. The Amherst collection is therefore noteworthy. Of Swawabti figures there is an example only 9 in. high, but exceptionally fine, as representing the New Empire Theban art. Among a wealth of rarities is a fine model of a funerary boat, Thothmes II., in wood, painted, with flying goose for figure-head. Here is a collection which, by reason of its enthusiastic and wealthy owners, has absorbed others, and stands pre-eminent as a landmark in the auction-room.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S LITTLE COMPATRIOTS: YOUNG JAPAN AT SCHOOL.

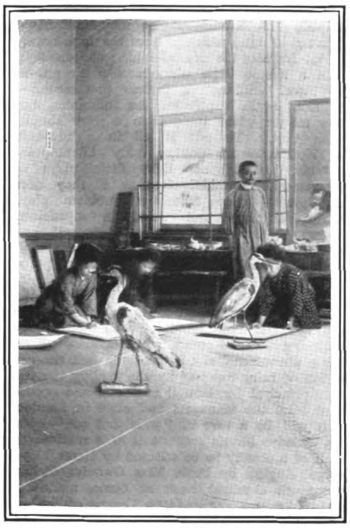
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRESS PORTRAIT BUREAU.



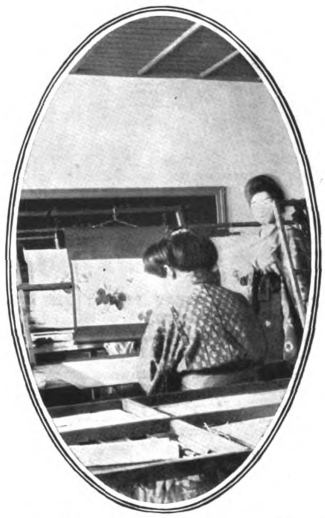
EDUCATION THROUGH THE EYE: FIGURES IN COSTUME USED AS PART OF THE EQUIPMENT OF A JAPANESE SCHOOL.



THE CATERING SIDE OF JAPANESE SCHOOL LIFE: THE DINING-ROOM OF A GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL IN TOKYO.



COMBINING ART WITH NATURAL HISTORY: GIRLS AT A FINE ART SCHOOL IN TOKYO DRAWING BIRDS.



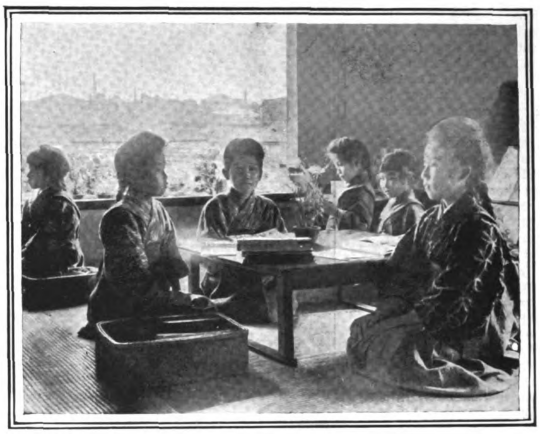
HOW JAPAN CULTIVATES ARTISTIC TASTE: A FINE ART SCHOOL AT TOKYO — STUDIES OF FLOWERS.



REALISM IN THE LIFE CLASS: A MALE MODEL IN A CLASS FOR GIRLS AT A TOKYO ART SCHOOL.



CHAIRS AND BENCHES NOT REQUIRED: GIRLS AT A HIGH SCHOOL IN TOKYO SITTING ON THE FLOOR AT A LOW TABLE.



PLEASANT CONDITIONS FOR THE YOUNGER PUPILS: LITTLE GIRLS IN A TOKYO HIGH SCHOOL AT A LOW TABLE BY AN OPEN WINDOW.

The visit of the Crown Prince of Japan to this country has stimulated interest in everything connected with the island empire of the East. In a country which has made such enormous strides in progress during the last half-century, the subject of education must be of paramount importance. The above photographs afford glimpses into the class-rooms of a Girls' High School and the Fine Art School in Tokyo, and, in comparing them with those of our own land, points both of resemblance and of difference at once suggest themselves. There is a general air of brightness, artistic taste, and airy spaciousness. It will be noted that, in the High School, instead of desks or benches, the girls sit on the floor at low tables. "The educational system," says Mr. E. Bruce Mitford in his book, "Japan's Inheritance," "comprises the three orthodox grades, elementary, middle, and higher, the commencing age in each case being 6, 12, and 17."



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

MY great-grandfather, the renowned Dr. Leonard Davids of Rotterdam—friend of Jenner, along with whom he successfully fought the battle for vaccination against small-pox—was, before Leipzig and Waterloo, Napoleon's physician in the Netherlands, and many were the tales which I heard from my grandfather, Dr. Thomas Davids, the "English doctor of Amsterdam." In those days, Talma, the great French actor, was Napoleon's constant companion; he dragged him along in the car of victory, and coerced the good people of Saxony to listen to the heavy guns of ponderous plays in verse of which Julius Cæsar was the hero. For Napoleon I., like his nephew Napoleon III., who wrote the great Roman's life, doted on Cæsar; he pursued the cult to the degree of achieving personal likeness, and countless were the jests of cartoonists and rhymesters at the expense of the Cæsarian forelock. Talma, as everybody knows, was the son of a dentist, and record hath it that when the father practised in London, the son, the tragedian of the future, learned the gentle art of pulling teeth. Napoleon always remembered this, and at the beginning of their friendship, when Talma had scored in a play by "Pixérécourt"—a Cæsar play, of course—the Emperor went up to him, embraced him, and quoted the famous classic saying, "Quel homme, quel dentiste—pardon, artiste!" Talma frowned, and the Emperor, feeling his *gaffe* at the wrong moment, exclaimed, "Papperlapappe!" and detached the Legion of Honour from his breast, pinning it on Talma's. Henceforth these two became fast friends, and Napoleon took lessons from the actor in deportment and elocution, for Napoleon was conscious of his angularity and his raucous Corsican voice, and he envied the actor his regal demeanour. One day Talma, putting him through his paces, said somewhat petulantly to him: "Your Majesty is very clumsy to-day." And Napoleon, whom everybody except a grenadier approached in fear and trembling, simply replied: "You are forgetting yourself, but then, even an Emperor must grin and bear it when the 'forceps' come near him." And he did his best to do exactly what Talma wanted.

Another interesting detail anent Napoleon was handed down by my grandsire. Soon after Napoleon's death, the leading actor of Holland, Jelgerhuis, appeared in a tragedy of which the Petit Caporal was the hero. The scene was laid in the early days of the New Empire. Jelgerhuis portrayed him as a grand figure without a smile—at best he allowed the hero to curve his lip in that supercilious manner which ever since has become the sole attribute of humour in Napoleon-characterisations on the stage. Even Guitry, Bouwmeester, and Irving never permitted Napoleon to smile like an ordinary human being. But Dr. Davids knew better. He went on the stage (for he was also physician to the National Theatre) and said: "My dear J., capital, capital; but for God's sake smile!—the great Napoleon had a sense of humour and the smile of a child. Don't you know that it was that smile of his which captivated Marie Louise when she saw his picture, and prompted her to defy her father, the Emperor Joseph, when he opposed the match of the Hapsburg daughter to the upstart from Corsica? 'Il a le beau sourire,' said she, "et je l'accepte." Jelgerhuis after that cultivated that "beautiful smile"; but, as he himself was a very stern personage, accustomed to heroic verse, classic poses, and lionising by all around him, the Dutch nicknamed him "Napoleon with the vinegary smile"—textually, "Napoleon who smiles as if he were sipping vinegar." But the tradition survives, and the world is still waiting for a stage Napoleon who does not grin, nor wear a forelock, nor clap his hand at all times in the lapel of his coat.

. . . . . .

When Mr. Keble Howard avoids being sanctimonious, as in the absurd scene of the second act of "Sweet William," he is most amusing. The author of that parochial little classic of suburban humour, "The Smiths of Surbiton," has an observation of a peculiar kind, and a way of expressing his "vistas" of life which is irresistible. You cannot quite describe his humour; it is not exactly coruscating, nor is it germane to epigrams and play on and with words. It is just cosy, with a merry twinkle of mockery at middle-class people and ideas in the corner of the eye. So "Sweet William" is a delightful play, delightfully acted by that fine comedian, George Tully, who ran to fame in "General Post," and pleased every good Englishman by his grit, power, and restraint, and every woman because he is at once so male, so well-mannered, and so natural. I wish I could burn the same incense before Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, who, for some reason, ever since her début has been the spoilt child of some critics, who can do no wrong. There is a great deal of talent in Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, but I fear it is not always rightly applied. I know at least one play which for me was spoilt by Miss Nesbitt. That was "The Romantic Age," when she succeeded Miss Barbara Hoffe—who was all fairy-tale and charm—and portrayed the girl on the lines of the enigmatic young lady of "A Grain of Mustard Seed." Miss Nesbitt, apart from the fact that she has yet to learn to stand and move unforcedly, cultivates a smile *à la* Baudelaire (she may have never heard of him) which pleases the high-brows, and irritates the normal mind; she displays, in a simple little character like the girl in "Sweet William," a certain preciousness—which again captivates her admirers, but seems to jar when wedded to a very simple, human text. To put it all in a nutshell, Miss Nesbitt must neither play Shakespeare (oh! her Jessica!) nor light little plays of our even-minded middle-class as if they were fraught with deep meanings, problem plays with a vengeance and veiled in mysticism. Let her be her own young, girlish self, and she will disarm criticism, which in these days too often is mere "adjectives and lather."



A WIFE WITH A GUILTY SECRET: MISS EVA MOORE AS LADY MARLOW, AND MR. NORMAN McKINNEL AS SIR PHILIP MARLOW, IN "A MATTER OF FACT," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Lady Marlow has refused her husband's request that she should call on a divorced woman, although, as it turns out, she has a blot on her own past. Under pressure of blackmail, she confesses to Sir Philip, who, unknown to her, has already discovered her secret.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

. . . . . .

Michael Orme is putting the finishing touch to her adaptation of "Femina," the Dutch comedy by Doctores van Rossum and Soesman, which, after a phenomenal run in Holland, had the distinction of being *accepted* by the leading theatres of the principal Continental countries, and *rejected* by at least ten managers and stars in London. So it will be a case of "wait and see," when Miss Gwladys Morris presents it at a matinée on behalf of a charity to be selected by Dame Lloyd George. English by birth, Miss Gwladys Morris, after much excellent work at home, made her name in America, at the Little Theatre of Boston, where she created most of G.B.S.'s heroines. Shaw thinks highly of her work, and as Femina (three characters—three acts!) will fit her like the proverbial glove, the dramatic world is full of expectation.

. . .

Grandly Mrs. Virginia Compton, the wife of the unforgettable Edward, and the mother of a famous race, upholds the standard of her husband's heritage. Her Repertory Theatre at Nottingham has become a permanent institution, and when Shakespeare's birthday drew nigh, she would not allow London and Stratford to have it all their own way in the homage to the National Bard. Her Shakespeare Festival lasted no less than six weeks—six weeks! Oh! London! — and with stupendous effort her company performed "Romeo," "The Merry Wives," "Measure for Measure," "Much Ado," "Othello," and "Twelfth Night," to rousing cheers of full houses, and pæans of praise in the Press. It is a mighty effort that may well prompt the West End of London to pause and reflect.

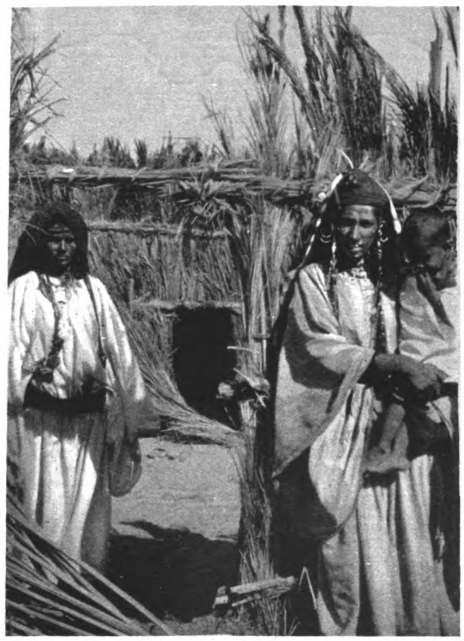


AN ETHEL M. DELL MELODRAMA AT THE GLOBE: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY CARFAX, MR. E. A. WALKER AS DIMSDALE, THE BUTLER, AND MR. TOWNSEND WHITLING AS THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND, SIR GILES CARFAX, IN "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

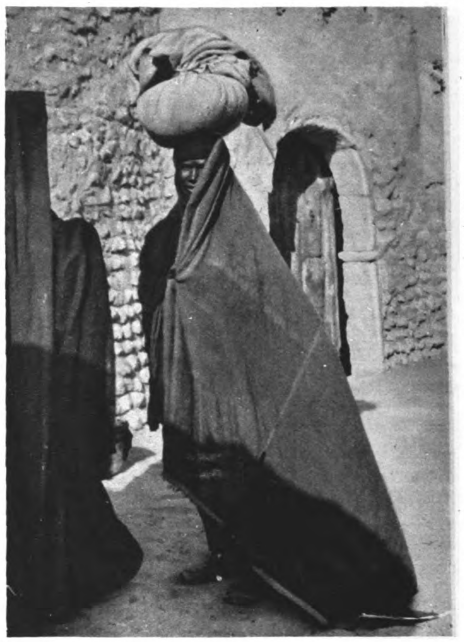
Sir Giles Carfax, who has taken to drink, beats his wife, and goes mad. He is seen (in hunting dress) struggling with the butler and two men-servants. Later he is removed to a nursing-home, and dies. Meanwhile, his wife has two lovers, and the rest of the plot turns on these entanglements.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

MRS. FORBES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT: PALM HOUSES; WASHING; MEALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ROSITA FORBES.



THE PALM HOUSE IN WHICH ROSITA FORBES WAS LODGED AT BUSEIMA



HOW THE WASHING CAME BACK AT JALO: AN INCIDENT AT A TOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT.



OBSERVING THE CONVENTION OF THE INEQUALITY BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN: MRS. FORBES (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) STANDING APART WHILE MEN OF HER CARAVAN TOOK THEIR MEAL DURING THE DESERT JOURNEY.

The remarkable journey of Mrs. Rosita Forbes through the Libyan desert to Kufara, the home of the Senussi, and thence by a new route to Egypt, is of extraordinary interest, and entitles her to an honourable place among British explorers. She was the first white woman, and the second European, to reach Kufara; during her travels she was frequently in danger from hostile tribes, starvation and thirst; and she obtained valuable information on the geography of the country, its political condition and commercial possibilities. Her photographs on this and the following pages afford picturesque glimpses of desert life. Of the places illustrated above she writes: "The Kaikaman at Jalo received us enthusiastically, and slaughtered a sheep in our honour. The whole town came out to greet us. At Jalo we were on the edge of the Cyrenaican plateau, over 200 miles from Benghazi (the starting-point) and with the Libyan desert stretching before us. . . . The palm groves (at Buseima), which extend for about eight miles, are famous for the best dates in Libya."

"The Interrogation Mark of the Sahara": KUFARA.

*By ROSITA FORBES.**

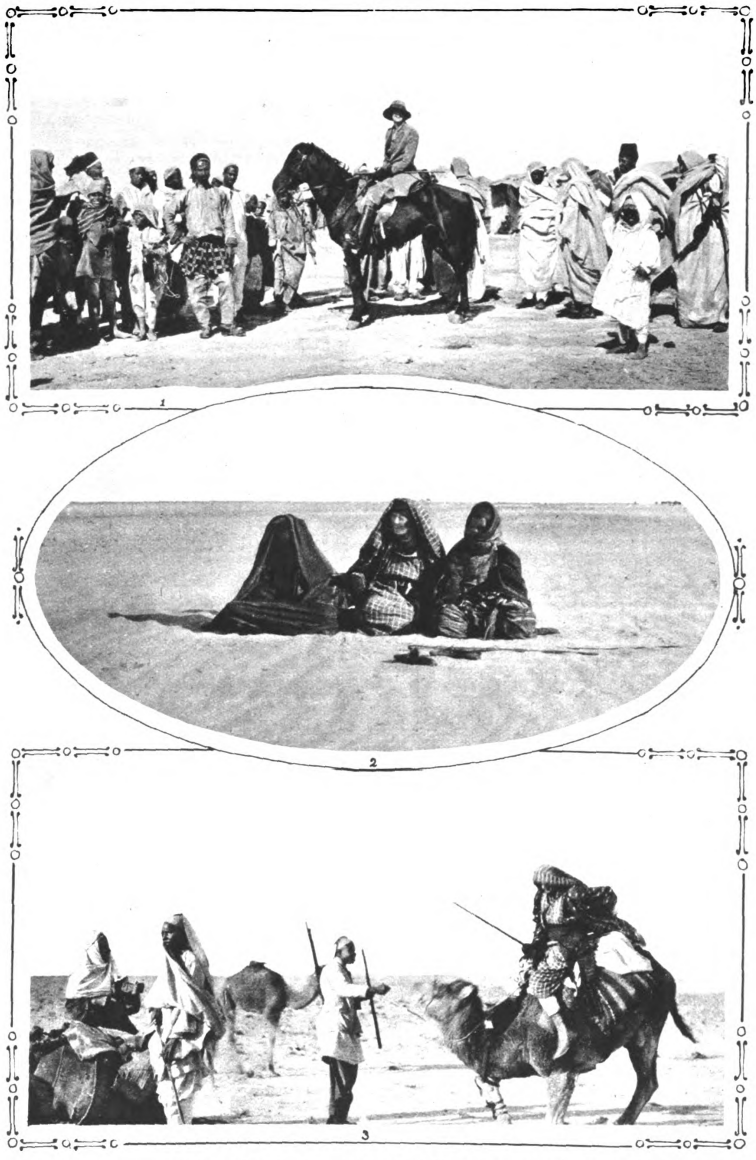
AN ancient Tuareg legend tells of a mysterious white race, fair-haired and blue-eyed, whose women live unveiled with their men, dwelling in the centre of the Sahara. French, Italian, and British penetration has left so little of the great desert unexplored that fable has connected the unknown oases of Kufara with the birthplace of this imaginary race. Thus a touch of mystery has been added to the charm of the far-off towns, whose names were whispered by travelling merchant and sheikh.

To the geographer, Kufara offered the enigma of her lakes and mountains in the midst of many hundred miles of unbroken sands. The historian was interested in the traces of the ancient Tebu sultanate, which existed in Taiserbo two hundred years ago. The politician might well speculate on the extent of Senussi influence throughout North Africa, and consequently on the possible importance of the confraternity's headquarters at Kufara. To the adventurous there was the joy of discovering a new route, and almost a new people. Thus, ever since the days when Henri Duveyrier crystallised into print the widespread fear of the mystic confraternity, whose doctrine then spread from Nigeria to the Hedjaz, from Morocco to the Comalis, Kufara has been the interrogation mark of the Sahara.

In 1879 a notable German explorer, Gerhard Rohlfs, took an expedition across the Libyan deserts. He had won fame in many hazardous journeys through hitherto unexplored districts of North Africa, and he deserves much for his exploit among the Zouias. Having crossed two hundred and fifty miles of waterless desert in a little over four days in August, when the heat must have been intolerable, he passed through Taiserbo and Buseima to the eastern end of the Kufara Valley. Here, unfortunately for science, he was betrayed by a treacherous sheikh, most of his instruments and notes were lost in the attack which destroyed his camp, and, after several weeks' imprisonment among the hostile Zouias, he was obliged to return to the coast. Nevertheless, the gallant Teuton brought back enough geographical information to stir the interest of every Saharan traveller.

Kufara, then known as Tarraz, was the original home of the Tebus, who came from Tibesti—a primitive negroid race clothed in sheepskin, fighting with flint-headed arrows, eating a paste made of locusts and wild dates. Ruins of their houses are still dotted over the salt marshes bordering the Kufara lakes. These houses are like large mud ovens, round, and made with such hard mortar that the saltstone walls are polished like pottery.

Some two hundred years ago, the Tebus were conquered by the Zouias, a renowned warrior tribe, who, in their destructive easterly progress from their birthplace in the Fezzan, over-ran most of Cyrenaica and Libya. Under their rule Kufara became the centre of brigandage in the Sahara, and the Bedouins still tell stories of wanton murder and sudden attacks emanating from the Zouia stronghold. Meanwhile, a greater force was growing in the north, for the Algerian Sidi Ben Ali es Senussi, after years of vagrant preaching, had founded the ascetic religious confraternity destined to play so large a part in the history of the penetration of Africa. The superstitious Zouias went to the new Holy Man at Jarabub to ask him to lift a curse placed on them for the massacre of a wealthy Sherif travelling through Kufara from Wadai, and were so impressed by his wisdom that they finally offered him the allegiance of their tribe. This entailed a grant of land in Kufara, and from that day (1856) the power of the Senussi has been firmly established in this remote group of Libyan oases.



1. BEFORE CHANGING TO ARAB DRESS AND CAMEL-BACK: MRS. ROSITA FORBES ON HORSEBACK, AS SHE ARRIVED AT JEDABIA.
2. BETWEEN TWO SLAVE-GIRLS: MRS. FORBES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.
3. A TOO SWIFT DESCENT! MRS. FORBES ALIGHTING FROM HER CAMEL WHERE A CAMP IS BEING PREPARED.

Kufara is the centre of the Saharan trade world — the spider at the heart of the web. All the caravans of the Eastern desert must stop to get water in the valley. North to Cyrenaica, east to Egypt, west to the Fezzan, south to Darfur and Wadai, the old trade routes used to go and every passing merchant paid a tithe to the ruler of Kufara. The founder of the Senussi confraternity died three years after his order had acquired this new territory, but his son, Sidi Mohamed el Mahdi, fully realised the strategic possibilities of the desert oases, and the link they provided with the negroid races of the south. He therefore moved his headquarters from Jarabub to Kufara and in a few years he transformed the valley from a wilderness of wild palms and woven huts into the self-supporting, self-sufficient centre of civilisation which it is to-day. Unfortunately, however, following his lifelong policy of avoiding all open contact with European Powers, he chose to isolate himself in the most rigid seclusion, accessible only to the brothers (Ekhwan) of his order, whose number was rapidly increasing. The naturally suspicious and distrustful character of the Zouias lent itself to this enforced reserve, and a fanatical hatred of the stranger, be he Christian or Moslem, became an inherent part of their religion.

[Continued on Page 680.

* The full story of the adventures of Mrs. Forbes is to be published in *Cassell's Magazine*.

WITHOUT WATER IN THE DESERT: THE PERIL OF THIRST IN LIBYA.

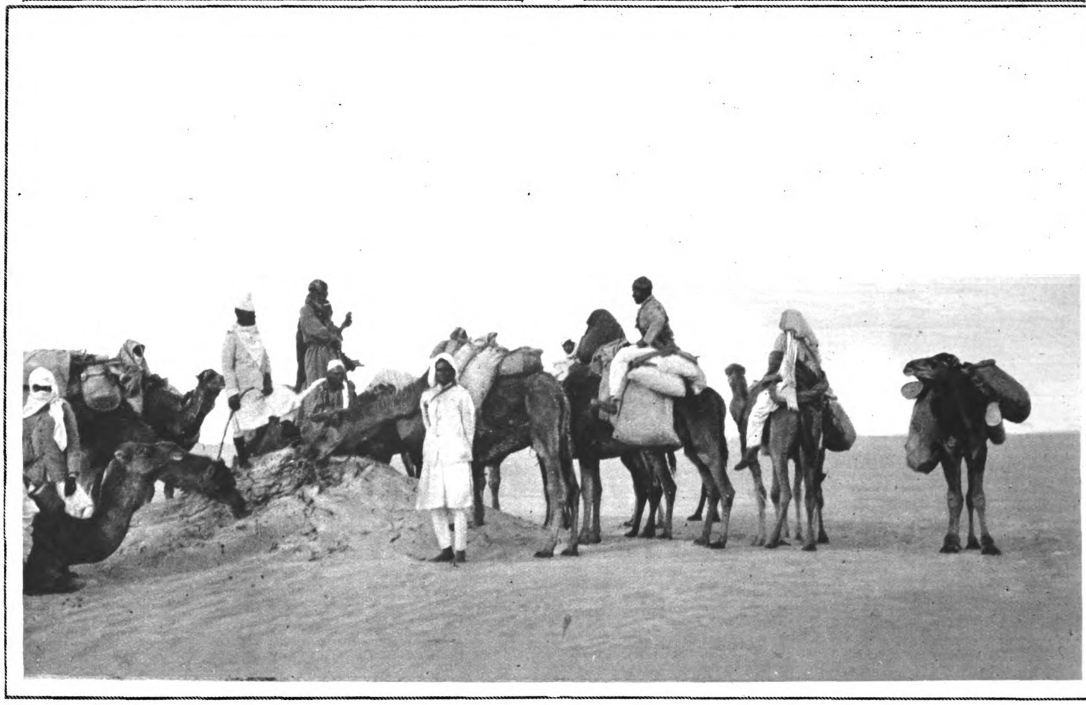
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



FIGHTING ROSITA FORBES'S GREATEST ENEMY—WATER SCARCITY: THE EXPLORER'S MEN DIGGING OUT THE WELLS AT BUTTAFEL.



WHERE THE FOALING OF FOUR CAMELS CAUSED A HALT: TWO OF THE BABY CAMELS BORN DURING THE JOURNEY IN THE DESERT.



CAMELS ENJOYING A WELCOME CHANGE OF DIET FROM TORN-UP BAGGAGE-SADDLES AND STRAW MATS: THE FIRST FODDER FOUND ON THE WORST DAY OF THIRST, RELIEVED (AFTER TWO DAYS WITHOUT WATER) BY THE DISCOVERY OF AN UNCHARTED WELL, EL HARRASH.



A VISIT TO THE "DRESSMAKER" IN A DESERT BORDER TOWN: MRS. FORBES INSTRUCTING TAILORS AT JALO, FOR THE CUT OF HER TROUSERS.



WAITING FOR HER ONLY CLOTHES TO DRY: MRS. FORBES (BY TENT) WITH WASHING ON THE SAND AT BUTTAFEL WELL—A RARE EVENT.

At one period during her journey to Kufara, Mrs. Rosita Forbes and her party were in danger of dying from thirst in the desert. Leaving the border town of Jalo, they had made, first, for the wells of Buttafel, and thence there lay before them a seven-days' journey to the next well, in the oasis of Taiserbo, which was wrongly charted on the map. Their guide lost his way, and, after seven days' wandering, the water they carried with them gave out. To feed the camels they had to tear up baggage-saddles and the straw mats of the Bedouin members of the party. Mrs. Forbes then changed direction, and at length, late on the ninth day, they were lucky enough to strike an uncharted well called El Harrash. From a hillock they could see Buseima mountain, which they reached in two days. Some of the camels dropped exhausted on the way. After leaving Buseima they passed a group of human skeletons, travellers who had apparently died of thirst not long before. At this time they were delayed by four camels foaling, and were threatened by attack from a hostile tribe. Furthermore, the guide, who went on ahead to Taj with their letters of introduction, plotted to have the whole party massacred, to prevent his failure to find Taiserbo from becoming known, but his amiable design was frustrated. Mrs. Forbes's dress included white and green narrow trousers, crimson cloak, veil, and yellow slippers.

A SALT LAKE IN THE LIBYAN DESERT: MRS. FORBES AT BUSEIMA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



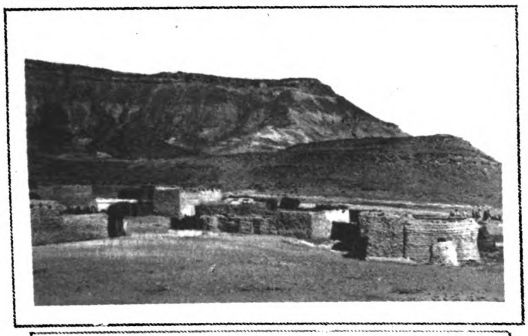
A WELCOME FIND AFTER THE STORE OF FUEL HAD GIVEN OUT: "OUR FIRST FIREWOOD," IN A *HATIA* NEAR EL HARRASH.



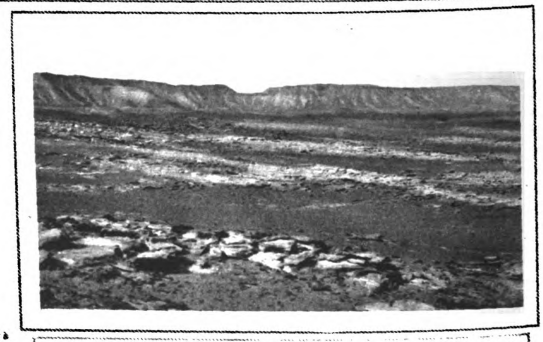
CAMELS LADEN WITH FODDER, WATER, AND A MINIMUM OF FOOD AND BAGGAGE: "THE ARRIVAL OF OUR CARAVAN."



IN THE OASIS OF BUSEIMA, WHICH MRS. FORBES WAS ALLOWED TO EXPLORE AFTER APPEASING HOSTILE NATIVES WITH A FEAST: A VIEW OF THE FIVE-MILE-LONG SALT LAKE.



WHERE MRS. FORBES'S CAMP WAS PUT IN A STATE OF DEFENCE AGAINST HOSTILE NATIVES: THE VILLAGE OF BUSEIMA.



"BOUNDED BY A MOUNTAIN CHAIN OF BLACK NUBIAN SANDSTONE MIXED WITH IRON AND MAGNESIAN": THE ENTRANCE TO BUSEIMA WADI.

When Mrs. Forbes's caravan lost the way to Taiserbo and (as described on a previous page) their water store failed, the firewood they carried also came to an end. It was therefore a welcome discovery to find, near the uncharted well of El Harrash, some dry, brittle wood that could be used as fuel. When they reached Buseima they had to stay three nights to rest. The population was hostile, and they prepared to defend their camp against attack; but after giving a feast to the natives Mrs. Forbes was allowed to explore the oasis, which is bounded by a chain of mountains of black Nubian sandstone mixed with iron and magnesian. She found that the oasis contained a salt lake, about five miles long, and one spring of fresh water. The palm groves, already mentioned as being noted for producing the best dates in Libya, extended for about eight miles. There were two villages, and ruins of Tebu buildings, of which photographs are given on a succeeding page. A *hatia* (shown in the top left photograph) is a shallow depression containing hummocks covered with brushwood and fodder.

WHERE MRS. FORBES EXPECTED ATTACK: BUSEIMA—ITS TEBU RUINS.

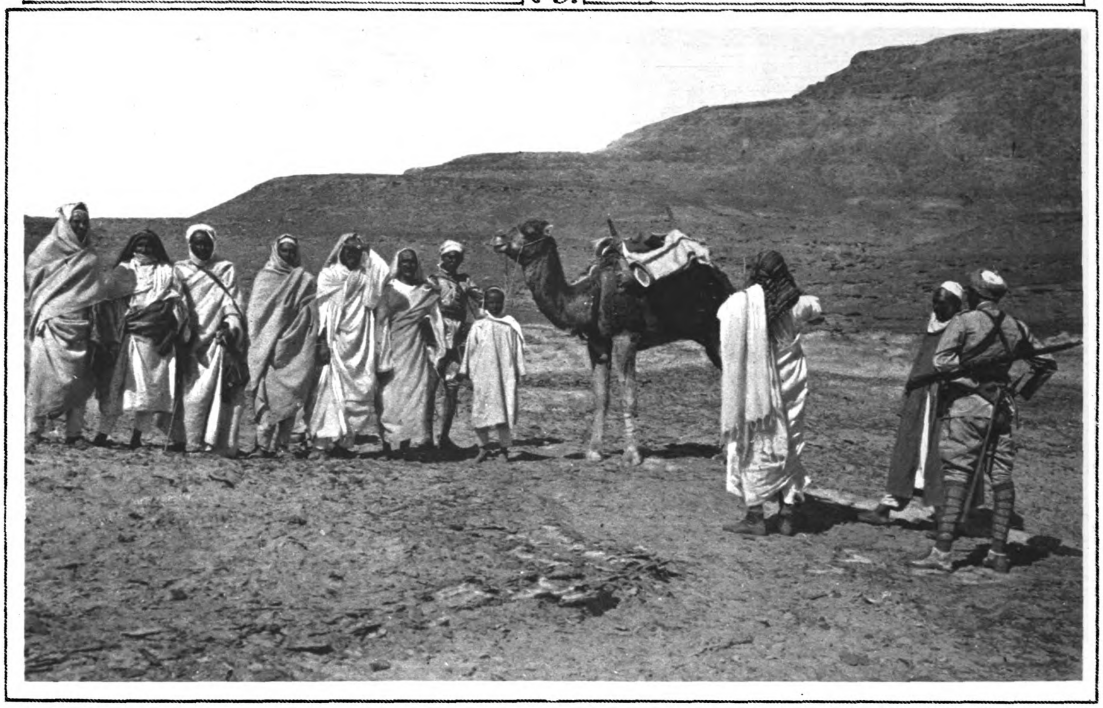
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



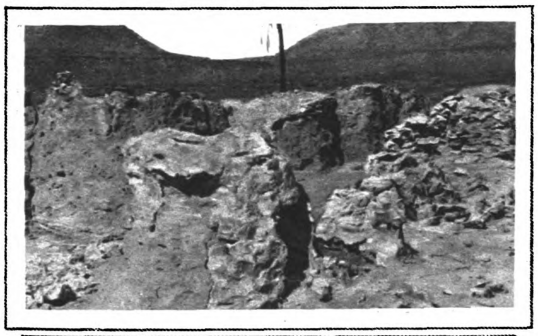
A TYPICAL CAMPING-GROUND: AN INCIDENT OF ROSITA FORBES'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE LIBYAN DESERT.



BUILT BY THE TEBU TRIBE, THE BERBER ABORIGINES OF LIBYA: A GROUP OF RUINED HOUSES AT BUSEIMA.



"THE POPULATION WAS HOSTILE, AND AS AN ATTACK WAS THREATENED WE MADE OUR CAMP A DEFENSIVE CAMP": THE FIRST AUDIENCE AT BUSEIMA BETWEEN THE NATIVES AND THE ROSITA FORBES PARTY.



"ALSO USED AS GRAVES, THE DEAD . . . SITTING ROLLED IN SHEEPSKINS": TEBU HOUSES AT BUSEIMA.



BUILT BY A TRIBE WHO WEAR ONLY SHEEPSKINS AND EAT MIXED POWDERED DATES AND LOCUSTS: A TEBU HOUSE.

At Buseima, as previously mentioned, Mrs. Rosita Forbes and her party met at first with a hostile reception. They encountered there a lawless family known as the Fakrun, who make a practice of attacking caravans, but, says Mrs. Forbes, "our numbers overawed them." She gave a feast to the natives, and was then allowed to explore the oasis with the Sheikhs Mohamed and El Madeni. They found a number of ruined forts built by the Tebu, the original Berber inhabitants of Libya. These people wear only sheepskins (with the wool inside) and eat a mixture of powdered dates and locusts. The men carry long spears, and the women have date-stones stuck through a hole in the nostrils. The houses are also used as graves, the dead being buried in a sitting position rolled in sheepskins. The Arab dress is very different from that of the Tebu. The Zouia wear long white "jirds," which envelop them completely, with boots of scarlet or yellow. In the lower photograph on the right, part of the salt-water lake at Buseima can be seen in the background.

***KUFARA*—(Continued from Page 676.)**

This almost maniacal loathing of innovation in any form, together with a jealous determination to preserve their country intact and uninfluenced by European progress, has proved the greatest barrier in the path of the would-be explorer. Nature appears to be in league with the Zouias, for she has surrounded the oases with her most impenetrable defences. As the crow flies, Kufara lies some 500 miles inland from the Gulf of Syrte, and after the first 150 all traces of human habitation are left behind. Any caravan starting from Jalo, the most southerly outpost of Arab civilisation, must carry water for seven days' march, together with all necessary fodder and fuel, for it will have to travel more than 250 miles across an inconceivably barren desert devoid of stick, stone, or blade of grass. It is impossible to describe anything so featureless as the great plain which surrounds the Kufara oases. I remember our guide used to point out wholly imaginary depressions or rises as landmarks, but they were completely invisible to the European eye. When one talks of a route in the Sahara one means a direction, for there is not a mark on the flat brown waste till the mirage breaks the horizon into tantalising islands and seas. To go to any charted spot a compass is of much more use than a guide, for the latter is apt to "lose his head," just as much a disease in Libya as influenza in London! Our guide did even worse, for, having completely lost us, so that we suffered agonies of thirst for three days till we came to an uncharted well, he planned to destroy the whole caravan in order to obliterate the memory of his mistake. Fortunately, the exceeding generosity of the Emir Idris, the present head of the Senussi (a most enlightened ruler, a friend of Italy and England and indeed of all modern progress), had provided us with two of his most trusted followers. Therefore we were able, after a series of somewhat melodramatic adventures, to defeat the machinations of our crafty guide. But let no one attempt to travel in Libya except under the direct protection of the Senussi family, and armed with their written passport. We were provided with a most hospitable document, permitting Ahmed Bey Hassanein, my Egyptian friend, and the Lady Khadija, Moslems working for the good of Islam, to travel where they would, and requesting all Government officials and tribal sheikhs to entertain them lavishly on behalf of the Senussi Sayeds. Nevertheless, we should many times have been in difficulties had it not been for the tact and eloquence of my indefatigable companion and the loyalty of the two Ekhwan who accompanied us.

Even with all these advantages, we had the greatest difficulty in exploring the valley of Kufara, for the Zouia sheikhs could not be induced to believe that their adored ruler had really given permission to the hated strangers to penetrate their jealously guarded frontiers.

From the first belt of wells which breaks the monotony of the awe-inspiring southern desert, it is a day-and-a-half's journey across the dunes to Buseima, the most northerly oasis of the Kufara group. For nearly the whole way one can see its black Nubian-sandstone mountain, which borders an intensely blue lake fringed with feathery palms, the whole jewelled picture set in a wide circle of dunes, coral-coloured from the dust of the hills. Another four days' labouring in heavy sands separates Buseima from Kufara proper, and after we had passed Hawari, the outlying village where we suffered so much at the hands of the fanatical tribesmen and where our expedition nearly came to an abrupt end, expectation rose to breaking-point. Not till one is within a quarter of a mile of Kufara does one realise that the rough expanse of stony banks and hillocks is suddenly broken by an immense cleft, some 68 kilometres long and 30 wide, surrounded on all sides by amber cliffs. On the very edge of one of these is perched the sacred place of the Senussi, the headquarters of their religion, where is buried Sidi el Mahdi, father of the present Emir, and the most revered personality of all the confraternity, the fame of whose miracles is spread far and wide by the brethren of his order.

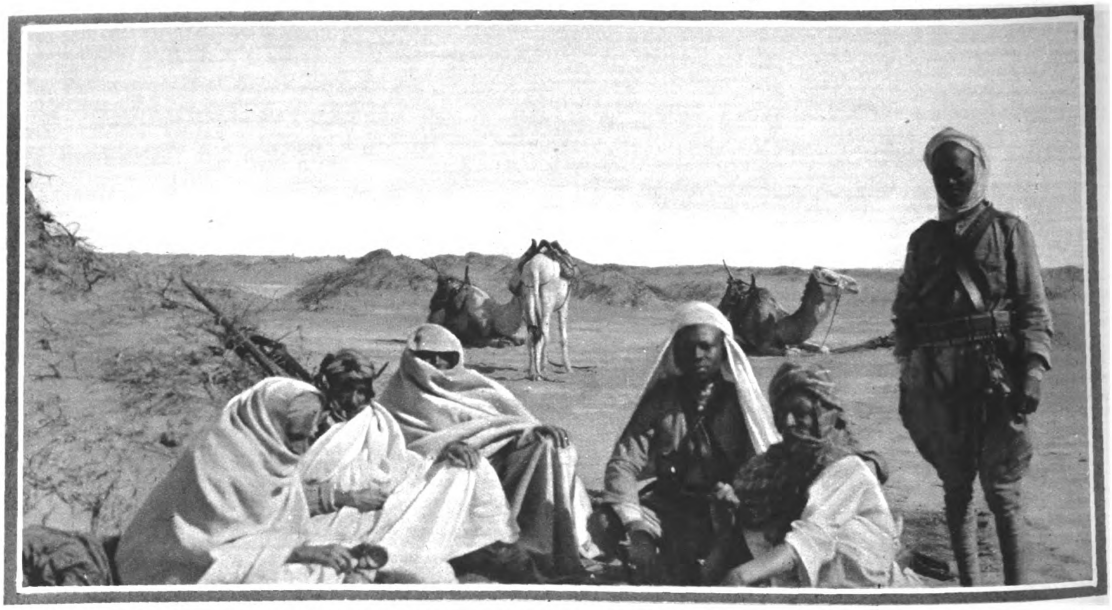


AN INTERLUDE ON THE DUNES NEAR BUSEIMA: MRS. FORBES (CENTRE) RUNNING A RACE WITH THE GUIDE (LEFT).

This sacred town of Taj is built of the black stones and red sand that surround it. No green thing grows within its precincts, and no living animal may enter them. Its narrow sandy paths are deserted, for its dignified Ekhwan are cloistered in the aloof reserve of their windowless houses. Its wells are 120 feet deep, and it depends for its whole existence on the valley below, from which armies of black slaves carry up food, fuel, and other necessities of life. In Taj is one of the most famous Senussi Zawias. In olden days these buildings were training-ground and market-place, judgment-hall and asylum, offering hospitality to the traveller and a neutral meeting-place where tribal disputes could be settled by the supreme and unbiassed authority of the sheikh. Nowadays they are colleges, but three days most generous hospitality is still given to all wayfarers.

From the cliff on which Taj is built one looks down into a red-gold valley, dotted with metallic blue lakes, emerald of palms broken by feathery tamarisk, and silver-grey of olive and fig, with little dark-walled towns dotted here and there, looking like long, low fortresses. Survey departments will now report on Kufara as "a broad, shallow depression, where the natural underground water-supply comes to the surface," but after 500 miles of the dreariest desert in the world, the traveller will always look upon it as a magic valley and fit home for the legendary white race of the Tuareg fables!

(To be followed by other articles.)

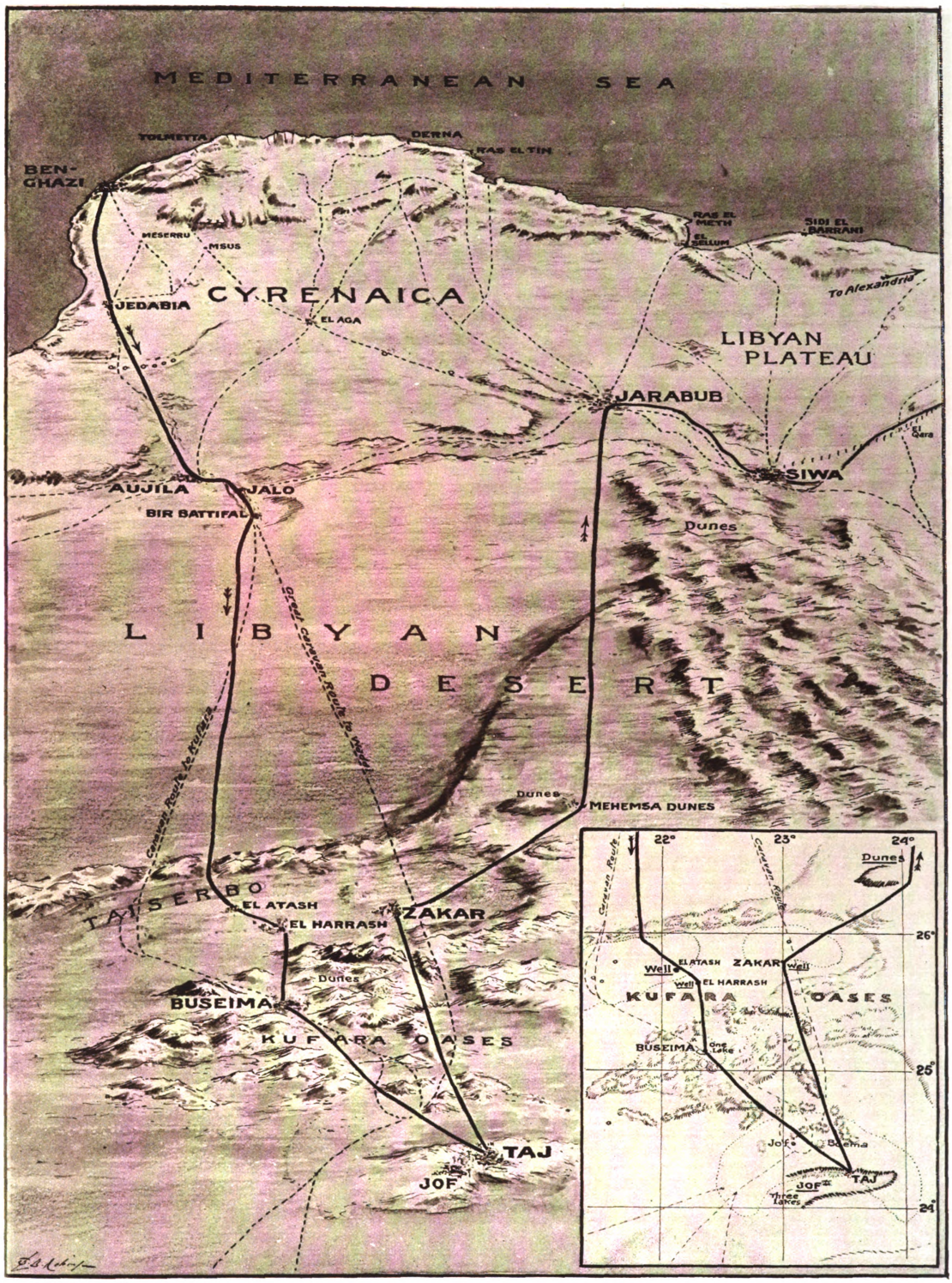


SHOWING A HILLOCK BEHIND WHICH MRS. FORBES TOOK HER MEAL APART, ACCORDING TO CONVENTION: SULEIMAN BU MATAR'S PICNIC AT TAJ.

Owing to native conventions, Mrs. Forbes took her meal apart from the others, behind the hill seen in the centre background.

LIBYA RE-MAPPED BY ROSITA FORBES: A 1000-MILE JOURNEY.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.

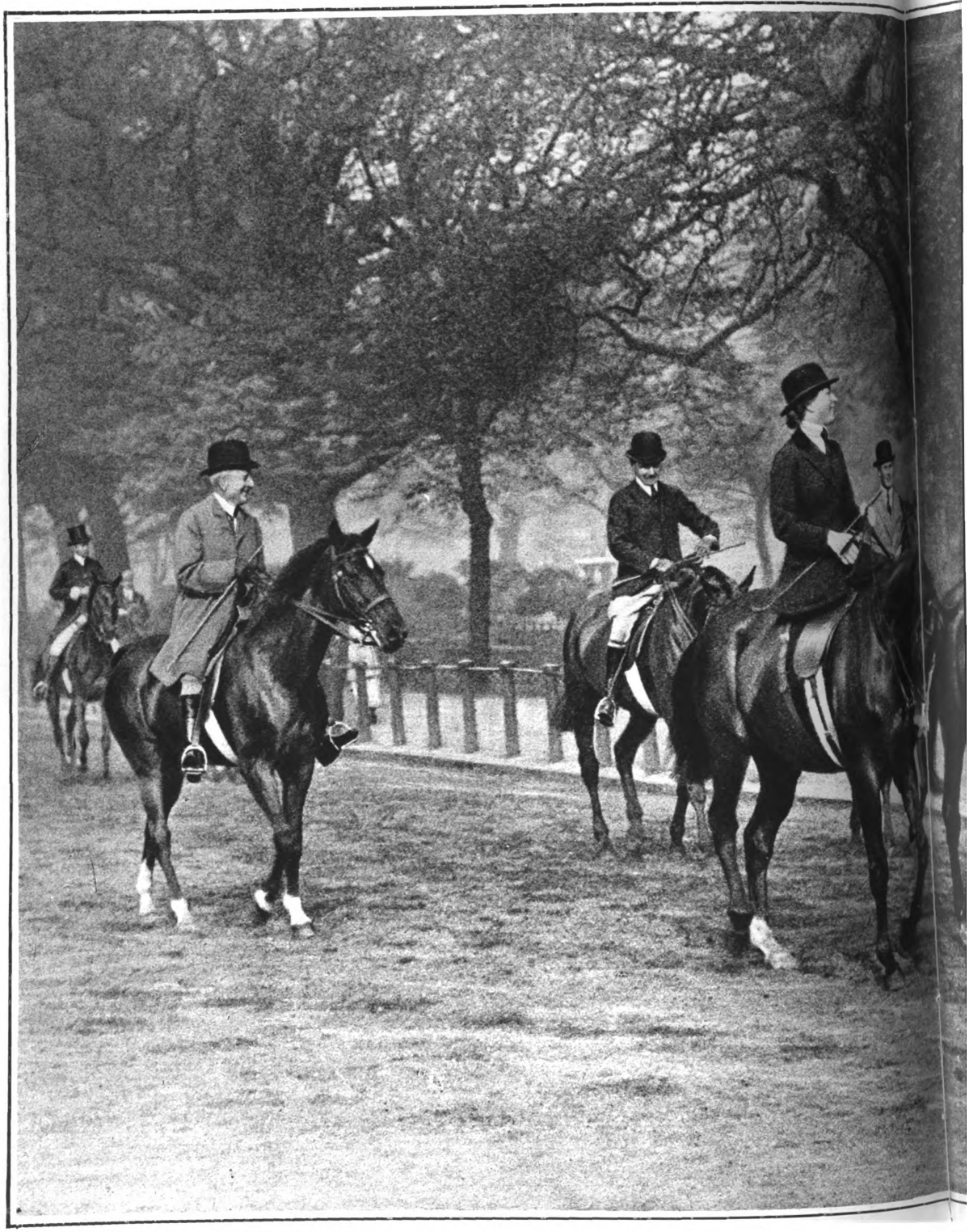


ROSITA FORBES'S TRAVELS IN LIBYA: HER GREAT JOURNEY TO KUFARA AND THENCE BY A NEW ROUTE TO EGYPT—(INSET) A MAP SHOWING THE CORRECT POSITION OF JOF (UNDERLINED) AND THE WRONG POSITION BEFORE CHARTED.

The report of Mrs. Rosita Forbes's expedition made to the Egyptian Survey Department states: "The estimated total distance travelled from Jedabia to Jarabub is 1009 miles. This was covered in thirty-six days' actual marching. The most important geographical results are: (1) The principal oasis of the Kufara group . . . is found to lie considerably to the south-east of the position it has hitherto been supposed to occupy; (2) The oasis of Ribiana ('Erbehna' on existing maps) lies nearly south instead of south-west of Buseima, considerably farther east than was formerly believed; (3) A number of hitherto unknown wells east of Taiserbo, extending in a belt nearly across the direct line between Jalo and Buseima, have been located; (4) Vegetation in the oases of the Kufara group is ascertained to be far less extensive than indicated on existing maps from the statements of Rohlfs. . . . A fifth result of the journey is that the practicability of a direct route from Kufara to Jarabub is proved." Mrs. Forbes is to lecture on her journey before the Royal Geographical Society on May 23. The above map gives an approximate idea of the route which she followed through the Libyan desert.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ROYAL RIDERS IN THE ROW: THE KING AS HORSEMAN, V

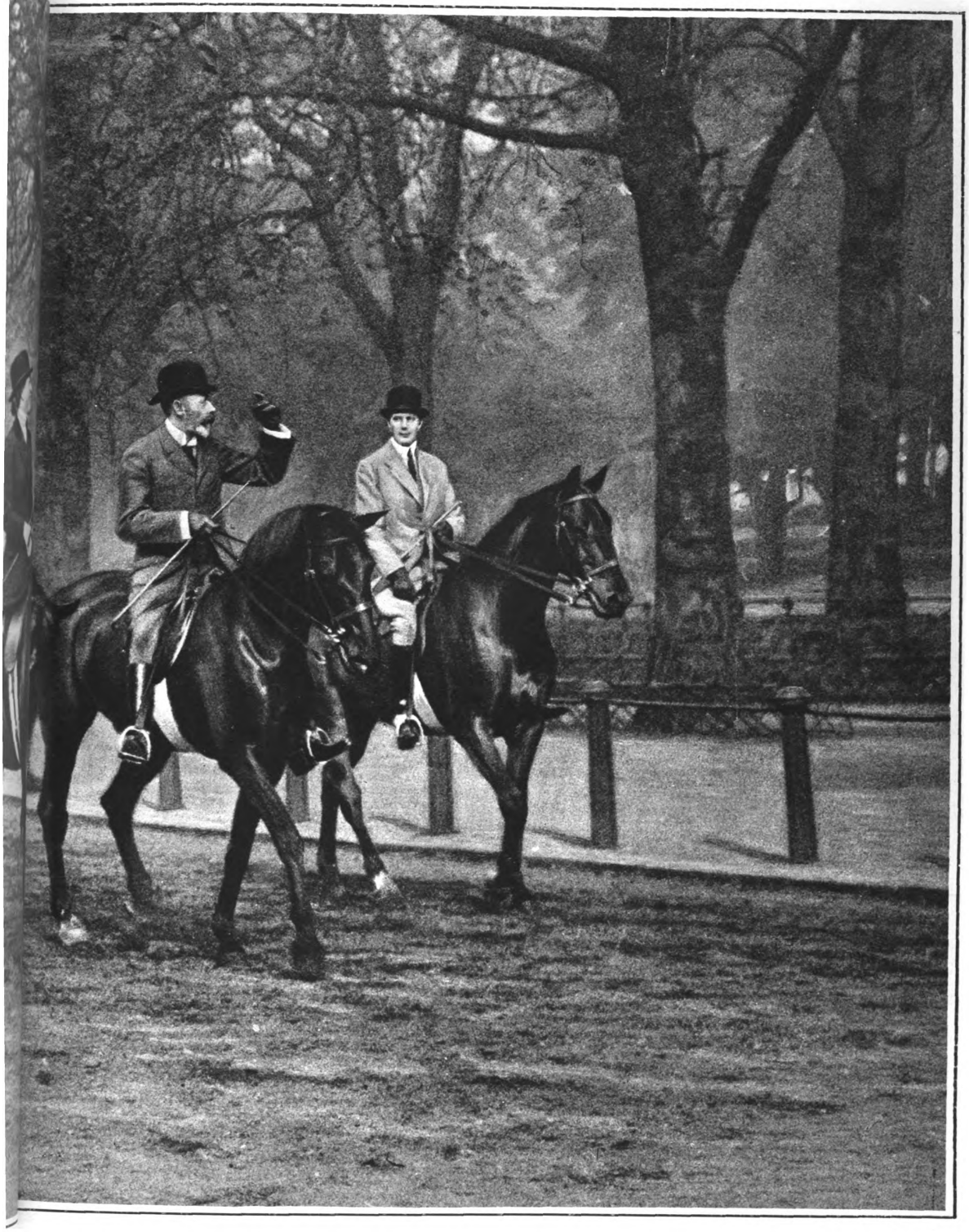
Photograph by C.N.



THE KING IN ROTTEN ROW: HIS MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS MARY, THE DUKE OF

A photograph like this makes it easy to understand both the personal popularity of the Royal Family and the success of the British Monarchy as an institution. We are a sport-loving people devoted to all forms of healthy exercise and open-air life, and we look for a lead in these matters from those who are set over us. King George and his fine upstanding sons represent all that is best in the tradition of English outdoor pursuits; they ride, hunt, and shoot with the best, and they lose no opportunity of encouraging, by their presence and interest—at cricket and football matches, race-meetings, boxing contests, and so on—every form of sport and physical recreation. The Prince of Wales, who was also in the Row on the occasion illustrated, though he is not seen in the photograph,

N, WITH HIS DAUGHTER AND TWO OF HIS SONS.



YORK (CENTRE BACKGROUND), AND PRINCE HENRY (RIGHT), IN HYDE PARK.

is a first-rate rider, and has won laurels as a point-to-point steeple-chaser. Princess Mary, too, in the feminine sphere, sets a similar example. She also is an accomplished horsewoman, and by her association with the Girl-Guide movement, and in other ways, is a model to English girls. Small wonder, therefore, that with their personal geniality the members of the Royal House endear themselves to the heart of the nation. On the political side, too, a scene like this has its significance. The supreme head of the greatest Empire known to history rides out in a public park, like an ordinary gentleman, without the least pomp or ostentation. It is typical of the spirit of our Constitution, that perfect compromise between democracy and kingship which is the wonder of the world.

"THE NAMELESS EXHIBITION": REPRESENTATIVE BRITISH AR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI &C.



"FISHING."



"FOOTBALLERS."



"A CANAL SCENE."



"A DUTCH FAMILY."

THE introduction to the catalogue of the Nameless Exhibition says: "The organisers... had no desire to spring a mine under the reputation of the critics, whose identification of many of the artists is a foregone conclusion, nor to mystify the public nor to start a guessing game. Their object was to confront the spectator with each picture as quickly as possible without allowing his judgment to be disturbed by all the overtures of praise or blame which the



"THE LADY IN WHITE."



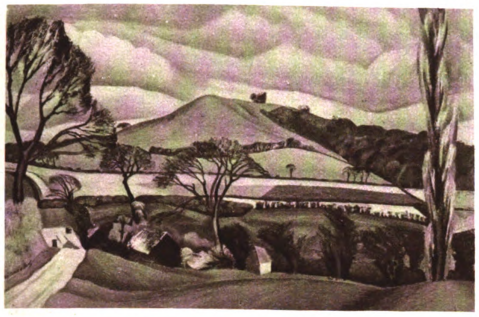
"BRETON LANDSCAPE."

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" PICTURES REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ACADEMIC, INTERMEDIATE,

For more than a century, owing to the divergent creeds of different artists, and their division into independent schools and societies, it has been impossible to gather into a single exhibition representative specimens of all varieties of contemporary British painting. From 1768 to 1805 the Royal Academy was the sole exhibiting society, but in the latter year the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours came into being, and in 1806 the British Institution, both of which have their independent shows. The management of the "Burlington Magazine" recently decided to arrange a representative exhibition, including all the conflicting schools, and Messrs. Colnaghi offered the Grosvenor Galleries for the purpose. Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., Professor Henry Tonks, and Mr. Roger Fry were asked to select the pictures. They gave their services free, and neither they nor the

ART SUBJECTED TO THE TEST OF ANONYMITY.

GROSVENOR GALLERIES. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED BY THE ARTISTS.)



"BEACON HILL, ELLESBOROUGH."

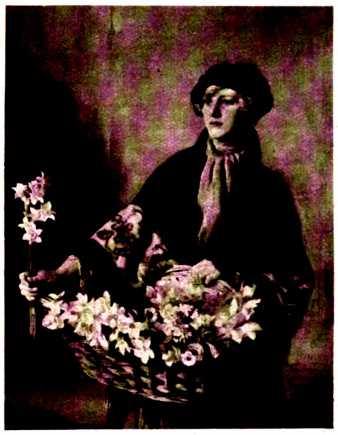


"THE VISIT."

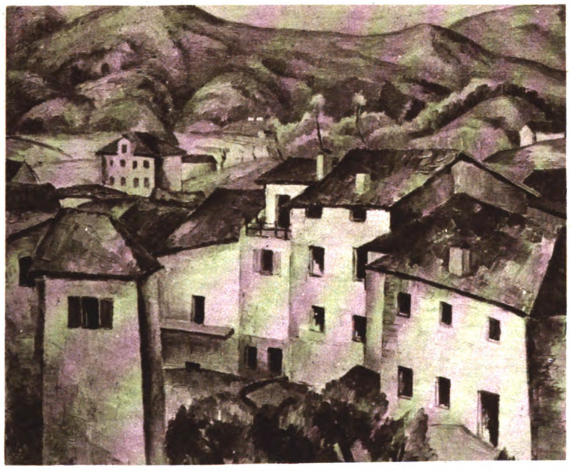
author's name often brings with it. We all tend to be over-sensitive to the social judgment of our kind. It is terrible to suppose that we might be caught in the wrong attitude towards a book, a picture, or a theory. The present exhibition is likely to create a good deal of such social nervousness, but it also will provide an admirable opportunity for social courage. Let every one form his own honest unaided judgment without fear of the consequences." It is a piquant situation.



"THE WATER-CARRIERS."



"KITTY."



"VIGANELLO."



"THE SÈVRES DISH."

AND MODERNIST GROUPS, SHOWN ANONYMOUSLY AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERIES.

magazine have any financial interest in the venture. For the purpose of the exhibition they divided British artists into three groups, the Academics, the Intermediates, and the Modernists, and each chose from the school he represented what he considered the best works available. The artists responded with goodwill, and it is hoped that such an exhibition will become an annual event. In order to make the comparison of such different works as fair and unprejudiced as possible, the organisers decided further to show the pictures at first without the artists' names. It was arranged to open the Exhibition on May 20. The names will be divulged on June 16. "The less we play the guessing game," says the preface of the catalogue, "the more likely we are to derive aesthetic pleasure from the Exhibition."

WITH KNEES AND TOES TURNED IN: THE MUCH-DISCUS

From the Drawing by J. Basté.

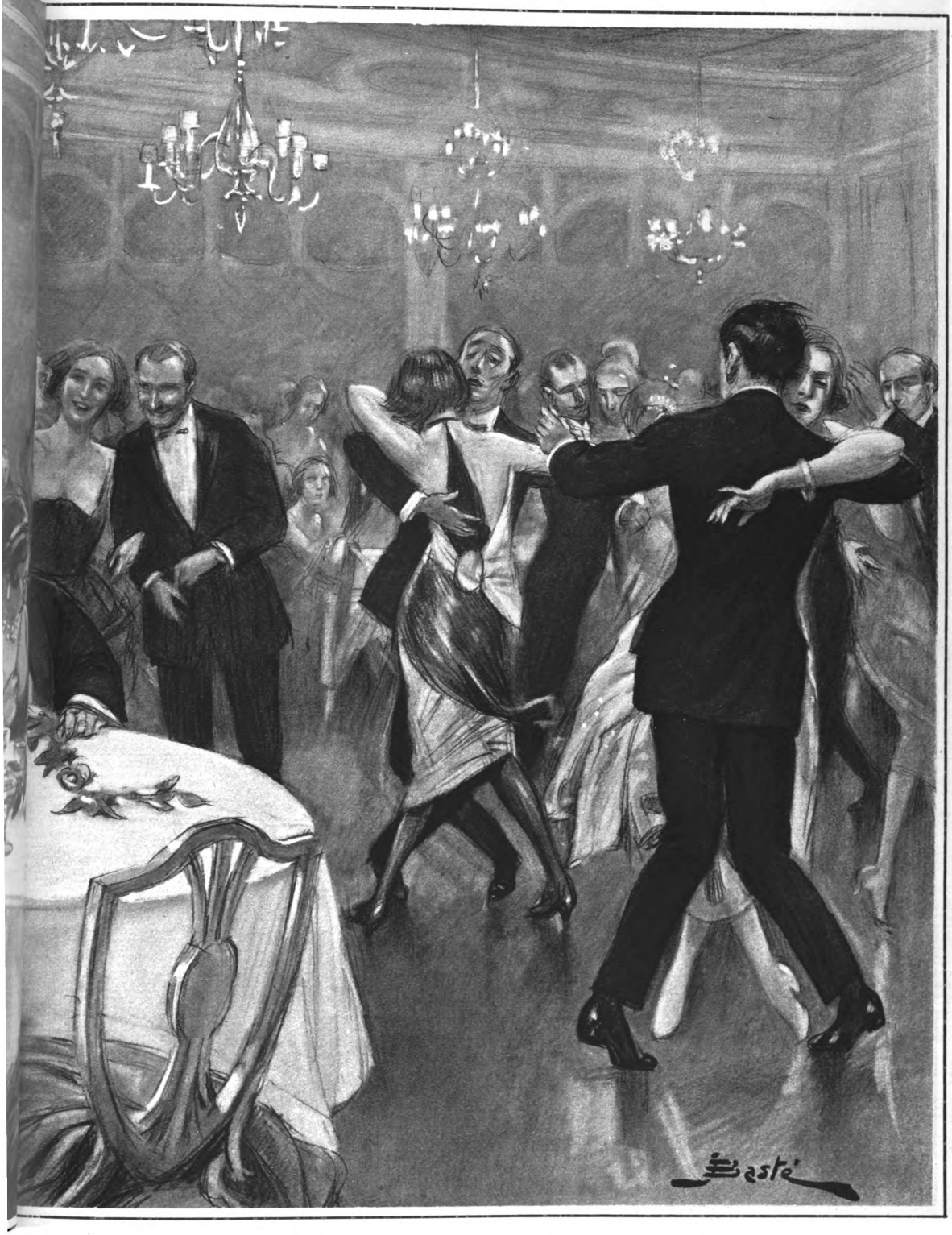


APPROVED (WITHOUT THE *FRISSON*, OR "SHAKE") BY THE UNION OF DANCING PROFESSORS: THE "SHIMMY" AS PERFORMED AT A PARIS DANCING ACADEMY

The dancing world has been agitated of late by a controversy regarding the merits and morals of the "Shimmy-Shake," the latest addition to modern dances of exotic origin. Paris, especially, has been greatly exercised on the subject. Its detractors have condemned it as being "eccentric, shocking, decadent, and immoral," and eventually it was banned by the Dancing Academy. Another French organisation, however, the Union of Dancing Professors, decided to sanction it in a modified form, without the "frisson," or shake, which was the chief cause of objection. After carefully considering and discussing every movement, they evolved a dance, known simply as "the Shimmy," to which no objection could be taken by the most punctilious, and included it, along with the Tango, in their authorised list. It was reported that most Paris dancers agree that

CUSSED "SHIMMY" AS DANCED IN PARIS.

BASTÉ.



ROFESSORS IN FRANCE, BUT BANNED BY THE DANCING ACADEMY: T A FAMOUS PARIS RESTAURANT.

the "Shimmy" and the jazz band have had their day, but that provincial dancing masters urged that their pupils insisted on learning the "Shimmy." The particular dance here illustrated was at the Restaurant Laurent, in the Champs Elysées. It cannot be said that the turned-in knees and toes, and the crossed legs, look graceful. Of course, the character of the "Shimmy," like any other dance, depends really on the way in which it is performed. Even the valse might be danced in a style that could be considered objectionable. The artist, M. J. Basté, is a brother-in-law of M. J. Simont, whose work is so familiar to our readers, and has something of the same style. M. Basté draws for many French and Spanish papers, and has produced some sensational coloured posters.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF "MAX": A KING OF CARICATURISTS.

FROM THE EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES. (COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED BY THE ARTIST.)



1. "SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT": PLEASANT PROSPECTS FOR THE NEXT GREAT WAR—AN EMINENT SOLDIER BEMOANS HIS LOST YOUTH.



2. "THE MEMBER FOR GRAVESEND": EXPERT ADVICE FROM A FAMOUS NOVELIST ON THE NEEDS OF THE CONSTITUENCY.



3. "LIFE-FORCE, WOMAN-SET-FREE, SUPERMAN, ETC.": A DEAL IN SECOND-HAND CLOTHES BETWEEN BERNARD SHAW AND GEORG BRANDES.



4. "A STUDY IN TEMPTATION": A BRITISH LABOUR DELEGATE IN RUSSIA FACE TO FACE WITH THE BOLSHEVIST SIREN.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's new exhibition at the Leicester Galleries—the first he has held for eight years—contains, besides numerous hitherto unseen cartoons and caricatures, a number of very interesting "Doubles." (See our "Books of the Day" page.) The inscriptions to the above examples are: (1) "SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT. *Scene*: a Room in the War Office. *Time*: the Present. Eminent Scientist (explaining chemical formula): 'One ounce of this powder, dropped from an aeroplane, would destroy all human and other animal life throughout an area of 500 square miles.' Eminent Soldier (Soudan Campaign. Medal, with clasps. Despatches twice): 'Would it, though? Good gracious me, you don't say so! Marvellous! Have the other Powers got anything of the sort, d'ye think?' Eminent Scientist: 'Nothing *quite* so good at present, I think. But, of course——' Eminent Soldier: 'Well, it 's perfectly marvellous.' But—gad!—how one wishes one was a youngster, and *sure* of being in the Next Great War!'"——(2) "THE MEMBER FOR GRAVESEND. Mr. W. W. Jacobs (to Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. for Gravesend, 1900-1918): 'It 's no sort of use talking to *them* about the Unity and Integrity of the Empire. All they want is that you should sit down on your hat and stand rum all round.'"——(3) "LIFE-FORCE, WOMAN-SET-FREE, SUPERMAN, ETC. Georg Brandes ('Chand d'Idées): 'What 'll you take for the lot?' George Bernard Shaw: 'Immortality.' Georg Brandes: 'Come, I 've handled these same goods before! Coat, Mr. Schopenhauer's; waistcoat, Mr. Ibsen's; trousers, Mr. Nietsche's——' George Bernard Shaw: 'Ah, but look at the patches!'"—— (4) "A STUDY IN TEMPTATION," a British Labour Delegate in Russia.



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BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THERE has been little poetry published of late which is both new and true—much that I have read in passing lacks the sincerity without which the most cunning-wrought verse cannot outlive its fashion. But "DOMESDAY BOOK" (Eveleigh Nash; 20s. net), by Edgar Lee Masters, is a problem novel in verse which is in downright deadly earnest, and will not diminish, if it does not enhance, the growing reputation of the author of "The Spoon River Anthology." Some American critics look upon Mr. Masters as the successor according to preordainment of Walt Whitman, and there is no denying that the "barbaric yawp" is often heard, or at any rate overheard, in his *vers libre*, the freedom of which sometimes degenerates into literary libertinism. But his Spoon River "characters," which expose and expound the hidden tragedies and comedies of a commonplace town in the midway West of America, are so incisive in their wit and wisdom, so quietly destructive of cant and sham, that they are certain to be included among the living literary documents of which Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and Mark Twain's Mississippi novels are the best known to readers on this side of the Atlantic. In his new book, written throughout in excellent blank verse, Mr. Masters attempts a task defined as follows—

> Take any life you choose and study it;
> It gladdens, troubles, changes many lives.
> The life goes out, how many things result?
> Fate drops a stone, and to the utmost shores
> The circles spread.

So the humble life and tragic death of Elenor Murray, a girl with a genius for making her love add to the *joie-de-vivre* of others, are made the subject of a careful inquiry. There are many notable passages by the way, from which I choose this panegyric on England—

> . . . . Say what you will,
> This England is the smartest thing in time,
> Can never fail, be conquered while she keeps
> That mind of hers, those eyes that see all things
> In every corner of the house of Jack;
> And with one language spoken by more souls
> Than any tongue, leads minds by written words;
> Writes treaties, compacts which forestall the sword
> And makes it futile when it 's drawn against her.

The myth of England's stupidity has been destroyed by what she did in the war—at any rate in America, as these lines may serve to remind us.

. . . . . .

Quotation is the sincerest form of criticism, and it is in the making of anthologies that a critic's creative faculty best expresses itself. Palgrave's many writings are lost in the vast dust-heaps of literary circumstance, but his "Golden Treasury" will keep his memory green, being a great act of faithfulness to the genius of English lyric poetry. "AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE" (Methuen; 6s. net), chosen by "A. M.," and having an Introduction by Robert Lynd, is, I think, a selection which has a good chance of being accepted by posterity as the indispensable "Silver Treasury." It will serve to exonerate the Georgian group from the censure of a witty (but unwise) commentator who defined them as "the week-end school of poetry." In his delightful Introduction Mr. Robert Lynd warns us against generalising as to the characteristics of modern verse. "It would be folly," he observes, "to attempt to discover a generalisation within the four corners of which Mr. Bridges, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Yeats, Mr. A. E. Housman, Flecker, Brooke, Mr. Davies, Mr. Sassoon, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Colum, and Mr. Chesterton can all be securely herded like cattle in a yard. The poets of to-day differ from one another almost as profoundly as from their predecessors." Yet there is a difference, definitely felt if indefinable in set terms, between the finest of this modern verse and that in the last section of Palgrave's selection. Such singers as Shelley and Keats (like Virgil) thought the saying was as important as the seeing, whereas the modern makers believe the thing seen more important than the thing said. Because of this belief the poets of to-day, Mr. Lynd thinks, are in danger of losing the quality of memorableness—and he would be right, I feel, were he to say that some of them have lost it. "SELECTIONS FROM MODERN POETS" (Martin Secker; 6s. net), made by Mr. J. C. Squire, himself high in the Georgian hierarchy, does not claim to be a complete anthology of the work of living poets, for when it was begun in 1919 an age-limit of fifty was determined on. Here and there, however, Mr. Squire scores a point against "A. M."—for example, when he includes the late Wilfred Owen's "Strange Meeting" (by far the most powerful of all the war-poems in our language) and Mr. Francis Brett Young's "Prothalamium." And both should have included, if not a few illustrative examples of the ultra-modern art of Iris Tree and Edith Sitwell and Aldous Huxley and Anna Wickham, at any rate the last-named *vers-libriste's* haunting song of the cherry-blossom wand, "a beautiful thing that will never grow wise." And how is it that Lady Margaret Sackville has been overlooked by both anthologists?

. . . . . .

Mr. Squire's idea of an age-limit in anthology-making is certainly intriguing. If I could ever be persuaded to weave another garland of other people's verse (once I did it, and once is enough!), it would be a selection from the work of poets and poetesses under twenty-one, whereof there must be at least a hundred at Oxford and Cambridge alone. Hitherto, Oxford, owing to the wise complaisance of Mr. Basil Blackwell, has seemed to be far more prolific than Cambridge in the production of fresh young poetry, as pleasant and comforting as warm, new milk. Now a series of little paper-covered books (each priced at one florin) is being issued by Perkin Warbeck, 9, Market Hill, Cambridge. (Will Lambert Simnel start in opposition?) The standard of achievement is so high, judging by the first six booklets published, that no anthologist can afford to neglect the new field. Let him remember, furthermore, that the late C. H. Sorley, who is represented in the two anthologies noticed above, was killed in his twenty-first year!

. . . . . .

I had expected to see an influx of Napoleonic literature round about May 5, the centenary of the Emperor's death, yet nothing of the kind has occurred. But "BERNADOTTE AND NAPOLEON" (John Murray; 21s. net), by the Right Hon. Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton, which is the second of three volumes covering the whole career (1763-1844) of the only one of Napoleon's Marshals with a genius for governance, enables us to see the autocrat himself from a new angle in a flood of new light. At St. Helena Napoleon spoke disparagingly of Bernadotte as "the twentieth of his generals," following his ill-humoured habit of belittling all his Marshals; but the employment he gave him from time to time is sufficient proof of his great military ability, which included a remarkable gift for conducting critical campaigns independently of his Generalissimo. The manner in which a "French corporal" gained a throne, kept it, and transmitted it to his descendants is one of the romances of history—a romance, moreover, which, since the hero was a Gascon from Béarn, has been described as a chapter in the chronicle of the "Cadets of Gascony." Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton's work, which is based throughout on a new survey of first-hand authorities, is as readable as it is reliable, and far more interesting than any costume novel I know of. And, indirectly, it adds to our knowledge of Napoleon's career and character—illustrating, for example, his amazing mastery of detail and *flair* for the politics of every foreign land, save the mysterious island, so near and yet so far, which has always been the fatal obstacle to Continental dreams of world-conquest.



A NEW "ART FORM" INVENTED BY MAX BEERBOHM: "CASSANDRA," ONE OF THE ARTIST'S "DOUBLES."

Mr. Max Beerbohm's "doubles" are—to use his own phrase—"an artistic gamble," developed from the old nursery game of "skeletons." He puts on his paper dabs of various colours and then folds it over, or "doubles" it, and doubles again and again, thus producing a symmetrical effect. The result he works up into any subject that suggests itself.

From the Exhibition of Caricatures, Cartoons, and "Doubles," by Max Beerbohm, at the Leicester Galleries. See other Illustrations on a previous Page. Artist's Copyright Reserved.



A FAMOUS FRENCH CARICATURIST AS SEEN BY A BRITISH ARTIST: MR. OSWALD BIRLEY'S PORTRAIT OF "SEM," IN THE PARIS SALON.

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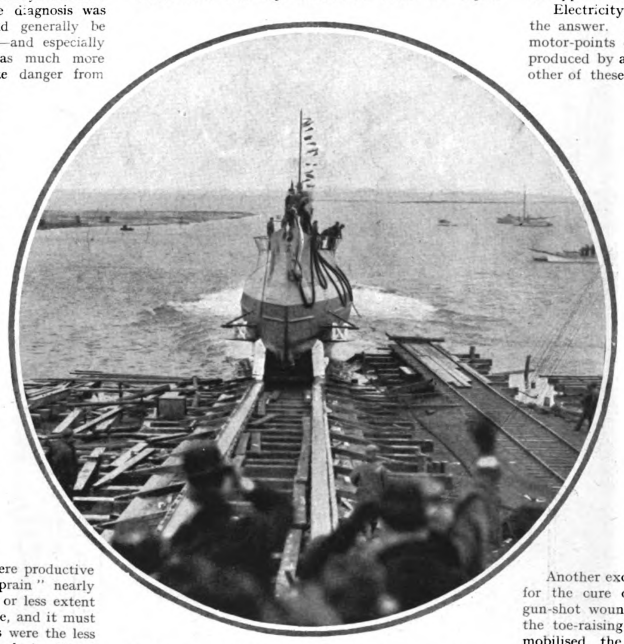
POST-WAR ORTHOPAEDY.

OF all the injuries received by our men in war, few have left behind them more discomfort and incapacity for civil life than those to the limbs. Wounds in the head or trunk were always attended to on the field by preference; the diagnosis was simpler and the after-effects could generally be foreseen. With those in the limbs—and especially the legs and feet—the procedure was much more summary, and when the immediate danger from loss of blood, gangrene, and the like was arrested, they were but too frequently left to treat themselves without that concern as to the sufferer's use of the limb after convalescence which would have been shown had the injury occurred in civil life. Luckily, the bane brought with it its antidote, and the experience gained by the profession in the after-care of the wounded far from the seat of war has led to a crop of small discoveries which have brought relief to thousands.

Apart from the greater surgical operations, such as resection of the bones and the re-breaking of badly-set fractures, the discoveries which have an interest for us all are those which relate to what the laity call "sprains." Nearly everyone sprains his or her ankle at some time or other, and every trainer, fencing-master, and teacher of athletics before the war had his own remedy for the injury. Tight bandaging (so as to make the movement of the limb as little as possible), violent rubbing with or without embrocation, and massage were among these, and although often successful, sometimes were productive of more harm than good. For a "sprain" nearly always means the tearing to a greater or less extent of the fibres of some ligament or muscle, and it must be plain to anyone that the torn fibres were the less likely to unite the more they were disturbed. Hence it is plain that the first thing to do is to find out which particular ligament or muscle is torn, and to take care that in all treatment this is left to unite without disturbance. Yet this needs a knowledge of anatomy seldom found in the amateur, and the use of the X-rays, which has become more general since the war, has shown that the problem was often complicated by the fracture of tiny bones, of which the very existence was generally unsuspected by him. This difficulty, however, once overcome, the rest of the treatment was sensible enough. Nature could always be trusted to heal the torn fibres if they were left alone and with the ends in place, but, like the Greek gods, she sells us all things at a price. Hence, if the whole limb was kept motionless while the repair was taking place, the nerves and muscles concerned in the movement of the uninjured parts of it atrophied or became weak from disuse. Rubbing with embrocation, massage and the rest all went towards giving these uninjured parts the movements they required to keep them in health; but how could they be applied without disturbing the injured ones?

Electricity, as in so many other problems, supplies the answer. Every muscle has what are now called motor-points on the skin, and a current, such as is produced by an induction coil, passed from one to the other of these produces immediate contraction of the intervening muscle. Hence, any one muscle can theoretically be picked out by any operator possessing the requisite knowledge of anatomy, and made to perform its functions to the exclusion of the others. But here comes in a practical difficulty. Although electricity as such has nothing to do with the cure, the contraction being, so to speak, mechanical, the passage of the current produces, in most cases, a certain, if slight, amount of pain; and this, in its turn, causes involuntary resistance or twitching of the injured limb. This is now got over by using a specially wound coil with a secondary current of very low voltage and a perfectly regular break, while the intensity of the current can be regulated as before by the pushing in or out of the coil of the soft iron "core." As the writer who describes this in the May number of our contemporary *Discovery* remarks, there is now no reason why one who is laid up for three weeks with a sprained ankle should find on recovery that the muscles of his leg and foot have become so weak that he develops "flat-foot."

Another excellent discovery is that of an apparatus for the cure of "foot-drop," caused by injury by gun-shot wound or otherwise to the nerve supplying the toe-raising muscles. If the limb be merely immobilised, the heel gets more and more drawn up until the muscles of the calf permanently shorten, and the patient may become lame for life. By providing a rigid gaiter encircling the leg below the knee, from which depends a plate provided with springs which raise the toe without voluntary effort on the part of the patient, this can be avoided. And these are only a few of the great improvements in the minor surgery of the lower limbs which have come into being as the direct result of the war. F. L.



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The "S.49" was launched at Bridgeport, Conn., on April 23. She is 420 ft. long, displaces 1000 tons, and is designed to submerge to a depth of 200 ft. Her strength of construction is such that it is claimed that the explosion of depth-charges will not damage her. Her wireless will be workable submerged as well as on the surface. Her armament will be five 21-in. torpedo-tubes and a 4-in. gun.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]



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LADIES' NEWS.

AT a time when social life is fairly held up, polo and tennis and cricket still go gaily, and really do keep the ball rolling. The American polo team made a fine show at Ranelagh, and convinced those who know best that it will take our team all its time to keep the Cup over here. The Duke of York and Prince Henry saw the first game at Ranelagh, where, despite a wet afternoon, a large crowd and a smart one assembled. The Prince of Wales was playing at another club, and is delighted with the game. Prince Henry shapes very well as a player. There is one woman player who has an official handicap and who has played abroad for years. Constance Duchess of Westminster used to play at Eaton Hall, always, of course, riding astride. I remember attending a ladies' polo match at Ranelagh years ago, perhaps ten or more, when the players used side saddles and wore habits. It was so slow and solemn that it actually did prove the funeral of polo for women after that fashion.

Prince Hirohito, Crown Prince of Japan, has impressed everyone favourably by his good manners, his smile, and his intense interest in things, almost as keen as that of our own Prince of Wales. His official visit proved a great success. He is now at Chesterfield House, placed at the disposal of the Government by Viscount Lascelles. It is a really fine mansion. When in the possession of the late Lord Burton and his wife, now the Dowager Lady Burton, it was a centre of great hospitalities. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were guests there on several occasions. Our present King and Queen were there more than once during the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe's tenancy. It was from there that the fourth Earl of Chesterfield wrote some of his celebrated "Letters." He was a great figure, holding several State offices. He married a natural daughter of George I. who was created Countess of Walsingham and Baroness of Aldborough. He had no children and was succeeded by a kinsman. Much of the wealth of the Chesterfield peerage passed at the death of the seventh Earl to his sister, mother of the present Earl of Carnarvon. The Japanese Prince says he is delighted with England, strange as its ways must appear to him, and curious as we must look in his eyes. Small and neat are considered the characteristics of the highest breeding in Japan. The guest entering a Japanese social assemblage bends and rubs the knees, smiling merrily the while. Postures and gestures which we find fantastic, such as turning the toes in towards each other, and placing the arms in angular positions, the Japanese consider very pretty. Always when in society they smile, that being part of their social obligation towards others, taught them from early childhood.



A RESTAURANT GOWN.

It is made of black satin and trimmed with heavy black-and-gold lace, and comes from Redfern. The sash is of printed black-and-white silk.—[*Photograph by Talma.*]

The Prince of Wales is to have some queer presents when he does his tour in his Duchy. A goat-skin mantle does not sound a princely garment, but H.R.H. is to have one, also a salmon spear, some gloves, some roses, and some greyhounds. Gifts of this character are historically interesting rather than personally pleasing, but our Prince will, in his inimitable way, find them both. Part of the Prince's all-conquering charm is his unfeigned interest in the varied experiences he has. A great student of manners told me the other day that the Prince of Wales's alertness is killing the *nil admirari*, rather lackadaisical aspect that the young men of the day assumed before the war and resumed after it.

In these days of stress and strife, which, when over, will still leave long tracks behind, we all regard coal as black diamonds, and conserve it in every possible way. One way which is not only possible, but also pleasant, is to have viands from St. Ivel, Yeovil, Somerset. There is Lactic cheese, which is very toothsome and also very good for one; cream, butter, veal-and-ham pies, sausages, potted meats and fish, crèmes and consommé—all St. Ivel, therefore all pure, wholesome, and nourishing, as well as nice. Out-of-door life calls for easily eaten and easily carried meals; St. Ivel's things fulfil such requirements in the best way.

The Queen, who bought a robe for Princess Mary from Lady Inglefield last week at the Royal Amateur Art Exhibition, is much interested in that lady's scheme for teaching crippled women and girls lace-making. One girl, after twelve lessons, is making a neat and pretty edging. A woman with crippled hands, who has not been able to do any work for years, is now quite a good lace-maker. The school, under the supervision of the Medical Department of the Board of Education, is at 11, Love Walk, Denmark Hill, in winter, and in summer migrates to Old Court House, Long Crendon, Bucks. Lady Inglefield is President of the Bucks and Beds Lace Association, and works this scheme with it.

Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll is going to stay from the 24th to the 28th at the Fife Arms Hotel, Banff, a Trust House adjoining Banff House grounds, where Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught stayed last year. There is good fishing in the Deveron, near the Fife Arms Hotel. Princess Louise and her suite will have an opportunity of testing one of the houses of the Trust, which is playing such a part in making hotels and inns real temperance reformers rather than promoters of promiscuous and excessive drinking.

A. E. L.



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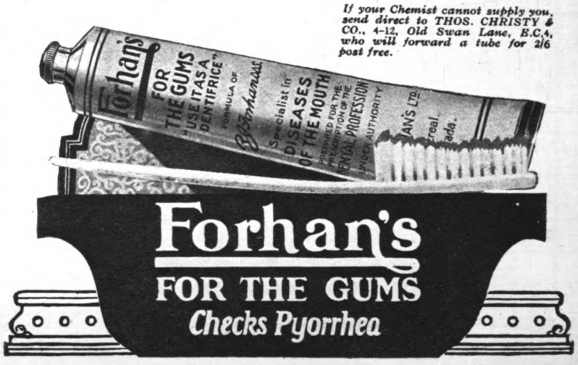
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HUNKY DORY." AT THE KINGSWAY.

THE success of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," on the one hand, and of "The White-Headed Boy," on the other, has shown that there is no prejudice among our players against what may be called *genre* comedy as a form of drama; all they ask from an author is that his provincial types should function in a story that is not too glaringly conventional, or far-fetched. Here is where Mr. Macdonald Watson has come short. He has managed his characters happily enough, and he and his fellow members of Mr. Cecil Barth's "company of Scottish players" can give them all the value of correct dialect, accent, and pawkiness; but the fable written round his characters, with its *motif* of blackmail, is too childish for hearty acceptance, too lacking in any sustained dramatic interest. The playwright cannot keep it up, cannot connect his series of conversations with each other, or make them help to work out an intriguing plot. Regarded, however, as a mere succession of sketches and duologues, it has not a little to recommend it in the way of humour and quaintness; and it is acted by the author himself as a "sarcastic" plumber, by Mr. Walter Roy, in the title-rôle; by Miss Frances Ross-Campbell, as the widow; and by Miss Nell Barker in a variant on the "Bunty" sort of heroine, with welcome gusto and command of Scottish diction.



CREATED A K.B.E.: SIR RAMON DE LA SOTA.

Sir Ramon de la Sota was gazetted a Knight Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire recently. He is the senior partner of the well-known firm of Sota and Aznar, of Bilbao, London, New York, etc.

"PINS AND NEEDLES." AT THE ROYALTY.

From the spectacular point of view, there are at least two scenes in the new Royalty revue, "Pins and Needles," which are out of the ordinary: one is "My China Maid," a thing of beauty never bettered in a De Courville production; the other provides a dazzling display of the "Vagaries of Fashion" throughout various periods. The revue is also lavishly supplied with passages of humour—both Mr. Alfred Lester and Mr. Edmund Gwenn showing capital form; while there is also good work done, especially in the way of dancing, by Mr. Jack Morrison and Miss Edith Kelly Gould. But what lends the revue distinction, and will probably draw the town, is a Grand Guignol sketch, in which figure a returned sailor, his sweetheart, and a rival swain. The last-named stabs the girl to death, and the sailor, to throw the police off the scent, dances with his sweetheart's dead body. The acting of Mr. Gwenn and Miss Billie Hill in this episode was worth all the other turns in the entertainment lumped together.



THE CITY'S GIFT TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: THE GOLD CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The casket is of 18-ct. gold, with beautifully enamelled panels. The inscription reads: "Presented by the Corporation of the City of London to His Imperial Highness Hirohito Shinno, Crown Prince of Japan. Guildhall, London, 11 May, 1921." The left panel shows H.I.J.M.S. "Fuji"; the right, the Royal Naval College. The casket was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

Photograph by Alfred Craske and Co.

"PUSS! PUSS!" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

The enthusiastic welcome which, true to the London public's traditions of gratitude to old favourites, the Vaudeville audience accorded last week to Miss Lee White and Mr. Clay Smith, on their re-appearance after their Australian tour, was earned afresh by these popular artists in their latest entertainment of the *revue intime* order. Miss Lee White herself finds plenty of chances for charming her admirers; in everything the vivacious Mr. Clay Smith does there is the same appearance of spontaneity; while Mr. Bert Coote has lost none of his engagingness to diners-out in search of light amusement. "Puss! Puss!" can be well recommended.



THE LION-GUARDED GATE OF FLANDERS: THE BADGE OF THE YPRES LEAGUE.

It is fitting that the immortal defence of Ypres, by the British Army, at a cost of over 250,000 lives, should be kept in remembrance and form a bond of comradeship among those who served there and their friends. Such is the general aim of the Ypres League, recently formed, with the special objects of preserving at Ypres a Roll of the Dead, compiling battlefield charts, and securing the erection of an outstanding Memorial of the Defence. The League is under the patronage of the King and the Prince of Wales; the President is Earl French, and the Vice-Presidents are Earl Haig, Lord Plumer, Viscount Allenby, and Viscount Burnham. All who served at Ypres, or lost a relative or comrade there, are invited to communicate with the Secretary of the League, Major H. E. Murat, 23, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.1. The badge of the League, here illustrated, was designed from that stirring poem "The Wardens of the Gate," especially the lines: "For the youth who died for England Kept the foeman from this city In the heart of ancient Flanders; Veterans of the Bloody Salient, Wardens of the Gate to Calais." The lion guarding the gate represents the British Army.

Her Majesty the Queen of Norway has honoured Messrs. Jays, Ltd., costumiers and Court dressmakers, Regent Street, by granting them a Royal Warrant of appointment to her Majesty.

Lawn-tennis players will be interested to note that a tournament under sanction of the Lawn-Tennis Association will be held at Norbreck Hydro, Blackpool, during the week commencing June 13. Many noted players are expected. Entry forms and particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Norbreck Hydro, Blackpool.



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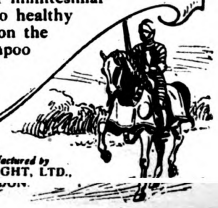


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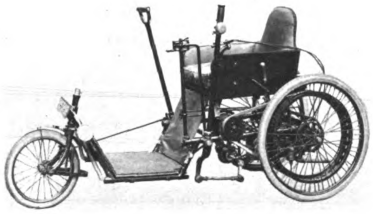
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

In the Matter of Taxation.

A strong deputation representing the Motor Legislation Committee was received by the Minister of Transport recently, the purpose of the deputation being to discuss matters arising out of the new system of motor taxation. In the first place, it was again pointed out that the method of levying the tax on possession and not on use of the roads is unjust and inequitable. On this point Sir Eric Geddes was quite obdurate, and said that he was as far apart from the deputation as ever. For my own part, I do not profess to be able to appreciate this attitude of mind. It will take a great deal to convince me that the horse-power tax is a fair and equitable means of raising revenue for highway upkeep. When it can be shown to be just that the owner of, let us say, a 20-h.p. car, paying a tax of £20 a year for a mileage of 15,000, should not be mulcted in more than the owner of an identical car which only does 5000 miles in the year, then I shall begin to understand the idea underlying the present system, but not before.

Of course, the real reason for the change of system is that the horse-power tax is easier to collect than the tax on fuel; but I have again to be convinced that a question of official convenience should be allowed to weigh against equity. Agreed that no conceivable scheme of taxation is without its anomalies, I still believe that the fuel tax has fewer disabilities and injustices than the impost on rated horse-power.



A BOON TO THE DISABLED: THE MOTOR-ESEGO TRICYCLE—A NEW TYPE OF MACHINE.

This machine is a standard model hand-propelled tricycle, fitted with a petrol motor, manufactured by Messrs. Carters, the well-known invalids' appliance makers, 125-9, Great Portland Street, W.1.

Reducing the Scale.

In the matter of a reduction of the existing rate of tax, the Minister of Transport was distinctly more sympathetic, and definitely promised to see if powers could be taken in this year's Finance Act enabling the Ministry of Transport to reduce the scale of the tax if the amount collected should exceed anticipations. He agreed that it would be hard on the motorist if he were called upon to pay more than the amount actually budgeted for, and altogether he was exceedingly reasonable in the manner in which he dealt with the whole subject.

As a matter of fact, the question of reducing the amount of the tax has been under consideration for some little time—ever since it became obvious that the yield of the tax was likely to exceed anticipations by as much as 50 per cent. It may be that the campaign of the A.A. in connection with recent by-elections has not been without its influence upon the official mind. Without exception, every candidate who has been approached has given it as his opinion that the only equitable manner of taxing the motor vehicle is through its fuel. Every unofficial candidate has promised to support legislation for reverting to the petrol tax, while even Ministers seeking re-election have given their opinions in favour of the fuel tax, with the reservation: "If it is administratively possible." As to the latter, we know it is administratively possible, since petrol was taxed for a full seven years, and what has been done before can be done again.

"Day to Day" Licenses.

Another matter of importance which was raised by the deputation was that of the period during which licenses are available. The point was made that the present system makes the motor trade a seasonal business, because a great many people refuse to take delivery of new cars until the beginning of a new licensing period. The obvious remedy for this, it was urged, is to make licenses run from date to date. Sir Eric Geddes admitted the force of the contention, and promised to look into the matter with a view to seeking a way to meet the desires of the deputation. One member of the latter suggested that the Departmental Committee might be able to find a way of giving effect to the idea, and this was approved by the Minister. The subject seems to be a rather difficult one, because of the scheme of identification by the colour of the license card, but it ought not to be incapable of solution. Apparently the deputation did not raise the question of the excessive extra charge on account of quarterly licenses, which is a matter that certainly requires looking into without delay.

On the whole, however, the result of the deputation must be said to have been highly satisfactory. Instead of the former attitude of *non possumus* adopted by the Ministry of Transport in all matters affecting motor taxation, the spirit displayed by the Minister was eminently reasonable and not a little sympathetic.

W. W.



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"Daily Dispatch" Nov. 4, 1920.

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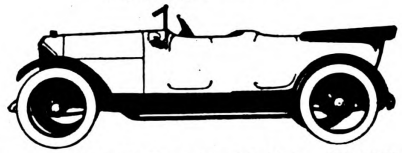
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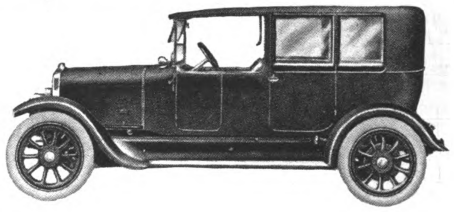
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3857 received from F R Sutton (Clapham) and J B Camara (Madeira).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3858 received from C H Watson (Masham), K J Lonsdale (New Brighton), T Thompson (Bournemouth), H W Satow (Bangor), J F Waters (Newcastle-on-Tyne), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seatord), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), F H Newton (Liverpool), and Albert Taylor (Attercliffe).

KESHAB D DE (Calcutta).—We noticed the dual in your problem, but did not consider it of much importance. We are glad its publication has given you so much pleasure.

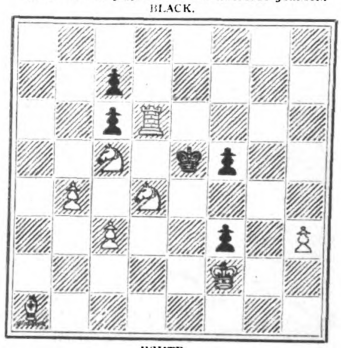
P N BANERJI (Calcutta).—Your last two-mover has received our careful attention, but it does not quite come up to our standard, and we trust to receive some better specimens of your skill.

ARMAND DER MEARES (Baltimore).—No, there is no rule, it entirely depends upon the quality of the problem how much recognition it receives.

W R KENMAN (Wellington College).—We know of no competition at the moment, but you might apply to the Secretary of the British Chess Federation.

P W HUNT (Bridgwater).—We do not know where you gathered your information about our attitude towards "en passant" play, but we have given a good many specimens of it from time to time for the keymove of a solution. In the present instance your proposed solution will not solve 3857.

PROBLEM No. 3859.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3857.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to Kt 2nd	P to K 5th
2. B to R 6th	Any move
3. B to Kt 7th mate.	

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CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. HERBERT JACOBS and J. H. BLAKE.

(Bird's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	32.	B takes P
2. P to K B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	33. Kt to K 5th	R to R sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	34. R to K 2nd	R to R 7th (ch)
4. P to Q B 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd is not without some merit.	35. K takes R	K R to R sq
4.	B to Q 3rd	36. K to R 3rd	R takes R (ch)
5. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
6. P to Q 4th	P to B 4th		

The opening has now resolved itself into a form of the Queen's Gambit Declined.

7. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd		
8. P takes Q P	K P takes P		
9. Castles	P to Q Kt 3rd		
10. Kt to K 5th	B to Kt 2nd		
11. B to B 3rd	P takes P		
12. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt		
13. P takes P	Q to B 2nd		
14. P to K Kt 3rd	R to R sq		
15. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 5th		
16. Q R to B sq	Q to Q 2nd		
17. B to K sq	Q R to B sq		
18. B to B 2nd	P to B 4th		
19. R to K sq	B to K 2nd		
20. B to K 3rd	P to B 3rd		
21. Q to Kt 3rd	K to R sq		
22. K to Kt 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th		
23. R to K 2nd	P to Q R 4th		
24. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd		
25. B to Kt sq	P to Kt 5th		
26. P takes P	Q takes P		
27. Q takes Q	P takes Q		

The positions are fairly equal, and it says much for White's skill that from this point he gradually turns the game in his favour.

28. Kt to R 2nd	B to Q Kt 4th		
29. K R to K sq	B to B 5th		
30. Kt takes P	R to Q Kt sq		
31. P to Kt 3rd			

Well played, keeping control of the board still in his own hands.

32.	B takes P		
33. Kt to K 5th	R to R sq		
34. R to K 2nd	K R to R sq		
35. K takes R	R takes R (ch)		
36. K to R 3rd			

The struggle becomes interesting. The appearance of safety possessed by the White King is rather deceptive, but its fighting force becomes developed by events, and by just so much White is stronger than Black, whose King is too distant to be of any service.

36.	P to Kt 4th		
37. P to Kt 4th	P to R 4th		
38. R to B 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd		
39. R to B 7th (ch)	B to Kt 2nd		
40. B takes Kt	R P takes P (ch)		
41. K to Kt 3rd	P takes P (ch)		
42 K takes P	B P takes B		
43. Kt takes P			

The game again looks like a draw, but Black should have brought his Rook into action more effectively, either by R to R sq or R to Q B 7th.

43.	R to K Kt 7th		
44. B to K 3rd	K to Kt 3rd		
45. R to B 6th (ch)	K to R 4th		

Fatally entangling himself. K to B 2nd was safe.

46. P to R 3rd	B to Q 8th		
47. R to Q 6th	B takes Kt		
48. K takes P (ch)	K to R 5th		
49. P takes B	R takes P (ch)		
50. K to B 5th	K to Kt 6th		
51. R to Kt 5th	B to B sq		
52. R to Kt 3rd	K to R 5th		
53. B to B 2nd (ch)	Resigns.		

The ending has been excellently handled by White.

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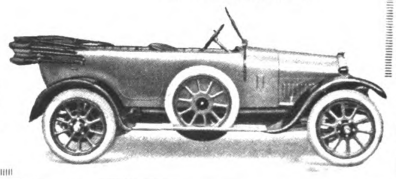
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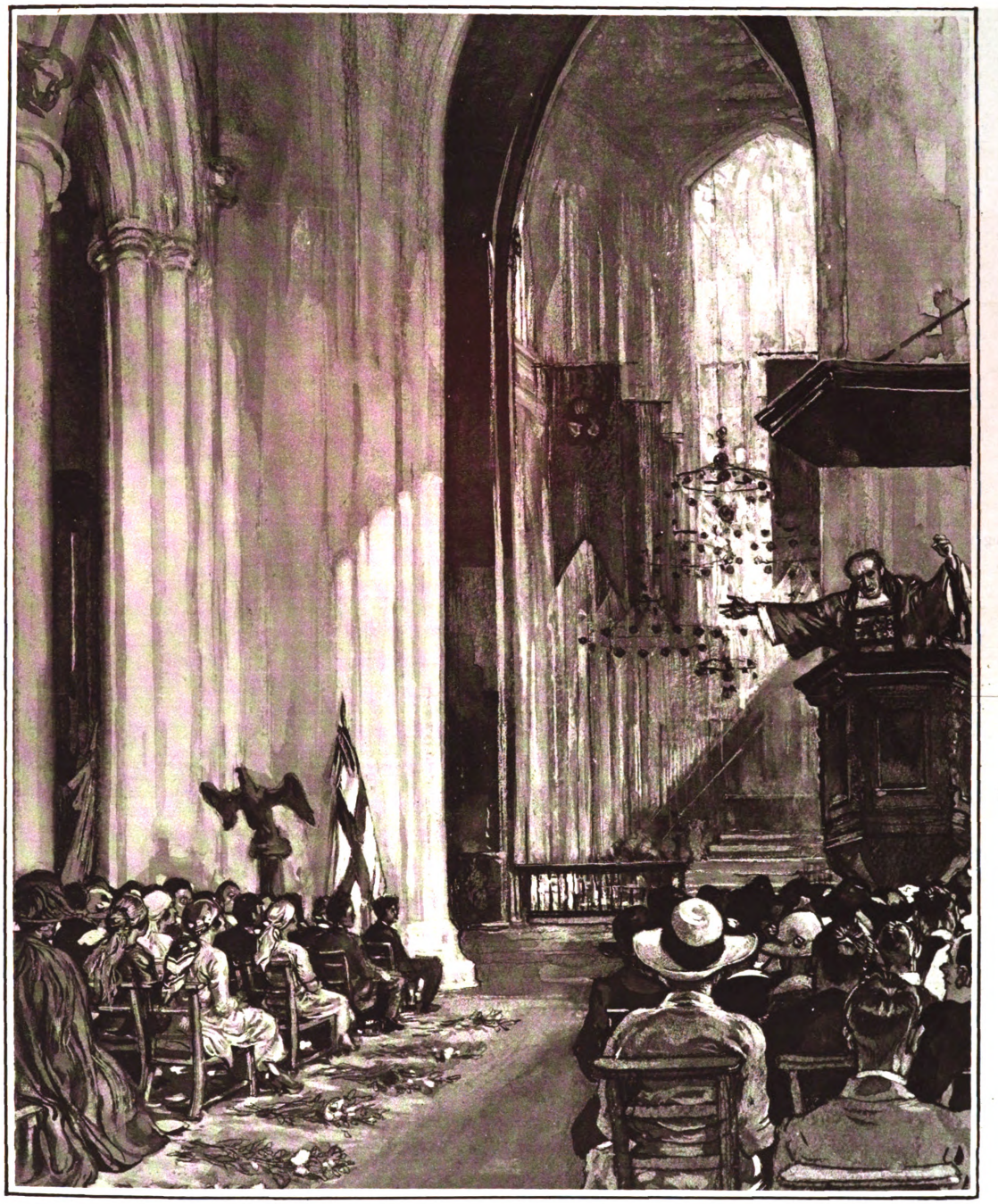
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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1921.

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BOLSHEVISM IN AN ESSEX CHURCH: THE "RED" VICAR OF THAXTED PREACHING—(ON THE LEFT) A MIXED CHOIR (INCLUDING GIRLS IN COLOURED VEILS) AND THE FLAG OF ST. GEORGE.

The Vicar of Thaxted, the Rev. Conrad Noel, combines Bolshevism, for which he claims to find sanction in the Gospel, with incense and elaborate mediæval vestments and ritual. He hangs the Red flag and the Sinn Fein flag in his church, and issues leaflets, called the Thaxted Tracts, one of which contains an appeal "to help the Catholic Crusade to shatter the British Empire, and all other Empires, to bits." In a recent sermon he said that the object of the Catholic Crusade was a Workers' International. On May 21 a meeting of 500 parishioners condemned the Vicar's action as "outrageous and an insult to sensible and law-abiding citizens." The Bishop of Chelmsford wishes all Church-people to know that "the deplorable affairs at Thaxted are engaging his most earnest attention." Describing the service there on Trinity Sunday, our artist says: "The choir is a mixed one and sits in the nave. The girls wear veils of different colours and materials. The congregation was largely composed of very young men and girls. The Union Jack has been banished from the church as an emblem of 'Snatch, grab and brag' and 'Might is right,' and the flag of St. George substituted as representing 'Right is might.'"

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE have been told often enough that organisation means efficiency. It would be far truer to say that organisation always means inefficiency. This does not in the least mean that we should not organise. Sometimes the organisation is inevitable, and then the inefficiency is equally inevitable. Organisation necessarily creates a chain of human or living links on which everything hangs; the chain cannot be stronger than its weakest link, and it will have many weak links. To say that organisation means inefficiency is only to repeat, in the more pedantic modern language, the old proverb "If you want a thing done, do it yourself." If a peasant can grow a cabbage himself, cook it himself, and eat it himself, he has so far attained the maximum of efficiency and certainly the maximum of economy. Organisation means that he must trust the cabbage to strangers on a train, strangers on a trolley, strangers in a shop, until by infinite financial complications he can get it exchanged for a turnip or a cauliflower; and at every one of those stages it is in danger from every one of those strangers. I am not saying that he should not change his cabbage for a cauliflower, or that the exchange could be made without some organisation. What I say is that if there is some organisation there will be some inefficiency; and if there is more organisation there will be more inefficiency. The only faultless and final piece of efficiency, full and rounded like the turnip, is that in which the same turnip or cabbage passes from the peasant's kitchen-garden to the peasant's kitchen, and from the peasant's kitchen to the peasant's inside. With every man you add to that process you do, by inevitable logic, increase the chance of the cabbage being lost, of the cabbage being stolen, of the cabbage being sold at a loss, of the cabbage being kicked about in the dirt till it is no more than a cabbage-stalk. I do not object to the peasant purchasing and eating the cauliflower as a variant on too continuous a diet of cabbage; but I say he should all the more value and even venerate the cauliflower because of the dangers it has passed, the myriad chances of destruction it has evaded, in threading its way through the deadly jungle of organisation. It has had a hundred hairbreadth escapes, for it has passed through a hundred human hands. That luckless vegetable has been lost in a forest of men as trees walking: of men of the sort summarised as mostly fools; of human trees which are at least tolerably green. It is almost a wonder that the peasant does not preserve the vegetable in a shrine instead of putting it on a dish.



THE WINNER "LED IN" IN ANCIENT GREECE: A RACING RESULT ON A VASE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The horse and jockey are preceded by a herald who is proclaiming the result: the words are to the effect that "The horse of Dusneiketos is the winner." Following is a youth with the prize—a crown and a large tripod. The design is a copy of one on a Greek vase in the British Museum.

I cannot count how many vital and valuable human institutions have been sacrificed to this one simple and silly idea—the idea that by making a thing large we make it orderly; whereas making it large is obviously more likely to make it loose. It may be necessary to send forty little boys to one schoolmaster, because it is practically difficult to provide one schoolmaster for one little boy. But any practical and conscientious schoolmaster will tell you that he had rather the forty boys were twenty, or even that the twenty were ten. But, curiously enough, the truth now everywhere admitted about schoolmasters is now everywhere reversed about schools. While a teacher is considered enlightened and even advanced if he firmly refuses to teach more than five and a half babies how to dissect a dandelion, a system of teaching is also considered enlightened and advanced if it can boast that 5,000,000·05 babies are all dissecting exactly the same sort of dandelions at exactly the same instant of time. While the individual teachers express a longing to be allowed to get nearer to their individual pupils, the systems of teaching actually brag and boast of not being individual. And, of course, the first is modern and must be right, and the second is modern and must be right; and if they contradict each other, each must be right without the other being wrong. I see that Mr. Wells was lamenting the other day that our school systems were not sufficiently systematised. He did not use the word systematised; he actually used the word stereotyped. He said he wanted certain lessons stereotyped, notably the chemical experiments, which he wanted fixed for ever on a film, to avoid the expense and bother of conducting them with a jar or a piece of wire. It would certainly have its advantages. For instance, it would conceal the fact that the real experiment often fails, or (with even grosser impropriety) proves the wrong thing. Behind the figured film, like the embroidered veil of Isis, the august secrets of science can be preserved. Of course, I know that Mr. Wells merely meant, in all innocence, to give efficient chemical instruction in the most economical manner; but I think there is a certain irony in the innocence which is not without its application to scientific infallibility. The point is here, however, that, whatever it is that Mr. Wells wants stereotyped, a considerable school of current culture wants everything stereotyped. It wants all the pupils in the school to be exactly the same, and all the schools in the country to be exactly the same. It admits that many little mistakes have been made in the past, and pointed out in the past. It wants to make the next mistake on a really large and magnificent scale, with nobody to point it out.

This is the great modern ideal of organisation, of which the ideal would be too tight and the reality would be too loose. It menaces both England and America, but both in America and England there are many more or less submerged but very stubborn national instincts fighting against it. In England it is resisted by the English eccentricity of moods and humours. In America it is resisted by the American fire and fighting spirit, and a certain fine levity about obedience to the law. In the peasant democracies, like France or Serbia or Ireland, it can never get any real foothold at all. There the fundamental truism about wanting a thing well done and doing it yourself is instinctively and universally understood. This does not mean that a moderate amount of organisation is not good for peasants, or is not desired by peasants, or is not done by peasants. The point is that the proportions between primary and secondary things stand solid in the mind. The primary fact is that a man can support himself, and thus only can govern himself. The secondary fact is that he wishes to enrich and vary experience by various forms of experiment and exchange. To these secondary social activities are loosely attached a large number of more or less legitimate figures of speech and symbolical summaries, such as that which compares the community to a ship or a tree or a single man. But the theorists of modern amalgamation simply lived by a metaphor, and generally a mixed metaphor.

Nothing is really organised except an organism. We naturally use the terms of it in an easier and more extensive fashion, just as the same word "organ," which is applied to the heart or the stomach, may also mean a barrel organ or a church organ. But we should be misled if we expected from the barrel-organ the peculiar antics of the man or even the monkey. The organ cannot invent a tune any more than it can grow a tail. And such things cannot be done merely by a social machine any more than by a musical machine. In church the largest and most elaborate organ must still depend upon the smallest and most minute organist. And, just as mistakes may be made by the organist because he is a man, mistakes may be made by the organiser because he is a man. The social organiser is not organically connected with society. He cannot raise a forest as he raises a finger, nor can he cast a city down merely because he puts his foot down. Though he may think himself a giant, his limbs do not really elongate themselves along all the roads of a continent; and, though he is very frequently a fool, his eyes are not in that sense in the ends of the earth. He can only reach out to all these remote things through a long series of intermediaries, generally in literally enormous numbers, as in the case of armies or organised labour. Other men must plant the forest, and they may strike. Other men must bombard the city, and they may mutiny.

This is something like the sinister position to which our craze for complex organisation has already brought us. I will not attempt to forecast here the issue of such a problem; but I think it well for us to remember the fundamental and forgotten fact—that the one and only real type of efficiency is the turnip-headed rustic left alone with his turnip.

NOTED BY THE CAMERA: NEWS OF THE DAY BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photographs by Sport and General, Lafayette, Elliott and Fry, Stanley, Swaine, Ruge (Berlin), and Farringdon Photo Co.



A FAMOUS ACTRESS DEAD: THE LATE LADY BANCROFT.



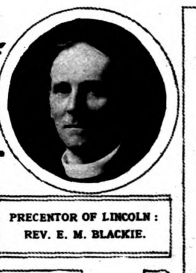
THE LATE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.



THE LATE SIR MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN.



EX-PREMIER OF PORTUGAL: SENHOR MACHADO.



PRECENTOR OF LINCOLN: REV. E. M. BLACKIE.



A NEW PEER: VISCOUNT LONG OF WRAXHALL.



THE "RED" VICAR OF THAXTED: THE REV. CONRAD NOEL.



CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATES REMOVING THE RED FLAG FROM THAXTED CHURCH: A PROTEST AGAINST THE VICAR'S BOLSHEVISTIC TENDENCIES.



THE CURATE OF THAXTED: THE REV. JOHN BUCKNILL (LEFT).



THE PIT PONIES "ST. LEGER" AT DONCASTER: A UNIQUE RACE MADE POSSIBLE BY THE COAL CRISIS.



THE FUNERAL OF HINDENBURG'S WIFE: THE COFFIN FOLLOWED BY HINDENBURG AND PRINCE OSCAR OF PRUSSIA.



PRINCESS MARY'S INTEREST IN THE WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.



CHOOSING THE ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM TO PLAY THE AUSTRALIANS: (L. TO R.) MESSRS. SPOONER, FOSTER, AND DANIELL.

Lady Bancroft, the famous actress, wife of Sir Squire Bancroft, died at Folkestone on May 22, aged eighty.——The late Earl of Shrewsbury was a pioneer of hansom cabs, and the first to run cabs with noiseless tires in London and Paris.——The late Sir Melville Macnaghten was Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department from 1903 to 1913.——A military coup took place in Lisbon on May 21, when the Premier, Senhor Bernardino Machado, and all his Ministers were arrested.—— The Rev. E. M. Blackie, Vicar of Windsor, has been appointed Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral and Archdeacon of Stow, in place of the Rev. John Wakeford.—— Mr. Walter Long, who was recently raised to the Peerage, has taken the title of Viscount Long of Wraxall.——The Red Flag removed from Thaxted Church by Cambridge undergraduates was sent to the Bishop of Chelmsford. The Curate of Thaxted wears a costume that is not markedly clerical.—— A race meeting called the Pitmen's St. Leger was held at Doncaster recently in aid of funds for feeding miners' children.——Princess Mary received purses on behalf of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, at Church House, Westminster, on May 19. The Bishop of London and Dean Inge are seen in our photograph.—— The English cricket team for the first Test Match was chosen by the M.C.C. Selection Committee, Messrs. R. H. Spooner, H. K. Foster, and J. Daniell.

FAR AND NEAR: PRINCELY VISITORS; EVENTS IN EGYPT AND IRELAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SMITH (EDINBURGH), LAFAYETTE, C.N., VANDYK, AND L.N.A.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS: H.R.H. (CENTRE BACKGROUND) IN A GROUP AT STAR CASTLE, A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AT EDINBURGH: H.I.H. GREETING THE CITY'S YOUNGEST "WOLF CUB," AT A REVIEW OF BOY SCOUTS.



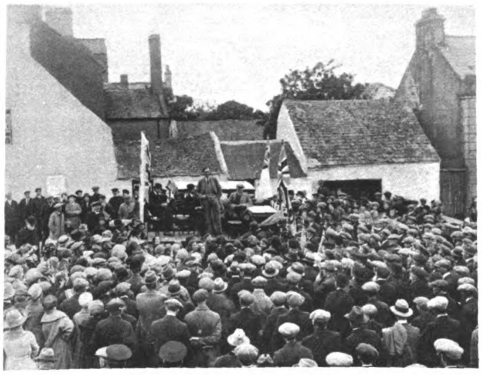
QUELLING RIOTS AT ALEXANDRIA: GEN. F. S. MONTAGUE-BATES, COMMANDING TROOPS THERE.



MURDERED, WITH HER HUSBAND, IN THE BALLYTURIN AMBUSH: THE LATE MRS. BLAKE.



MURDERED, WITH HIS WIFE, IN THE BALLYTURIN AMBUSH: CAPTAIN AND DISTRICT INSPECTOR BLAKE.



IRISH ELECTIONS: THE HON. H. MULHOLLAND SPEAKING AT A UNIONIST MEETING AT BALLYWALTER, CO. DOWN.



THE UNION JACK IN BELFAST: SHIPYARD WORKERS MARCHING TO ULSTER HALL TO INVADE A SOCIALIST MEETING.

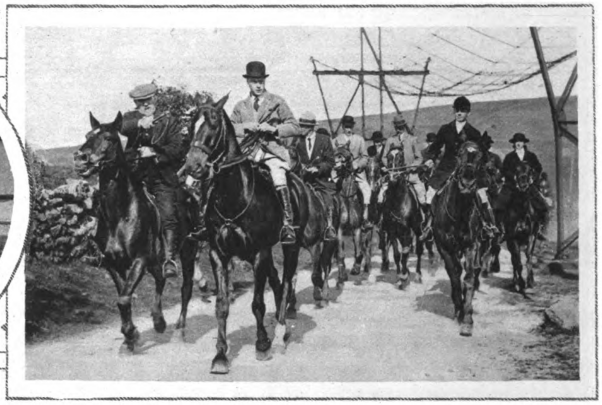
During his visit to the Scilly Islands, the Prince of Wales took lunch at Star Castle, which dates from 1593, and commands a wide view of the islands. The photograph shows, from left to right (standing): Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Major Dorrien-Smith (Governor of the islands and the Prince's host), the Prince, Lord Glasgow, Mr. Walter Peacock, and Mr. W. T. Jeffery (the Duchy Agent); (sitting) Miss Fergusson, Lady Keyes, Mrs. Dorrien-Smith, Lady Fergusson, Master D. Jeffery, and Mrs. Jeffery.——The Crown Prince of Japan on May 21 witnessed a review of Scottish Boy Scouts in the King's Park, Edinburgh. Our photograph shows him greeting the youngest of them, a Wolf Cub named Walter Ross.——It was stated on May 24 that British troops under General F. S. Montague-Bates had occupied Alexandria, where riots occurred in which 23 people (including 5 Europeans) were killed and 130 wounded. No British casualties were reported.——District-Inspector Blake and his wife, with Captain Cornwallis and Lieut. McCreery, both of the 17th Lancers, were murdered in an ambush on Sunday, May 15, at the gates of Ballyturin House, near Gort, Co. Galway. Mrs. Blake was pierced by twelve bullets.——At the Unionist election meeting at Ballywalter, Lords Londonderry, Castlereagh, and Dunleath were on the platform.

THE PRINCE IN THE WEST: BRADNINCH; DARTMOOR; AND THE SCILLIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL; L.N.A.; AND C.N.



BOUND FOR CRANMERE POOL: THE PRINCE OF WALES (2ND FROM LEFT) STARTING FOR A TEN-MILE WALK OVER DARTMOOR.



PASSING UNDER THE DARTMOOR TIMBER TRANSPORT CABLE: THE PRINCE LEAVING PRINCETOWN FOR A RUN WITH THE LAMERTON FOXHOUNDS.



WITH A FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS: THE PRINCE AND "GIRLIE."



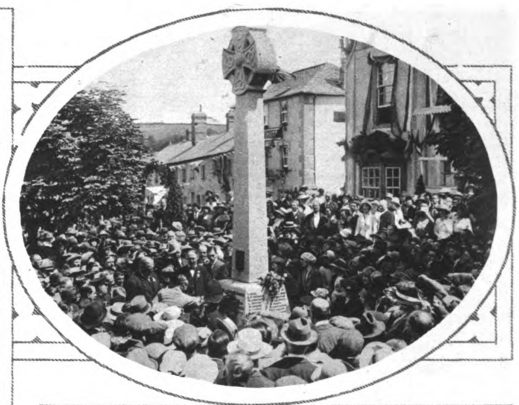
FINDING YOUNG SEA-GULLS ON ANNET: THE PRINCE ON AN ISLAND INHABITED ONLY BY BIRDS.



A FLORAL TRIBUTE FROM A SCILLONIAN: THE PRINCE RECEIVING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FROM MISS JACKSON.



BEARING 46 NAMES, INCLUDING THE GOVERNOR'S SISTER: THE SCILLIES' WAR MEMORIAL AT OLD TOWN, ST. MARY'S, UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



AT AN OLD DEVON BOROUGH LAST VISITED BY ROYALTY IN 1644: THE PRINCE LAYING A WREATH ON BRADNINCH WAR MEMORIAL.

After leaving Exeter, where his Western tour began, the Prince of Wales motored to Bradninch, a little town in the Devon hills with a proud past—it was once a borough and returned two Members to Parliament. Many arches of welcome had been put up. Here the Prince laid a wreath on the war memorial and opened a recreation ground. Thence he proceeded through Exmouth, Dawlish, Paignton, Teignmouth, Torquay, and Dartmouth, where he visited the Royal Naval College, to Princetown, on Dartmoor. On May 19 he had a run with the Lamerton Foxhounds, mounted first on Mr. Clarence Spooner's Satan, and later on Commander Davey's Jupiter. After visiting his tenants at Fernworthy he took a ten-mile walk over Dartmoor to Cranmere Pool. Next day he crossed in a destroyer, H.M.S. "Wallace," from Devonport to the Scilly Islands, whose landlord he is, and stayed at Tresco Abbey with the Governor, Major Dorrien-Smith. The Scillies were part of the ancient earldom of Cornwall before 1337. At Old Town, on St. Mary's, the Prince unveiled the islands' War Memorial. He also went out in the lifeboat, and visited the other islands of St. Martin's, St. Agnes, Bryher, and Annet, the last a haunt of sea-birds with no human population.

THE FIRST TEST MATCH AGAINST THE AUSTRALIANS:

PORTRAITS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND VANDYK.



W. RHODES; YORKSHIRE. (AGED 43).



E. TYLDESLEY; LANCASHIRE. (AGED 32).



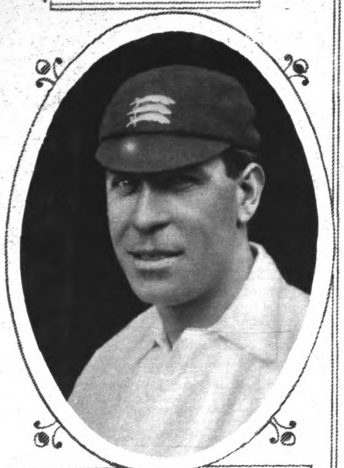
H. HOWELL; WARWICKSHIRE. (AGED 30).



H. STRUDWICK; SURREY. (AGED 41).



T. L. RICHMOND; NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. (AGED 28).



E. HENDREN; MIDDLESEX. (AGED 32).

ENGLAND'S CRICKET TEAM.

By MAJOR R. O. EDWARDS, O.B.E.

THE members of the Selection Committee have deserved the sympathy of sportsmen throughout the country during these past few weeks. At the outset their task was a difficult one, for no arrangements had been made to play any trial games, and the memory of those five decisive matches in Australia was not calculated to inspire an unduly optimistic feeling. Added to all this, misfortune persistently hindered their work, and warped their deliberations.

Mr. H. K. Foster, Mr. R. H. Spooner and Mr. J. Daniell treated their responsibilities seriously, and they have had a very busy time in acting the part of private detectives on this ground and that, searching for the wherewithal to build up a convincing eleven, and one that was likely to cause Warwick Armstrong's coalition perturbed slumbers. Now, these same selectors have earned our utmost thanks and unqualified praise for the splendid side they have chosen to represent England in the first of the Test Matches at Trent Bridge. Handicapped by the injuries to Charles Fry and Hobbs, and the widely deplored breakdown in health of J. W. Hearne, they have managed to solve an exceedingly complicated plot with every credit to themselves, and to the satisfaction of an overwhelming majority of cricketers, not to say a vast array of uninvited team-suggestors, amusing and otherwise.

Whether the men of their choice are capable of defeating so fine a team as that sent over by Australia is, of course, an open question; but it seems to me the fates are at least propitious. In the first place, these Australians individually are exceptionally fine cricketers, and they have a wonderfully cunning and astute captain. This much is frankly admitted. But are they quite so strong collectively as some previous combinations that have visited us? It would be invidious for me to compare them with the very early teams, because my experience goes no further back than Blackham's 1893 side. My contention is that they are not, and here are two important reasons that lead me to this conclusion.

In the first place, their fielding can only be described as erratic. At Leicester, the Oval, and Leyton, it sank to the level of mediocrity. Numerous chances were missed, and the ground-fielding was by no means clean. On the other hand, at Lord's last Saturday, they surpassed themselves. Nevertheless, here is a weakness in their armour. Let us begin to sit up and take nourishment.

Next, reams of paper have been used to eulogise their terrible bowling, but where are the sticky wicket bowlers? Armstrong has yet to prove himself one, for his best work has been done on fast or easy-paced wickets. Gregory and MacDonald, with their long run, will find it no easy matter to obtain a foothold, and, methinks, their deliveries will cut through. Mailey infinitely prefers a pitch with life in it. Collins seems to have lost all his spin, and Macartney, great enterprising batsman though he is, can hardly be compared to a J. V. Saunders, Hugh Trumble, or Bill Howell. Hendry, a capital cricketer of much promise, has to justify himself as a bowler. In the last series of Test Matches, MacDonald averaged 65·33 per wicket; Ryder, 58·33; Collins, 42·00; Mailey, 26·27; Gregory, 24·17; and the genial skipper, 22·66. To cut a long story short, it is only a certain section of the Press that has "boosted" up their bowling to the skies, not themselves. They know they are not an extraordinary power in attack. Here, then, is a second negative to invulnerability.

We can claim one distinct advantage over the Australians, which, as cricketers, we would gladly dispense with. We have a "twelfth man" in our uncertain climate. It is not cricket, but, all the same, it is an important point that cannot be overlooked. It must be reckoned with. There can be no doubt that our visitors are as much affected by our murky atmospheric conditions as we are by their almost tropical heat.

The Australians are devoid of nerves. Their temperament for Test cricket is proverbial. They have a remarkable personality and a born leader at their head. Perfect harmony and *esprit de corps* exists in their camp, and this is a matter of vital importance with a touring side. No happier team has ever visited these shores. If they beat us, we shall acclaim their victory with three-times-three, and only those silly little people,



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE FIRST BRIDGE, NOTTINGHAM—THE FAMOUS CRICKET

Enormous interest has been taken in the first Test Match of the season against the Australians, arranged to open at Nottingham on Saturday, May 28. The choice of the English team was entrusted to Messrs. H. K. Foster, R. H. Spooner, and J. Daniell, as the M.C.C. Selection Committee. They are seen at work in a photograph given elsewhere in this number. By May 22, after long deliberation, they had chosen only eight of the team, and there was considerable doubt as to filling the remaining places. It is

THE ENGLISH TEAM; AND THE SCENE OF THE CONTEST.

PHOTOGRAPH OF TRENT BRIDGE BY C. F. SHAW.



MR. V. C. W. JUPP; SUSSEX. (AGED 30).



F. E. WOOLLEY; KENT. (AGED 34).



MR. D. J. KNIGHT; SURREY. (AGED 27).

who think England must never lose, and when she does, proceed to hurl mud at her representatives, and bleat about the decadence of English sport, will grouse. They don't count in the great big world of cricket.

What our men have got to realise is that no cricket team is unbeatable; and this cheery Australian crowd is in no sense an exception. They must curb the English cricket nature for being too impetuous. Let them play themselves in quickly but thoroughly. In the field they must be on their toes to every ball, and the bowlers inculcate the keenness of Gregory and MacDonald.

A word or two in conclusion upon the chosen ones. J. W. H. T. Douglas is a captain with rare fighting qualities, who has the ability to command and the skill to play; possessed of iron nerve, and a reputation to come off in big games. At his right hand stands England's most experienced Test-Match cricketer—Wilfred Rhodes, the only Englishman who has scored over 1000 runs and taken 100 wickets in England v. Australia matches. Although now forty-three years of age, he is still our principal slow left-hand bowler, and for the last two seasons has topped the English averages. He has taken more wickets in first-class cricket than any bowler in the world. He has gone in last for England, and more frequently first. His fielding even won us the Old Trafford match in 1905. A trusty cricketer, good at need, and deservedly popular everywhere he plays.

Donald Knight, of Malvern, Oxford, and Surrey, is perhaps the most stylish batsman to-day. Here is no gamble by the Committee. They know what he can do. They have implicit faith in him, and he will win his spurs before many days. First-wicket down is his place, so it seems to me. He is a holder of unconsidered trifles in the slips when Howell is on, and dependable anywhere in the field for the others.

Next we have that nonchalant man of Kent, Frank Woolley. Modest to a degree, as all great cricketers are. Tall, loose-limbed, with a free-swinging bat, and additionally useful in being left-handed. Like Rhodes, he sighs for a sticky wicket, and what a deadly pair they will prove the day that happens. Australia will be there, or thereabouts!

Patsy Hendren is an enterprising batsman, who has developed by gradual process a sound defence. He can get runs quickly, or put his tongue in his cheek and defy the best bowlers for hours at a stretch. Brilliant field in the deep, square-leg, or in the slips, he now covets Hobbs's monopoly at cover. Must surely be booked for all five Tests.

Percy Holmes, possibly the most reliable first-wicket batsman next to Hobbs in the country, is an admirable choice, who will not let the side down: possessed of every conceivable scoring stroke, which he makes to perfection, and a cast-iron best Yorkshire defence: even more famous as an outfield, in which position Cecil Burton tells me he has never dropped one for Yorkshire yet. He crosses the ball at third man in a style reminiscent of David Denton in his best days. He owes much of his present position to the careful nursing and encouragement of his County captain, whose faith in him would fill a ten-acred field of mustard.

Richmond should cause the Australians much anxiety, more especially at Trent Bridge, where he knows every blade of grass by name. A bowler of the "googly" type, with a better command of length than most. A most willing cricketer, as the writer can testify, but not worth many runs this side of the Millennium.

One has had opportunities of speaking to several members of the M.C.C. Team since their return, not to say Australians, and one gathered that "down under" Howell bowled with extraordinarily bad luck. At Nottingham, he will have all the slips he wants, and may Dame Fortune smile on him! He can bowl all day, if necessary, but is a "tail" bat.

The remaining three places are being filled by V. C. W. Jupp, E. Tyldesley, and H. Strudwick. The first is a very capable all-round cricketer; and the Lancastrian adds strength to the batting. Both are brilliant in the field. Jupp will no doubt be our cover, *vice* the absent Hobbs. Temperamentally fitted for strenuous test cricket, each is sure to give of his best. Strudwick is forty-one years of age, and has long been famous.



R. HOLMES; YORKSHIRE. (AGED 33).



COL. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS; ESSEX. (AGED 38).



ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN: COL. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS.



TEST MATCH, FIXED TO BEGIN ON MAY 28: TRENT GROUND ON THE RIGHT ACROSS THE RIVER.

interesting to compare the different ages of the men playing, as given under their portraits. The famous Trent Bridge Ground at Nottingham has been the scene of many historic matches. Our photograph (hitherto unpublished) shows it in the right background. The road to the left of it leads to Newark and the road to the right (nearest to the far side of the river) to Leicester. In the left background is seen a corner of the Nottingham Forest football field. No change in the English team is likely.

FANCIED FOR THE DERBY: HORSES THAT HAVE WON FAVOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



LORD LONDONDERRY'S POLEMARCH.



MR. JAMES WHITE'S GRANELY.



LORD ALLENDALE'S GOLDENDALE.





MR. J. B. JOEL'S HUMORIST.

MR. W. WHINERAY'S LEIGHTON.



MR. JOSEPH WATSON'S LEMONORA.



SIR J. BUCHANAN'S ALAN BRECK.

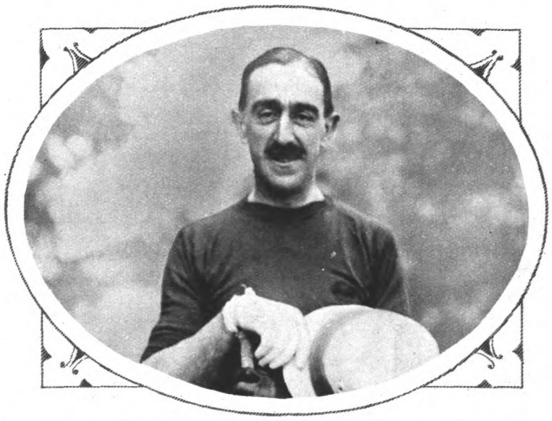


LORD ASTOR'S CRAIG AN ERAN.

This year's Derby, to be run at Epsom on Wednesday, June 1, promises to be well up to its predecessors in interest and excitement. The records go back to 1780, when the race was won by Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed (S. Arnull up). During the war years (1915 to 1918, inclusive) the Derby was run at Newmarket, over the Suffolk Stakes course. The 1918 race was memorable for the first win by a woman owner, Lady J. Douglas, whose successful horse was Gainsborough. The first post-war Derby, in 1919, was won by Lord Glanely's Grand Parade, and last year's race by Captain G. Loder's Spion Kop. The horses illustrated above include those which, at the moment of writing, have won most support for the coming event; but prophecy is dangerous, and, dealing with the subject in advance, we cannot tell whether all these horses will be still in the running by the time these lines appear.

ENGLAND'S "BIG FOUR": OUR POLO TEAM AGAINST THE AMERICANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH.



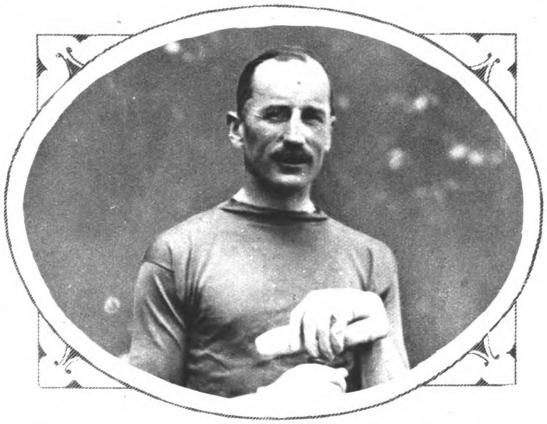


NO. 3 (AND CAPTAIN): MAJOR V. N. LOCKETT.

This will be Major Lockett's third encounter with the Americans, as he played back in both the 1913 and 1914 teams. In 1913 we were beaten, but only by a very narrow margin, and if it had been played under English rules as to scoring, it is possible that we might have won. In the 1913 team the names were: Captain Cheape, 1; Captain Noel Edwards, 2; Captain (now Colonel) R. E. Ritson, 3; and Major Vivian Lockett, Back. In 1914, when we won, our team was Captain (now Colonel) H. A. Tomkinson, 1; Captain Cheape, 2; Captain Barrett, 3; and Major Lockett, Back. This year Major Lockett has elected to play No. 3, a position in which he has played with his own regimental team, that famous 17th Lancer combination which swept all before it in the Indian Inter-Regimental before the war, and also won the Hurlingham Inter-Regimental last season here. Major Lockett, in some people's opinion, is a better back than he is a "3," but he is brilliant in both positions, and there is no better O.C. defence than he in the whole world.

NO. 2: MAJOR F. W. BARRETT.

He first learnt his polo in India with that first-class polo regiment, the 15th Hussars, who for so many years were cocks of the walk in the land of Ind. In 1913 Major Barrett was tried for England v. America, and went out to America with our team. He did not manage to fit himself to the ponies assigned to him, and Colonel Ritson, who skippered our team, decided not to play him. We lost by a very narrow margin. In 1914, in conjunction with Lord Wimborne, Major Barrett organised an expeditionary force for the recapture of the Cup, and they sallied forth followed by the misgivings of many, but with the blessings of all. When the wire came over that they had beaten America's "Big Four" 8½ to 3, people could hardly believe their eyes; but it was soon proved that this team had well got the measure of the enemy, for we won the next match 4 goals to 2½, and brought home the Cup. Major Barrett is one of the most brilliant performers of the day, a wonderfully good horseman, and possessing a knowledge of the game second to no one in the world.





NO. 1: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. A. TOMKINSON.

He was our No. 1 in 1914, and his selection to play in the same position in 1921 is eminently justified, for he is exactly the kind of forward that is needed to tackle such a formidable defence line as that which is opposed to us. In 1914 he made America sit up and take a lot of notice, for, with another forward of much his own type, poor Leslie Cheape, behind him, it is not difficult to understand that our attack was formidable. Colonel Tomkinson's regiment is the Royals, and he now commands them. In India the Royals were never quite out of the top drawer where polo was concerned, but they possessed one or two very brilliant individual players. Of these none was ever better than "Mouse" Tomkinson, and though, when he was selected for England in 1914 by Major Barrett, some people doubted whether he was class enough, he quickly justified his skipper's opinion. He has since then improved, if anything, and, despite a severe bullet wound in the arm, plays better than ever. "Mouse" is also a very good cross-country gentleman rider, and has won a number of races.

BACK: LORD WODEHOUSE.

Lord Wodehouse, who plays back for England, is the back of the famous Old Cantab team who won the Championship last year, beating the 17th Lancers. On that form he is certainly entitled to first consideration for England, and has entirely justified the Selection Committee's decision. He is not the most brilliant back in England, as that honour unquestionably belongs to Mr. John Traill, but next to him, and as Major Lockett has elected to play No. 3, Lord Wodehouse undoubtedly has first claim. He has been in practice with this team both last season at Hurlingham and at Tidworth, where our ponies were wintered, and where the preliminary games took place early this year. Lord Wodehouse is a very imperturbable player, very certain and sure, and just the man to defend the "last ditch" against the pertinacious invader. It is very certain that we shall need someone who is not given to getting flustered to stand up to the Americans; and, for the matter in hand, Lord Wodehouse is undoubtedly the right man, in whom England's supporters may have complete confidence.

This year has witnessed a very remarkable public display of interest in polo, and a game that was once caviare to the general is increasing in popularity with astonishing speed, thanks, in part at all events, to the facilities now offered to those who would watch it. That great crowds will witness the International Test Matches against the Americans goes without saying. The present team, which plays the first Test on June 18, at Hurlingham, is the same which won the Cup at Meadowbrook in 1914, with the exception that Lord Wodehouse has succeeded the late Leslie Cheape. It was in that year of the beginning of the European War that England and America last met in a tussle for the International Polo Cup. The contests began thirty-five years ago, when the Westchester Polo Club, of Newport, presented the present trophy. The "Big Four" whose photographs we give were selected last week: a change is not likely.

THE GREAT GOLF MEETING AT HOYLAKE: THE AMERIC TE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND AND



VICTORIOUS OVER GREAT BRITAIN BY 4 TO 0 IN THE FOURSOMES AND 5 TO 3 IN SINGLES: THE AMERICAN TEAM.



SUCCESSFUL AGAINST MR. "CHICK" EVANS IN THE SINGLES: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY PLAYING OUT OF A BUNKER.



CAPTAIN OF THE AMERICAN TEAM: MR. W. C. FOWNES, THE VETERAN OF HIS SIDE.



A STRONG AMERICAN PAIR: (L. TO R.) MR. OUIMET AND MR. GUILDFORD.



PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY (FOREGRO DARWIN, FRANCIS OUIMET, EDWARD BLACKW

Hoylake has been the scene of some stirring golf of late. On May 21 the American team beat the British very decisively, winning all the foursomes and five out of the eight singles. The names of the American golfers in the top left-hand photograph are, from left to right (back row): Messrs. Francis Ouimet, F. J. Wright, Jesse Guildford, and "Chick" Evans; (seated in front) Messrs. J. Wood Platt, W. C. Fownes, Bobby Jones, and Dr. P. Hunter. The British team shown in the top right-hand photograph, are, from left to right (back row): Messrs. T. D. Armour, J. Gordon Simpson, R. H. Wethered, R. H. de Montmorency; (seated in front) Messrs. E. W. Holderness, J. L. C. Jenkins C. J. H. Tolley, and C. C. Aylmer. In the foursomes, Mr. Evans and Mr. Jones beat Mr. Simpson and Mr. Jenkins by 5 and 3; Mr. Ouimet and Mr. Guildford beat Mr. Tolle

THE TEAM VICTORY; AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP PERSONALITIES.

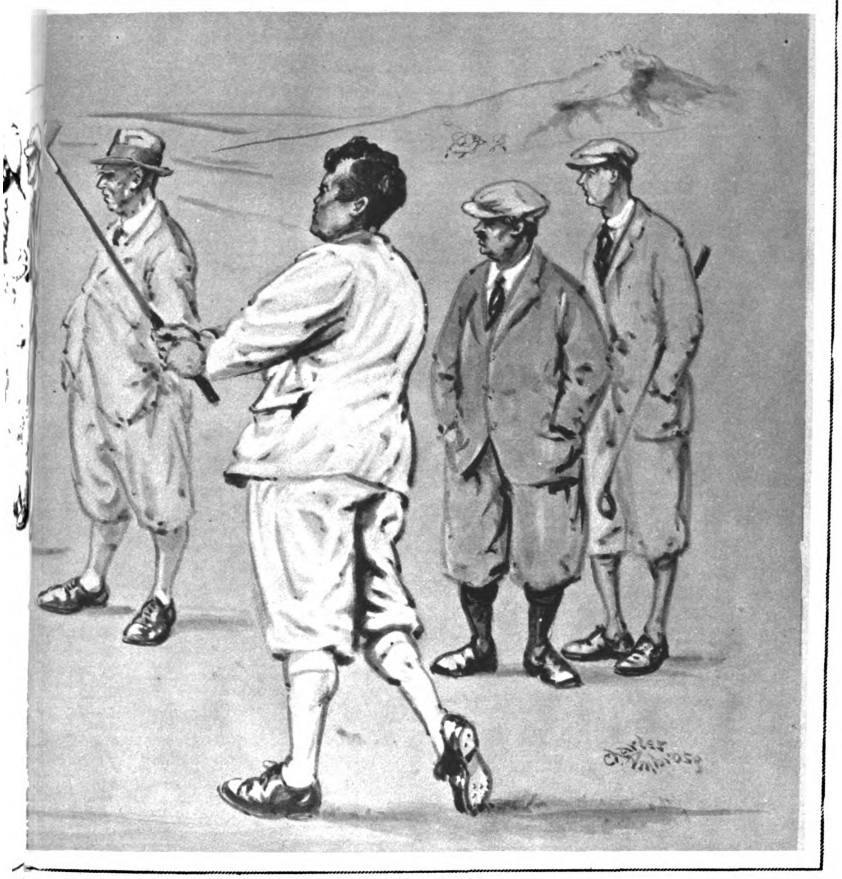
L.N.A. DRAWING BY CHARLES AMBROSE.



A FOURSOME: (L. TO R.) MESSRS. TOLLEY, OUIMET (U.S.A.), GUILDFORD (U.S.A.), AND HOLDERNESS.



DECISIVELY BEATEN BY THE AMERICANS IN AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT HOYLAKE: THE TEAM THAT REPRESENTED GREAT BRITAIN.



AND (L. TO R. BEHIND), MESSRS. J. L. LOW, H. H. HILTON, JOHN BALL, H. S. MALIK, BERNARD ROBERT HARRIS, AND R. H. WETHERED.



ONE OF THE AMERICAN TEAM: MR. FRED WRIGHT, WHO PARTNERED MR. FOWNES.



ONE OF THE BEST AMERICAN PLAYERS, WITH A GREAT DRIVE: MR. JESSE GUILDFORD.

and Mr. Holderness by 3 and 2; Mr. Hunter and Mr. Wood beat Mr. Montmorency and Mr. Wethered by 1 hole; Mr. Wright and Mr. Fownes beat Mr. Aylmer and Mr. Armour by 4 and 2. In the Singles, Mr. Tolley beat Mr. Evans by 4 and 3; Mr. Ouimet beat Mr. Jenkins by 6 and 5; Mr. Jones beat Mr. Montmorency by 4 and 3; Mr. Guildford beat Mr. Gordon Simpson by 2 and 1; Mr. Aylmer beat Dr. Hunter by 2 and 1; Mr. Armour beat Mr. Platt by 2 and 1; Mr. Wright beat Mr. Holderness by 2 holes; Mr. Fownes beat Mr. Wethered by 3 and 1. The British Amateur Championship began at Hoylake on May 23. One of the most interesting of the early matches was that (drawn as a bye for the second round) between Mr. Tolley and Mr. Guildford. Mr. J. L. Low (seen on the left, with umbrella, in the above drawing), is Chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee.

A TASK FOR BRITISH TROOPS: THE UPPER SILESIAN IMBROGLIO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLI RUGE, BERLIN.



AN APPEAL FOR LAW AND ORDER: READING A PROCLAMATION IN OPPELN.



THE EXAMINATION OF PASSES IN OPPELN: A MEMBER OF THE DEFENCE CORPS ON DUTY ON A BRIDGE.



RELATING HER EXPERIENCES TO BYSTANDERS IN OPPELN: A REFUGEE PEASANT WOMAN.



IN THE DISTRICT TO WHICH IT WAS DECIDED TO SEND BRITISH TROOPS, AND WHERE SERIOUS FIGHTING BETWEEN POLES AND GERMANS WAS RECENTLY RENEWED: REMOVING A WOUNDED GERMAN ON A MOTOR-CAR AT OPPELN, IN UPPER SILESIA.



BLOWN UP BY THE POLISH INSURGENTS: A DAMAGED RAILWAY BRIDGE AT OPPELN BEING REPAIRED.



THE EXODUS FROM UPPER SILESIA INTO GERMANY: REFUGEES OBTAINING PASSES AT AN OFFICIAL BUREAU.

On May 23 it was announced that the Cabinet had decided on the early despatch of a British force (about four battalions) to Upper Silesia, possibly the same troops who were there before, drawn from the Army of Occupation at Cologne. It was reported in a message of May 22 from Oppeln, a centre of the disturbed district, that serious fighting had again broken out between the Germans and the Poles. The Germans had been preparing an offensive for the previous two weeks, and on the 21st they attacked from the bridgehead which they held at Krappitz, on the Oder, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, driving the Poles about five miles towards Gross Strehlitz. Several local German landowners had raised troops to defend their property. The Inter-Allied Commission, it was said, was powerless to restore order. The Poles meanwhile strengthened their positions in the industrial area, and sought to get control of the important railway centres of Gleiwitz and Kattowitz. A train was run daily from Oppeln, under the Polish flag, with supplies for the insurgents.

THE SILESIAN PROPOSITION: THE U.S. "OBSERVER" AT THE COUNCIL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.



"THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GREAT DEMOCRACY OF THE WEST": MR. GEORGE HARVEY.

Mr. George Harvey's first public welcome to this country as United States Ambassador was given to him at a dinner of the Pilgrims at the Hotel Victoria on May 19, at which the Duke of Connaught presided, and among those present were the Duke of York and the Prime Minister. The Duke of Connaught, in proposing his health, said that "Mr. Harvey was no stranger to England: this was his thirty-seventh passage across the Atlantic." Mr. Lloyd George, in support, hailed him as "a man who knows Europe . . . a whole-hearted American . . . not merely the new Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, but the representative of the great democracy of the West in the Councils of the nations of the world." This last phrase referred to an important announcement by Mr. Harvey in the course of his brilliant reply. "This day," he said, "I was authorised and directed by my Government, in the event of a meeting of the Supreme Council being held to consider the Silesian proposition, to represent in that meeting the President of the United States." Mr. Harvey's eloquent speech was of the happiest augury. Subsequent reports from Washington stated that, as regards Silesia, he would act only as an observer.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

ENGLISH MUSIC ABROAD.

By EDWARD J. DENT.

IT is a conviction firmly ingrained in the minds of most foreigners that the English have no music at all except that which foreigners bring into the country. A musical Englishman who comes in contact with music-lovers abroad finds this conviction extremely hard to dispel. When he is asked what musicians there are in England who have the universal reputation of such men as Strauss, Ravel, or Puccini, he may timidly venture to name Elgar. The foreigner, if he is more than usually polite, may suggest the name of Cyril Scott, who for some curious reason has become almost as representative of England abroad as Lord Byron. Within certain limited circles, among those few who in every country like to cultivate international interests, there is at least some curiosity, if little actual knowledge, in the matter of English music. German musicians, cut off first by the war and then by the rate of exchange from almost all non-German music of the present day, hear with amazement and envy that London has for years been thoroughly familiar with the works of Moussorgsky, Stravinsky, Manuel de Falla, Turina, as well as of innumerable French and Italian composers. They have heard, too, that there has sprung up a new generation of music-writing Englishmen, but they have hardly ever heard their names or seen a note of their music.

It is something new to find that this curiosity exists. It might be gratified, and foreign musicians might even perform in their own country the works of the once-despised English composer. All that need be done is to send copies of the music to the right people abroad. But here there presents itself a difficulty which to the foreigner seems inexplicable. Most of the best modern English music is not printed at all. A work which may have been heard several times in London or elsewhere, and accepted with genuine admiration by the leaders of musical opinion, will be found to exist only in a single manuscript copy. The composer would be only too happy to get it performed in Paris or Berlin, but he cannot afford to have an indefinite number of manuscript copies made, and no publisher will undertake to print it. Or perhaps, as sometimes happens, a publisher may undertake to print the work and then keep the manuscript locked up for two or three years on the pretext that he cannot find engravers to prepare the plates. When a work is printed, the composer has to pay out of his own pocket for such copies as he wishes to give away, and the publishers can barely be induced to send out copies for review, even in England.



CONDUCTING THE RUSSIAN FESTIVAL CONCERTS: M. KOUSSEVITSKI.

M. Koussevitski is well known to music-lovers in this country as a most brilliant conductor. He is conducting the Russian Festival Concerts, at the Queen's Hall, the first of which took place yesterday (May 27). The other two will be on June 3 and 10.

The publishers are not altogether to blame. Even a good review in a foreign paper will not sell many copies, for foreigners are little inclined to pay English prices for English music. There has always been a curious want of Continental enterprise amongst English publishers. Foreign publishers establish branch houses in London, but no English firm thinks it worth its while to open a branch abroad. Yet it is barely a hundred years since English music-printing and English pianofortes were reckoned the best in the world. The house of Broadwood presented pianofortes to Beethoven and Chopin, who accepted them as royal gifts. Would any English pianoforte-maker nowadays think it worth his while to present one of his supremest instruments to the most distinguished composers abroad, whoever they may be?



A WELL-KNOWN VIOLINIST: M. BRONISLAW HUBERMAN.

M. Huberman has given several most successful recitals recently. He will also play at the third (and last) Russian Festival Concert at the Queen's Hall.

The first step towards solving the problem lies not so much with the publishers or the composers as with the performers. I was made to realise this by the observations of a German friend who a great many years ago appeared in London as a singer, and has always preserved the most affectionate memories of those English people who encouraged him as a young and struggling artist. "Of course, Germans get the impression that there are no English musicians," he said, "because English musicians never come to the Continent. Just before the war, Germany, especially Berlin, was perfectly mad about foreign musicians. Our own people complained bitterly that they had no chance because any foreigner, however bad a performer, could always make a success. People came from Holland, from France, Italy, Russia, or the Balkans, but no English people came. One could only draw the conclusion that there were no English musicians to come."



TO GIVE THREE RECITALS IN JUNE: M. BORIS HAMBOURG.

After a long absence from this country, M. Boris Hambourg, the 'cellist, brother of Mr. Mark Hambourg, will make his reappearance at the Wigmore Hall on the evening of June 2. He will give two more recitals later on.—[*Photograph by Aylett.*]

It is absolutely necessary that English performers should go abroad with English music, whether to Germany or to any other country, because it is the force of personality that to the great majority of listeners drives home the message of the music performed. A generation ago Wagner and Brahms were the two composers whom the English musical public had taken to its heart. Their popularity was due almost wholly to the influence of Richter and Joachim, who paid us annual visits, and established themselves firmly as essential factors in our English musical life. And they were able to establish themselves not merely because they were great artists, but still more because they were human beings who made themselves personally beloved. With English musicians on the Continent there has been little preservation of balance as regards the question of nationality. A few have paid flying visits just to give a few concerts and secure a few Press notices. Others have settled down abroad and have, for a time at least, become musically denationalised. They have, perhaps, become members of a stock opera company, singing the stock repertory in the language of the particular country that they happened to adopt, and have done nothing in the way of propaganda for the music of their own. One cannot blame them; they had to earn a living, and probably had no time to give recitals of English songs.

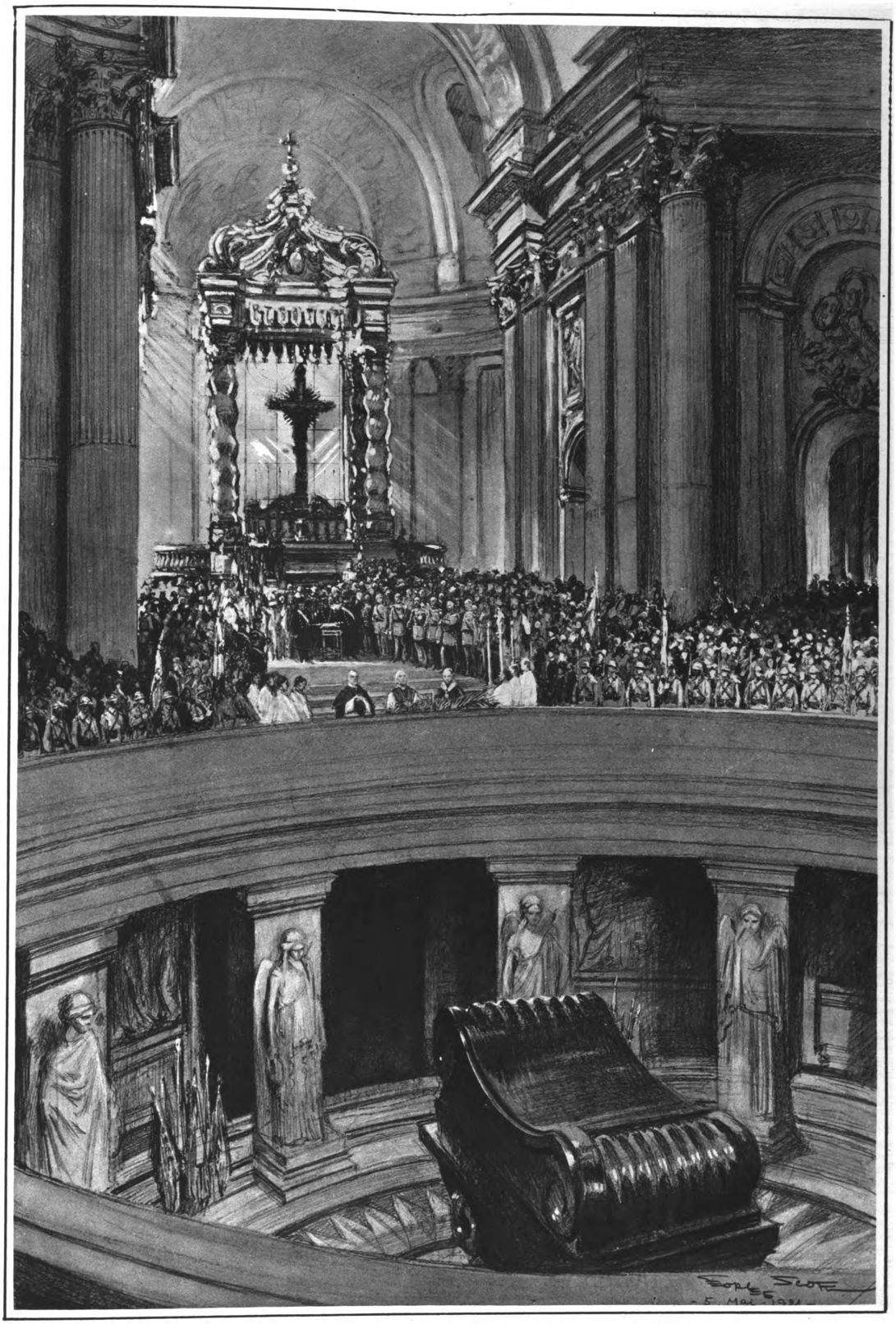
However much it may shock some people, I maintain the conviction that at this moment the most favourable foreign soil for the seed of English music is Germany. In the first place, most of the best modern English music is chamber-music. Thanks largely to the generosity of Mr. W. W. Cobbett, our young composers write quartets or other music of the kind, and our chamber players are willing to perform their works. The organisation of concerts, and especially of chamber concerts, is more developed in Germany than in any other country.



A NEW AND BRILLIANT PIANIST: M. POUISHNOFF.

Of M. Pouishnoff it can truly be said that he came, was heard, and conquered. A few months ago the great majority of concert-goers had not even heard of his name, and now he is classified amongst the truly great ones. His last recital will take place on June 2, at the Queen's Hall.

Another thing that is of the greatest importance is that the propagandists of English music should consider the national tastes of foreign audiences. It is absurd to suppose that a singer who can fill the Albert Hall will necessarily draw an equally large audience at her first concert in Rome or Madrid. Popularity on that scale depends on varying factors in different countries. The artist who goes abroad with a genuine belief in English music will do far better to begin quietly and hope to find a small audience of cultivated people. Gradually, by dint of repeated visits, such an audience can be enlarged, and it is the cultivated few in every country who are in a position to spread interest. People who work quietly and persistently on a small scale have much better chances, too, of finding out in personal conversation what phase of English music makes the most sincere appeal to foreign listeners. The process must of necessity be slow and long. It can only be carried out by genuine artists, by people who will take English music abroad not just in the hopes of financial profit, but because they honestly believe in its beauty and want to share that beauty with everyone who is capable of entering into the spirit of it.



THE MOMENT OF THE CENTENARY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH: CARDINAL DUBOIS PRONOUNCING ABSOLUTION.

An impressive ceremony was held at the Invalides in Paris on May 5, the centenary of Napoleon's death. At 5.49 p.m., the time when he died, the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Dubois, went to the balustrade and pronounced the Absolution over the tomb below. Before the High Altar, on a table guarded by two *invalides*, may be seen the sword of Austerlitz, which Marshal Foch held while delivering his discourse. There are two keys to the ebony coffin of Napoleon. One is in the keeping of General Niox, Governor of the Invalides. The duplicate is treasured by the grandson of Edouard le Marchand, who, as Court cabinet-maker to Louis Philippe, made the coffin in 1840. It lies beside the cross of the Legion of Honour won by Marchand at Waterloo. At the instance of Victor Hugo, the word "Napoleon" was lettered on the coffin in gold instead of copper.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GEORGES SCOTT. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND AMERICA.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

"LETTERS TO ISABEL" (Cassell and Co.; 21s. net), by Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, is one of the most delightful autobiographies that have ever been written. The letters were actually written to the author's guardian daughter at the places and on the dates they bear, so that the easy, spontaneous style, ranging from gay to grave without an effort, could be kept up throughout. And the spirit of it all is as fascinating as the letter—for he whom we remember better, perhaps, as Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P.; is free from political rancour and repining, and, though he still thinks that all political truth is contained within the four corners of the Radical creed, has nothing but the kindliest thoughts for his old opponents in Parliament. His views have widened, to be sure—to be worthy of the noble vista seen from the loggia at Craigmyle, where many of the letters were penned . . . "Under an arc of crystal air the scene, serene and splendid, stretches out: horizoned by Mounts Batten and Keen, by Lochnagar, by Morveñ, and away west by far Ben Avon—seventy miles from point to point." There is no finer prospect in all broad Scotland, and the constant sight of it, in various moods to fit the seasonal vicissitudes, would inspire the leanest soul to magnanimity and a sense of the immortal meaning of mortal destinies. In Lord Shaw's case it makes a poet out of a lawyer, a statesman out of a politician—and so we see the essential patriotism at the core of Radicalism (even the philosophic kind!) which, if it is slow to see the necessity of fighting for Britain, yet anxiously aims at making Britain better worth fighting for.

. . . . .

Looking back on the far, high horizons beyond the blue hills of Time ('tis Meredith' phrase, not my own) this kindly letter-writer has many a quaint or pathetic recollection. Nothing could be more alluring to the reader than the memories here rehearsed of a Scotland that some say has vanished for ever—the kind of cynical critics who declare that ultra-modern Scotland is not a country but a trade union, which I, for one, utterly refuse to credit. Lord Shaw gives us many a glimpse of Scottish men of letters of the nearer and further past. We hear how R. L. Stevenson failed at the Bar. Then we meet the author of "Rab and his Friends," and listen to his story of the thrice-married tradesman who, when asked how his wife was after the death of his third, replied: "Dr. Broon, the fact is, I 'm just oot o wives at present"! Better still, we are vouchsafed fresh impressions (from the lips of a witness who worked at his trade of bell-hanging at Abbotsford) of Sir Walter Scott himself. "He used to come in and out among us," said this witness to our author, "hirpling here and hirpling there upon a stick; and his blue bonnet had a bit of heather in it." As "Shirra," he was not very popular, because he was hard on the poachers, and their friends clodded him as he went down the brae, and some of them got twelve months' imprisonment for the horrid offence of "murmuring Judges." But the Laird of Abbotsford would always forgive anybody who disturbed the peace of the great house by singing or fiddle-playing, if he would give him "The Flowers o' the Forest." And, as we read these reminiscences of a plain matter-of-fact man, nearer and dearer yet is seen the figure of the greatest gentleman of letters that ever lived.

Of the political personages introduced, Gladstone is the most imposing: as usual he maintains an Olympian dignity, and addresses an individual as though he (or she, if not a Margot) were a public meeting. Once or twice, however, he unbends; as when he regrets that Zachary Boyd's translation of the entire Scriptures into Scots verse has never been published, and quotes from memory one of its most exhilarating stanzas—

> Whin Jonah's whaul began to spew,
> Thinks Jonah, what 's adae the noo?
> Here 's nather room for coal nor cawnle,
> There 's naething but fish-guts to haunle.

Also we learn from the same august source that the largest heads in our island are at Aberdeen, and that a certain hatter, when a customer with a very large one presented himself, would call out to his assistant: "Jimmy, bring me the *Aberdeen size*." Among the subsequent statesmen Sir William Harcourt (who tells an amusing story of his first success at the Bar) and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (to whom the proverbial saying: "Fair and fause as a Campbell" was never applicable) are the most human and entertaining. Indeed, "C.-B." is the lovable creature we all remember so well out of politics, with his partiality for a word or two of the Doric when talking with intimate friends, and that secret scorn for the English preference for the genteel tongue which caused him to observe on one occasion: "I suppose the Jerusalem Pharisees would have their fashionable joke about the Galilean accent." "C.-B.'s" letters are among the pleasantest things in the book. The late Andrew Carnegie is too self-satisfied to be pleasing; the complete story of his £2,000,000 donation to Scottish education is here told for the first time. Finally, Lord Shaw defines himself in Parliamentary terms as "a front-bench member with a back-bench mind," which is as good a definition as one could get for one who tempers *ego* with *me* in every page of a fascinating self-revelation.

. . . . .

If you wish to know what a chaos has been created in non-Russian lands by the destruction of the Tsarist régime, read "IN DENIKIN'S RUSSIA" (Collins Sons; 10s. 6d. net), by C. E. Bechhofer, who describes life as he saw it in South Russia and the Caucasus in the winter of 1919 and the spring of 1920, and to show it in relation to the principal events which have taken place there since the rise of Lenin and Trotsky. Mr. Bechhofer had exceptional opportunities for discovering the truth, by virtue of his privileges as a British correspondent, his knowledge of the Russian language, his previous experience of the country visited and its peoples, and the quality of his mind which prevents him from arguing from the particular to the general, and being deluded by all the big talk about "ancient cultural traditions," the "rights of small nations," the "voice of the working masses," and all the other shibboleths which, to the man on the spot are so obviously bluff or hypocrisy, or both—*i.e.*, propaganda. The loss of the firm, but kindly, government lightly imposed by the old Russian Empire, with its genius—as tolerant as ours—for colonial enterprise, has created a cultureless wilderness where the daily quest for enough food and fuel to maintain existence leaves neither time nor energy for the arts of living. A strange variety of racial feuds have blazed up anew in the absence of any power strong enough to repress them, and the only universal factors at work are typhus and fear of the Bolshevists—indeed, one is inclined to believe that these evils are one and the same thing. Mr. Bechhofer's book, which is full of human interest, is in the main a study of demoralisation—the demoralisation, through the collapse of governance, of a great people, and the equally ruinous demoralisation of small peoples, such as the Georgians, owing to ephemeral and meaningless triumphs. But the reader's gloom is dissipated now and again by incidents that seem to belong to *opéra bouffe*—for example, the Georgian invasion of the Batum Province, then occupied by British troops, which resulted in the Georgian "army of liberation" being confined to barracks by two young British subalterns and half-a-dozen sepoys! The lack of continuity in the British policy here, as in other debateable lands, has destroyed the prestige we acquired by our victory in the Great War. And dismal indeed are the fruits here and everywhere else of the "self-determination" which Mr. Wilson prescribed as a remedy for all historic evils. Mr. Lansing has pointed out the mischief wrought by this contagious catch-word, and in "THE PASSING OF THE NEW FREEDOM" (G. H. Doran Company; New York) by James M. Beck, one of the staunchest and most statesmanlike of our American friends, the value of the tragical egotism which bred all these will-o'-the-wisp phrases is admirably anatomised. Now we, like the Americans, must go back to the older conception of freedom which makes it self-discipline for the benefit of others as much as self-determination for ourselves.



THE SCENE OF A DANTE SEXCENTENARY CELEBRATION IN PARIS: THE CHURCH OF ST. SÉVERIN, WHERE HE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE WORSHIPPED.

As part of the celebrations of the sexcentenary of Dante's death (in 1321), a sacred concert was recently given in Paris at the Church of St. Séverin. The Archbishop of Paris presided, and a panegyric on Dante was pronounced by Monsignor Batiffol. Tradition, based on definite statements by Villani and Boccaccio, relates that Dante visited Paris after his banishment from Florence, studied at the University, and worshipped at the churches of St. Séverin and St. Julien-le-Pauvre. Balzac made the story the subject of his novel, "Les Proscrits." Some critics doubt whether Dante ever went to Paris, but there is no proof that he did not.

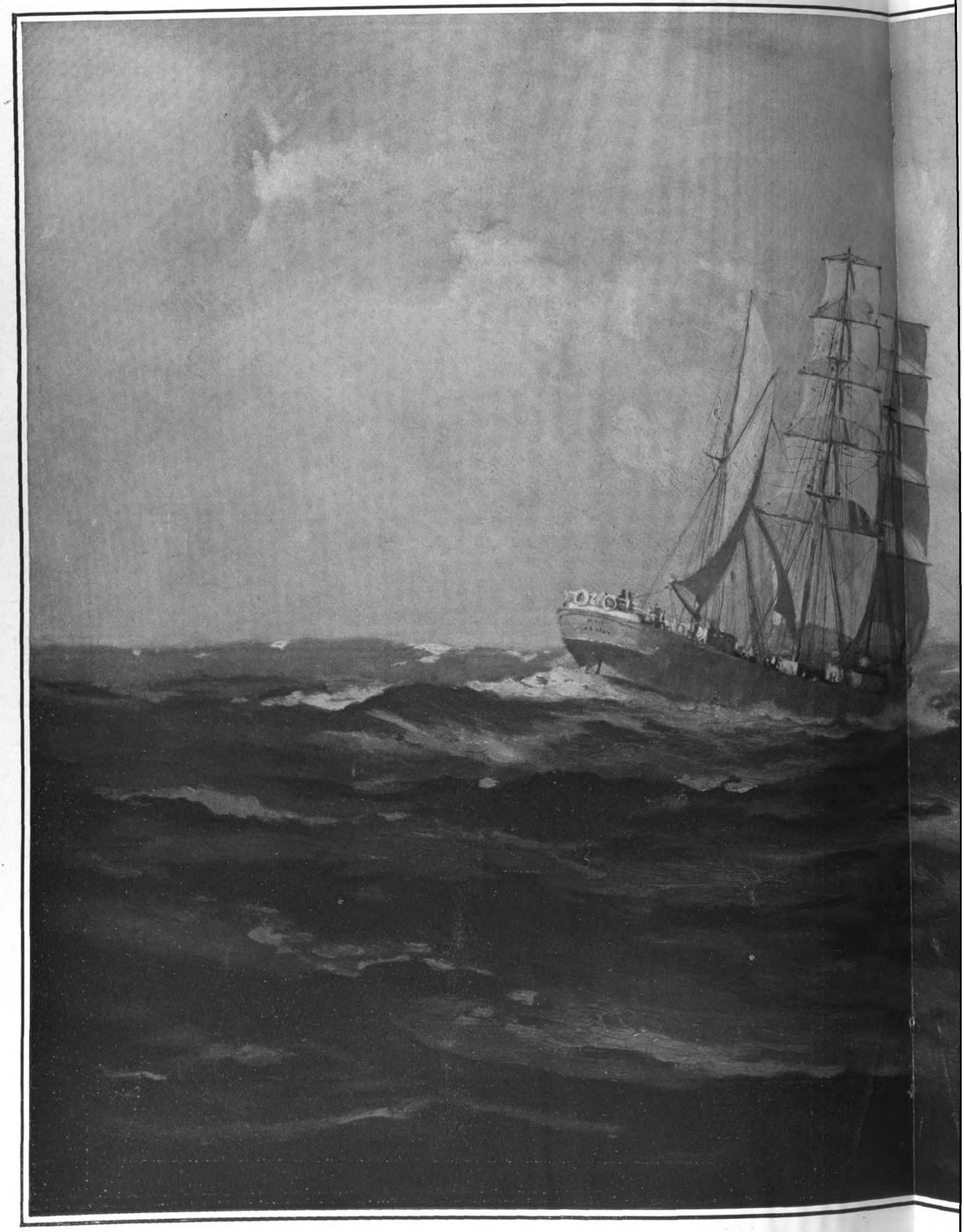
Drawn by Henry Cheffer.



OUR PRINCE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY CECIL CUTLER.

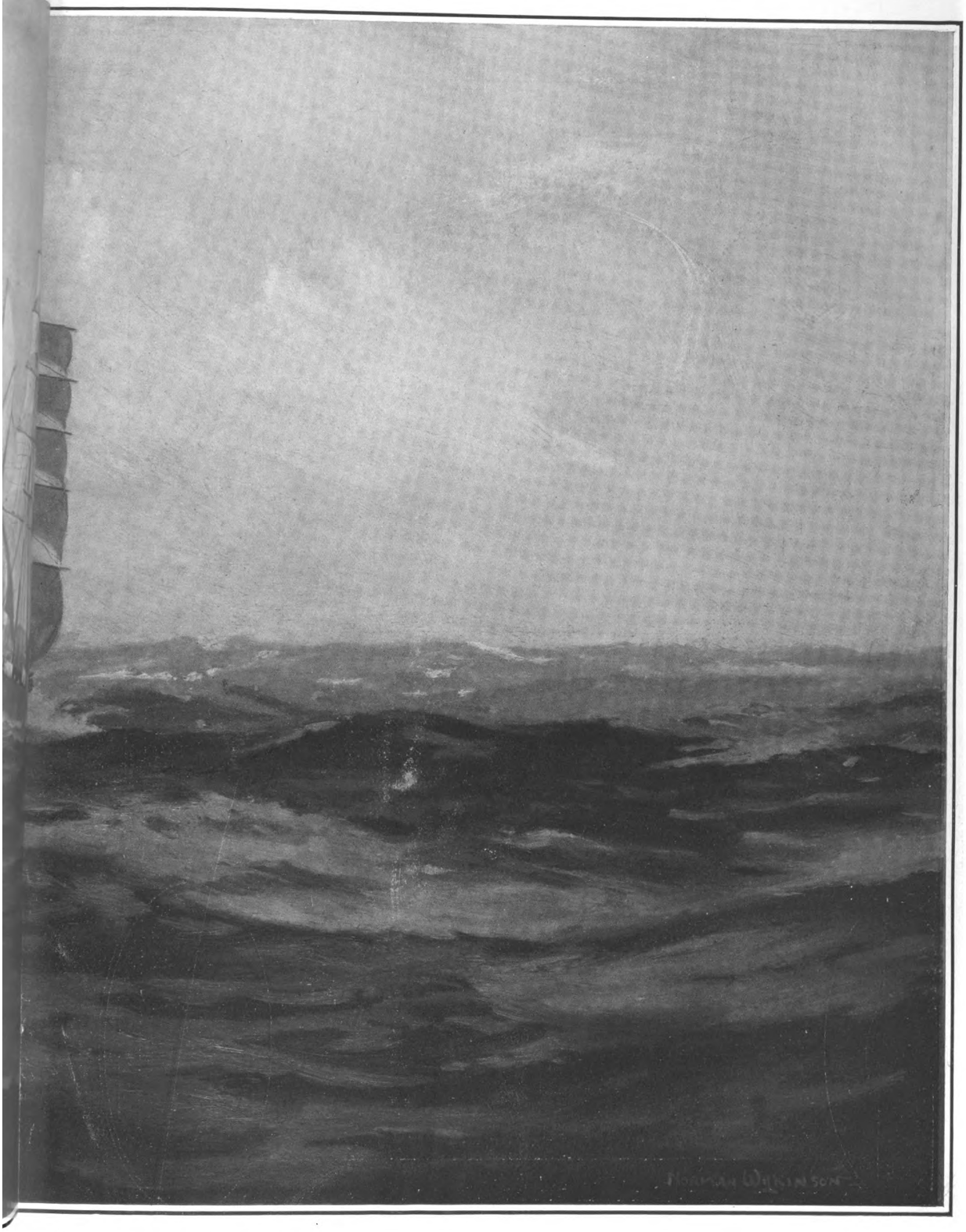
(Exhibited at Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.1.)



WHERE NO COAL IS NEEDED

"The square-rigged sailing-vessel," notes the artist, "is fast disappearing, and it is probable that the last of these beautiful sea pictures will go in our time. What the age of left only somewhere about one hundred British-owned sailing-vessels. None are being built; nor have any been for some years. Their place has been taken to some extent

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSO



EEDED: A SAILING-SHIP.

the age of mechanical propulsion was doing to supersede these craft, the war rapidly assisted; for numbers were sunk by German submarines, until now there are some extent by the fore-and-aft schooner, with auxiliary engine, but this cannot be said to replace the old timer, with her beautiful lines and spread of canvas."

N WILKINSON, R.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)

The Story of Nature's Bulk Storage: No. 2.

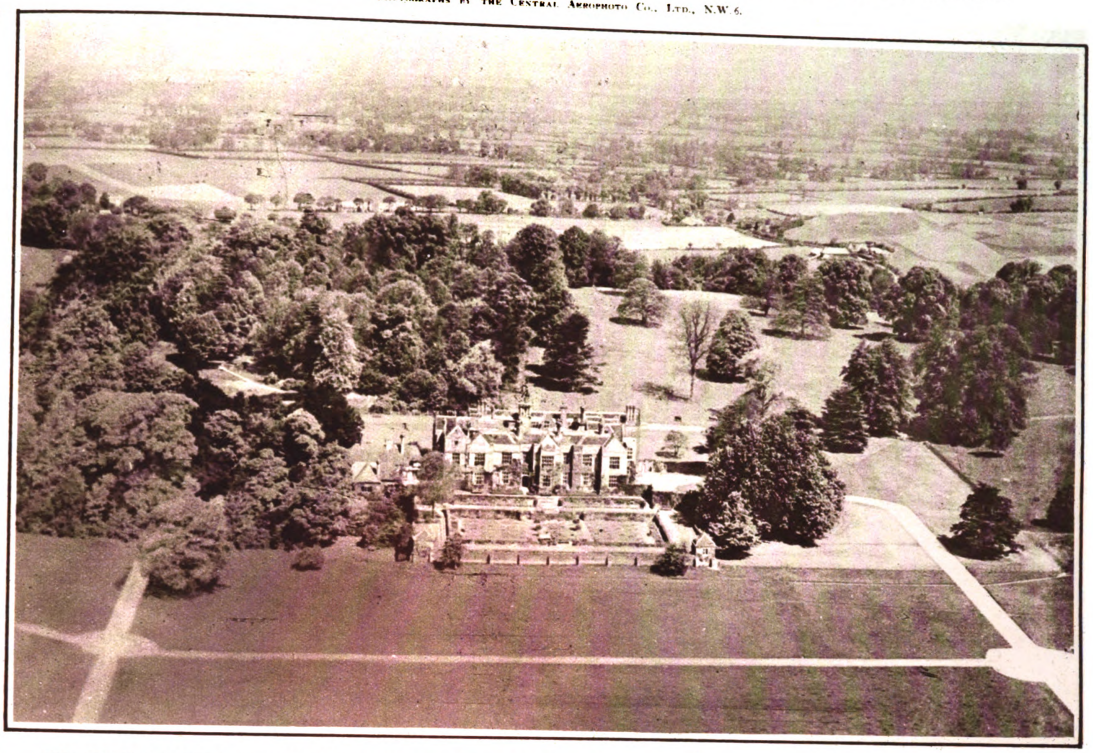


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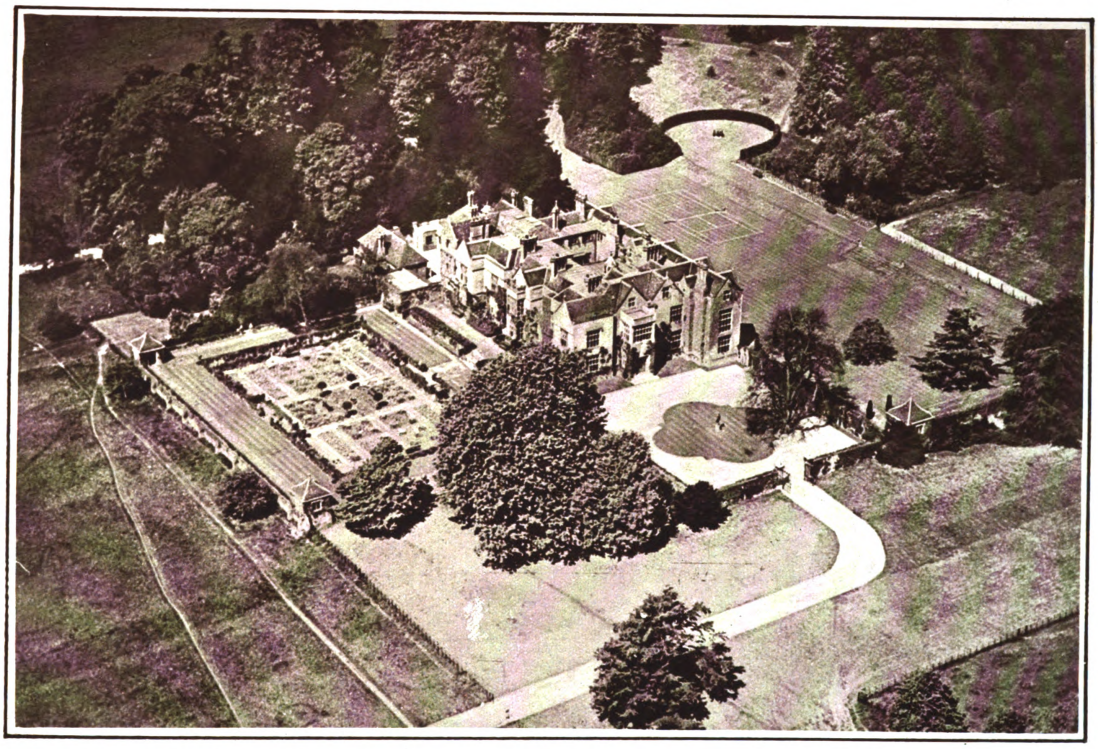
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CHEQUERS—FROM THE AIR: THE PRIME MINISTER'S SEAT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO., LTD., N.W. 6.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICIAL COUNTRY SEAT AS VIEWED FROM AN AEROPLANE: CHEQUERS, NEAR PRINCES RISBOROUGH, AMID A SMILING BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LANDSCAPE.



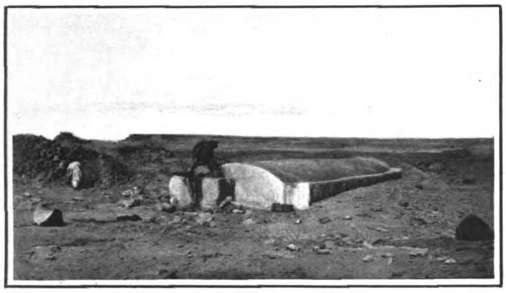
WHERE THE PROBLEM OF THE BLACK COUNTRY HAS BEEN DISCUSSED IN A BOWER OF GREENERY: ANOTHER AIR-VIEW OF CHEQUERS, WITH ITS GARDENS AND TENNIS COURT.

Some of the informal "conversations" on the coal dispute, recently held between the Government and representatives of the two sides—owners and miners—took place at Chequers, the Prime Minister's official country seat in the Chiltern Hills. It must be difficult to visualise the Black Country and its needs in such a bower of verdure, whose idyllic surroundings are so well shown in these interesting air-photographs. Chequers, it may be recalled, with its estate of 1400 acres, was presented to the nation, as a rural residence for the Premier of the day, by Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham. Mr. Lloyd George entered into occupation of it on January 8 last, and gave a "house-warming" week-end party, which was illustrated in our issue of January 15. At one time there was a tendency to speak of Chequers as "the Chequers," a mistake which Lord Lee corrected. "'The Chequers,'" he pointed out, "is a favourite name for public houses, particularly in Buckinghamshire, and it might lead to regrettable misunderstandings both as regards location and the habits of Prime Ministers."

THE "CRADLE" OF THE SENUSSI ORDER: JAGHBUB.

By ROSITA FORBES.†

IF Kufara be the centre of the political and mercantile organisation of the Senussi, Jaghbub some seventy years ago was the nursery and the training ground of this confraternity. It may well be imagined that when Sidi Ben Ali, at the height of his power, moved inland from the Gebel Akhdar in Cyrenaica to avoid contact with Ottoman curiosity and Ottoman interference, he made his headquarters at Jaghbub not only the religious court of North Africa, but also a nucleus of social and military propaganda. Yet it is difficult to believe that it ever had the importance ascribed to it by Henri Duveyrier, who writes of it thus: "Jaghbub is organised as a small capital, and at the same time as a university. This convent contains well-equipped stables and an arsenal containing, with quantities of guns and stores of powder, fifteen cannons bought in Alexandria. There are, among its outbuildings, workshops specially designed for the upkeep and repair of arms, and, it appears also, for the manufacture of powder. Moreover, the masters of Jaghbub, have they not, 240 kms. to the north, the best port on the northern coast of Africa—Tobruc?" This writer estimates the population of Jaghbub in 1880 as at least 2750, of which more than two-thirds were negro slaves. At the present moment I doubt if there are more than 200 people in the whole semi-circular "wadi," which is like a vast natural amphitheatre surrounded by uneven sandstone walls, its sandy floor broken by abrupt tabular ridges and scattered groups of palms. The main block of palms lies at the northern end underneath the high Zawia walls, while to the east the "wadi" disappears into the distorted country of sandstone mounds and hillocks, with scattered lakes, marshes, and "hatias" * on the way to Siwa.



"THE BROTHER OF THE SENUSSI SAINT HAD WATER STORED ALONG THE WAY": WATER-CISTERNS NEAR JAGHBUB.

It is a matter of some bewilderment why the founder of the Senussi confraternity chose to establish himself in one of the most desolate regions in Libya, when so many more fertile and pleasant oases offered themselves on all sides. In 1854, when the Zawia at Jaghbub was built, there was only one bitter well in the "wadi" (valley), and no palms or other cultivation. It is possible that Sidi Ben Ali was influenced by the religious associations of the district, for the neighbouring oasis of Jupiter Amon (Siwa) was renowned before the days of Christianity. Hercules, Alexander the Great, and Cato are all supposed to have visited the sacred spot, and thousands of years ago the decrees of the priests of Amon in Libya were more formidable than those of the Vatican to-day. When Christianity swept along North Africa in the wake of Roman conquest, a temple of the Virgin rose in the sacred oasis, and at least one writer suggests that the old name was probably Saumaria instead of Sautariah, as it is marked on Stieler's map of the Mediterranean.

Thus the neighbourhood of Jaghbub, having been famous in the ecclesiastical history of many centuries, was well fitted to foster the growth of a great religious order. Moreover, it is situated on the very edge of the formidable barrier of dunes, between 100 and 150 miles wide, which borders the northern edge of the great Libyan Desert. These dunes run in immense chains north and south, with stretches of deep, soft sand and occasional wavy-crested cross ridges in between. For this reason, when Sidi Ben Ali sent his four missionary Ekhwan to convert the inhabitants of Kufara to his ascetic doctrine, they went via Jalo and Taiserbo, along the route by which Rohlfs went in 1879, and which we attempted to follow last winter. It was not until Sidi el Mahdi had removed his headquarters to Kufara that anyone attempted the direct route between the two holy cities. Then the brother of the Senussi saint, having had water stored along the way in specially prepared cisterns, went south with an immense caravan and succeeded in reaching Hawari safely.

Since then the route has been two or three times traversed by Sayed Ahmed es Sherif, but generally with disastrous results. On one occasion his water went bad, his horses died, and he was obliged to leave all luggage and stores on the way and return speedily to Jaghbub with such camels as could face the journey. A famous Senussi, Ekhwan Sidi er Riffi, made a prophecy that disaster would overtake any stranger who travelled by this route, which was to be reserved entirely for the Sayeds of the order and their immediate followers. Yet the worst tragedy of this desolate country is connected with one of the confraternity, who, having surmounted all the difficulties of the seventeen-day journey from Kufara, twelve of which are without water, died of thirst within *seventeen yards* of the well he just failed to reach. At either end of this route the wells are marked with groups of camel skeletons, and it should never be attempted without forty or fifty camels. Having regard to the difficulties of the way and to the prophecy concerning it, it is not unnatural that no stranger, Christian or Moslem, has ever attempted the journey. Yet if water could be stored at the Mehemsa dunes this would be the natural route by which the trade of Wadai and Darfur would come north through Kufara to Siwa and the Egyptian markets. When it is considered that a tanned and scarlet dyed hide costs fourteen shillings in Kufara and a pound of ivory about five or six shillings, it will be seen that commercial possibilities are considerable.

Jaghbub, at the moment, however, is entirely aloof from all such temporal problems. It is not really a town. There are but two or three large white houses built of mud bricks outside the walls of the Zawia. This great college is quite an imposing structure viewed from a short distance away. The white dome of the tomb of Sidi Ben Ali in the really beautiful mosque rises above a mass of two-storeyed, flat-roofed buildings crowned by the broken arcades of Sidi Idriss' house. Though no European had hitherto entered the Zawia, an Italo-British mission had camped a quarter of a mile outside its walls, and one of its members told me that the sound of the midnight chanting, sonorous and triumphant, beat across the rocky valley like the waves of a turbulent sea, to the detriment of the mission's well-earned repose. During the war the light car patrols pushed their Fords up to the edge of the escarpment overlooking the Zawia, the geographical position of whose dome was fixed by a distinguished member of the Egyptian Survey Department, Dr. Roger Ball, F.R.G.S. Below the great college is a thick belt of palm gardens, cultivated by the descendants of the negro slaves whom the Mahdi freed when he removed his headquarters to Kufara. They were given, in perpetuity, the lands they had worked on, and their children exist to-day as a curious little isolated, self-supporting community, living by the products of their gardens, which they sell to the sheikhs and students of the Zawia.



WHERE "THE SOLEMN SHEIKHS ARE GREY-BEARDED AND MOVE PONDEROUSLY": MRS. FORBES'S HOST AT JAGHBUB.

Perhaps if one arrived at Jaghbub in an aeroplane from Siwa, one might not grasp the peculiar mentality of the place, but after a 500-mile journey across one of the most terrible deserts in the world, one cannot fail to be impressed by this self-sufficient religious community, who pass most of their time in prayer and in study of the Koran, untroubled by the affairs of the outer world. Here are no political cross-currents to ruffle the placidity of Moslem routine, no mercantile interests to provide a link with East or West. "We are poor men who live to pray," say the Ekhwan in their flowing white robes over grass-green and indigo-blue "kuftans," and the instant one enters the wide, sandy courts, with their uneven walls pierced by rows of low doors, behind each of which lives a student, one is caught by a spirit of simplicity and peace. In all Libya, it was the only place where we found a complete absence of intrigue. Jaghbub is not old, as our European cities go, yet it gives one the impression of most venerable age. The solemn sheikhs are grey-bearded and they move ponderously, slowly, swinging the great wooden keys of their houses. The students, grouped round the well before the main door of the mosque, may be young in years, but there is no mark of irresponsible youth in their grave, pale faces and visionary eyes.

After leaving Jedabia, we had somewhat lost sight of the religious side of the Senussi confraternity, yet it was only as an austere and ascetic religious order that it was founded. The merchants of Jalo, the diplomats of Taj, had talked to us of a world only bounded by Constantinople, the Hedjaz and Delhi, but in Jaghbub we found again the basic elements of the confraternity's inception—a resolute detachment from any outside influence, and an utter disregard of all but the original principles of the Koran.



"OUR TRIALS WERE NOW AT AN END": A MEAL AFTER THE MEETING WITH AN EGYPTIAN FRONTIER CAMEL CORPS PATROL BETWEEN JAGHBUB AND SIWA—MRS. FORBES ON THE LEFT.

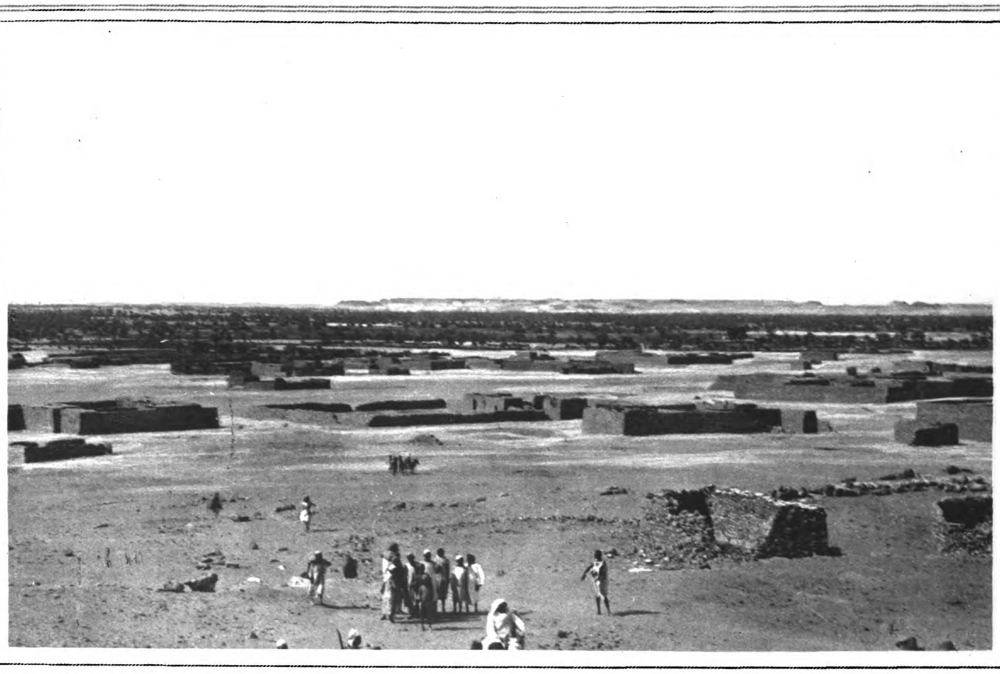
In our next issue we shall publish a further article and photographs by Mrs. Forbes, dealing with the people and customs of Kufara and the surrounding district.

* A "hatia" is a shallow depression containing hummocks covered with brushwood and fodder.

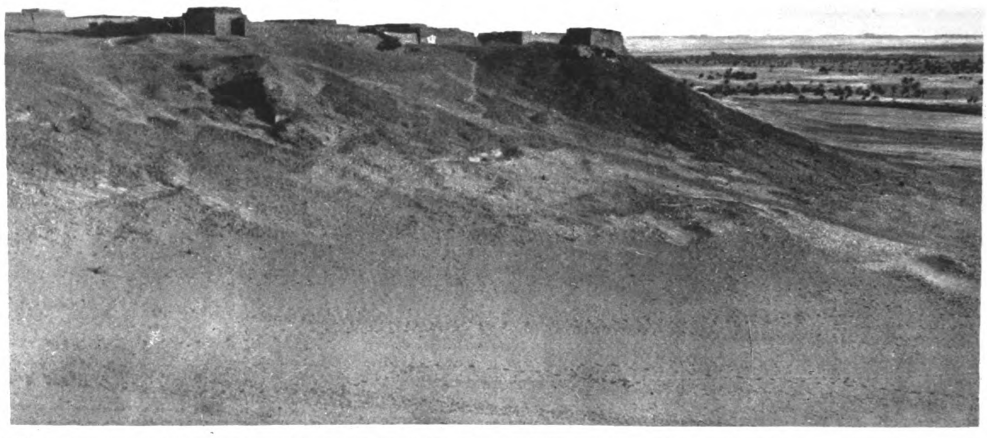
† The full story of the adventures of Mrs. Forbes is to be published in *Cassell's Magazine*.

ROSITA FORBES AT UNKNOWN KUFARA: THE CITIES OF THE SENUSSI.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES



THE "LONDON" OF THE SENUSSI: JOF, THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, A LARGE MARKET TOWN IN THE KUFARA OASES, CONTAINING A ZAWIA (CONVENT) INSTITUTED BY THE FOUNDER, SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ALI.



THE "WINDSOR" OF THE SENUSSI: THE SACRED CITY OF TAJ, ON A CLIFF ABOVE THE KUFARA VALLEY, WHERE MRS. FORBES LIVED NINE DAYS AS A VEILED ARAB WOMAN IN THE HOUSE OF THE SENUSSI CHIEF.

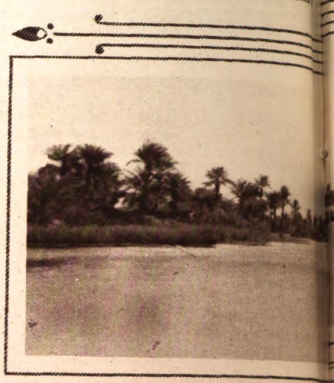
The culmination of Mrs. Rosita Forbes's journey into the Sahara was her arrival at Taj, the sacred city of the Senussi, in the oases of Kufara. The party entered on foot, for no one is allowed to ride in it. Here she was hospitably welcomed and lavishly entertained by the Kaimakaan, and was lodged in the house of the chief of the Senussi, Sidi Idriss, whom she had met at Benghazi (her starting-point), and by whom she had been provided with passports and credentials. At Taj she lived for nine days the life of a veiled Arab woman, and visited the holy *kubba* (the tomb) of Sidi el Mahdi, a former head of the order, the most sacred spot of the Senussi. It was he who moved the headquarters from Jaghbub to Taj in 1894. Not far from Taj is the large market town of Jof, which has been called the "London" of the Senussi, while Taj is their "Windsor." Mrs. Forbes, we may mention, will lecture on "Kufara: the Secret of the Sahara," at the Æolian Hall on June 2. On May 18 she gave a lecture on the Senussi before the Central Asian Society.

THE SECRET OF THE SAHARA REVEALED B

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED



ONE OF THE "INTENSELY BLUE SALT LAKES" IN THE KUFARA VALLEY: A SURPRISE TO THE TRAVELLER IN THE DESERT.



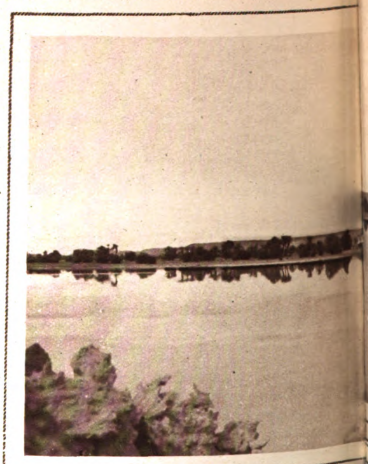
FRINGED WITH PALMS: A LAKE AT THE KUFARA OASIS, VIEWED



"THE CLEFT IN WHICH THE VALLEY LIES HIDDEN APPEARS SUDDENLY IN THE MONOTONOUS EXPANSE OF THE DESERT": THE CENTRE OF THE KUFARA VALLEY, WHICH IS FORTY MILES LONG BY TWENTY BROAD.



WHERE MRS. FORBES AND HER PARTY WERE IN PERIL OF MASSACRE THROUGH THE TREACHERY OF A GUIDE: THE VILLAGE OF HAWARI.

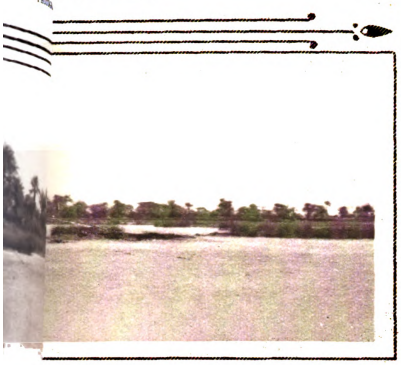


WHERE THE ONLY EUROPEAN EXPLORER TO VISIT DESTROYED: THE LAKE AT BOEMA, WITH A

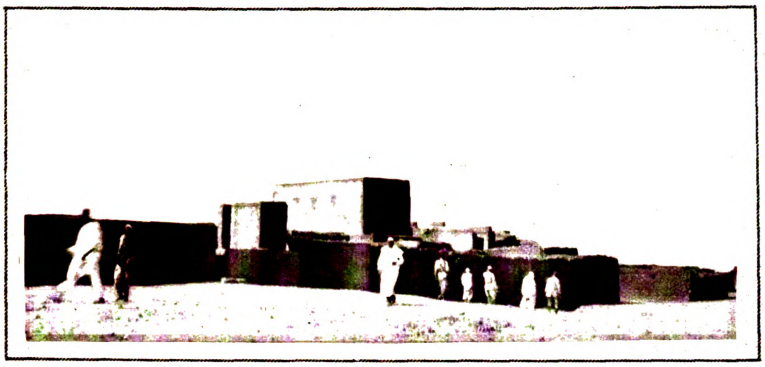
It was reserved for an Englishwoman to unveil the secrets of Kufara, the mysterious home of the Senussi. Mrs. Rosita Forbes is the first white woman to have reached it, and only two Europeans had been there before her. One was the German explorer Rohlfs, who went thither in 1879, but saw much less of the place than she did. His camp, with all his instruments, was destroyed by hostile natives, and he was kept captive for many weeks, finally escaping to Benghazi. The other was a French prisoner sent to Kufara by Sayed Ahmed. Mrs. Forbes has vividly described her first view of Kufara. "The cleft in which the valley lies hidden appears suddenly in the surface of the monotonous expanse of the desert. . . . In surprise, one looks down into an exquisite valley of verdure and amber sand surrounded by purple and red sandstone cliffs. Before one lie spread three intensely blue salt lakes, a grey salt marsh, fields of barley, wheat and millet and garden vegetables." Kufara, she explains, consists of six

REVEAL WOMAN: KUFARA AND ITS SALT LAKES.

OSITA FORBES.



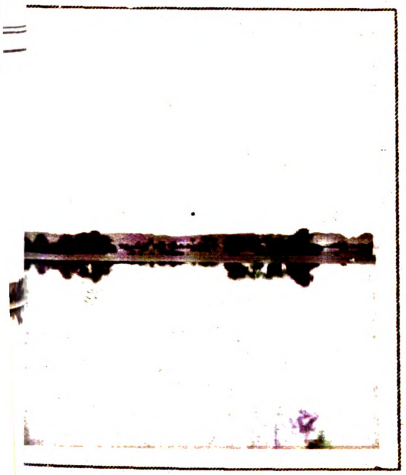
ENUSSI SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, IN THE RS. FORBES.



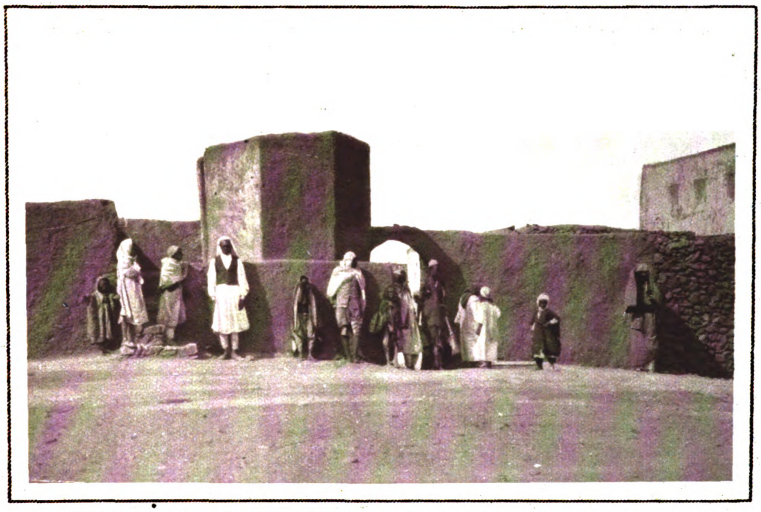
IN "A STRANGE LITTLE CITY OF WINDOWLESS HOUSES BUILT LIKE FORTRESSES": THE ZAWIA (CONVENT) AND HOUSE OF SAYED AHMED SHERIF, AT TAJ.



"IN SURPRISE ONE LOOKS DOWN INTO AN EXQUISITE VALLEY OF VERDURE AND AMBER SAND, SURROUNDED BY PURPLE AND RED SANDSTONE CLIFFS": ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MIDDLE OF THE KUFARA VALLEY.



JFARA BEFORE MRS. FORBES HAD HIS CAMP IMED TEBU FORT IN THE FOREGROUND.

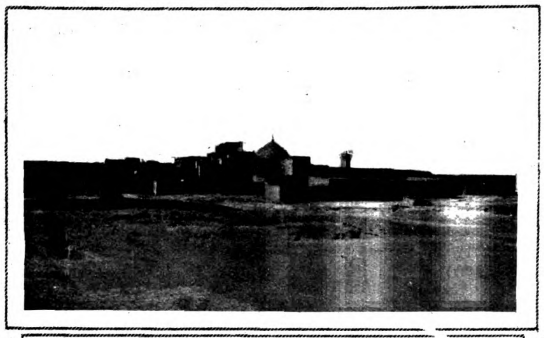


SHOWING MRS. FORBES ON THE EXTREME RIGHT: THE ZAWIA (CONVENT) AT TAJ, THE SACRED CITY OF THE SENUSSI WHICH SHE WAS THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO VISIT.

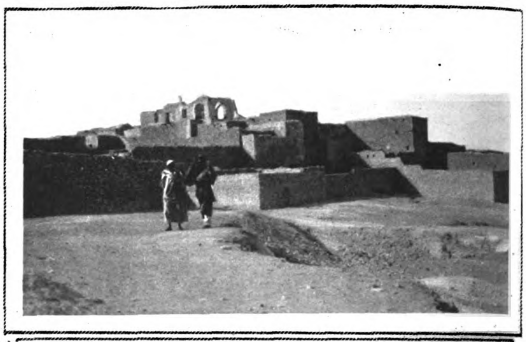
separate oases, with one or two ruined villages and castles of the aboriginal Tebus. Taj she describes as "a strange little city of windowless houses built like fortresses." It stands on a cliff brow, and contains only houses of important men, a *zawia* (convent), and holy *kubba* and mosque. All supplies are brought up by slaves from the valley. Jof, on lower ground, is the principal market town. Hawari is the northernmost village of the Kufara oasis. It was here that, on their arrival, Mrs. Forbes and her party were threatened with massacre owing to false reports, spread by a treacherous guide, that they had planned to seize the country by means of magical instruments (really a compass, binoculars, and aneroid barometer). An envoy was sent on to Taj to explain the situation to the Kaimakaan, and brought back a permit to proceed. Later, it was from Hawari that they started on the homeward journey by a new route to Egypt.

AFTER 1000 MILES OF DESERT: AT THE CRADLE OF THE SENUSSI.

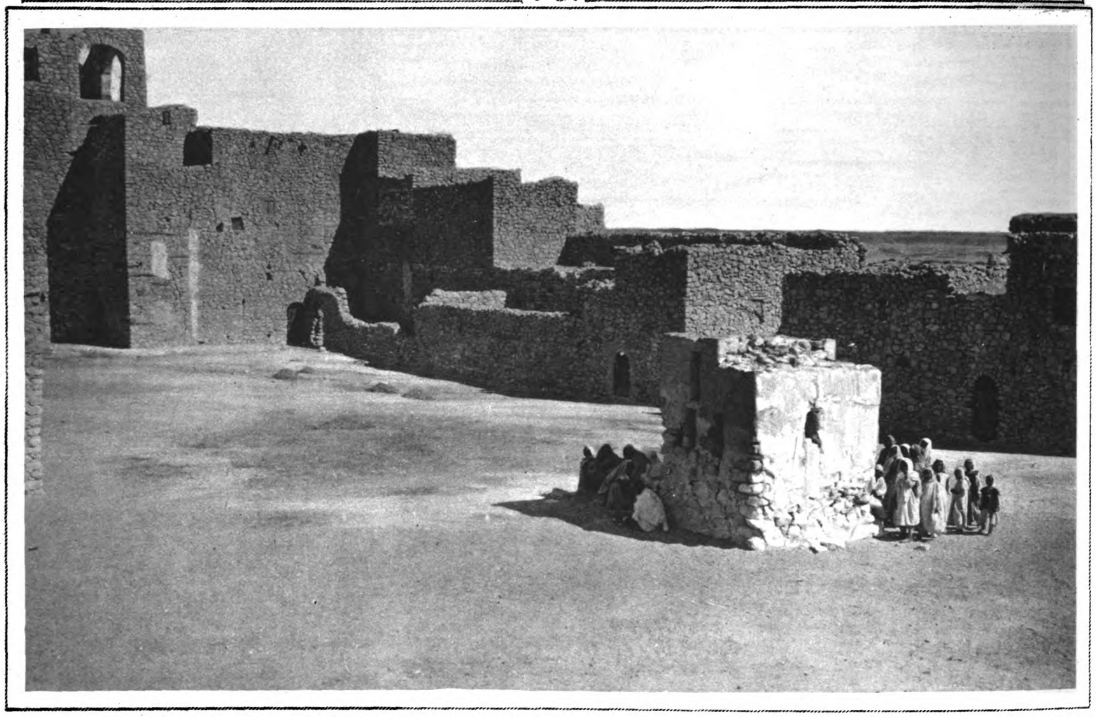
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



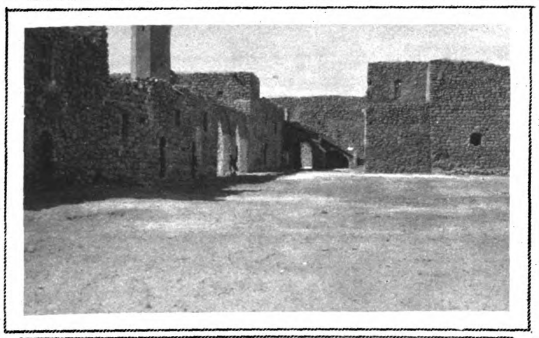
SHOWING THE WHITE DOME OF THE TOMB OF SIDI BEN ALI, FOUNDER OF THE SENUSSI ORDER: JAGHBUB.



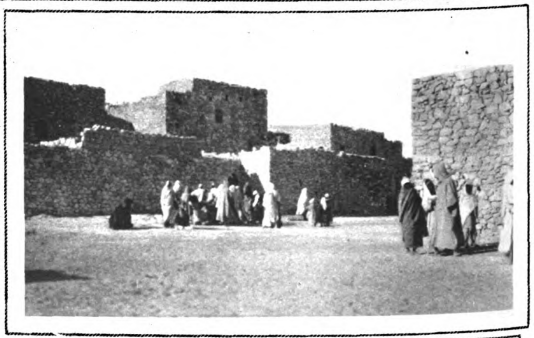
HEADQUARTERS OF THE SENUSSI TILL THE MIGRATION TO KUFARA IN 1894: JAGHBUB—ANOTHER VIEW OF ITS BUILDINGS.



NEVER BEFORE ENTERED BY A EUROPEAN: THE ZAWIA (COLLEGE) AT JAGHBUB, WITHIN WHICH MRS. FORBES LIVED—SHOWING A WELL INSIDE A WALLED COURTYARD, WITH A GROUP OF YOUNG STUDENTS.



"WIDE SANDY COURTS, WITH THEIR UNEVEN WALLS PIERCED BY ROWS OF LOW DOORS": STUDENTS' QUARTERS IN THE ZAWIA AT JAGHBUB.

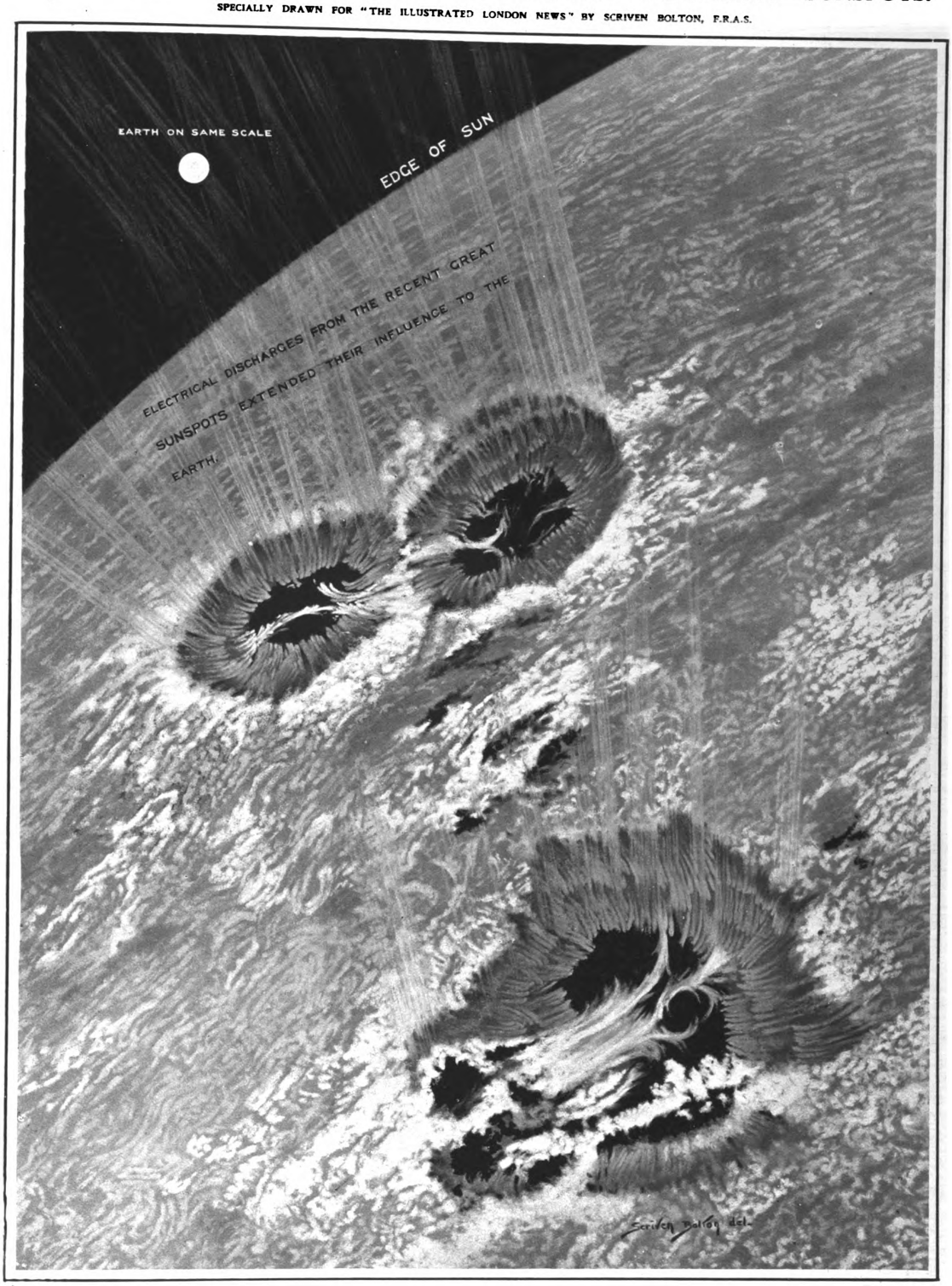


WHERE MRS. FORBES WAS INSTALLED DURING HER VISIT TO JAGHBUB: A TWO-STOREYED HOUSE, BELONGING TO THE *EKHWAN*, INSIDE THE ZAWIA.

At Jaghbub, Mrs. Forbes was nearing the end of her great journey. She had travelled 550 miles from Benghazi to Kufara, and thence another 500 miles "across one of the most terrible deserts in the world," to the place which was the original home of the Senussi order. It was at Jaghbub that the founder, Sidi ben Ali, first established himself. There stands the beautiful mosque, with the white dome of his tomb, rising above a mass of two-storeyed, flat-roofed buildings. The great college known as the Zawia was built in 1854. Forty years later Sidi el Mahdi removed the Senussi headquarters to Kufara. Jaghbub is not really a town, as there are only a few houses outside the college. Mrs. Forbes was the first European who had ever entered the Zawia. She lived there in a house belonging to the *Ekhwan*, and in her capacity as a Moslem was shown all over the buildings. An interesting account of Jaghbub is given in her article on another page in this number. The full story of Mrs. Forbes's adventures in the Libyan desert is to appear in "Cassell's Magazine."

THE CAUSE OF OUR RECENT "ECCENTRIC" WEATHER?—SUNSPOTS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



A SOLAR CONVULSION WHICH CAUSED A MAGNETIC STORM ON THE EARTH AND DISORGANISED TELEGRAPHS: THE RECENT SUNSPOTS—HOLES IN THE SUN'S SURFACE, EMITTING ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES.

"A terrestrial magnetic or electric storm," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "usually denotes the presence of a spot on the sun. That both magnetic storms and sunspots have one common source of origin, and are the effects of some great solar cyclone originating beneath the visible solar surface, is now well established. This mighty force, which creates sunspots, changes or increases the amount of earth magnetism. A typical example of the kind has been recorded during the present month. On the 7th inst. the sun's axial rotation carried round into view a large group of spots, which are depicted above. When they approached the centre of the disc on the 13th, the needles of the magnetic instruments exhibited unusual oscillation. On the evening of the following day earth magnetism again became violently disturbed, and continued thus until midnight, being accompanied by a brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights. . . . In many localities the telegraphs were completely interrupted. The magnetic influence existing between many of the largest spots and the earth is explained in the following way. A magnetic storm is due to electric currents passing through the upper strata of our air, accompanied by induced currents within the earth. Emanating from disturbed areas indicated by sunspots, this energy, in the form of confined streams of electric corpuscles, enters the outer layers of our atmosphere, and renders it electrically charged and ionised. This ionisation creates abnormal electricity in the atmosphere."—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

FIRST editions of modern or comparatively modern authors came up for sale on the 18th, 19th, and 20th, at Sotheby's, from the library of the late Mr. Edward Bond. Browning's "Strafford" (1837) sold for 30s., and "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" (1871), "Balaustion's Adventure" (1871), "Parleyings with Certain People" (1887)—six volumes which only realised 13s.—made one wonder what has become of the Browning Society, and how on the heels of a former conundrum, "Do you like Dickens or do you like Thackeray?" came the two camps of admirers—those who stood for Browning and those who stood for Tennyson. What a long while ago it seems, and here are Browning's first editions! There was offered the two-volume first edition of Wordsworth's Poems (1807), and his "Peter Bell" (1819). W. B. Yeats was represented by many firsts, including "The Wanderings of Oisin" (1889), "The Secret Rose" (1897), and "The Shadowy Waters" (1900). Robert Louis Stevenson had "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1886), and several others; and Rudyard Kipling was represented by "Kim" (1901) and his "Jungle Books." Joseph Conrad is a modern author who sees his first editions collected and wrangled over, and even spurious first editions put forth. One item here of his, "Youth" (1902), brought £6 5s.

At Willis's Rooms on the 19th Messrs. Robinson, Fisher, and Harding sold a collection of pictures and drawings, signed proof engravings, and prints. Among some of the most notable a W. Kalf canvas, "A Basket of Fish," brought £57, and a J. D. de Heen—"Lobsters, Fruit, and Vegetables," sold for £115.

An interesting little collection of books gathered a century ago was sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 20th. There was a second folio of Shakespeare (1632), and another item was the New Testament, Wycliffe's English translation, revised by John Purvey, manuscript on vellum (7 5-16 by 5¼ inches), with twenty-eight illuminated initials, English early fifteenth century; it brought £380. Two desirable items were the "Contes et Nouvelles en Vers," by La Fontaine, with plates after Eisen, the "Fermiers-Généraux edition, 1762, sold for £92, and Molière's works, with plates by Moreau (1773), sold for £50. Concerning costume, volumes dealing with bygone fashions made an appeal. Moth and rust have corrupted clothes-closets. A collection of costumes is a somewhat tatter-demalion array suggesting regimental colours tarnished and faded. The brilliant colours they wore in the heyday of their glory have melted into greys and browns. In books of old costume, delicately coloured, we have the gaiety that is not dead. It still sparkles and illuminates the pages of past history. "La Belle Assemblée," from the commencement in 1806 to 1837, an interesting period, brought £30. It embraces the George IV. era, when dandyism was at its height. There is, too, Heideloff's "Gallery of Fashion," 1794 to 1803, with 219 coloured plates of ladies' costume. If one wanted real literature, perhaps one would have snatched Gay's "Fables," with seventy plates by William Blake, or Andrew Marvell's works in three volumes, published in 1776.

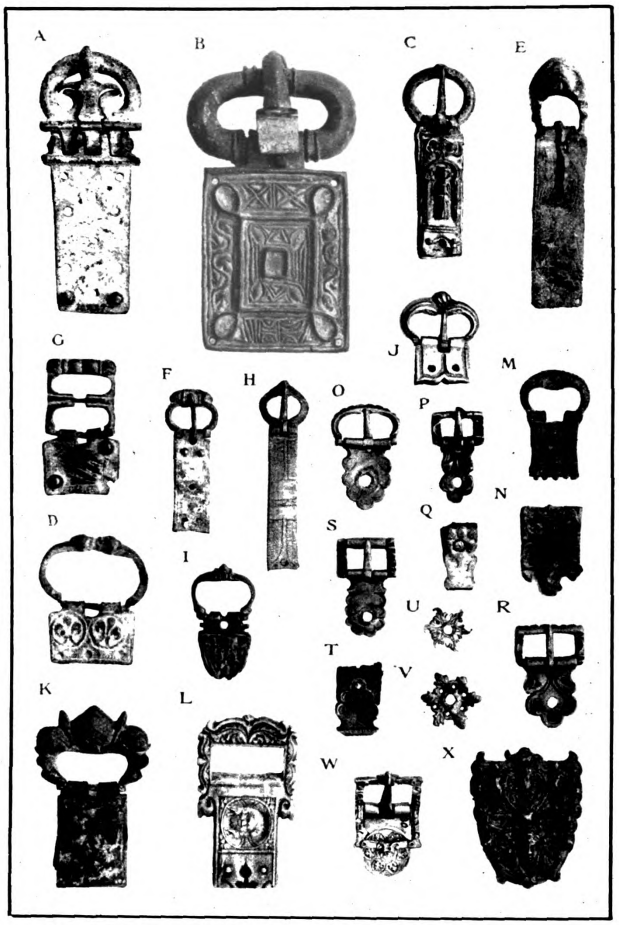
Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the same day were selling Chinese porcelain, decorative furniture, and Persian rugs, the property of a lady of title and others. A Canton enamel vase showed the cloven hoof—a Chinese landscape with European figures. How the glory of the East has departed! Some Chinese glass of the Ch'ien-lung period was superlatively beautiful in its technique and artistic achievement. There were seated figures of ladies, wistful and elusive, as only the Chinese can depict the poesie of aloof, nebulous modesty. Cups and bowls and dishes, opaque white, ruby, dark-blue, amber, and purple, charmed with their colours, which Murano has not excelled. Canton enamels, Soochow lacquer, soapstone carvings, and necklaces of coral and green jade with aquamarine and jade pendants, the equipment of some mandarin, made up an interesting series of items. In the porcelain, a pair of *famille-verte* ginger-jars enamelled in fine colours sold for 200 guineas; and a vase with beaker neck enamelled with children performing before the Emperor and Empress was also in *famille-verte*—both K'ang-hsi—realised 50 guineas.

The Friday sale of pictures by Messrs. Christie on the 20th had some interesting items among a series of old pictures, the property of Sir Richard Brooke, Bt., and drawings by Old Masters, the property of the late Mr. James Stuart Hodgson and others. From the Mayor collection came some drawings—Fra Bartolommeo, "The Madonna and Child Enthroned" and the "Madonna Seated with the Infant Saviour"; Jan Brueghel, "The Watering Place," with horsemen and market carts. Four allegorical figures, one representing Pluto, by Giulio Romano, were formerly in the collection of Earl Spencer. Of portraits, that of Warren Hastings seated in an arm-chair, by J. Wright, might have won more enthusiasm. We are glad of any shadows of our great men. Hence Richardson's portrait of Alexander Pope, seated holding a quill pen, surely dipped in venom, was a rarity. Pope, great as he was, was not an ideal subject for a portrait-painter. He required a man every day to help him to put on his breeches and to lace his puny body in corsets. But he wrote stinging letters setting his generation by the ears, and he was a clever versifier with eighteenth-century platitudes in Chesterfieldian manner which sound sonorous. The same painter's portrait of Matthew Prior, the poet, in brown dress with white cravat, seated in a chair, is equally of value. "Any representation made by a faithful human creature of that face and figure which he saw with his own eyes," says Carlyle, "and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me and much better than none at all." We catch a passing glimpse of the sprightly Prior, and remember his mock epitaph on himself—

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve.
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

Sotheby's sale on the 23rd and 24th of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities was notable. Egyptian amulets held a place, bronzes competed with beads for favour. An Etruscan lamp-stand of the first half of the fifth century before Christ came into competition with three strips of gold from an early Greek grave of three centuries later, whether used as a diadem or as a support for the jaws of a corpse is conjectural. Furtwängler, the German specialist, has written learnedly on the matter. From Abbotsford, the property of the late Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, comes a Celtic bronze ornament found in a morass in Galloway, and presented to Sir Walter Scott. It may be a horse-ornament or part of a man's head-dress. Scott in his "Antiquary" shows how far folks may go awry in conjecture.

Engravings, wood-cuts, and drawings held their own on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th at Sotheby's. Some very nice items came up which in less restless times might have made a good deal more. A portrait of Christian VII. of Denmark, by E. Fisher, after Dance, a mezzotint of that mannikin monarch who married the sister of George III., and was supplanted by Struensee, a German doctor, a disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who had a secret passage to the young Queen's apartments, and was beheaded by an infuriated Danish people, offered possibilities in a slow market as a rare portrait. "Catherine, Lady Bamphylde," by T. Watson, after Reynolds, is always a sought-after print, and this was in the second state. There were many opportunities for collectors who dared to risk their capital. Dürers and Ostades, Rembrandt impressions that have made connoisseurs of an earlier generation cut each other at the club for pique of ownership, passed into outer darkness.



A NEW FIELD FOR THE COLLECTOR: ARMOUR-BUCKLES AND PENDANTS, FROM ANCIENT ROME TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"Buckles," says the "Bulletin" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, "are not merely art objects in little . . . but their design and details change with each decade. . . . No work on armour as yet refers to them critically. Yet they are not difficult to collect. . . . Other furnishings of armour—rivets, for example—will repay inquiry. So also hinges, washers (rosaces) and tags (mordants and pendants)." The buckles and pendants illustrated above are: (A) Roman, first century A.D.; (B) Visigothic (?), fifth century A.D.; (C) French, twelfth century; (D) French, thirteenth century; (E) Frog-mouth buckle, thirteenth century; (F) Thirteenth century; (G) Heraldic square, fourteenth century; (H) Fourteenth century, narrow shank; (I) Fifteenth century, fleur-de-lys shank; (J) Fifteenth century gilded; (K) Fifteenth century; (L) French, fifteenth century, ivory; (M) French, fifteenth or sixteenth century; (N) Tag of M, O, and P, German, sixteenth century; (O) Tag of P (mordant); (R and S) sixteenth century (1540, 1550); (T) Mordant, 1550; (U and V) Rosaces of 1530; (W) German, ornate buckle, 1580; (X) Tag, bronze, large, ornate, *c.* 1575.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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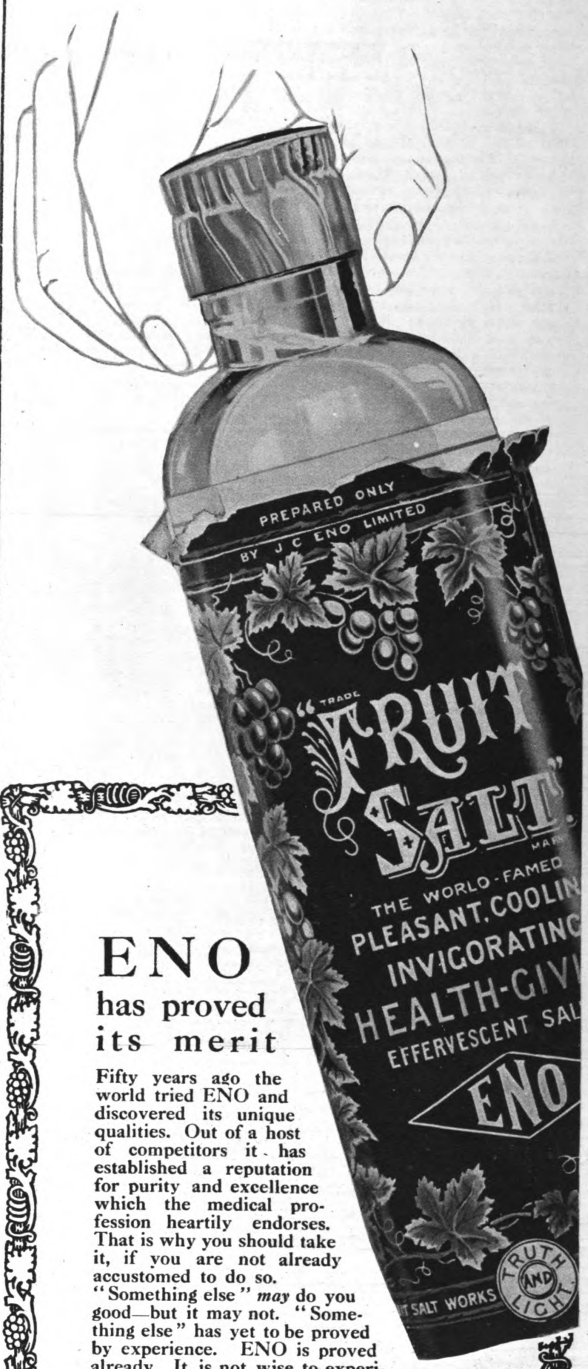
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LADIES' NEWS.

THESE are days of moving about. Our own people spend few or no week-ends in towns; visitors from abroad are pouring into our island intent on exploring its beauties and on making pilgrimages to the great fields where the modern Crusaders captured the Shrine of Freedom. Travelling is so different now from what it was even ten years ago that different equipment for it is essential. Such a great British firm as that of Mappin and Webb are the first to recognise this, and, as they have led the world in the past in the matter of fitted cases and bags for travellers, so they lead with a wonderful variety of this necessary equipment now. Lead not only in variety, but also in the finest quality in material and workmanship—all essentially British—the greatest compactness, the fulfilment of every requirement, and absolute comfort and convenience to the owner. From £17 10s. a woman can buy a fitted morocco leather case; the fittings are silver mounted and Louis XVI. in design. There is a strong double-action lock, and the case is lined throughout with richest silk. There are ten toilet fittings of African ivory, glass, and silver. From that the purchaser can suit herself, through a complete range of beautiful cases and bags up to any sum—those with tortoise-shell fittings inlaid with real gold are in special favour; they look so splendid and need so little cleaning. If a woman cherishes her own brushes, combs, and hand-glass, Mappin's will make a very handsome bag to take them, and supply further fittings to match, so that an imposing possession need not mean a correspondingly imposing cost. In these days it need not be pointed out that we want compact little fitted hand-bags for motor trips. These are simply irresistible at Mappin's; they will take such jewel trinkets as one wants, serve as vanity-cases and also at the toilet, eliminating the necessity for carrying bulky, heavier baggage. Men's cases and bags are as carefully considered as those for us. A fitted suit-case which by special construction is kept light enough to be easily carried proves a great favourite. Visitors to town are eagerly seeking directions to Mappin and Webb's, either at 158, Oxford Street, 172, Regent Street, or 2, Queen Victoria Street, to fit themselves out with the proper implements to enjoy their play in our gardens, as well as their longer journeys.

When a tiny tyrant demands of you, all of a sudden, a story, what is the best way out? There isn't a best, there is only one—tell the story. Excellent stories, either to tell or to read, are in the "Ivory Castle" book. They are short and enthralling, and they have a moral, which is: hold your ivory castles, kiddies, against the wicked elves which would destroy them. You need to keep your powder dry and use it often against the enemy. It is Gibbs'



A DINNER DRESS.

The extended hip-line is the most marked feature of this black velvet dress, which, furthermore, has black Chantilly lace on the skirt, and tiny sleeves of it too.

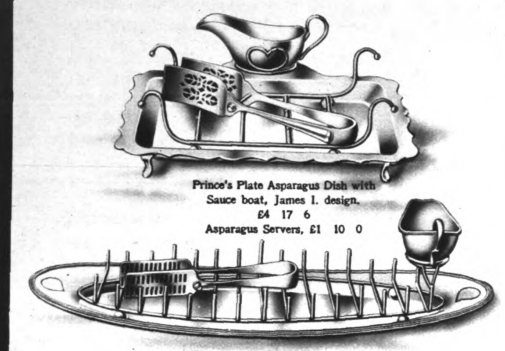
Photograph by Shepstone.

Powder condensed into a pink cake of dentifrice. When the lilliputs have learned all about the ivory castles—and the tales of them prove delightful—they will be specially keen to keep them from their te... In exchange for two hygiene certificates, one of wh... is enclosed with every package of their famous to... preparations, and of 8d. in stamps, Messrs. D. and ... Gibbs, Ltd., Department 12, Cold Cream Soap W... E.1, will send the "Ivory Castle Fairy Book," ... a package of their toilet preparations. It m... be stated whether a lady's or gentleman's pack... is required, or both will be sent for 1s.

Men are very particular about their clothes, qu... as particular as we are about ours, but on diffe... lines. They very rightly refuse woman's interfer... in their choice, because it should always be distin... by the "manniness," if I may coin a word, in th... own nature, which we feel and like but cannot co... prehend. A visit with a man friend to one of t... exclusively male outfitting establishments, possi... not an altogether typical one, since it is remarka... fine at every point, I mean Gieves', 21, Old Ba... Street, takes one at once into the "manny" atm... sphere created by the handsome, harmonious, practic... and imposing surroundings which man's mind d... mands. He does not, as we do, turn a quarter of a... department inside out. He is attended by experts... who know what he wants. All the staff—and it is a big one—are picked men. There are departments for tailoring, hosiery, shirts and collars, pyjamas, ho... and half-hose, dressing-gowns, fancy hosiery, hats an... caps, leather goods, sports wear, jewellery and watche... books and stationery, marine pictures—Gieves', as everyone knows, is a sailors' shop—and even a photographic section. When a man dives int... Gieves' he does business there, depend upon it, in th... surroundings and in the way he loves. If he cannot dive in, he shows to his friends an excellent brochure setting forth the dignified character of his pet shop—it seems almost desecration to call it such, it look... like a series of very handsome consulting-rooms.

From our American friends we have learnt many things, among others to conjugate a verb, "to hustle." It is quite a valuable lesson when we hustle with such an efficient and versatile assistant as the new "Hustler" soap. Although it conjugates an American verb, it is a British product from the firm of our old tried and trusted John Knight, whose "Royal Primrose Soap" is a household stand-by. "Hustler" does the work of six soaps. It is excellent for the bath, the toilet, removing stains of earth or foliage from the hands, taking out grease stains, washing the most delicate fabrics, and cleaning paint, tiles, linoleum, glass and crockery. It wants little water, and hustles away dirt without help like white magic.

A. E. L.



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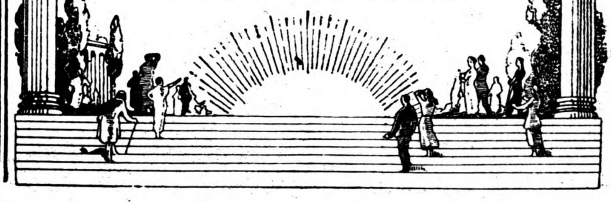
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE MIGHTY MITE.

THE annual Conversazione of the Royal Society is an event to which I always look forward with keen enjoyment. For on these occasions the savants of science meet together to display the latest results of their several fields of research. Not every year, of course, can one expect "thrills," in the form of some epoch-making discovery, but one may be sure of gaining enlightenment on many themes, more especially in such as concerns one's own work. This year, perhaps, the exhibit which interested me most was that of my friend Dr. Rennie, who showed a number of microscopic preparations illustrating the results of his investigations into the cause of the disease which has wrought such havoc among hive-bees in this country since about 1902. Known as the Isle of Wight bee-disease, it was supposed to be due either to a very virulent Protozoan parasite, *Nosema apis*—a lowly and extremely minute animal — or to some unknown bacterium.

Dr. Rennie has now conclusively shown that this formidable scourge is due to the invasion of the respiratory system by a minute species of mite, *Tarsonemus woodi*, which invades the air-tubes of the fore-part of the body supplying the head and thorax. Here all stages in the life-history of this Acarine were found—eggs, larvæ, and adults. Not only do they cut off the supply of the life-giving oxygen, but they perforate the walls of the tubes, in order that they may batten upon the body fluids of their hosts—or rather, victims. But, quite apart from this sapping of the victim's vitality through the drain upon its tissues, the mere blocking of the air-ways is sufficient to cause death. This much was proved by experiment. The first spiracle—the external aperture of the air-tubes—of one or both sides of a healthy bee was closed by melted paraffin-wax. At once the power of flight was lost, and presently, within a week, the wings became dislocated and death followed. Where both spiracles were closed, the bees developed a reeling gait within forty-eight hours, and died on or before the third day, with all the symptoms of the Isle of Wight bee-disease.

How the invader gains entrance to the spiracles, and why only the first pair are selected, yet remains to be discovered. And we are as yet quite in the dark as to preventive methods, or a remedy. Until these problems are solved, bee-keeping in this country will be but an unprofitable venture. Curiously enough, the disease seems to be confined to the bees of Great Britain. Experiment may show that it will be possible to evacuate the mite by some form of fumigation which will not destroy the bee, after the method of clearing the chicks of pheasants and poultry of gape-worms. Less seems to be known of Tarsonemid mites than of any other family of this order, but till now they had been regarded as embracing only vegetable feeders. The common cheese-mite will afford a good idea of the general appearance of this tiresome parasite. But the cheese-mite is a beneficent creature, as all lovers of Stilton cheese will admit. Most other specimens of mites are harmless. But there are several other species which have become veritable scourges of the human race. Take, for example, the case of the Japanese "Harvest Bug" (*Microtrom bidium akamushi*), which is the carrier of the Kedani, or river fever, peculiar to certain areas along the banks of the rivers of the main island of Hondo. This is very fatal, the mortality averaging about twenty-seven per cent. of the persons affected. Our own "harvest bug" is nearly related to this species, and, as many of us know to our cost, its bite gives rise to great irritation, lasting for many days. It is worth remembering that a little ammonia applied to the wound affords speedy relief. Oil of citronella applied to the hands and legs, in infested areas, affords a valuable means of protection. Flowers of sulphur rubbed over the legs and ankles, or into the underclothes and stockings from the knees downwards, is also recommended.

Many different kinds of "itch" and mange are due to the bites of these tiny scarlet pests, and the pain they cause is far more severe than that inflicted by either sand-flies, mosquitoes, or ants. The great, repulsive-looking ticks which may often be found attached to domesticated animals are nearly related to the mites, and the bite of some species is much dreaded. There is an Australian species of Ixodes which frequently causes paralysis among dogs and children. Many cases, indeed, are on record where the bite has proved fatal. Cases of "tick paralysis" from the bite of a nearly related species have also been recorded from America. The Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever Tick (*Dermacentor venustus*) is not only well known, but much dreaded. The virulence of the disease varies in different localities, from seven per cent. in Idaho to seventy per cent. in Montana. Verily the small things of this world confound the great.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



"REAL" TENNIS AT PAU: THE VICOMTE DE VAUFRELAND PRESENTS THE CUP TO CAPTAIN R. K. PRICE.

The Vicomte de Vaufreland, who served during the war at the Headquarters of the British Fourth Army, is seen presenting the Pau Tennis Cup to Captain R. K. Price, holder of the Gold Racquet and the Paris and Bordeaux Cups, who beat Mr. E. A. Noel, the Hon. Sec. of Queen's Club, in the final. Peter Latham is shown leaning against the post on the right. Other players in the group are: M. Laurent d'Andurain, a most promising local player; Captain W. W. McClean; M. Gounouilhou, winner of the Silver Racquet, 1920; M. A. Loubet; and Baron R. de Cabrol.

Those visiting the Continent may be glad to note that, from June 1, passengers to Germany by the Folkestone-Flushing route will be able to travel in through carriages from Flushing to Cologne and Berlin. There will be a restaurant-car from Flushing to Osnabruck in which breakfast and lunch may be taken in comfort.



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ROYAL TOURNAMENT
Patron—His Most Gracious Majesty the King.
MAY 19th to JUNE 4th.
at 2.30 and 7.30 p.m.
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Reserved seats 5/6 to 15/-, including tax.
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For Heating & Domestic Installations.
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RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.
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REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

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Used and highly recommended by **Sir Harry Lauder, George Robey, Phyllis Monkman, Harry Pilcer, Lee White, Maidie Scott, Violet Loraine, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez,** and hundreds of other well-known people.

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Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct—

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Soft old Douro Port. Delicious Flavour

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Sample Half-bottle sent Post Free for 3/- Money refunded if order results.

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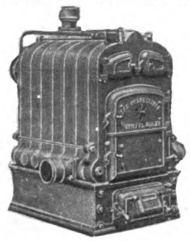


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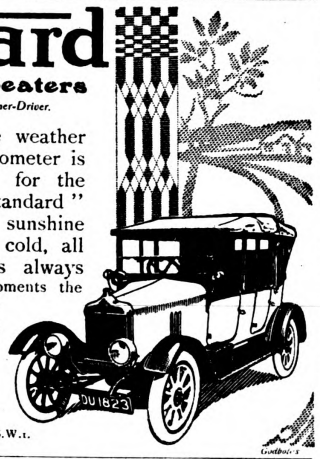
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Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, March 19, 1921.

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See "LANCET'S" opinion, 27th July, 1907.

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The Sauce which makes a good dinner perfect.

The next best sauce to hunger is

PYTCHLEY HUNT SAUCE

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HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA AT ALL CHEMISTS 4s. 3d. a tin

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Tar on Roads. In view of a recent High Court decision as to the liability of a road authority which was held accountable for damage to certain watercress-beds through tar draining off the highway, it would be more than a little interesting to know whether highway authorities are equally liable for damage done to cars by wet tar. To begin with, there is no need to use tar at all. The more up-to-date road surveyor uses bitumen, which lasts much longer and does no damage to anything or anybody. Then there is surely no possible need to tar the whole width of the road-surface at one time, as too many authorities do. If tar must be used—though, as I have said, there is really no necessity for this—it is just as easy to dress one side of the road at a time, leaving the other half for traffic, thus leading to the minimum of damage to vehicles compelled to use the roads. A very bad example of how not to do it has recently been seen in Roehampton Lane, which is a busy exit road for traffic leaving the west of London for the South Coast. Twice within the past two months this road has been tarred for the whole of its width and top-dressed with coarse gravel. Not the least curious thing about it is that it was done just before Easter, and then again immediately before the Whitsun holiday—two periods when traffic would be at its heaviest and the maximum amount of damage would be caused. I should not like to estimate the amount of the latter, but it must have run into many thousands of pounds if the total depreciation of body-work caused by the wet tar could be known. The Worthing Road has recently been in the hands of the tarring contractors for large portions of its length. In some places, notably near Horsham, the dressing has been sensibly done, and half the width of the road left dry. In others, the whole width has been dressed, with consequent wholesale damage to the paint-work of passing cars. In Horsham itself, when I passed over the road a week ago, the whole of the highway had been tarred and a top-dressing of coarse granite chips laid down. Passing over it was like being under a tin roof in a violent hailstorm. We are being taxed to the tune of some ten millions a year for the roads, and I think we have a distinct grievance against highway authorities who adopt these methods of rendering their roads dustless. Whether there is any remedy in law is another matter; but, in view of the decision to which I have referred, it would be just as well if the motoring organisations would look into the question.



A STIFF CLIMB IN LAKELAND: A WOLSELEY "FIFTEEN" ASCENDING RED BANK, GRASMERE—ON A GRADIENT OF 1 IN 3·3.



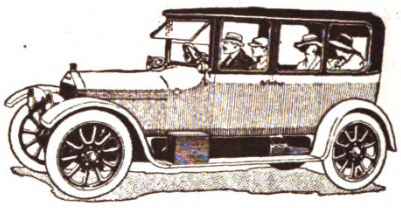
FOR THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AND HIS STAFF: A FLEET OF CARS SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. HARRODS.

The photograph shows the cars near the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion outside the Houses of Parliament. *Photograph by P.P.P.*

Angus-Sanderson Reconstruction. I am very pleased indeed to know that the Angus-Sanderson car is not to disappear as a result of the financial troubles which have recently beset the firm responsible for its production. I have received a copy of a letter sent out by the receiver, in which is announced the fact that a satisfactory scheme of reconstruction has been arrived at, and immediate steps are being taken for the re-establishment of the business on a permanent basis. Owing to the enormous cost of maintaining the factory at Birtley, it has been decided to adapt the works of Messrs. Tylor, who were responsible for the engine of the Angus-Sanderson, to the construction of the car as a whole. In the meantime, a certain number of cars are to be assembled at Birtley, but as soon as possible these works will be vacated and production centred at New Southgate. I understand that the price of the touring car has been fixed at £545. The Angus-Sanderson has always struck me as a car which embodied a sincere effort to give the motoring public a vehicle for which there was a distinct demand. That is apart altogether from the financial methods which led to the liquidation of the firm. It would have been a very great pity if manufacture could not have been continued, just when all the inevitable troubles attending the production of a new car had been satisfactorily surmounted.

A Rolls-Royce Acquisition. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have secured for a long term of years the services of Mr. A. J. Rowledge, who for a considerable time past has been chief designer for the Napier Company. Previously to his appointment to Napiers', Mr. Rowledge occupied a similar position with the Wolseley Company. He is best known as the designer of the Napier "Lion" and "Cub" aero engines, the former of which is undoubtedly the most successful aero-motor hitherto produced. The "Cub" is a newer production, and has yet to prove its worth in the air, though on the record of its predecessor it ought to do very well.—W. W.

The "WOLSELEY" FIFTEEN

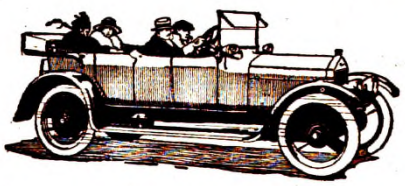


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On the roads of England, Scotland, or Wales it will hold its own with the fastest touring-cars made, no matter what their power may be, and its hill-climbing power is really astonishing. The majority of ordinary gradients are negotiated on top gear.

Four-cylinder Engine, 3¼ in. bore by 5½ in. stroke, with overhead valves and camshaft. Fitted with electric lighting and starting. Five detachable wheels. Made in four types as under:

TOURING-CAR to seat Four	£895
SALOON to seat Four inside	£1135
SINGLE LANDAULETTE	£1175
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Write us for Catalogue No. 20, post free, or ask us for the name of your Local Agent.

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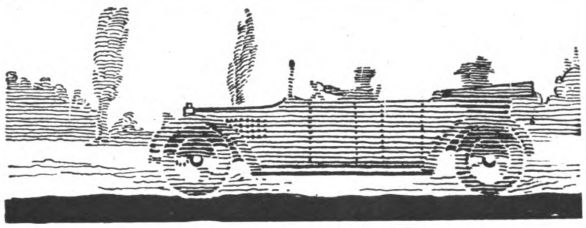
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Put the best possible in your tank and you'll get the best possible out of your car.

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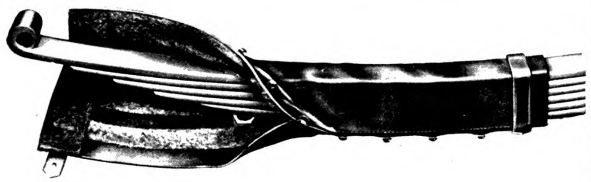
look to your Leaf Springs. More than likely they have become clogged and corroded as the result of long exposure to water, mud and dust. To relieve this congestion and to restore the Car to its original buoyancy and riding comfort, there is nothing better than

DUCO

Grease-Retaining GAITERS For LEAF SPRINGS

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SUNBEAM

The Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., beg to notify the public that, for the greater convenience of their clients, they have decided to transfer their Southern Service and Repair Works from Cricklewood to larger and more commodious premises at

177, THE VALE, ACTON, LONDON, W. 3

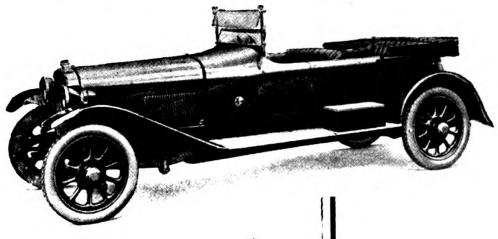
An advantage of this change is that facilities will now be available for completely fitting up bodies and undertaking paint work, in addition to chassis repairs and overhauls. Sunbeam cars will be dealt with only by men of long experience in their manufacture and assembly, and owners may, as heretofore, confidently rely upon prompt and efficient service.

"A PERFECT CAR"

Cambridge, 4/2/20

"I have very much pleasure in stating how pleased we are with the new 6-cyl. Sunbeam; it runs very smoothly, and is altogether a perfect car."

J. M. B.



THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd., WOLVERHAMPTON

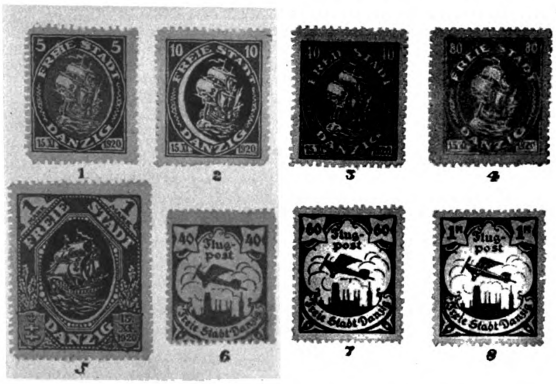
LONDON SHOWROOMS - - 12, PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., W. 1
MANCHESTER SHOWROOMS - - - - - 106, DEANSGATE
Southern Service and Repair Works - 177, THE VALE, ACTON, LONDON, W. 3
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SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES 100 to 900 h.p.

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THE latest issues of stamps for the free city of Danzig provide some interesting noveltics for the collector. As most of my readers are aware, this Baltic city and the surrounding territory constitute a free city under the protection of the League of Nations, with a British High Commissioner.



New stamps issued by the Free City of Danzig: Nos. 1 to 4.—Four of the five smaller size, with a full-rigged war-ship of the Hanseatic period. No. 5.—One of the five mark values in the larger size, with similar design. Nos. 6, 7, and 8.—Three of the new set of five aero stamps, showing an aeroplane hovering over Danzig. (All fully described, with details of colouring, in the accompanying article).—[*Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.*]

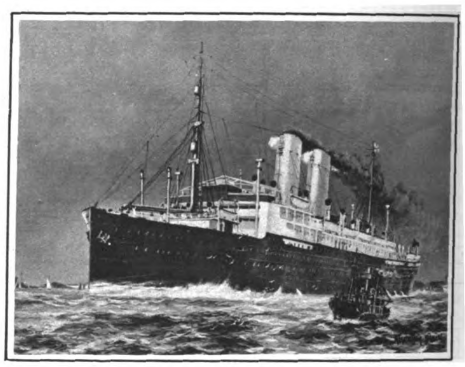
Since last July the citizens have been provided with special stamps, at first of a provisional character, the ordinary German stamps overprinted "Danzig" in Gothic, or in flowing script lettering. These have already been illustrated in these pages.

At last the provisional stamps have been replaced by a series of ten stamps in two special designs, the central feature of each of which is a full-rigged war vessel of the Hanseatic period, which figures in the arms of the city. There are five pfennig denominations in the small size depicted, and five mark values in the larger format. On each stamp is the date, 15. xi. 1920, the issue being intended to commemorate the establishment of a Constituent Assembly, as provided for in the Constitution of the free city. The stamps were designed and printed locally in the printing works of Julius Sauer, of Danzig; they are not perforated in the usual way, but are rouletted with a series of zig-zag rules which cut into the paper and weaken it, so that it acts like a perforation in separating the stamps from a sheet. The full set of values and colours comprises: 5 pfennig, brown and violet; 10 pfennig, orange and blue-black; 25 pfennig, green and carmine; 40 pfennig, carmine; 80 pfennig, ultramarine; 1 mark, red and grey-black; 2 marks, deep blue and olive-green; 3 marks, deep violet and green; 5 marks, blue-black and carmine: and 10 marks, grey-green and yellow brown.

A new set of aero-stamps has also appeared this month, to replace the temporary set of three German-Danzig stamps overprinted with biplane and winged posthorn emblems. The new stamps, designed and printed in Danzig at the same works as the set described above, show an aeroplane hovering over the city of Danzig, the skyline of which is effectively shown in silhouette in the lower part of the stamp. The complete set of these stamps, for use on mail sent by air posts, consists of these five values: 40 pfennig, green; 60 pfennig, purple; 1 mark crimson; 2 marks, brown; 5 marks, blue. The first four of these stamps are perforated 14; the 5 marks, which is of a large oblong size, is rouletted 13½.

"EMMA." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

SOME three years ago Mr. Herbert Thomas knocked off a lively little sketch the humours of which turned on a man's breach-of-promise case, and "Stopping the Breach," as this Gilbertian trifle was styled, proved very popular with variety theatre audiences. The author has had the idea of expanding his sketch into a full three-act play, the result being "Emma," matinée performances of which are now being given at the St. James's; but Mr. Thomas's first two acts are not written in the same key as the court scene, which comes last, and robs us of its surprise. If Mr. Thomas had not already given us highly interesting stage-work, as in "Sinners Both," we might find it hard to forgive him. His players do their best. Nobody could make Lady Emma Jones intelligible, but Miss Amy Brandon Thomas makes her amusing; while the facetious judge of Mr. Horton, the gruff policeman of Mr. E. Rae, and the voluble landlady of Miss Drusilla Wills have their droll moments.



AN EX-ENEMY STEAMER FOR PLEASURE CRUISES TO NORWAY: THE ORIENT COMPANY'S NEW BOAT, "ORMUZ" (FORMERLY THE "ZEPPELIN").

The "Ormuz" (14,167 tons) was originally built for the Nordeutscher-Lloyd and named the "Zeppelin." She now belongs to the Orient Company, and is to make pleasure cruises to Norway this summer, visiting the finest fjords. The sailings are fixed for June 18; July 2, 16, and 30; and August 13 and 27. The charge is 25 guineas for 13 days.

We have received from Lord Brayc a letter in which he notes that we made an erroneous statement under the portrait of the Empress Josephine published recently in *The Illustrated London News*. He writes "This was in the text beneath the cartoon-portrait of Josephine, stating that the marriage with Napoleon was 'dissolved by the Pope.' What Napoleon wanted was a decree of nullity (not divorce) from the Holy See—the pretext for his petition being, I believe, his want of internal assent to the contract at the time of the marriage—a palpable falsehood. The Pope could not give a decree for such a plea. But the text in question states that the marriage was dissolved on the ground of the sterility of Josephine. This is not admitted in the Church as a ground for *decree of nullity*. Further, no Pope has any power to *dissolve* a marriage if validly contracted and consummated. I should not approach you to beg you for a correction of the text except that it is most important that such a powerful paper as yours should not start a wrong idea of such a fundamental tenet of the Catholic Church. I should say 'confirm' the idea rather than 'start' it, because, alas! it has been 'started' centuries ago in England, and Protestants *still imagine* that the Holy See can give divorce. It has no power to dispense with Divine Law—only with Church laws."

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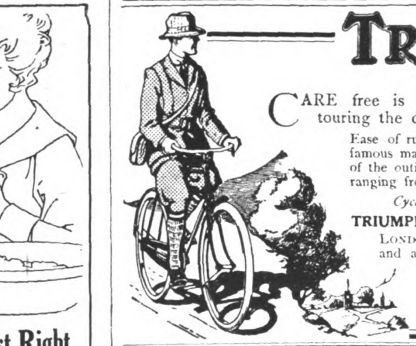


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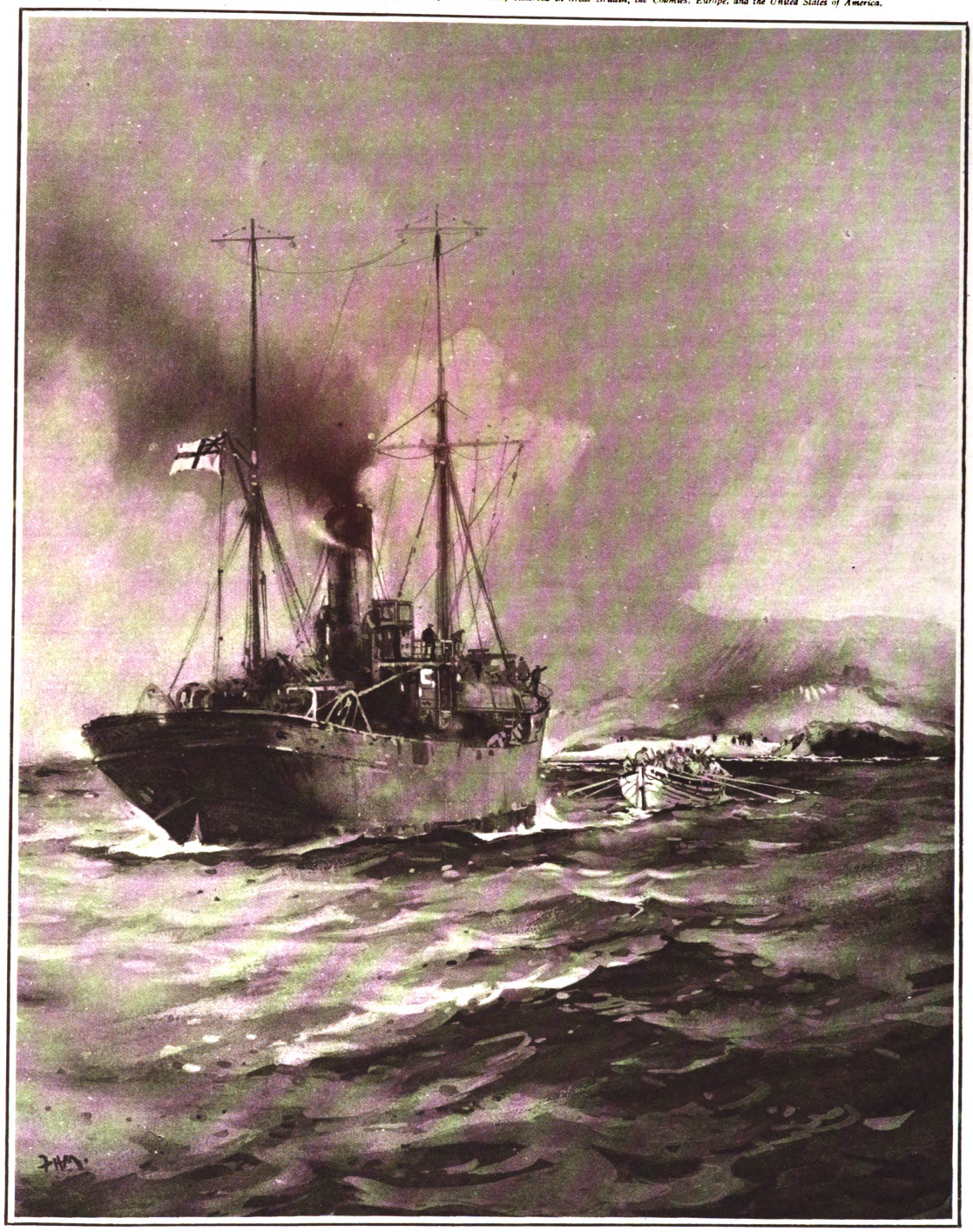
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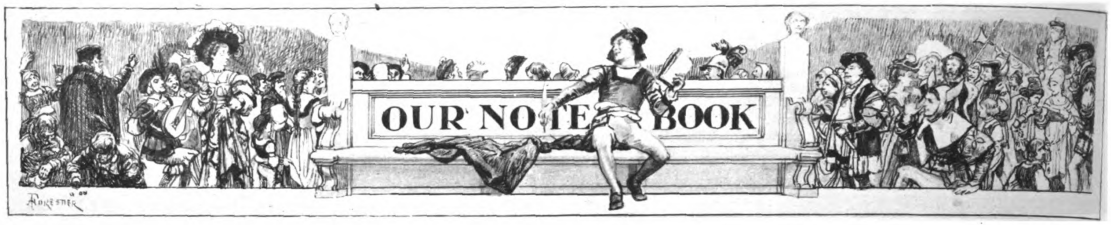
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"IT IS INTENDED TO STRENGTHEN THE CROWN FORCES IN IRELAND": LANDING BRITISH TROOPS ON THE IRISH COAST FROM A GOVERNMENT TRAWLER.

In the House on May 30, Mr. Lloyd George said: "It is intended to strengthen the Crown forces in Ireland. When the arrangements are completed a statement will be made to Parliament. It is not intended to send any of the Reserves to Ireland."

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

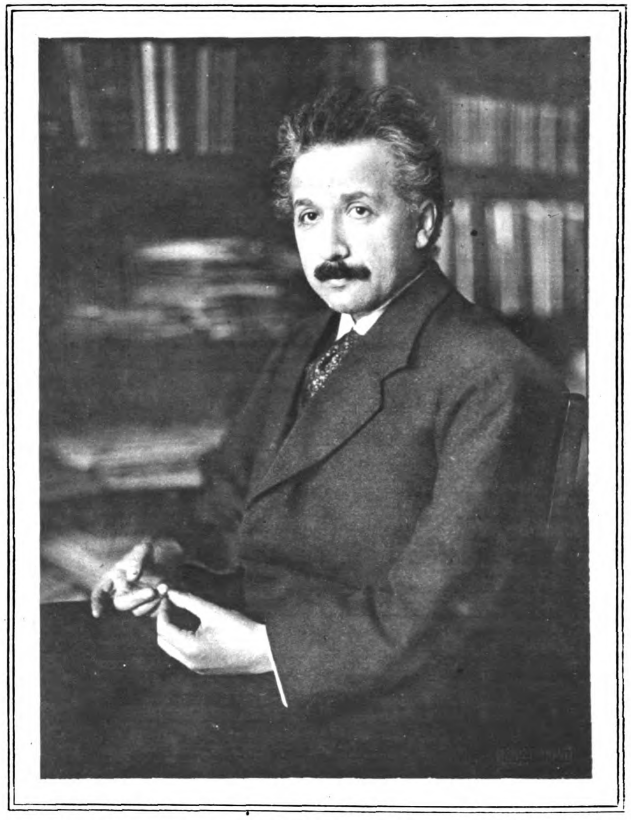
CERTAIN casual considerations have crossed my mind in the pleasure of reading the last book by Mr. H. G. Wells. It is called "The Salvaging of Civilisation," but it might well be called "The World-State," being largely a plan for avoiding wars by a cosmopolitan commonwealth. I do not pretend to review the book here, or indeed anywhere. It is the glory of Mr. Wells's work that it would always need a book to review the book. But I would suggest one criticism: that Mr. Wells is hardly enough of a nationalist to reconcile the nations. Such a peacemaker tends inevitably to talk to them too much as if they were savage tribes being told to bury the hatchet. Now, if savages can bury the hatchet, it is because it is something like a stone hatchet. It is primitive and brutal; but it is another matter to ask a nation to bury the sword, which heroes and judges have borne, not in vain. A man might fling it away in a mystical moment, as Sir Bedivere flung Excalibur. But even Sir Bedivere hesitated thrice, and the nation may hesitate longer. But suppose, while he was hesitating, a critic came and told him that the magic gems were all paste, and the Round Table all rubbish. I think he would not throw it away, but hit the critic a great swipe with it. Now, all this international idealism tends inevitably to the depreciation of nations. To avert national quarrels, men minimise national memories. It almost amounts to insulting a man in order to make him feel more friendly.

The truth is that all this is a misunderstanding of the very nature of friendship, and espe ially of reconciliation. If two business men, Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson, are rivals who hate each other, you do not unite them by merely mentioning an imaginary firm of Robinson and Brown. Still less do you do it by inventing a new portmanteau word, and calling them both Brobinson. It is useless to press upon them eagerly all sorts of printed handbills and prospectuses, in which the names of Brown and Robinson figure in a sort of monogram, interwreathed with decorative hearts and flowers. Even this will not remove all irritation. In short, in the case of any two men thus disunited, it is bad psychology to thrust in their faces an arbitrary prophecy that they will both be partners in a Utopian business that does not exist. If you really wish to bend yourself to the heroic and saintly task of reconciling two men who had a genuine and bitter quarrel, you would be wiser to begin at the very opposite end. It would be well to begin, for instance, with the fact that each man has a family, and that even his public irregularities are sometimes directed by his private affections. The only palliation of the pettifogging pedantry which is so regrettable in Robinson is to be found in the unconscious faces of the nine little Robinsons. The only excuse for the gambling recklessness which we all lament in Mr. Brown is the persuasive charm which we all recognise in Mrs. Brown. These are the things which might conceivably and truly make men forgive their enemies. We can only turn hate to love by understanding what are the things that men have loved; nor is it necessary to ask men to hate their loves in order to love one another.

And just as two grocers are most likely to be reconciled when they remember for a moment that they are two fathers, so two nationals are most likely to be reconciled when they remember (if only for a moment) that they are two patriots. Just as Mr. Robinson can plead a sense in which he was a good father when he was a bad citizen, so at many a time during the past centuries the same Mr. Robinson would have had to plead that he was a good Englishman though he was a bad European. I do not at all under-rate the necessity or desirability of turning Mr. Robinson into a good European. I have dedicated a good many odes, addresses, petitions, invocations, and hymns of supplication to Mr. Robinson, in the patient hope of persuading him to be a good European. But I am sure it cannot be done by ignoring his feelings as a good Englishman, or the reasons for his strong internal conviction that a good Englishman is a good thing. On the contrary, I believe we must see the intrinsic value of the nation before we see its international value to other nations. We must see the man as lovable in his loneliness, as all the more individual for being insular. Before we see Robinson, as in a vision, in any haloed and transfigured form of Brobinson, we must have learned to see Robinson as Robinson Crusoe.

For we cannot in commonsense expect to succeed by bustling about with negative novelties, and telling the English that Nelson is all nonsense, or the Scots that Wallace is a myth, or the French that Jeanne d'Arc is dead and done for, or the Americans that Bunker's Hill is not worth bothering about, and, by thus insulting every nation, arrive at the mutual love of nations. Whether or no the thing can be done at all, it cannot be done like that. Whether or no we are to have a world-state, it is certain that we shall never get it so long as its exponents despise the deepest sentiments of the most democratic States in the world. History will never deny that republics have been even excessively patriotic; and, whatever can be said against patriotism, no one will deny that it is popular. Chauvinism was a charge brought as much against ancient Athens as against modern France; and Mr. Hannibal Chollop was by no means too proud to fight. The cock can crow with a red cap as well as a red crest; and the imperial eagle is not the only sort of spread eagle.

That this narrow national bragging is dangerous I do not deny; but I do not think that the cure is to read the internationalist literature. I think it is to read the nationalist literature—of other people. If I wanted to teach English people to be friends with the French, I would teach them to read Rostand and not Rolland. It would be far better for an English boy to learn to understand "L'Aiglon," and follow the sad flight of the eaglet in the track of the great eagle, rather than to follow that very dismal dove of peace which migrated to the Alps in order to say it was "above the *mêlée*." A boy ought not to be above the *mêlée* but in the *mêlée*; only it might be of a more chivalric sort worthy of the tradition of its mediæval name. It might be a *mêlée* in which the men calling on St. George had some notion of what was meant by the other men calling on St. Denis. Now, men had this understanding, more or less, in mediæval war; they have only lost it in modern war. No French knight denied that St. George's cross was a cross, or set lance in rest against it in exactly the same spirit as if it had been a crescent. No English archer actually wished to turn St. Denis into St. Sebastian. That narrowness has come with what is called the wider emancipation; with journalism and its free lances, not to mention its long bows. And it will generally be found, I think, that modern wars have been ruthless in proportion as they have been rationalistic. It was not a love of Germany that excited the Germans to aggression; it was a universal scientific theory of the anthropological value of Teutons, and the economic necessity of empires. In our efforts to get a world-state, we are only too likely to get half-a-dozen world-states, with half-a-dozen world-philosophies. It would really be more practical to have a comprehension and recognition of nationalism; or, in the only sane sense, a league of nations.



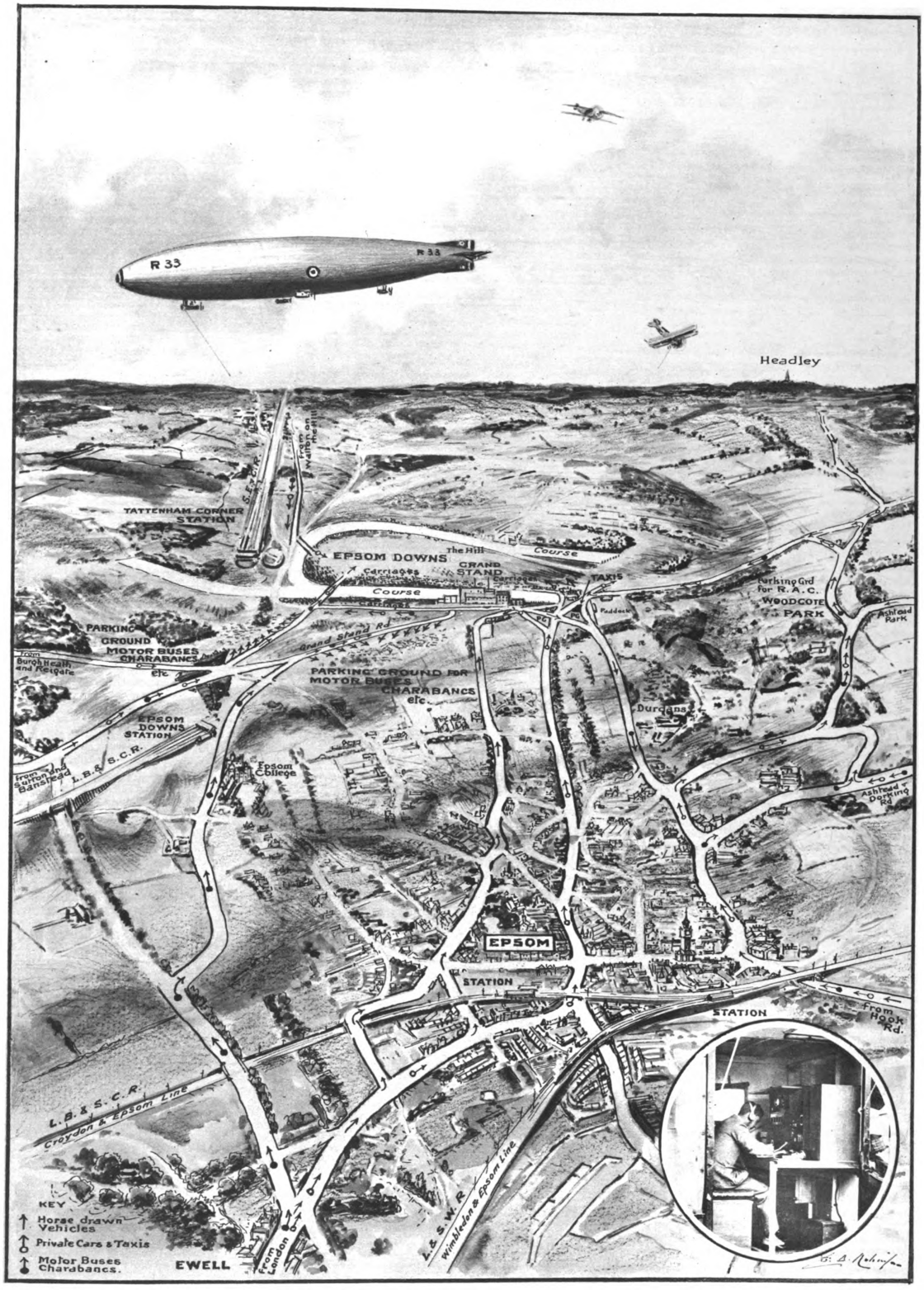
THE PROPOUNDER OF THE NEW THEORY OF RELATIVITY TO LECTURE IN LONDON: PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN.

Professor Einstein, the German physicist, whose Theory of Relativity has made so much stir in the scientific world, has arranged to visit this country on his return from America, and to deliver a lecture at King's College, Strand, on or about June 9. During his stay in London he will be the guest of Lord Haldane. Professor Einstein, who is not much over forty, was born at Ulm, in Bavaria. At one time he was engineer in a Swiss Patent Office, and later a Professor successively at the Universities of Zurich, Prague, and Berlin, where he now lives. Apart from science, he is noted as a Pacifist and a Zionist. He is also a keen musician.

Photograph by Martin Höhlig, Berlin.

DERBY ROAD-CONTROL FROM THE AIR BY WIRELESS: "R 33" OVER EPSOM.

DRAWING BY W. B. ROBINSON. INSET PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.



ROAD-TRAFFIC TO EPSOM ON DERBY DAY CONTROLLED BY AERIAL OBSERVATION: ROUTES FOR VARIOUS VEHICLES—(INSET) MAJOR BENNING TESTING WIRELESS APPARATUS IN A LORRY BY THE GRAND STAND.

A very interesting innovation was tried this year in controlling the road-traffic to Epsom on Derby Day, which it was anticipated would exceed all previous records through the reduction of railway facilities owing to the coal stoppage. It was arranged that the airship "R 33" and some aeroplanes should fly over the road routes and report by wireless to the traffic controller (Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. Laurie, Deputy Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police), at his office in the grand stand, any points on the roads at which congestion of traffic occurred. Colonel Laurie himself arranged to go up in an aeroplane at 12.15. Certain roads were assigned to different types of vehicle. There were 1800 special police on duty, and a flying squad of 200 in motor-cars, with a car-ambulance, to remove any broken-down vehicles. The road-plans are indicated on our drawing by various arrows according to the key in the left-hand lower corner. Others show points on Epsom Downs where banks were removed for vehicles to turn off the road into parking grounds.—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

WHEN THE UNFINISHED "BARRIE" WAS GIVEN": THE PRINCE OF

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.; PHOTOGRAPHS



PLAYED BY PRESENT MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES: "THE MAN IN THE DOCK, OR, WHO IS A.B.W.?"—A STUDENTS' MEDLEY.



PLAYED BY A "STAR" CAST BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: THE FIRST ACT OF SIR JAMES BARRIE'S NEW PLAY, "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"

The Prince of Wales visited the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street on May 27, and opened its new theatre. In the course of a short speech he spoke of the Academy as "the home of a great national tradition." Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson recited a poem written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges. Then followed a students' medley called "The Man in the Dock, or, Who is A.B.W.?" played by present members of the Academy. Next came the first act of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," played by ex-students, and finally the first act of Sir James Barrie's new and unfinished play, "Shall We Join the Ladies?" In the right-hand top photograph are (left to right) Miss Viola Tree as Imogen Parrott, Mr. Ion Swinley as Tom Wrench, Miss Athene Seyler (in front) as Avonia Bunn, Mr. A. Scott-Gatty (behind her) as Ferdinand Gadd, Miss Meggie Albanesi as Rose Trelawney. In the left-hand lower drawing, in front (left to right) are Mr. Nelson

: THE

F WALES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART.

SIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY WALTER BENINGTON.



/ THEATRE: THE
LES SPEAKING.



PLAYED BY EX-STUDENTS OF THE ACADEMY BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE FIRST ACT OF PINERO'S "TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS."

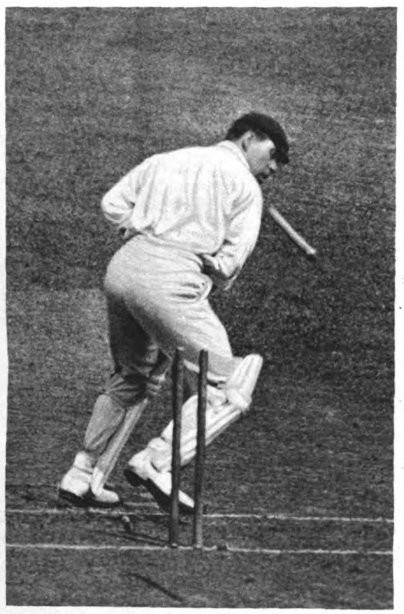


THE "STAR" CAST AND THE COUNCIL OF THE R.A.D.A. BEING INTRODUCED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY SIR JOHN HARE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS MARIE LÖHR.

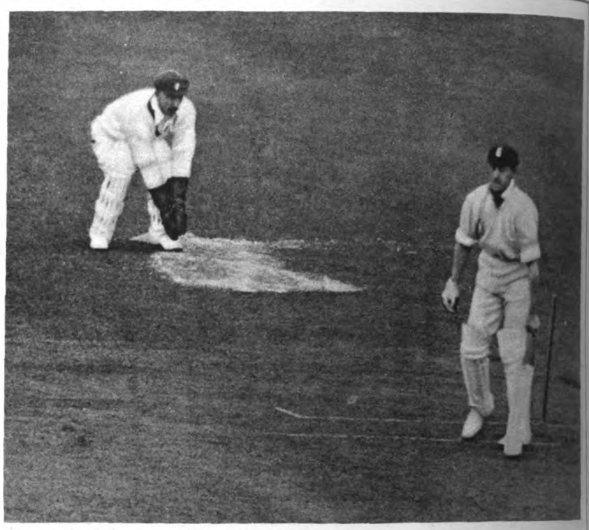
Keys, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, Miss Sybil Thorndike, Miss Irene Vanbrugh (seated), and Mr. Leon Quartermaine. At the back (left to right) are Mr. Norman Forbes (as the policeman), Lady Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Marie Löhr, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier (standing behind), and Miss Madge Titheradge. In the right-hand lower drawing are (left to right, in left foreground) Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and Sir Arthur Pinero. In the centre is the Prince of Wales greeting Miss Marie Löhr, on whose left is Mr. Norman Forbes. In the right foreground (left to right) are Mr. Nelson Keys, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Mr. C. M. Lowne, and Miss Fay Compton. Beyond the Prince (left to right) are Mr. Kenneth Barnes, Sir John Hare, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and Miss Sybil Thorndike.—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

THE HUNDREDTH TEST MATCH: ENGLAND BEATEN BY

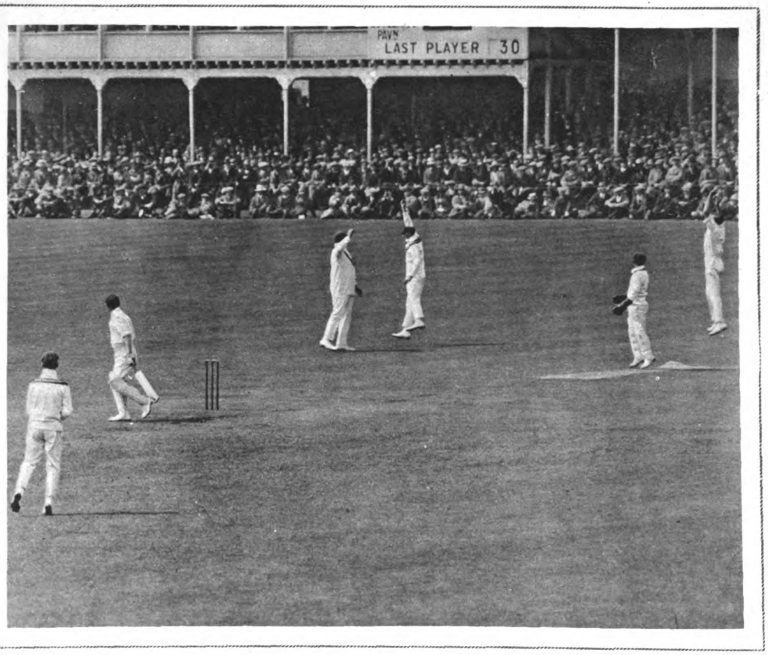
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



BOWLED BY MR. GREGORY: E. HENDREN (MIDDLESEX) OUT FOR A "DUCK."



THE HIGHEST SCORER FOR ENGLAND IN THE FIRST INNINGS: P. HOLMES (YORKSHIRE) BOWLED (BY MR. MACDONALD) FOR 30.



KEEN AUSTRALIAN FIELDING: THE MEN IN THE SLIPS TRYING TO CATCH RHODES, WHO GOT MR. MACDONALD AWAY TO THE BOUNDARY.

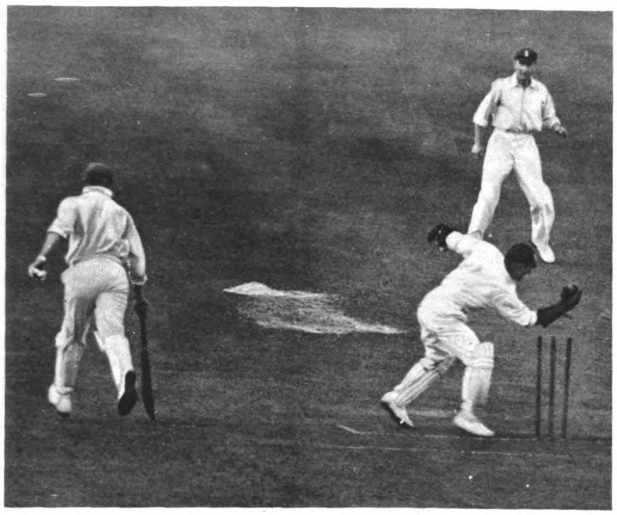


THE ACCIDENT TO TYLDESLEY IN THE SECOND BY A FAST LONG-HOP FROM MR. GREGORY.

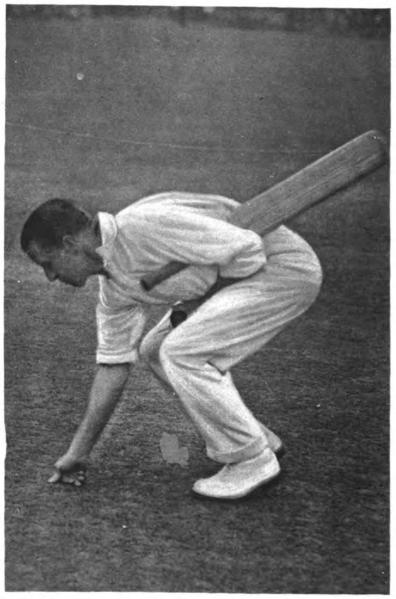
The first of the five Test Matches arranged for this season during the tour of the Australian cricket team in England began on Saturday, May 28, on the Trent Bridge ground at Nottingham, and ended on the Monday in a win for the visitors by ten wickets. England batted first, and reached the disappointing total of 112, the highest individual score being 30 made by Holmes. Only three other batsmen got into double figures, and four were out for "duck." Australia's first innings resulted in 232, of which Mr. W. Bardsley made 66. In the second innings the home team did slightly better, but left the result a foregone conclusion. A nasty accident happened to Tyldesley, the Lancashire bat. A fast long hop from Mr. Gregory rose and hit him a stunning blow on the head. He had to be helped to the Pavilion, and only later heard that the ball had

Y AUSTRALIA AT NOTTINGHAM—BY TEN WICKETS!

SPORT AND GENERAL.



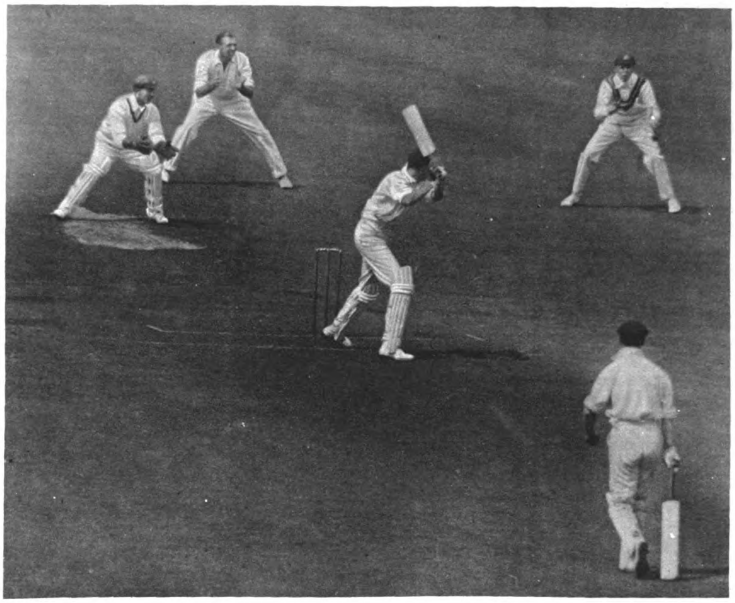
THE HIGHEST SCORER FOR AUSTRALIA IN THE FIRST INNINGS: MR. W. BARDSLEY, WHO MADE 66, NEARLY RUN OUT



THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN TRIES THE WICKET: COLONEL DOUGLAS FEELING THE STATE OF THE PITCH.



INNINGS: THE BATSMAN HIT ON THE HEAD WHICH WENT ON TO HIS WICKET.



F. E. WOOLLEY (KENT) CAUGHT IN THE SLIPS BY MR. HENDRY: A FORESHORTENING EFFECT OF THE TELEPHOTOGRAPH, WITH THE OPPOSITE BATSMAN APPARENTLY QUITE CLOSE.

struck his wicket, so that he was out. England's total in the second venture was 147, to which Mr. D. J. Knight contributed 38, and F. E. Woolley 34. The Australians needed only 28 to win, and Mr. Bardsley and Mr. C. G. Macartney hit off the runs without the loss of a wicket. The bowling honours on the Australian side fell chiefly to Mr. J. M. Gregory and Mr. E. A. Macdonald, and on the English side were fairly evenly divided among Woolley, Colonel Douglas, Richmond, Rhodes, and Jupp. It should be noted that the above illustrations are from telephotographs, taken from the Pavilion, and that the effect of the distance is slightly to distort the relative positions of the players, and to show them nearer to each other and to the spectators than they were in reality.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, PHOTOPRESS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, SPORT AND GENERAL, SENNECKE (BERLIN), P.P.P., CENTRAL PRESS, AND "DAILY MAIL" (LEIPZIG TRIAL).



A GREAT SAILOR: THE LATE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR A. K. WILSON, V.C.



THE FIRST BRITISH WOMAN BARRISTER: MISS OLIVE CLAPHAM.



A LOSS TO ANTHROPOLOGY: THE LATE MISS M. A. DE CZAPLICKA.



CAPTURED BY ARABS IN MESOPOTAMIA: MRS. Z. BUCHANAN.



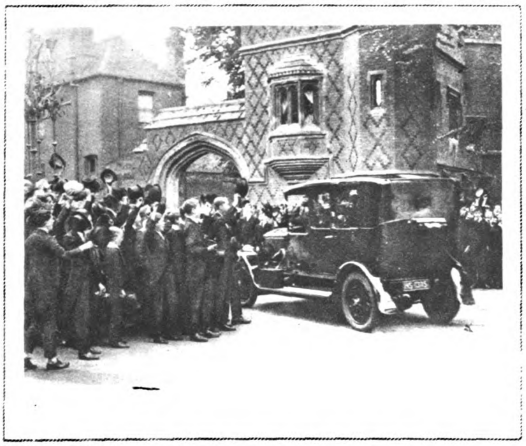
THE BURNING OF LOYALISTS' HOUSES IN CO. CORK: FRANKFORT HOUSE, MONTENOTTE, SIR ALFRED DOBBIN'S RESIDENCE.



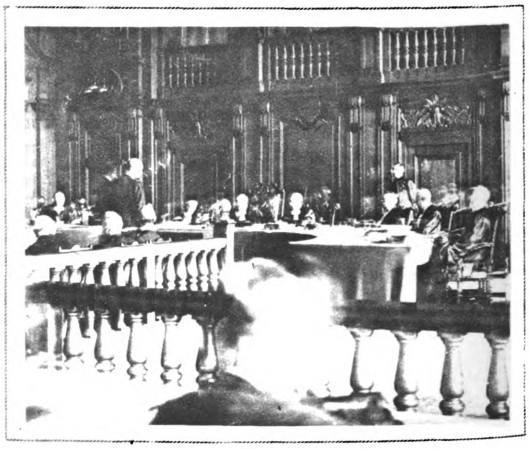
A GERMAN WAR CRIMINAL SENTENCED: KARL HEINEN (RIGHT).



ATTENDING THE LEIPZIG TRIALS: SIR ERNEST POLLOCK, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, AND THE BRITISH COMMISSION.



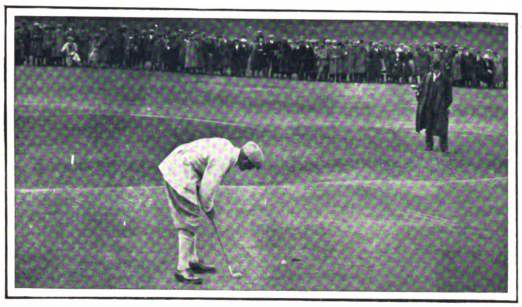
GREETED WITH SHOUTS OF "BANZAI!" FROM THE BOYS: THE ARRIVAL OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AT ETON COLLEGE.



THE OPENING TRIAL OF GERMAN WAR CRIMINALS AT LEIPZIG: THE FIRST PRISONER, KARL HEINEN, EXAMINED BY SENATPRÄSIDENT SCHMIDT.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson, V.C., died on May 25, aged 79. He won the V.C. when serving with the Naval Brigade at El Teb, in 1884. In 1912 he retired after 57 years' service.——Miss Olive Clapham was the first of several women law students who recently passed the final Bar examination.——Miss M. A. de Czaplicka, Lecturer in Anthropology at Bristol University, died on May 27. She went with the Oxford Expedition to Siberia in 1914-15, living for a year within the Arctic Circle, and wrote several important books.——Mrs. Zetton Buchanan lately described (in the "Times") her terrible experiences last year in the Arab rising in Mesopotamia. She was with her husband, the late Captain E. L. Buchanan, when he was killed at Shahraban, and was a prisoner for four weeks in Arab hands, until a British relief force arrived.——Several houses of loyalists in Co. Cork were burnt down on May 24, including Sir Alfred Dobbin's residence, Frankfort House, Montenotte, overlooking Lough Mahon.——The trials of German war criminals began in the Supreme Court at Leipzig on May 23, before Senatpräsident Schmidt. The photograph of the British Commission there shows (left to right) in front—Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, K.C., M.P., and Sir Ernest Pollock, Solicitor-General; (behind) Mr. J. B. Carson (of the Berlin Embassy), Mr. R. W. Woods, Mr. Vernon Gatty, and Commander H. W. Chilcott, M.P.——The Crown Prince of Japan, who has since left this country, visited Eton College on May 27. The boys greeted him with shouts of "Banzai!"

Artisan Player and Son of a Professional: The New Amateur Golf Champion.



PUTTING DOWN HIS THIRD TO WIN THE SEVENTH HOLE: WILLIAM I. HUNTER, THE NEW AMATEUR CHAMPION.



IN THE RUSHES APPROACHIIIG THE SEVENTH GREEN: ALLAN J GRAHAM, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY W. I. HUNTER.



WATCHING THE FINAL: THE AUDIENCE CROWDING ROUND THE NINTH GREEN AT HOYLAKE.



RECEIVING HIS MEDAL AND CUP FROM MR. G. STEWART, M.P., THE CAPTAIN OF THE CLUB: W. I. HUNTER.

Mr. William I. Hunter has created a record by winning the Amateur Championship. He is a telegraphist and sorting clerk in the Deal Post Office, and the son of Harry Hunter, the professional at Deal. This is the first time that the Championship has been won by an artisan player and the son of a "pro." Hunter was never taken further than the sixteenth green in any of the seven matches he had to win to reach the final, and in his thirty-six hole match against Graham, he broke two records. He won by twelve up, and he led at the end of the first round by more holes than any champion has before put to his credit. The failure of the American "invasion" made this year's Amateur Championship of special interest.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.]

English and American Women Champions at Turnberry: The Leitch-Stirling Match.



SHOWING THE HOME GREEN: TURNBERRY, THE SCENE OF SENSATIONAL MATCHES IN THE WOMEN'S OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.



SHOWING THE BUNKERS BY THE FIRST GREEN: A VIEW OF TURNBERRY.



DEFEATER OF CECIL LEITCH IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCHES: JANET JACKSON.



DISCUSSING PROSPECTS WITH TOM FERNIE: THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, MISS ALEXA STIRLING, DEFEATED BY MISS CECIL LEITCH.



THE BRITISH OPEN CHAMPION WHO BEAT THE AMERICAN CHAMPION: CECIL LEITCH.

The great match between Miss Cecil Leitch, British Open Lady Champion and our most famous woman golfer, and Miss Alexa Stirling, the American Champion, took place in the first round of the Ladies' Championship at Turnberry, for, by a strange turn of luck, in a field of 113 entrants, these two famous players drew each other in the first round. The sensations of the meeting, however, began before this match, for, to the surprise of everyone, in the international matches, which open the Women's Championship meeting, Miss Janet Jackson, the Irish Champion, beat Miss Cecil Leitch by two and one. The Leitch-Stirling match did not begin till late on Monday afternoon, and resulted in a victory for Miss Cecil Leitch by 3 and 2. [PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., AND L.N.A.]

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

IT was just my luck that I arrived in London in 1885, when the Bancrofts officially ended their reign of glory and bade farewell to the World of the Theatre. To be candid, I had not come to these shores with high ideas of the stage in Shakespeare's land. Abroad the British stage was frankly laughed at: "No plays at all (except 'Caste' and 'Our Boys'), bad acting, ranting, pantomime." How well I remember these ignorant gibes in days when travelling was the exception rather than the rule. But I soon found out that the theatre of England was not as black as it was painted; that it was in a transition period; that it was a case of "Barkis is willin'" as far as the public was concerned, and inefficiency of most managers (have we changed all that?). When I had seen the Bancrofts, Irving, Hare, the Kendals, Wilson Barrett, I became a wiser and a better-informed man, and never shall I forget that evening at the Haymarket when the Bancrofts took leave to plant their cabbages and write their memoirs amidst thunders, shrieks and tears; then I felt they were great—she great in comedy mingled with pathos; he great as that beau-idéal of manhood—an English gentleman—which he still is on the stage and off, and long may he be spared! Alas that the crown of his 'eighties, conferred but a few days ago in sunshine and showers of congratulations, is dimmed by Lady Bancroft's sudden departure! It came as a shock, for she was a landmark, a milestone in our dramatic world. Of her one thought, as of him and Sir John Hare, as perennials. Well, she is gone, and she will ever be remembered as an artist whose smile worked wonders, whose words electrified, whose characterisations are indelible. When, in the 'nineties, for once she could not resist the temptations of the stage, and at the Garrick told us the famous tale of the cock-a-doodle in Sardou's "Peril," there rustled through the audience a feeling of indescribable enjoyment. For this great actress was in cosy form the incarnation of that priceless British possession—a sense of humour of her own. Smiles were hers to command, and to listen to her was the caress of harps in the air!

. . . . . .

I have come back from Holland and Belgium, and I am rubbing my dazzled eyes. For I saw there in a week what in intellectual enjoyment was equal to a year's playgoing in London. I began at Antwerp at the Royal Theatre, as the sponsor of Francis Hutchinson's "Right to Strike," exquisitely "Flemished" by that grand master of Flemish criticism, Louis Krinkels. The production of Director van Kerckhoven's gifted wife, Philomène Jonkers, was an exact replica of Leon M. Lion's memorable London performance. Everything was correct, to the men's ties and the Tommies' khaki; but for the difference in tongue, I could have imagined myself at the Lyric. The acting, too, was all that could be desired: the old Doctor of van Ryn was a foil, nay, even more touching than our excellent Mr. Holman Clark.

There was a feeling of entente cordiale in the air, and I grasped it by the forelock. Director van Kerckhoven, in gratitude to Lion for the loan of the piece, at once proffered a cordial invitation that the Garrick Company, with "Count X," should come over in June. We approached the Municipal Council, and the reply was a hearty "Welcome." Brussels, eager to vie with Antwerp, followed suit. After two performances at Antwerp, Leon M. Lion and his henchmen go to the Royal Flemish Theatre at the bidding of Director Poot and the Municipal Council. And both the British and American Ambassadors, Sir George Graham and Mr. Brand Whitlock, will grant their patronage. *Nous allons dancer, mes amis!*

Then I went to Amsterdam, saw



THE *PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE* OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE PRINCES THEATRE: MME. LYDIA LOPOKOVA (IN "PETROUSHKA").

London was delighted to welcome again Mme. Lydia Lopokova, who is appearing at the Princes Theatre in M. Serge Diaghileff's season of Russian Ballet. It opened on May 26 with "Children's Tales," "La Boutique Fantasque," and "Les Sylphides." During the same week were also given "The Good-Humoured Ladies," "Carnaval," and "Cleopatra."

Camera Portrait by Hoppé.

Shakespeare at the Royal Theatre, was carried away, and prevailed upon Director Dr. Willem Royaards to let us see at the Garrick how the Bard is understood in Holland. About this, more anon.

On went the rush to Brussels. I saw my dear old friend "The Two Orphans," by Dennery, and savoured it as a classic melodrama (revive it!); saw the Grand Guignol in La Maison des Hallucinations, and shuddered—when French plays are bad, they are very bad, yet interesting: saw at the Monnaie, at a packed matinée, "La Fille de Madame Angot," as I never saw it before—a feast, a joy, a triumph: saw "Arlequin"; saw—but why continue to make your mouth water? Artistically, Brussels is the hub of the universe next to Paris, and I am not so sure that Petit Paris does not come first.

If in these days of theatrical depression you want a perfect evening, go to the Everyman at Hampstead, and savour the delicious, delicate, and distinctly Irish humour of G. B. S.'s play, "Man and Superman." Never was it so fresh; rarely was it so well acted. One of these days, when the managers of London are awake, they will discover Muriel Pratt. Some of us have done it long ago, when, as leading-lady of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, she gave so fine a performance of Zola's "Thérèse Raquin" that Paris talked about it. London, however, remained mute, and so she ploughed on until, at the Everyman, she became famous in Hampstead. *C'est magnifique*—but Hampstead is a proud suburb, and the Metropolis knows but a tithe of its doings. So she will have to wait for a Columbus. Her Ann Whitfield is all that it should be, and more human than Lillah McCarthy's. It is young; it is fresh; it is arch; it is coy; it is wholly unaffected. Nicholas Hannen, too, made a life-like Tanner. In cloth, in gait, in beard, ay, even in the slouch hat, he was the reincarnation of the auburn G. B. S. of the 'nineties. Splendid too, the Chauffeur of Brember Wills; the young Malone of Felix Aylmer; the Violet of Hazel Jones (another *trouvaille*!); and the setting by Norman McDermott was well worthy of the romance. By gad! if I had the shekels would I not pilot this little craft across the sea and show the Continentals how a small side-theatre worships at the shrine of Shaw—and understands him, too!

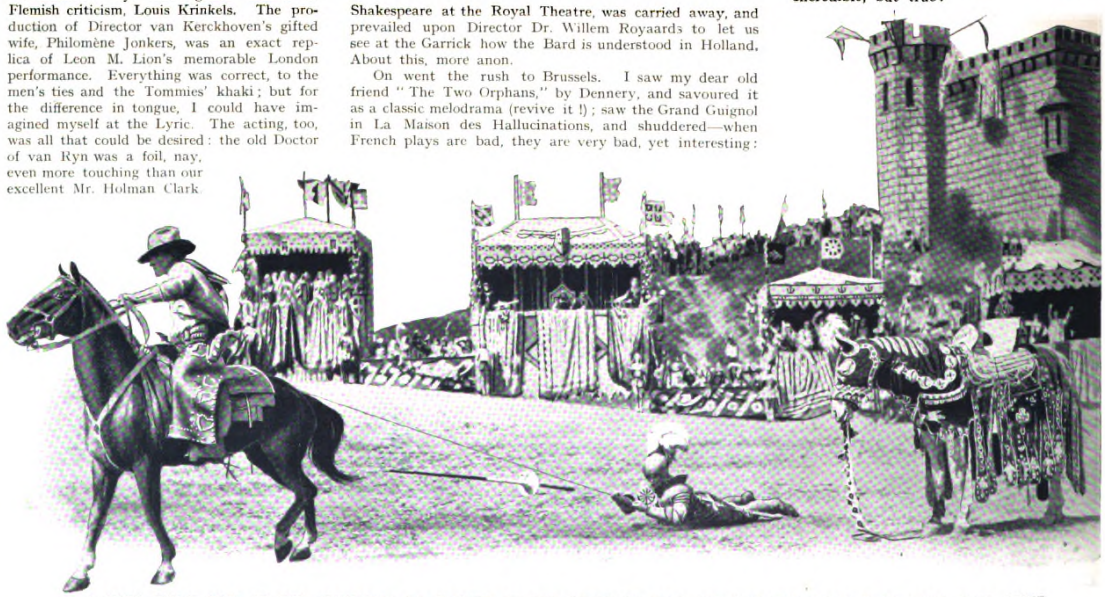


A FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER BACK IN LONDON: MME. LYDIA LOPOKOVA.

Camera Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.

. . . . . .

In the midst of strike the latest Theatre-"Chief," Faraday, produces a strike-play. Incredible, but true!

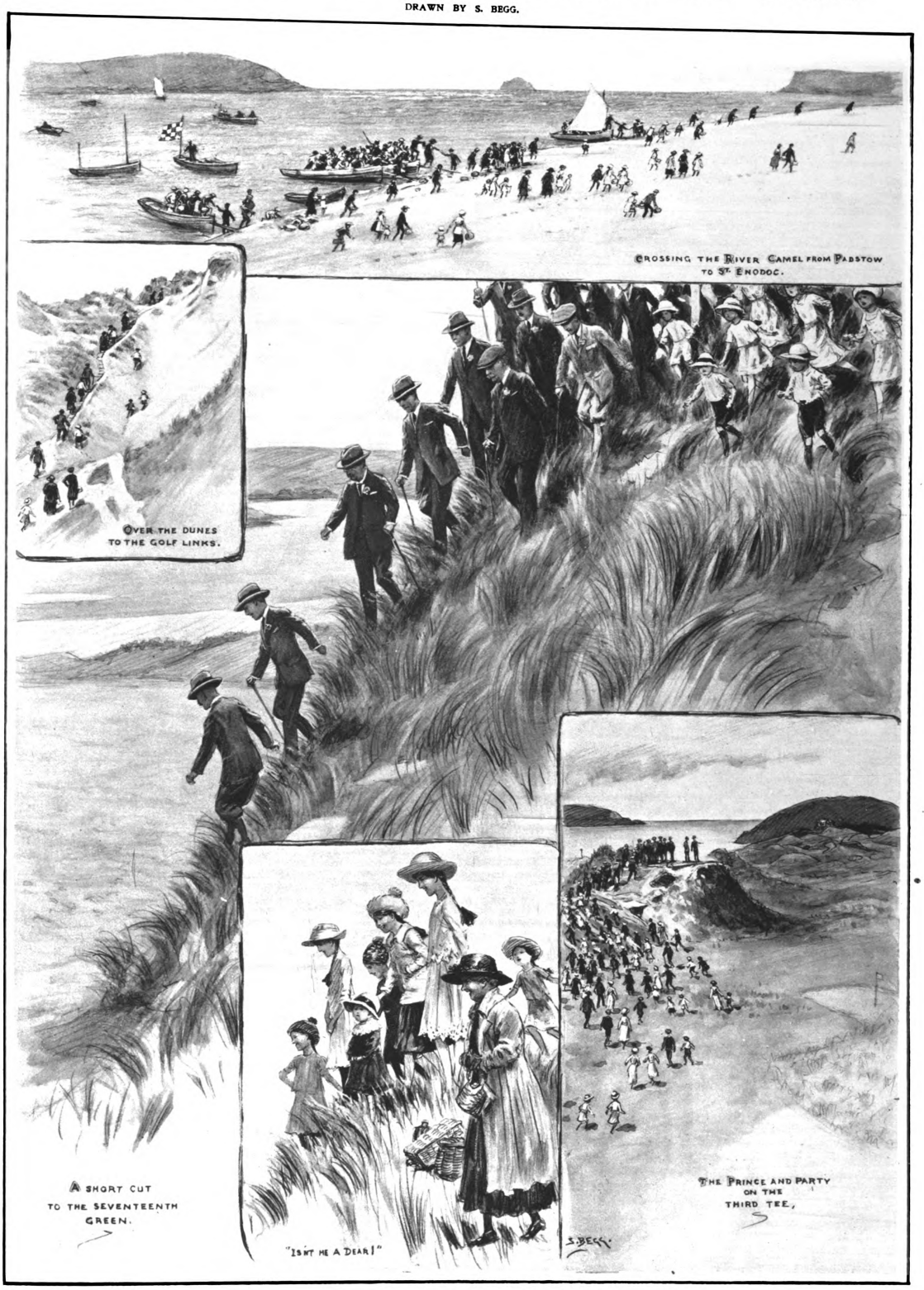


A MARK TWAIN FILM AT THE ALHAMBRA: "A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR"—THE TRIUMPH OF LASSO OVER LANCE.

It was arranged to produce a film version of Mark Twain's whimsical story, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," at the Alhambra on April 30, with three performances daily. The photograph shows the victory of the Yankee, "Sir Boss" (Mr. Harry Myers), over Sir Sagramore (Mr. George Seigmann) by means of the lasso.—[*By Courtesy of the Fox Film Co.*]

THE PRINCE—AND "GALLERY"—ON A CORNISH GOLF COURSE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



WHERE THE SAND-DUNES ARE STEEP: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE GOLF LINKS OF ST. ENODOC, OPPOSITE PADSTOW, DURING HIS TOUR IN CORNWALL.

After visiting Newquay on the morning of May 24, the Prince of Wales motored to Wadebridge, and from there went on to the golf links at St. Enodoc, which lie among the sand-dunes at the mouth of the River Camel, opposite Padstow. Numbers of people who came across in boats, and others from the country round, gathered on the golf course, through which there is a public right of way, to see the popular "Duke of Cornwall." The Prince lunched at the club-house with the committee, and walked over the links, expressing disappointment at not having time to play a round. The figures in the middle drawing, coming down the steep sand-dune, are (from left to right) Mr. R. W. Dana, captain of the club; the Prince; Col. C. R. Prideaux-Brune, president of the club; Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey; Major Campbell; Sir H. M. Durand; Col. Le Marchant, and Mr. F. A. Glover, hon. sec. of the club.—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

PERIODS of warfare on a great scale seem to occur at intervals of from forty to fifty years, which gives time for the actual eye-witnesses of the horrors of the former dispensation to die out, and for an inexperienced generation to take control and stand on tip-toe with expectation (as Thucydides said of all Hellas before the Peloponnesian war began half a century after the life-and-death struggle with Persia) in romantic wonderment as to what a great war is like. In 1914 it was the Germans, inspired with hopes of creating a world-state administered by themselves as a superior race, who were the war romantics—among them had arisen anew the conception of warfare as the natural, healthy condition of mankind, a part of the endless struggle for existence which is Nature's plan. One of the omens of the coming of a great war era is invariably the appearance of writers who glorify fighting as man's best activity.

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A great war era, again, is invariably followed by efforts either to mitigate the horrors of future wars by quasi-legal methods, or to formulate plans for establishing a permanent state of peace throughout the world. Hence the formation of the League of Nations, now dwindling into a secretariat. Hence, also, the appearance of such books as "THE SALVAGING OF CIVILISATION" (Cassell and Co.; 7s. 6d. net), by H. G. Wells, in which it is proposed to establish a world-state by persuasion in order that we may all be peaceful and happy ever afterwards. Mr. Wells thinks that, if war cannot be abolished, the improvement in weapons due to scientific discovery and invention will sooner or later involve the irretrievable ruin of civilisation. He has long been obsessed by this idea—we find it worked out in "THE WAR IN THE AIR" (Collins Sons; New Edition; 2s. net). In a new preface to this thrilling romance, he says that, behind the catastrophe of the Great War others are marching on us to-day—"the steady deterioration of currency, the shrinkage of production, the ebb of educational energy in Europe, work out to consequences that are obvious to every clear-headed man." But pessimism of this kind is always uppermost in sentimental minds after a period of war on the great scale. It was so after the Napoleonic wars, when the havoc effected in Europe was greater, proportionally to the existing population and wealth, than what we see to-day, and the process of reconstruction was long and laborious, even in this country, as a study of English social history during the twenty years after Waterloo shows with startling cogency. Again, Mr. Wells's other basal argument—that the increased destructiveness of weapons may cause war to lead to the virtual annihilation of civilised humanity—is contrary to the facts of military history. There is nothing in modern warfare as destructive of life as the old hand-to-hand battles (Cannæ, for example, saw the annihilation of a great army in an area about the size of Lord's cricket ground) or the wars of extermination waged by the Mongolian conquerors. It is a demonstrable fact that the percentage of battle casualties decreases with the improvement of weapons, which also tends to shorten the duration of a great war. It follows, then, that the premisses on which Mr. Wells bases his arguments for a pacifying world-state cannot support them, so that the whole glittering superstructure of his rhetorical persuasion collapses at the first touch of the logic of circumstance.

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Moreover, supposing the foundation is assumed to be well and truly laid, his plan is as impracticable as any of the Utopias evolved from Wilsonism. He aims at abolishing the sense of nationality everywhere. His plan for extirpating the idea of nationality so deeply rooted in the very souls of Britons, Frenchmen, Italians, even Americans, is the use of a systematic propaganda, in which the chief instrument of persuasion is to be a new "Bible of Civilisation." The new Genesis and historical Books have already been given to the world, I suppose, in Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," every section of which, even the scientific part, has been exposed by the qualified experts as inaccurate, illogical, and warped by the author's political predilections. The sad truth is that Mr. Wells knows no history, does not even know what history is; and, worse still, he does not know he knows nothing about such matters. Other sections of the new "Bible"—*e.g.*, the "Book of Freedom"—are to be a mosaic of literary *purpurei panni*, such as Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and Henley's well-known defiance of destiny:

I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul.

This interesting scrap-book, which seems to infringe a patent of Mr. Frederic Harrison and the Positivist brethren, will not do much to help on the Millennium, I fear. And, after all, no propaganda of lectures and literature and moving pictures can prevent an organised race from attempting to attain supremacy in the way Rome did—the only way, as history shows, in which a world-state has ever been evolved. I am writing this criticism of a brilliant and well-meaning idealist on the eve of Empire Day, and wish I could persuade Mr. Wells to make a beginning of the serious study of history by reading "THE IMPERIAL COMMONWEALTH" (Cassell and Co.; 12s. 6d. net), by A. P. Poley, which is a very readable and reliable account of the evolution of the British Empire (which stands for equity as Rome stood for law), a true world-state owing its growth and inexhaustible strength to self-discipline as much as to self-determination.

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On the scientific side, Mr. Wells's books are unsatisfactory because, though he often makes a parade of the names of ultra-modern scientists, it is clear he knows little or nothing of the latest advances in the study of life—for example, he seems quite unaware of the offensive that is being conducted on a wide and fluctuating front against the Darwinian Theory of Evolution, which was only a "working hypothesis," after all. (Evolution, as now accepted, does not guarantee the development of *homo sapiens* into *homo pacificus*.) The careful study of living creatures, such as birds and insects, has certainly demolished some of the deductions—*e.g.*, the Theory of Instinct—from the Darwinian hypothesis. In "SOME BIRDS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE" (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d. net), by H. J. Massingham, who practises the disinterested methods of Fabre with distinction, a new meaning is given to the old terms—as when the author observes that "the 'survival of the fittest' is nothing less than the urge and pressure of God knocking sense into hippopotami, men, water-lilies, blue-tits, spiders and roses." Those who take up some branch of this fascinating study of nature should acquire "THE COUNTRY DAY BY DAY" (Holden and Hardingham; 12s. 6d. net), by E. Kay Robinson, a picturesque calendar of Nature's year. These books enable us to appreciate the profound truth expressed in Mr. Massingham's phrase, "The Art of Nature," and never to forget (as the laboratory workers do) our fellowship with the creatures whose wistful eyes appeal to us against an age-long servitude:

That liquid melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seemed surging the Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears in mortal things.

This quotation from the poem by Matthew Arnold (who yet denied immortality to "Geist," his faithful Dachshund!) was recalled in reading the new edition of "BEAST AND MAN IN INDIA" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net), by the late J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., who is the only sociologist of animal life I know of—and I wish Mr. Wells's sociology was based on as shrewd a faculty of observation and as sane a passion for the exact truth.



PREHISTORIC SURGERY IN PERU: A TREPHINED SKULL, WITH SQUARE INCISION.

The prehistoric tribes of South America were skilled in surgery, and performed the operation of trephining, or removing part of the cranium to relieve pressure on the brain caused by a fracture, such as would be often sustained in fighting with clubs and slings. Incisions were made with implements of copper and bronze, or knives of stone and obsidian. Of some 1200 skulls found on one expedition in Bolivia, about 5 per cent. had been trephined. Bolivian medicine men still practise trephining to-day, applying coca to produce insensibility. In prehistoric times splints and bandages were also used. In the Peruvian Hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York are many skulls showing artificial deformation. The heads of infants were deformed by bandages and pads, or by binding the head to a board. The skull was thus flattened at front and back in degrees that varied with different groups or clans.

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.



PREHISTORIC SURGERY IN BOLIVIA: A TREPHINED SKULL, WITH ROUND INCISION.

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.



ARTIFICIAL DEFORMATION OF THE HEAD AMONG PREHISTORIC SOUTH AMERICAN TRIBES: A FLATTENED SKULL FROM BOLIVIA.

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

REBEL ARSON IN DUBLIN: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



WITH ITS COPPER DOME MELTED; BUT THE FIGURE OF HOPE STILL STANDING: THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.



SHOWING HOW THE INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING WAS COMPLETELY GUTTED: ANOTHER FRONT OF THE BURNT CUSTOMS HOUSE AT DUBLIN.



HOLDING THE BLUE ENSIGN WHICH ONE OF THEM RESCUED FROM THE ROOF: OFFICERS AND AUXILIARIES; WITH A HEAP OF CAPTURED REVOLVERS.



A WOUNDED CUSTOMS HOUSE OFFICIAL WHO RISKED HIS LIFE TO RESCUE A TYPIST: MR. FREDERICK COLIN SALVING RECORDS.



WITH THEIR HANDS UP: MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE IN THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT THE TIME OF THE OUTRAGE LEAVING THE BUILDING.



A CASUALTY AMONG THE AUXILIARIES: A WOUNDED MAN ON A STRETCHER RECEIVING ATTENTION ON THE PAVEMENT NEAR THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.

The Customs House at Dublin, the city's finest building, was raided at 1 p.m. on May 25 by a large body of Sinn Feiners, who set fire to it with petrol, cotton waste and bombs. While they were at work, a force of soldiers and Auxiliary Police arrived, and fierce fighting ensued. Several of the rebels were shot as they came out in sorties. An official statement on May 26 gave the number of killed as 8, wounded 9, and arrested 127. Some of the Cadets were wounded, and one was reported to have died later. While the Customs House was being fired, other Sinn Feiners held up the fire brigade at various stations, so that the firemen were too late to save the building, which continued burning through the night. At 3 p.m. on the 26th the copper dome of the clock-tower melted and collapsed, but the symbolic figure of Hope remained standing above. The whole interior was gutted, including records and documents of great importance.

THE BATTLE OF THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT DUBLIN: D

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



SHOWING A DEAD SINN FEINER: SOLDIERS AT LIBERTY HALL (TRANSPORT WORKERS AND IRISH LABOUR PARTY HEADQUARTERS).



SOME OF THE 127 MEN WHO WERE ARRESTED BY THE BURNING OF THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.



TAKING WHAT COVER WAS POSSIBLE OR LYING DOWN IN THE OPEN: A SCENE OUTSIDE THE CUSTOMS HOUSE WHILE THE AUXILIARIES WERE ATTACKING AND SINN FEINERS FIRING FROM THE WINDOWS—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UNDER FIRE.

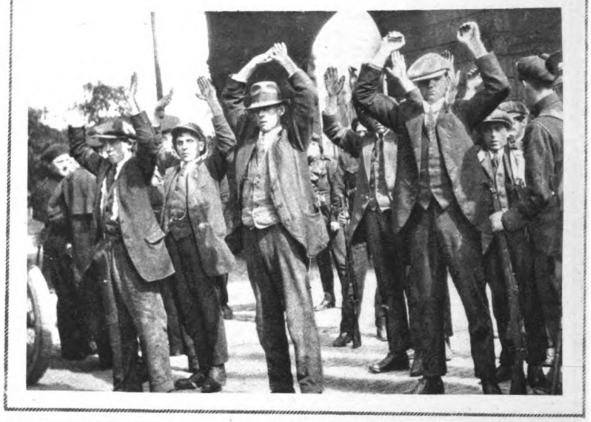
After the fighting in Dublin on May 25, the Irish Office issued the following statement: "Three tenders carrying Auxiliary Cadets, accompanied by an armoured car, approached the Dublin Customs House shortly after 1 p.m. to-day. A number of bombs were flung at the tenders from the railway bridge, while revolver fire was opened on them from the windows of the Customs House, which was occupied by a large force of Sinn Feiners. The Cadets dismounted from their tenders under a heavy fire and surrounded the Customs House, which was seen to be on fire. Fire from the Auxiliaries and the machine-guns on the armoured car was poured into the windows of the Customs House, from which the rebels replied vigorously, and a series of desperate conflicts took place between Crown forces and seven or eight parties of rebels, who rushed from different doors of the building and made dashes for liberty, firing as they ran. The first party to emerge from the building consisted of three men, one of whom was killed and two wounded.

DEAD BODIES IN THE STREETS; TROOPS AND PRISONERS.

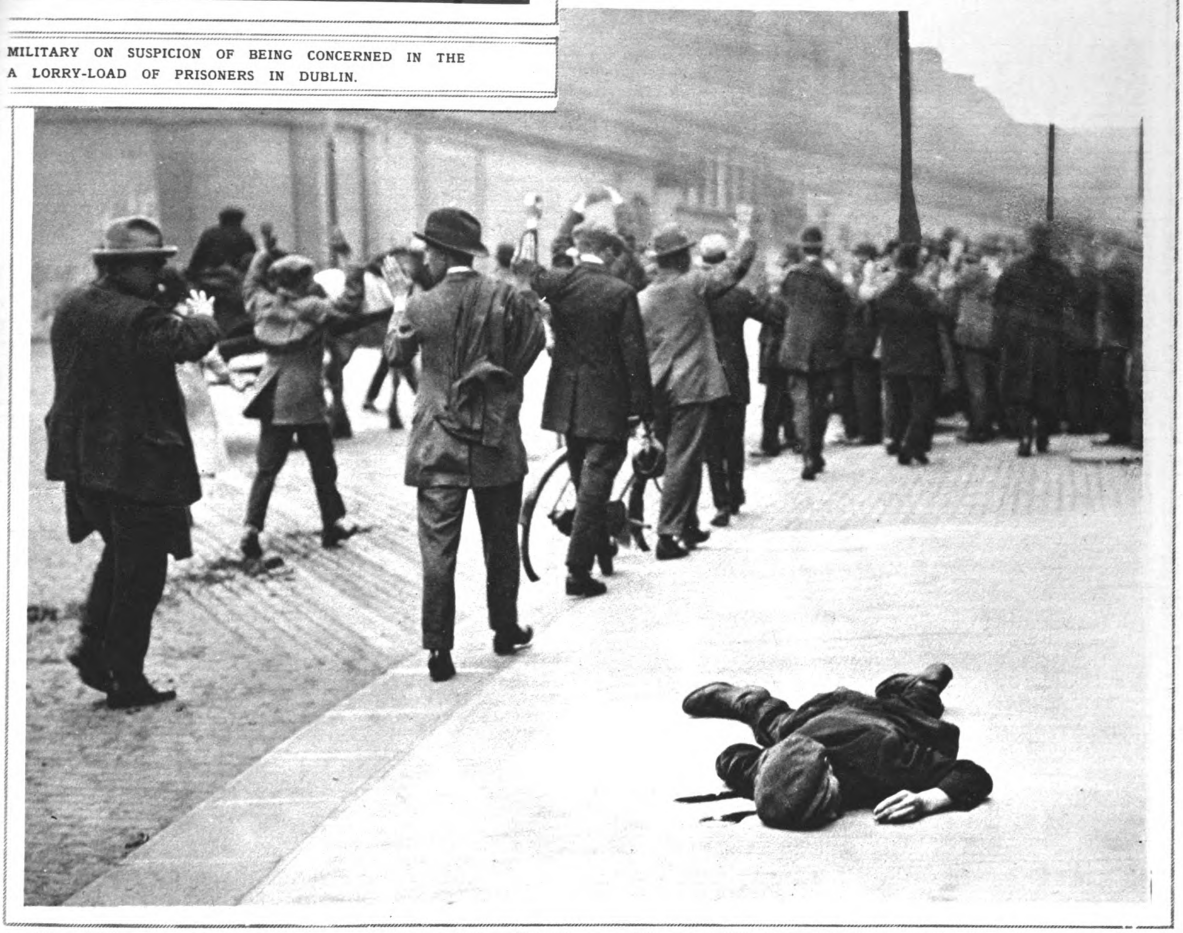
TOPICAL AND C.N.



MILITARY ON SUSPICION OF BEING CONCERNED IN THE
A LORRY-LOAD OF PRISONERS IN DUBLIN.



DURING THE FIGHTING AT THE CUSTOMS HOUSE IN DUBLIN:
A SEARCH IN PROGRESS.

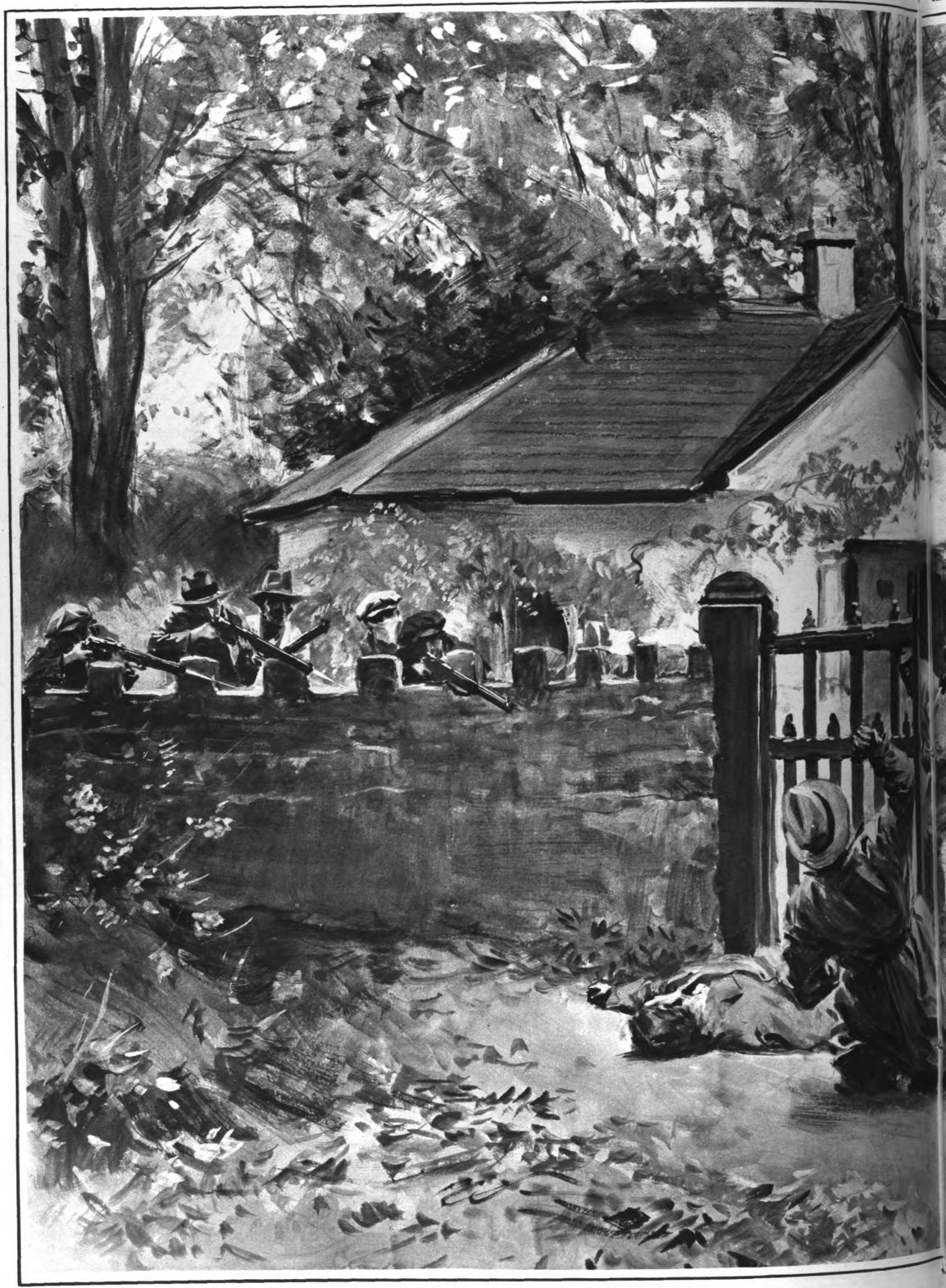


SAID TO HAVE BEEN SHOT BY AUXILIARIES JUST AFTER HE HAD THROWN A BOMB FROM A BRIDGE NEAR THE CUSTOMS HOUSE:
THE BODY OF A SINN FEINER KILLED IN THE FIGHTING; AND PEOPLE PASSING WITH HANDS UP.

By this time smoke and flame were pouring from the building, and the official staff, including many women, who had been held as prisoners by the rebels, came flocking out with their hands above their heads and waving white handkerchiefs. While these defenceless people were leaving the building the rebels continued to fire from the windows. The staff was taken to a place of safety by some of the Auxiliaries. As the staff was leaving the building the rebels made their last sortie, and of this party, consisting of seven men, only one escaped, the rest being killed or wounded. Some of the Auxiliaries then stormed the blazing building, where many of the rebels surrendered. Some of them were found to be saturated with petrol which they had been pouring over the floors, and several of them were probably burnt to death before the Crown forces entered. . . . At the conclusion of the fighting dead and wounded rebels lay about on all sides. . . . Four Auxiliaries were wounded, 7 civilians were killed, 11 wounded, and over 100 captured."

IRISH EXTREMISTS' METHODS: THE SHOOTING OF MRS.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT FROM EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION



THE ATROCIOUS MURDER AT BALLYTURIN HOUSE: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LIEUT. McCREERY, BEHIND THE CAR, BEYOND WHICH FELL CAPT.

District Inspector C. E. N. Blake, R.I.C., and his wife, Capt. F. W. M. Cornwallis, M.C., 17th Lancers (great-grandson of the fifth Earl Cornwallis), Lt. McCreery (also of the 17th Lancers), and Mrs. Gregory, of Coole Park, (widow of Major Gregory, R.A.F., son of Lady Gregory, the well-known Irish writer), spent the afternoon of Sunday, May 15, with Mr. J. C. Bagot, at his home, Ballyturin House, near Gort, Co. Galway. After playing tennis till about 8.30 p.m., they left in a Ford car. Captain Blake was at the wheel, on the left side, with Mrs. Gregory beside him. Behind were sitting, from left to right, Captain Cornwallis, Mr. McCreery, and Mrs. Blake. As they approached the park gate leading from the winding drive into the road about half a mile from the house, they noticed that the left half of the gate was closed, and Captain Cornwallis got out to open it. As he was pulling it inwards a shot came from bushes on the right, with a shout of "Hands up!" Two other shots followed from the same point, breaking

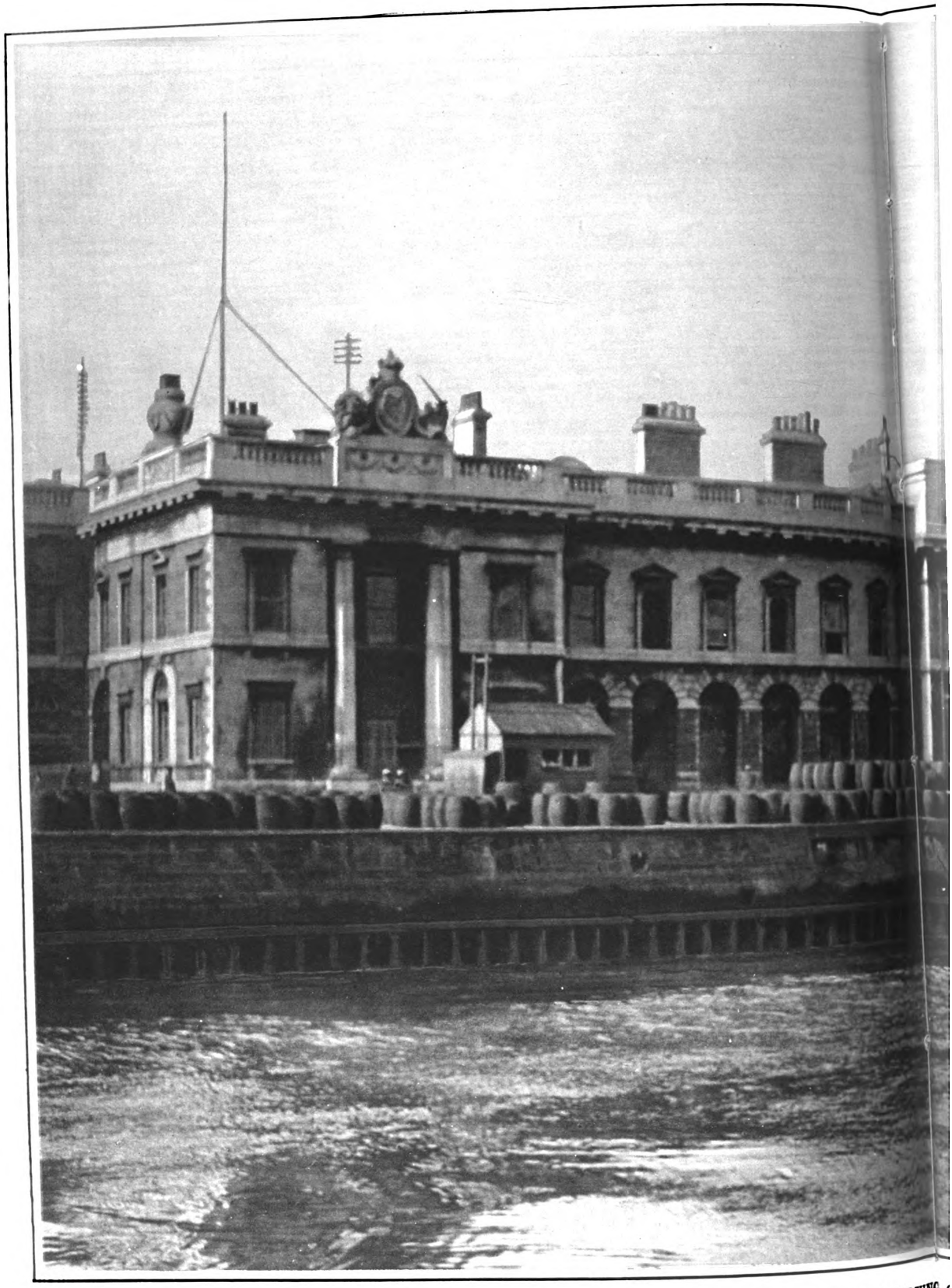
BLAKE, HER HUSBAND, AND TWO 17th LANCERS OFFICERS.

AND PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.



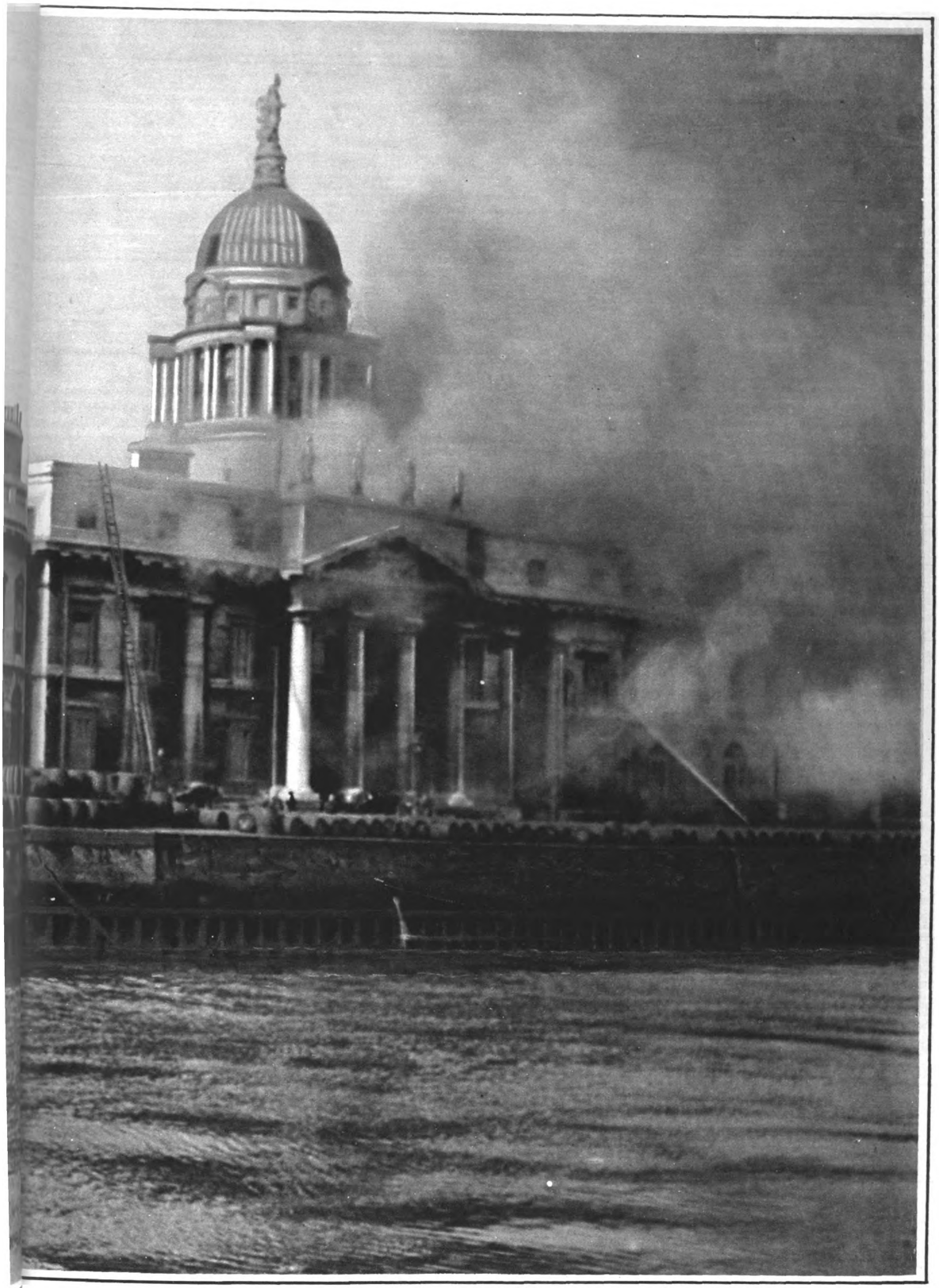
CAPTAIN BLAKE, AND MRS. BLAKE AMBUSHED AND SHOT DOWN; MRS. GREGORY ESCAPING CORNWALLIS, OUTSIDE THE RIGHT HAND GATE.

the wind-screen. Mr. McCreery and Mrs. Blake scrambled out and took cover on the left of the car, Captain Blake and Mrs. Gregory following. Intense fire was then opened by about ten men (some masked with white rags, and others with blackened faces), who gradually worked round to the front and left of the car. Mrs. Gregory then got round to the back of the car, but Mrs. Blake refused to leave her husband. After three or four minutes the firing ceased with a heavy volley at close range. Captain and Mrs. Blake and Mr. McCreery were all dead. While their bodies were being searched, Mrs. Gregory was allowed to go. Captain Cornwallis (not seen in the drawing) had taken cover outside the wall to the right of the gate, and was killed by a shot in the back from the house opposite. For five hours the assailants had waited in ambush. After killing them, they searched their pockets for papers and arms; and took a purse, but overlooked Mrs. Gregory's gold cigarette-case (seen in the foreground), which she had dropped.—*[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]*



THE WORST ACT OF SINN FEIN ARSON: THE BURNING

The incendiaries who destroyed the splendid Customs House at Dublin inflicted a grievous injury on the architectural beauty of the city, thus doing further harm to their political cause. All Ireland was shocked at the outrage, and moderate Sinn Feiners are said to share the general feeling of indignation. The Customs House, which was one of the finest buildings in Ireland, was built in 1785 at a cost of £397,232. Further expenditure was incurred between 1794 and 1811,



OF THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT DUBLIN, ON MAY 25.

making the total spent on the building £546,353. Its form was an oblong quadrangle, 374 feet long by 205 feet deep, and there was a large amount of wood in the construction. The architect of the building was James Gandon. The above photograph was taken while the fire was in progress, and before the copper dome melted, as shown in an illustration on another page. A fire-hose is seen in the right background playing on the building.—[*Photograph by I.N.A.*]

GUESTS OF THE SENUSSI: LIFE IN HOSPITABLE LIBYA.

By ROSITA FORBES.

"ALL that is mine is thine," is the Arab welcome to a guest, and in Libya this generous phrase is not merely a manner of speech. From the moment we arrived in Jedabia until the day when, a little sadly in spite of all our troubles and adventures, we left the Senussi country, we were lavishly entertained by all Government officials on behalf of the Emir Idriss and his Wakil, Sayed Rida. At Jedabia we first made the acquaintance of the form of Arab house that varies little throughout Libya. There was one exceedingly long and high room running the whole length of one side of a big, mud-walled court. This is bedroom and reception-room alike, for in the daytime the sleeping apparatus of the Arab disappears altogether, and nothing remains but a row of long, hard cushions against walls decorated with texts from the Koran. Beyond the first court was a second and larger one, with rows of rooms opening out of it and a well in the middle, but everything was bare and unfurnished until the next morning we woke up to find cooks and a bell-tent kitchen, a horse for me to ride, a complete retinue of slaves, and every known form of food! At first we were overwhelmed with the hospitality showered upon us. We used to try and slip out unobserved to buy our few necessities in the market, but this was considered a distinct breach of etiquette on our part. Arab rule gives three days' hospitality to the stranger, and, during that time, everything, from his clothes to his candles, is provided for him, even though he be not living in the house of his host.



AN OFFICAL OF THE SENUSSI: THE KAIMACAAN AT KUFARA (ON THE LEFT) WITH HIS "A.D.C."

At Jedabia we dined in European fashion in the houses of Sayed Rida and Sidi Hilal, the sole difference being that we drank only water (for the Senussi law forbids all form of alcohol), and that we ate perhaps a dozen or fifteen courses instead of five or six. Often six or seven of the dishes would be mutton cooked in different ways, though the *pièce de résistance* might be sheep roasted whole, and stuffed with rice, eggs, almonds and raisins. As it is very bad form not to partake of every dish, it was a joyful moment when the appearance of little painted glass cups of tea denoted that the banquet was at an end. As we went further south, the ceremony of tea drinking became more and more elaborate, till at Kufara it was almost a mystic ritual. The green-robed Kaimacaan, with a shawl of many colours over his snowy turban, would stop all conversation while he measured tea and sugar in an amazing proportion of one teaspoonful of the former to four of the latter, into a pale blue teapot, heated on a brazier set in the middle of his best Persian carpet. With meticulous care three glasses were measured for each guest, the first merely sweet, the second scented with rose-water or amber, and the third flavoured with mint, which latter is a courteous dismissal. At Kufara, though we stayed nine days in the house on the cliff at Taj, we were never allowed to get anything for ourselves. I believe we did once induce Mohamed to buy some eggs in the market, but they were never cooked!

Arab custom ordains that whoever visits the stranger newly arrived in the town must afterwards either entertain him in his own house or send him presents of food. Chiefly, I imagine, because it would have troubled the dignified Ekhwan of Taj to have met feminine fingers chasing the same piece of meat through the savoury contents of the common bowl, Hassanein Bey and I were daily conducted by an ebony slave to the house of Sidi Saleh el Baskari, where we found an immense brass tray laden with a dozen bowls of meats and vegetables and a score of loaves of bread, so that after we had performed our final ablutions, we were obliged to take long constitutionals, at a dignified and slow pace to avoid suspicion, before we could comfortably return to our house, where very often two or three other large meals, sent by as many different hosts, awaited us.

One of the most noticeable things in Libya is the exceedingly strict way in which the women are secluded. In all Kufara we never saw a woman in the streets, except perhaps a few ancient black slaves, and when feminine patients came to me to be doctored, they would rarely show me their faces. They kept their heads bowed under the considerable weight of two or three voluminous barracans.

One is used to the transparent veil of Egypt. In Syria one may catch a glimpse of silk stocking above a high-heeled shoe. In Morocco dark-lashed eyes, grey-green from Circassia perhaps, look at one from between white woollen folds, but in Libya the women enter and leave the towns by night, and their whole life is spent between the blind mud walls of a court some few yards square. When they travel they are shapeless bundles who mount their camels in some secluded spot, sit silently, motionlessly, in a shrouded heap all day long and at night slip down to crouch by their luggage, remote and aloof, till their tent is put up. I used to wonder what the two slave-girls who accompanied us thought, or if they thought at all.



THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF THE SENUSSI: SIDI OMAR, A LITTLE PRINCE AT KUFARA.

When the sheikhs inquired after my health, they always used the plural tense, implying that the inquiry was general and not personal, and, though a host might converse with me at length, he would carefully look in front of him the whole time with never a glance at the muffled figure beside him. In one direction the stern Senussi code is lenient to women, for to them are permitted the jewels and gold denied to men's use. A woman may adorn herself richly in order to keep the favour of her husband and thus ensure a large progeny to Islam, but a man may only make use of the precious metals for the decoration

(Continued on Page 760.



"TEACHING THE FAQROON FAMILY THE USE OF FIELD-GLASSES": MEMBERS OF A FIGHTING CLAN AT BUSEIMA.

"At Buseima," writes Mrs. Forbes, "we encountered the Faqroon, a lawless family which habitually attacked caravans, but our numbers over-awed them. . . . The population was hostile . . . but when we had given a feast to the natives, I was allowed to explore the oasis."

WHERE MEN ARE VEILED AND WOMEN STRICTLY SECLUDED: KUFARA TYPES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



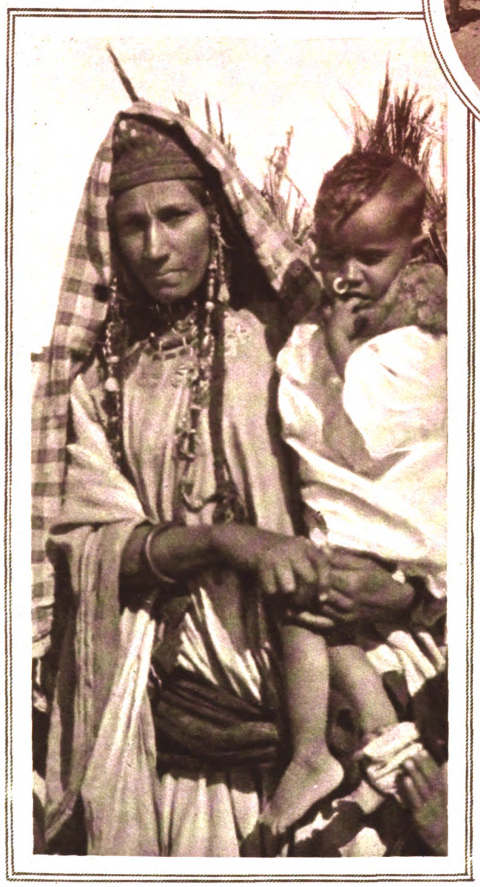
VEILED MEN: TEBUS (NEGROID ABORIGINES OF LIBYA) AT JOF, THE MARKET TOWN OF KUFARA.



A CONTRAST TO THE TEBUS: ZOUIA ARAB WOMEN AND CHILDREN, AT BUSEIMA.



OF A TRIBE THAT WEAR SHEEPSKINS, WITH THE WOOL INSIDE: A TEBU TYPE.



WHERE ONLY WOMEN MAY WEAR JEWELS AND GOLD: A ZOUIA TYPE.



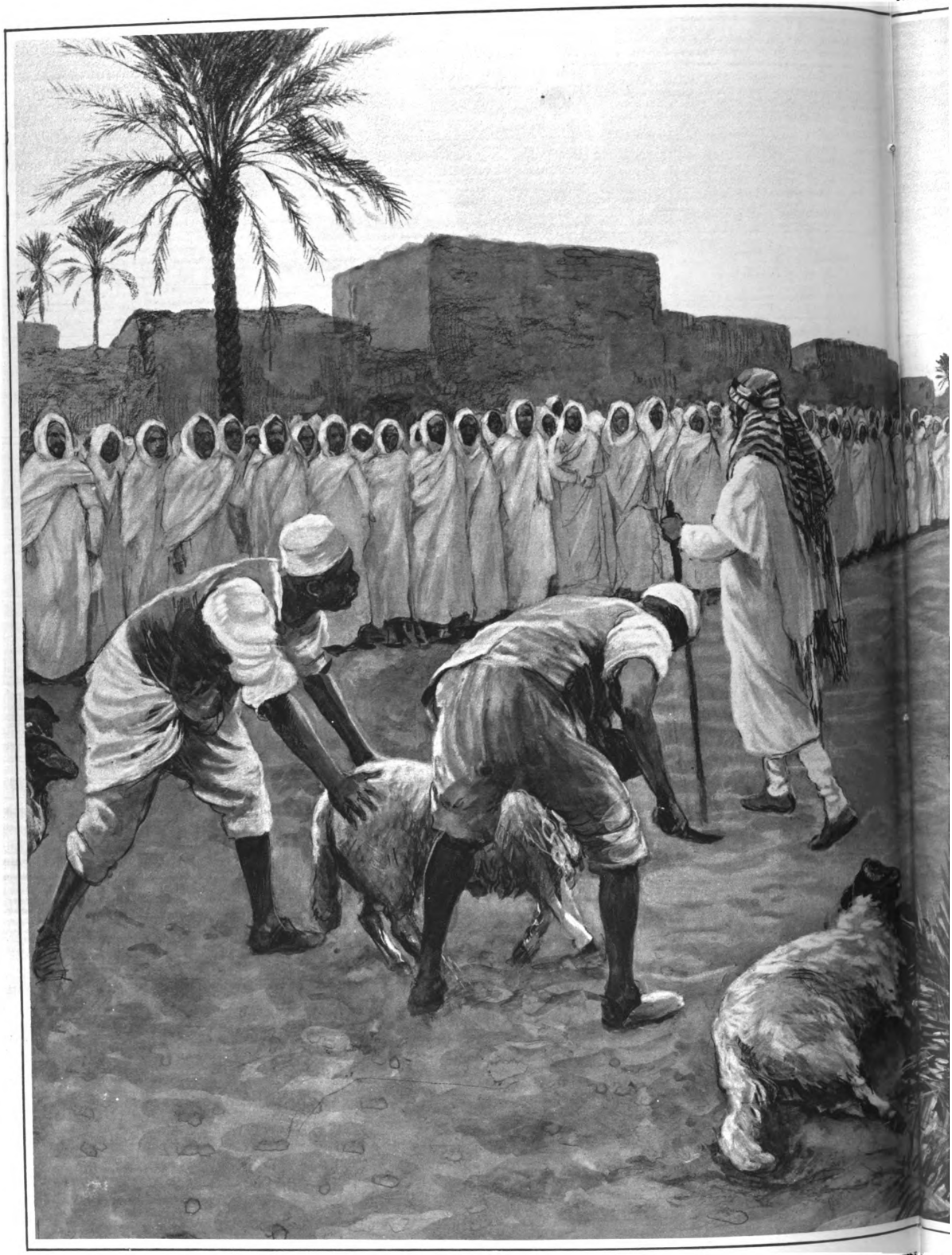
AT HAWARI, IN THE KUFARA OASIS: A TYPICAL GROUP OF ZOUIA ARABS, WHO FORM THE MAJORITY OF THE POPULATION.

In the group of six oases which bears the general name of Kufara, Mrs. Forbes found that the population consisted of about 3000 Zouia Arabs and 300 Tebus. Their dress is a great contrast. The Zouia wear long white jerds, with scarlet or yellow boots; the Tebus are clad only in sheepskins, with the woolly side inward, and their women have date-stones fixed through a hole in the nostrils. There is a Tebu village of grass houses outside Jof, the commercial town of Kufara, and many ruins of Tebu dwellings and forts are dotted about the oasis.

As Mrs. Forbes mentions in her article on another page describing Arab life, the women of Libya are kept in strict seclusion. But "in one direction the stern Senussi code is lenient to women, for to them are permitted the jewels and gold denied to men's use. A woman may adorn herself richly in order to keep the favour of her husband and thus ensure a large progeny to Islam, but a man may only make use of the precious metals for the decoration of his sword-hilt, since his weapon is ever ready for a holy war."

GREETED BY THE WHOLE MALE POPULATION: A KAIM

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY



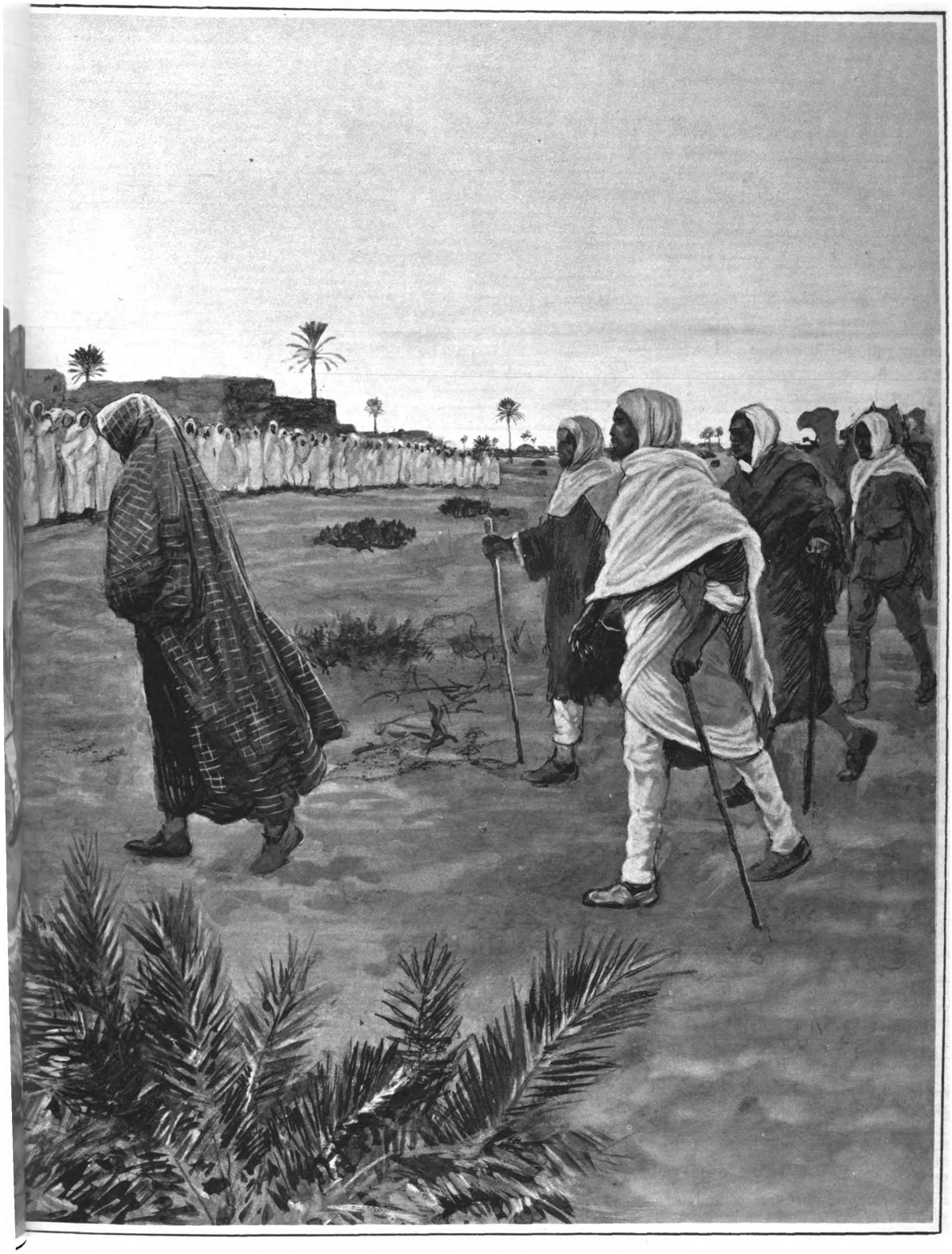
HONOURED BY THE KILLING OF SHEEP: ROSITA FORBES AND AHMED BEY HASSANEIN ARRI
TO BE "SERRIED RANKS OF TRIBESMEN" IN T

When they arrived at Jalo, on the borders of the Cyrenaican plateau and the Libyan desert, Mrs. Forbes and her party had travelled 200 miles from their starting point at Benghazi. Wishing to honour the guests of his prince, Sidi Idriss, Chief of the Senussi, the Kaimacaan of Jalo had called out the whole male population to give the explorers the welcome generally reserved for native royalty. Sheep were killed in their honour, a house was lent them, and every kind of gift was pressed upon them. The details of the drawing follow the description given by Mrs. Forbes in her article on another page. "Once we, as guests of the Sayeds, received as royal a welcome. The houses of El Eg one of the villages of Jalo, stand on a low hill, and when we approached it at sunset there appeared to be an immense long white wall stretching right along the road from

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KAIMACAAN'S ROYAL WELCOME TO ROSITA FORBES.

SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



ARRIVING AT JALO—APPROACHING THE "LONG WHITE WALL" WHICH PROVED N THEIR CLEANEST WHITE JERDS.

the last building to the edge of the nearest palm grove. As we drew nearer, the whole wall suddenly rose higher, and we realised that it consisted of serried ranks of tribesmen in their cleanest white jerds, ranged in military precision, row behind row. The wall did not break even when we came up to it, and the Kaimacaan stepped out to receive us and initiate us into the hospitable custom which killed sheep in our honour, and afterwards asked us to select gory fragments unknown to English dinner tables." Mrs. Forbes, who is the right-hand figure of the two in the centre, bore during her travels the Moslem name of Sitt Khadija. The left-hand figure, walking before her, is her fellow-traveller, Ahmed Bey Hassanein. The full story of Mrs. Forbes's adventures in Libya will appear in "Cassell's Magazine."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

GUESTS OF THE SENUSSI

(Continued from page 756).

of his sword-hilt, since his weapon is ever ready for a holy war.

One rather quaint marriage custom prevails among some of the Libyan Bedouins. The bride-to-be is mounted upon the swiftest camel of the tribe, and the bridegroom is obliged to catch her within a certain time. If, however, there is any danger of her outriding him altogether, most of the young men join in the pursuit. To marry the daughter of a Bedouin sheikh the suitor must pay anything between ten and forty camels, but among the Senussi Ekhwan, whose creed entails equality, brotherhood and simplicity, twenty-five mejidies (rather less than £4) will cover the whole cost of a wedding.

Religion is the keynote of Libya, and one may study Islam at its best among these fervent desert ascetics. In olden days, the head of the confraternity used to veil his face as too holy to be looked upon by humanity, and to this day its leaders set an example of austere self-denial to which it would be difficult to find an equal in Europe.

Sayed Rida, for instance, is devoted to operatic music, but since the veneration of his Order considers him beyond the need of any such relaxation, he contents himself by occasionally playing "Samson and Delilah" on the gramophone at midnight when Jedabia is asleep. "We may not see dancing or hear songs," he once said to me, "yet I love music—the sad tunes best—but our people would not understand. We must not go out much either, and I like travel." Perhaps they are recompensed, these Senussi Sayeds, when they do make a journey to Jalo or Jaghbub, for the men of every village come out to meet them, slaughtering sheep in their path, touch the hem of their garments to their eyes and their foreheads, while the Bedouins still fling themselves in the dust to kiss the footprints of their rulers.

Once we, as guests of the Sayeds, received as royal a welcome. The houses of El Erg, one of the villages of Jalo, stand on a low hill, and, when we approached it at sunset, there appeared to be an immense long white wall stretching right along the road from the last building to the edge of the nearest palm grove. As we drew nearer, the whole wall suddenly rose higher, and we realised that it consisted of serried ranks of tribesmen in their cleanest white jerds, ranged in military precision, row behind row. The wall did not break even when we came up to it, and the Kaimacaan stepped out to receive us and to initiate us into the hospitable custom which killed sheep in our honour, and afterwards asked us to select gory fragments unknown to English dinner tables.

I said that religion is the keynote of Libya, but though the Bedouin bows himself in prayer five times a day, however tired or hungry or thirsty he may be, though he would massacre the infidel to keep his land untouched and his faith undimmed, he is not above a few interesting superstitions. He believes in Djinns, and talks of the Hawaish Mountains near Kufara as being haunted by these mysterious creatures, much as we say that Regent's Park is full of grey squirrels.

A gift of green makes a journey lucky. When a traveller comes to a well at the beginning of a route to be traversed for the first time, he must slaughter an animal or he will meet with misfortune. To our having omitted to do this at Bir Buttafal, the whole retinue attributed the disasters of our Taiserbo journey and our narrow escape from death by thirst. If a woman wishes to keep the love of her husband during his absence, she sets an empty jar on the roof so that it catches the wind, and as long as sound throbs in it, so throbs the heart of her lord for her.

In Libya there is one final resort for every ill—Sidi Idriss. If a camel be ill, and the usual remedies fail, its owner sits down with the utmost calm and calls upon "the influence of Idriss." When my camel nearly fell down a steep dune the Bedouins made no attempt to stop it. They merely called on the name of every Sayed living and dead. They swear by "the truth of Idriss," or "May I never see my Zawia again if I do not . . ." The philosopher begins to wonder, it being true that unity is the first national necessity, whether Libya may not still weave her thread into the tangled web the principle of "self-determination" is making of North Africa.

ROSITA FORBES.

The full story of the adventures of Mrs. Forbes in Libya is to be published in *Cassell's Magazine*.

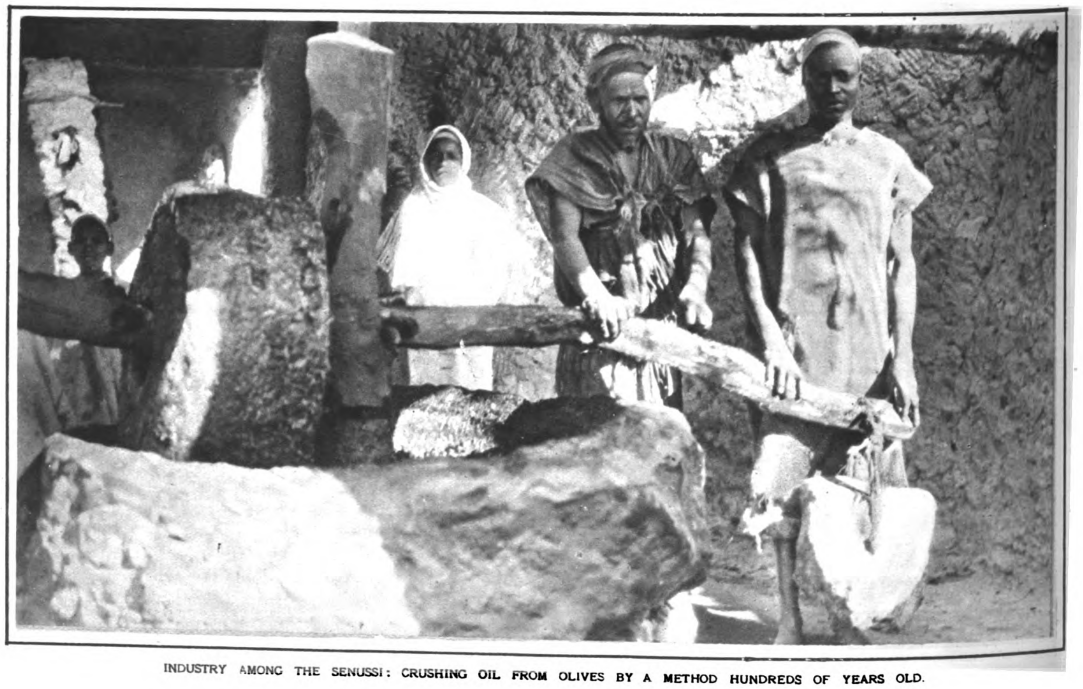


THE MOST WESTERLY VILLAGE IN THE KUFARA VALLEY: TOLAB.



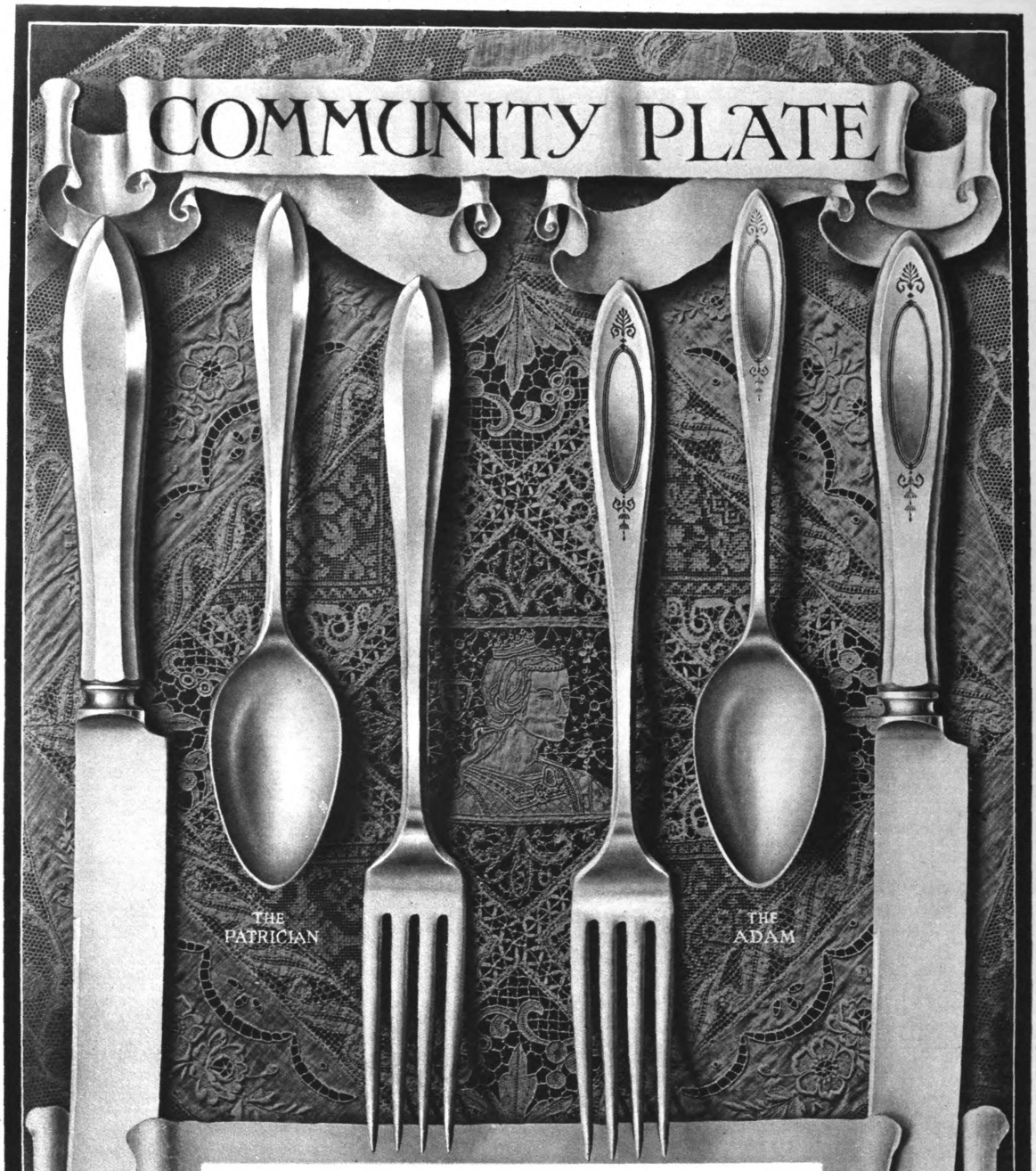
WHERE MRS. FORBES WAS GREETED WITH THE WORDS—"WE CARRY YOU ON OUR HEADS": AN OIL-CARRIER AT AUJILA.

When Mrs. Forbes arrived at Aujila (on the way to Jalo) and produced her credentials, the sheikhs recited the formula, "We carry you on our heads, for you are the guests of the Sayed," at the same time putting the letters to their lips and eyes.



INDUSTRY AMONG THE SENUSSI: CRUSHING OIL FROM OLIVES BY A METHOD HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THE great Flower Show of the Royal Horticultural Society suffered nothing through the coal crisis. I heard the King tell Lord Lambourne that it was the most beautiful he had ever seen, and his Majesty ought to know. The Queen and Princess Mary did not need to speak to express their delight; their faces spoke for them. Of course, they did say how much they enjoyed it, and it was no mere conventional phrase. The sweet-peas were a wonderful sight, but so was everything, and the grouping beyond all praise. Never had I seen so many orchids together. Experts were excited over two new ones—one rose-colour, and one white. I do not know the points of orchids, which are, I think, specially a man's flower. I noticed a lovely one in the Duke of York's button-hole, which must have been presented by a grower, for his Royal Highness does not affect button-holes as a rule. Sir George Holford, after he had been round the show with the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York, went off to examine the orchid growers' exhibits. Lady Holford did not accompany him. Sir Jeremiah Colman, another great orchid lover—whose show was, as usual, superb and took a gold medal—did tear himself away from his favourites and gave attention to other less exotic blooms. Lady Colman showed barely a bowing acquaintance with the magnificent display from Gatton Hall. The Duke and Duchess of Wellington, great garden lovers, were for over two hours at the show the first morning. The Marquess of Lansdowne, leaning on his wife's arm, was delighted with the lovely blooms. The Dowager Marchioness of Tweeddale expatiated on the perfection of some opening buds of an Ophelia rose; and a whole crowd of people clustered round the magnificent exhibit of Allwood carnations, the hardy as well as the house varieties. That the exhibits arrived by motor transport was all to the good for their freshness and beauty.

Mrs. Tennant, who had herself planted and arranged a herbaceous border of ordinary flowers such as bloom in any garden, was presented to their Majesties, and made a tour of the show in the royal entourage. The Hon. William Ormsby Gore, with his handsome wife, Lady Beatrice, went about note-book in hand looking up requirements for their garden. Viscountess Northcliffe was on business bent, with her gardener in close attendance. Nothing was guarded in cages at the show. The strawberries hanging ripe from their vines were, to my mind, much more tempting than the pollen from the rarest orchid. I should have known what to do with the former, and the latter would only have served to powder my nose. The Duke of Somerset, in a summer suit of light grey tweed and a jaunty-looking light grey hat, looked less like "a venerable Peer," as I saw him described at the Opening of Parliament, than a boyish-looking man in robust middle life. His Duchess was in dark-blue and white foulard. Lord Lambourne wore the very largest red carnation in his button-hole I have ever seen.



A BLACK EVENING DRESS.

The sparkle of crystals and the shimmer of paillettes are enhanced by the subtle veiling and long trails of tulle.

Photograph by Shepstone.

The Crown Prince of Japan managed to wedge in a two hours' visit to the Flower Show between his arrival from Scotland and his start to Manchester. His Imperial Highness, is, I am told, a great flower worshipper, and his astonishment at the beauty and the variety of our flowers was great. It was, of course, a unique opportunity for him to see a Show. Lady Wilson, wife of our Chief of Staff, was another lady busy with her gardener.

The engagement of Lady Morvyth Ward, the Earl of Dudley's second daughter, to Captain C. E. Benson, D.S.O., is an interesting one, each of the engaged pair having many friends. Lady Morvyth is a handsome girl, and much more devoted to the country and open-air games and sports than to the social round in London. She is a successful salmon and trout angler and has killed some fine fish. She is also quite efficient with a rifle or gun, and spends some weeks each autumn in the Highlands with her father and sisters. She is the second of Lord Dudley's large family to marry. Lord Ednam, her eldest brother, married the Duke of Sutherland's only sister, and they have a son, now in his second year, who is a godson of the Prince of Wales. The bride-elect's twin brothers are about fifteen, and she has another brother in his twenty-first year. Two sisters complete the family; the youngest is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra and of the Duke of Connaught. King Edward and King George were respectively godfathers to the twins, and Lady Honor, the bride's elder sister, had King Edward as her sponsor. No other family, I think, boasts such an array of royal god-parents. Captain Benson is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robert Benson, brother of Lady Wake and nephew of Sir George Holford, and of the Dowager Countess Grey. He served in Gallipoli, and was wounded and mentioned in despatches and won the D.S.O. Since then he has served as A.D.C. to Sir George Lloyd in India, and has not been very long home. He has retired from the Grenadier Guards. The wedding will, I believe, take place in the autumn.

The country is looking its loveliest and its charms are being greatly enjoyed. Motor cars of all sorts and sizes are the means of exploring it, and Kodak cameras are the methods of chronicling it, and of keeping green the memory of delightful times. In one's short tours, long runs, excursions by boat or bicycle, on horseback or on foot, always a Kodak is the tried and trusted and useful companion that makes it possible to share with others the pleasures of the road, and to keep them green in one's own memory.

A. E. L.



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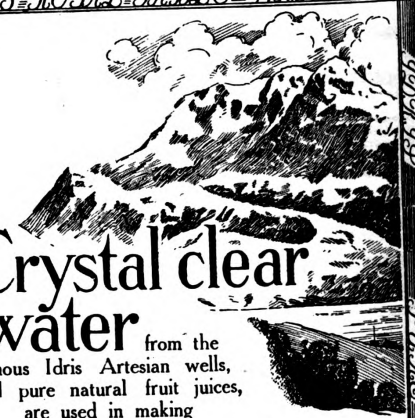
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The following is an extract from a letter in "The Autocar," dated 7-5-21, from **MR. F. LIONEL RAPSON**—the well-known inventor, engineer, and motorist—who has had considerable experience of all high-class motor carriages:—

"I have been driving since 1902 and can say, in all modesty, during that period there are very few makes of cars that have not passed through my hands, at some time or other: BUT NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I HANDLED ANYTHING TO COMPARE WITH THIS NEW NAPIER! The efficiency of the engine is little short of marvellous. The slightest touch on the accelerator, even when climbing steep hills on top gear, sends the car leaping forward like a greyhound freed from the leash. As a matter of fact, I am beginning to wonder, outside of starting, why the other gears are provided."

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE CONTROL OF DISEASE AMONG CHILDREN.

"TWO opposing laws," said Pasteur, at the opening of his famous Institute in Paris, "seem to-day to be in conflict . . . One puts one human life above all victories; the other sacrifices hundreds of thousands of existences to the ambition of a single man." And he went on to declare that the antiseptic dressings devised in accordance with his theories might save the lives of thousands of soldiers. How true this was the late war has shown, when tetanus, gas gangrene, and other horrible complications arising from wounds inflicted in war between civilised peoples were grappled with effectively almost as soon as they appeared. Yet this, valuable as it was, is really nothing compared to the saving of life which Pasteur's other discoveries have made possible. Epidemics, that before his day used to rage through armies or among the civil population like a destroying angel, are now met with and driven back directly they can be diagnosed, and might be stamped out altogether if preventive inoculation could be more effectively enforced. As was said the other day by a medical man of great distinction, typhus, typhoid, and small-pox are now under perfect control (he might have said, except in Russia) and of zymotic diseases only scarlet fever holds out. Inoculation with serum of one kind or another has proved effective with them all, and, if all tales be true, we are now within measurable distance of the time when the same thing may be said of tuberculosis.

This is the more a subject for congratulation because it is the saving of life at the right end. Children are, as the Psalmist has it, like arrows in the hand of the giant, and the life of the young is, in the long run, and taken in the lump, far more valuable to the State than that of the old. One of the most terrible things about diseases like typhoid is that it attacks by preference young and strong men herded together in camps and cantonments, and, as is well known, until Pasteur's discoveries was often more fatal to armies than the enemy. So, too, with the scarlet fever which, as has been said, still evades treatment by serum or vaccine, and is not only a disease of childhood, but is specially fatal to children. Some statistics that have lately been published in Norway, where it seems to be markedly prevalent, show that it exhibits no sign of dying out, and that the younger the patient, the more likely is a fatal termination. Fourteen per cent. of the cases under one year when attacked die, as against from one to five per cent. of those during the next four years, while after five the mortality sinks to two per cent. This slaughter of the innocents prevents the arrival at maturity of thousands of citizens, who would not only be the parents of generations yet unborn, but might turn out among them a few benefactors of humanity as great as Pasteur himself.

Until some remedy is discovered, the only effective treatment of diseases like scarlet fever seems to be isolation; and this, as the Norwegian men of science say with reason, is very difficult to arrange for under present conditions. Overcrowding in towns has at least the benefit of making inspection and notification easier, but in the country, or where the population is sparse, the difficulties are enormously increased. Moreover, the diagnosis of diseases like scarlet fever in its first stages requires considerable skill and experience; and unless our homes are to be chiefly given up to State espionage, we have to

[Continued overleaf.



INCLUDING ONE IN GOAT-SKINS: CORNISH TENANTS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LAUNCESTON, WITH RENT IN THE FORM OF GREYHOUNDS, SPURS, CUMMIN, A SALMON SPEAR, FAGGOTS, AND A ROSE.

A picturesque mediæval ceremony was revived at Launceston on May 25, when the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, received from his tenants outside the ancient Castle gifts in kind representing "rents, customs, and services" for various manors and holdings. The above photograph shows, from left to right, Sir Hugh St. Aubyn, with a brace of greyhounds; Sir Trehawke H. Kekewich with gilt spurs; Captain Stanhope Rodd with a pound of cummin in a silver dish; Mr. Edmund Lyne (aged 90) with a salmon spear and bundle of faggots; Mr. B. Hutchings, clad, as prescribed, "within a goat-skin mantle," and Mrs. Christine Marguerite Saunders with a pink rose. On receiving the dues, the Prince gave each tenant a white rod, confirming them in possession. The Town Clerk of Launceston (Mr. C. H. Peter), as Bayliff, read the proclamation summoning the tenants.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]



A BRACE OF GREYHOUNDS FOR THE MANOR OF VERYAN: SIR HUGH MOLESWORTH ST. AUBYN RENDERING KNIGHTLY DUES TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AS DUKE OF CORNWALL.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]



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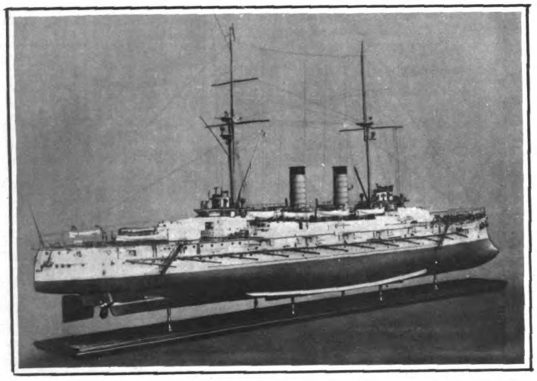
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[Continued]

trust chiefly to voluntary notification. How many mothers, whether in cottages or farmhouses, would send for the medical officer of the State directly her year-old baby developed a rash — and how many would consent to the infant's immediate transfer to an "institution," if the resulting diagnosis were unfavourable?

This is one of the problems which the new Ministry of Health will have to tackle; but in the meantime there are other children's diseases which we have come to look upon as inevitable, but which might on better investigation turn out to be as controllable as typhoid or small-pox. As Professor A. V. Hill, of Manchester University, has just asked in his Inaugural Address, is it really in the nature of things that all our children should go through a regular course of whooping-cough, measles, and mumps? This subject probably only wants the application of the patient investigation which made Pasteur's discoveries possible, and it is work which the new Ministry might undertake without setting up any new and expensive departments. Will they see to it? F. L.



PRESENTED TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN BY SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH AND CO.: A TEN-FOOT MODEL OF THE JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "KASHIMA," HIS ESCORT TO THIS COUNTRY.

While at Manchester on May 25, the Crown Prince of Japan visited the engineering works of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., at Openshaw. The managing-director, Sir Glyn West, presented him with a finely finished model of the "Kashima," which escorted the Prince to this country, and recalled that the firm built the first war-ship for the Japanese Navy, in 1882, and had since supplied it with three battle-ships and eleven cruisers.

Photograph by Central Press.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

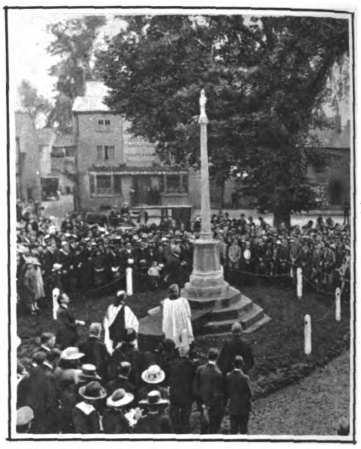
"THE GIPSY PRINCESS." AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

THE convention of Viennese operette seems to have undergone little change since the days of "The Merry Widow." The waltz remains the basis of its musical score, and that score is largely made up of passionate duets between lovers who leap over obstacles of rank, quarrel as impetuously as they kiss, and are reconciled after little storms of misunderstanding and defiance. Champagne helps to make the sentiment hectic; dancing—sometimes languorous, sometimes fast and furious, keeps the atmosphere electric; and amid a whirl of fancy dress, uniform, and illuminated spectacle, there is just enough fun to prevent the erotic scenes from being cloying. What pleased in "The Merry Widow" still pleases in "The Gipsy Princess"; and though E. Kalman's music is far less ambitious than that of "The Chocolate Soldier," and is not so ingenious as other Viennese scores in its concerted numbers, still there is plenty of haunting melody, and it is agreeably and skilfully orchestrated; while the dancing interludes are full of vivacity, the humour is unforced, and costumes and scenery have claims to beauty as well as opulence. It is enough to say of the plot that it is concerned with the love of a prince for a cabaret girl. The Serbian tenor, Mr. de Jari, has a good voice, and shows abundance of *abandon* in the part of the prince. *Abandon*, unfortunately, is just the one thing missing in Miss Sari Petras's gipsy heroine; she sings pleasantly, dresses daintily, looks a picture, and has both grace and distinction, but never conveys the idea that she has got hot blood in her veins. Very welcome are the brief appearances of Miss Phyllis Titmuss; so clever and piquant an actress, with so easy a style and so attractive a stage presence, deserves to have more opportunities. The fun is quite safe in the hands of Mr. Mark Lester, a quiet but experienced comedian with a gift for whistling, and Mr. Billy Leonard, who in a "silly ass" rôle is delightfully appealing; his dancing turns are some of the best things in the show.

SIR JAMES BARRIE IN PRODIGAL MOOD.

The opening of the new theatre of the Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street took place under most auspicious conditions. The Prince of Wales conducted the inaugural ceremony with one of his happiest speeches, and a wonderful "all-star" cast gave a performance of a first act of a new Barrie play which went counter to all the traditions of such occasions, being perfect in its ensemble. Everybody recognises that Sir James Barrie is a magician, but here he was veritably prodigal with his magic. On this first act of "Shall We Join the Ladies?" which he will

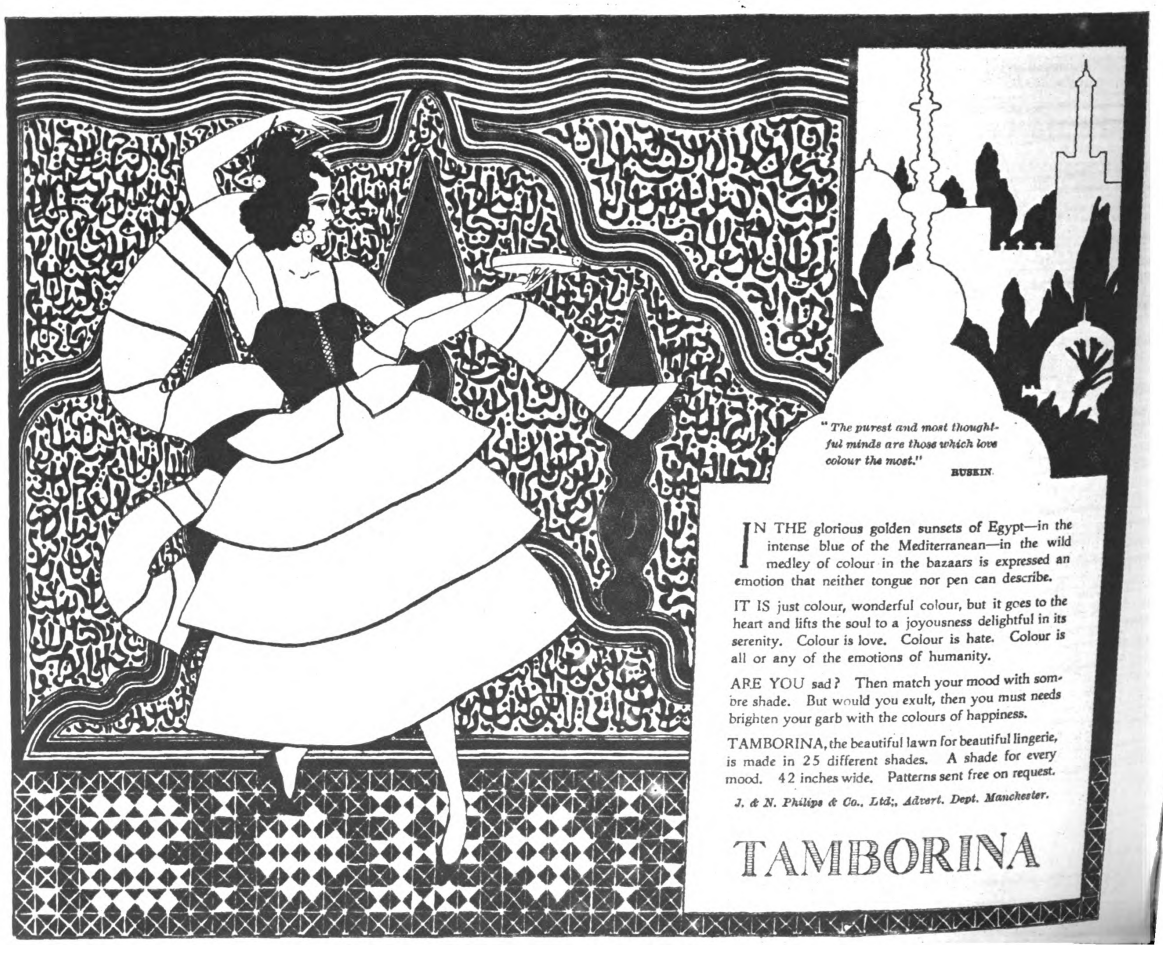
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A TRIBUTE TO WARWICKSHIRE HEROES: THE UNVEILING OF DUNCHURCH AND THURLASTON WAR MEMORIAL.

In the historic village of Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, on May 15, the Dunchurch and Thurlaston War Memorial was unveiled by Lady Waring, wife of Sir Samuel Waring, Lord of the Manor, and dedicated by the Rev. C. T. B. McNulty, formerly Vicar of Dunchurch. A very interesting address was given by Major-General Sir Frederick Poole, K.B.E.

Photograph by G. A. Dean, Rugby.





"Beauty itself doth of itself persuade"
Shakespeare

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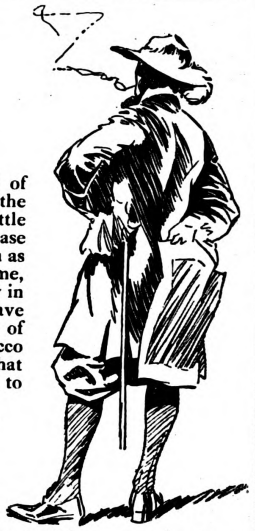


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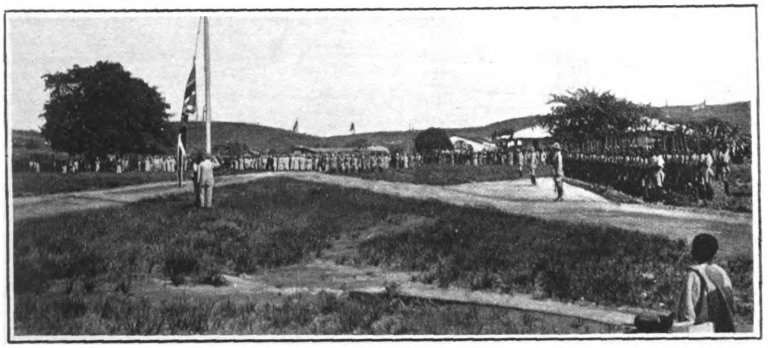
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Continued.]

presumably never finish, he had lavished all the care as to technique, all the wit, and sense of drama that we expect of him at his best. In this dinner-party scene, at which the host tells his guests that he is trying to discover among them his brother's murderer, we had excellent fun and characterisation, and with them a wonderfully maintained atmosphere of suspense. And, meantime, opportunities were found for every one of fifteen "stars"—Dion Boucicault, Fay Compton, Charles Hawtrey, Sybil Thorndike, Cyril Maude, Lady Tree, Leon Quartermaine, Lillah McCarthy, Nelson Keys, Madge Titheradge, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Irene Vanbrugh, Norman Forbes, Marie Löhr, Gerald du Maurier, and Hilda Trevelyan. They worked together as beautifully as if they had been rehearsing for weeks. Lucky Academy to obtain at the start so splendid a model of its art!



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The ceremony of transfer took place at Kigoma, the western terminus of the Tanganyika Railway, on March 22 last. In the photograph, King's African Rifles are seen on the right, saluting; and Belgian troops on the left.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

A E PUGH (Bentley).—Your corrected solution duly to hand. There was no necessity for any apology.

MRS. K ROBBINS (Woking).—The book has no value as an authority on chess, and we fear has less value as a literary rarity, being the fourth edition.

AHMAD MIRZA (Dacca).—Problems received with thanks. They shall have our careful attention.

KESHAB D DÉ (Calcutta).—Thanks for your letter and further positions, from which we will make a selection. You need not worry unduly about minor flaws; they are often a mere matter of opinion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3854 received from S A Hawarden (Benoni, Transvaal); of No. 3855 from P N Banerji (Calcutta), and S A Hawarden (Transvaal); of No. 3856 from P N Banerji (Calcutta); of No. 3857 from Henry A Seller (Denver), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), E M Vicars (Norfolk), and P Rowlands (Alderney); of No. 3858 from Senex (Darwen), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Jas. T Palmer (Church), A E Pugh (Bentley), J W Sefton (Bolton), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Herbert Russell (Leicester), R C Durell (Woodford), and W H Statham (Charlton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3859 received from R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), W J C Walters (Curragh), W C D Smith (Northampton), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), Senex (Darwen), J Shaw (Clapham), A E Pugh (Bentley), E J Gibbs (East Ham), W H Statham (Charlton), F J Sheldon (Leeds), F O McKears (Birmingham), R Entwistle (Bolton), H W Satow (Bangor), Ch. Le Harivel (Edinburgh), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), H W Wood (Wellington College), and C H Watson (Masham).

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. E. MACDONALD and W. GOODING.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd
6. P to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
8. Kt to B sq	Castles
9. Kt to Kt 3rd	

Kt to K 3rd is, perhaps, the more usual continuation.

9.	Q to K 2nd
10. Castles	P to K R 3rd
11. B to B 2nd	B to Kt 5th
12. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt
13. Q takes B	Kt to R 2nd
14. R to K sq	Q to R 5th
15. B to K 3rd	P to K R 4th
16. Q R to Q sq	Kt to Kt 4th
17. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd

The position has now all the appearance of a draw.

18. Q to B 3rd	K to R 2nd
19. R to K B sq	Q R to K sq
20. P to Q R 3rd	

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)

Time pressure seems to account for the play in this and the next few moves.

20.	Kt to Kt 4th
21. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd
22. Q to B 3rd	B to R 3rd
23. P to Q 4th	B to B 5th
24. B takes B	Kt takes B
25. K to R 2nd	R to K 3rd

An unsound combination in an effort to force matters. Black apparently overlooked the effect of White's 28th move.

26. P to Q 5th	R to B 3rd
27. P takes Kt	Kt takes P
28. Kt to B 5th	P takes Kt

The only thing to be done, but it leaves Black minus a piece, and with a lost game.

29. Q takes Kt	Q takes Q (ch)
30. P takes Q	P to B 5th
31. P takes Kt P	R to Q Kt sq
32. P to B 3rd	R takes P
33. P to Q Kt 4th	R to Kt sq
34. R to K Kt sq	Resigns

PROBLEM No. 3860.—BY A. M. SPARKE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3858.—BY THE LATE J. B. FISHER.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to Q B 2nd	K Kt 4th
2. B to Q Kt 7th	K to B 4th
3. B to R 6th, mate.	



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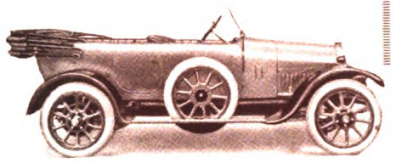
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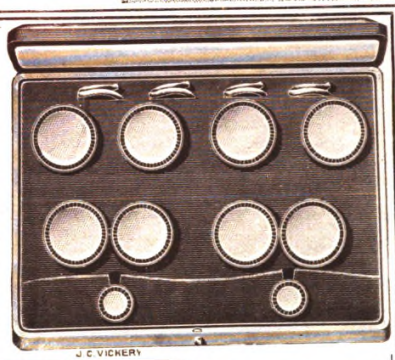
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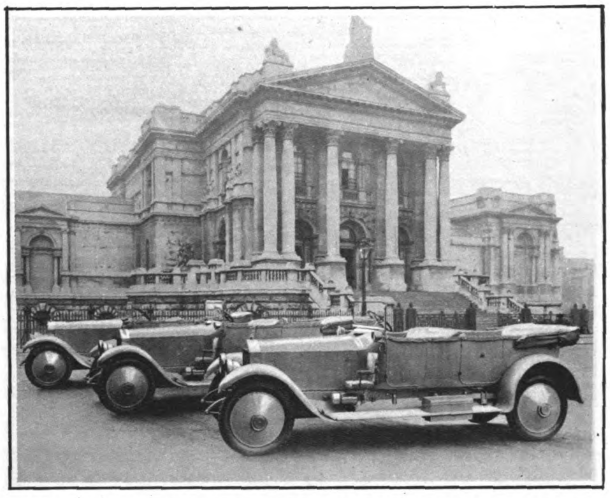
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Next Year's Road Races. The regulations for the International Tourist Trophy car race and for the International "Fifteen Hundred" Trophy car race, to be organised by the R.A.C. next year, have now been issued. The probable dates of the races are announced as June 20 and 22, 1922. They are to be open to cars manufactured in countries represented in the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs, which still, presumably, includes the automobile clubs of late enemy countries.

The distance of the Tourist Trophy race will be about 300 miles, and of the "Fifteen Hundred" race about 250 miles. In the first the engines of competing cars must not have less than four working cylinders, and a cylinder capacity of not less than 2500, nor more than 3000 cubic centimetres. The minimum weight must be 1600 lb., including everything but the driver and mechanic. For the "Fifteen Hundred" race, engines must also have at least four working cylinders, the capacity of which must not exceed 1500 c.c., while the minimum weight of the car, ready for the race with the exception of driver and mechanic, is to be 1000 lb. The following regulations apply to both races: The cars must have four wheels; the body is not restricted as to shape; a fuel tank or tanks of any size may be carried, and only liquid fuel, which includes, *inter alia*, petrol and benzol, may be used, no aids to combustion being allowed. There will be only one replenishment and replacement depôt on the course; and no spares, oil, fuel, or water may be taken up at any part of the course other than at this one point. The entry list will be open at the R.A.C. on July 1 next. I am told that already two prominent firms have announced that they will enter three cars each—three being the maximum number allowed to any one entrant.

To most people I imagine that the principal interest will centre upon the "Fifteen Hundred" race, which is designed to give the popular "tens" and "eleven-point-nines" an opportunity of showing what they can do in the matter of speed. In this connection I should be willing to take odds that the small car race will not be run at any slower speed than that for the Tourist Trophy, if the races are held on the Isle of Man circuit, as seems most probable.

Registration Numbers. Many old-time motorists are aggrieved by the altered registration regulations, which insist that a new car shall be registered in the area in which its owner resides. This means that when a new car is purchased, the number from the old one, which may be a cherished possession, cannot be transferred to the new vehicle. I know what this means to those who began motoring early and were fortunate to secure certain very low numbers, and I fully sympathise with the grievance. I myself was once the happy possessor of the number "P.S. 1," which I prized greatly. It was transferred to several cars, but, finally, when I sold the last car on which I used it, the purchaser made it a condition that the number should go with the car. I felt so badly about it that I nearly refused to sell! The question of altering the regulations to permit of transfer ought to be a fairly simple one if the Ministry of Transport is inclined to change them on purely sentimental grounds. Knowing something about the ways of this Department, I should say there is very little hope of alteration.



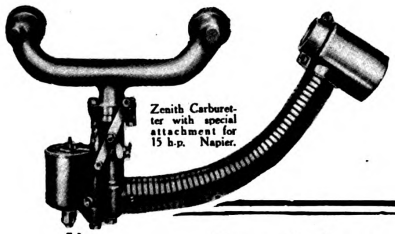
ROLLS-ROYCE CARS FOR AN INDIAN PRINCE: THREE OF THE FOUR (WITH BODYWORK BY THE GROSVENOR CARRIAGE COMPANY) RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR.

A Good Electric Horn. Nowadays, when there is so much heavy traffic on the roads, an electric horn is really an essential part of the car's equipment. The worst of this type of warning signal is that, as a rule, it possesses an offensive, raucous note which is calculated to rouse the most peaceable citizen to fury. I have on my car an electric horn which avoids this objectionable characteristic. It is known as the "Graham," and while the sound is penetrating enough, it is not offensive. The instrument itself is well made and has the desirable quality of taking a small amount of current to operate it. It is the best device of the kind of which I have had experience, and I can recommend it with every confidence.

A Huge Garage for London. A scheme is on foot for the erection of an enormous garage on an island site in the Euston Road. If it materialises, a nine-storey building, with accommodation for about 800 cars in separate lock-up cubicles, will be erected. Every cubicle is to have its own drainage, water-supply, bench, lockers, and exhaust-fumes disperser. Provision is made for a straight-through drive from front to back of the building, with four lifts to corridors on to which the cubicles will open; while at one end there is to be a repair shop, vulcanising shop, and accommodation for paid drivers.

The idea is good, but it seems very doubtful if the location proposed is quite as suitable as might be. There is a great need for more garage accommodation in London, but it is wanted in the centre of the West

[*Continued overleaf.*



Zenith Carburetter with special attachment for 15 h.p. Napier.

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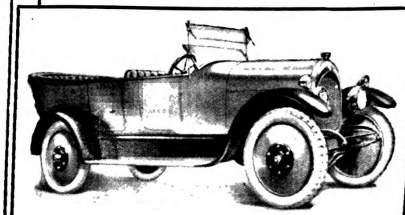
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They are remarkably economical in fuel and upkeep, and possess many original features, such as a concealed hood, adjustable front seat and hinged pedals. The engine is silent and wonderfully flexible. The equipment includes C.A.V. starting and lighting.

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In Cedar Wood Cabinet Boxes of 25, 50 and 100

— OF ALL — HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

(Continued.)

End more than anywhere. At present, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to find any place to leave a car when dining in town or visiting a theatre, but I am afraid the Euston Road will not help over much. It would be almost as easy to take a taxi from home and another back as to drive from outer London up to Euston, take a taxi from there, and then have to return to get the car after leaving the theatre. I wonder why somebody has not built a big garage on the site of the old Hippodrome stables. There is a situation which is worth while. I have no idea what is being done with these buildings, but in any case there is a lot of small property just about there which could well be replaced by something really useful.

The Nationality of the Morris Car.

A statement to the effect that Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley cars are American types, has been circulated somewhat freely of late amongst the buying public, and several letters desiring information on the subject have been received at the Cowley Works of Messrs. Morris Motors, Ltd., who desire us to state that both Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley models are manufactured wholly and entirely in this country, and that the material used is entirely British. The sale of the Morris car at the present moment averages over 100 per week, and the demand shows signs of increasing rather than diminishing.



UP THE JUNGFRAU BY RAIL: THE EIGER GLACIER STATION ON A FAMOUS SWISS MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

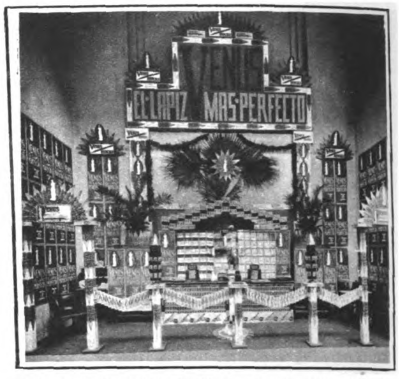
The Jungfrau Railway, an electric rack-and-pinion line, was begun in 1897, and now reaches 12,070 feet. Magnificent views are obtained from it. A footpath descends from this station to the Eiger Glacier. The Jungfrau is 13,669 feet high.

Photograph by Wehrli Kilchberg-Zurich.

The Price of Petrol Reduced.

Last Saturday the petrol companies sprung a welcome surprise by suddenly reducing the price of petrol by sixpence per gallon. While it is right to be grateful for every small mercy, one cannot refrain from saying that, having regard to the current prices of crude oil and the favourable exchange movements, the reduction ought to have been at least double that announced. W. W.

It is not necessary to go abroad to find a place which combines the advantages of a health-giving spa and a holiday resort amid ideal surroundings. Such a place may be found, much nearer home, at Harrogate. For those who go there to take its famous waters every up-to-date medical treatment is provided. For holiday visitors it affords all varieties of amusement, and is an excellent centre for excursions to the many places of interest and beauty among the surrounding Yorkshire moors. The town itself is spacious and picturesque.



THE PATRON GODDESS OF PENCILS: THE "VENUS" STAND IN THE FIRST GREAT FAIR HELD AT BARCELONA.

"Venus" pencils are known and appreciated all over the world. Above is seen the stand of the makers, the American Lead Pencil Company, at the first great Fair ever held at Barcelona, in the Palacio of the Feria de Muestras. The "Venus" stand was much admired by the Spanish Minister of Labour, Don Eduardo Sanz Escartin, Count of Lizarrago, who opened the Exhibition.

Photograph by Gamissans, Barcelona.

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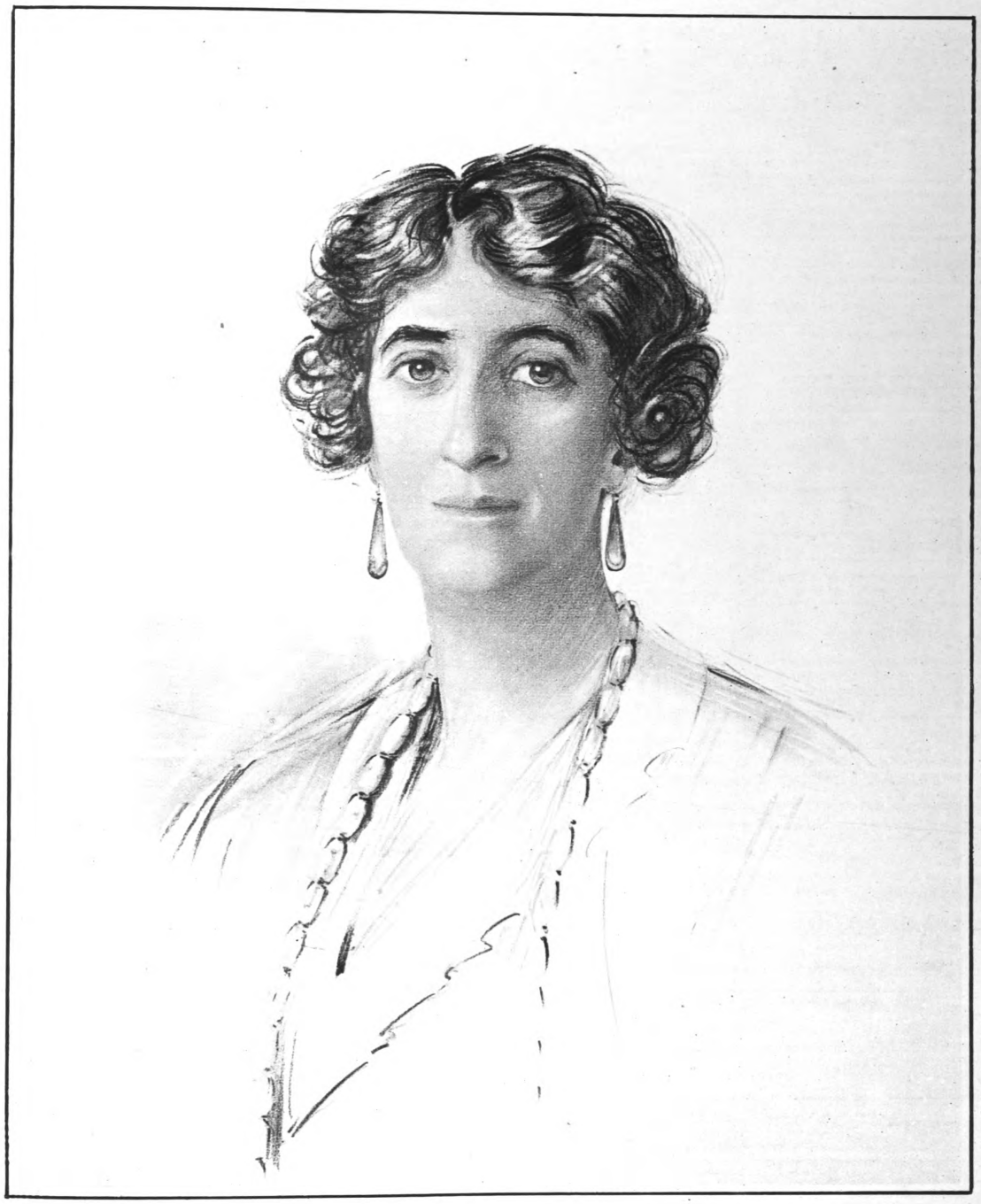
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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1921.

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THE WIFE OF CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL: LADY BYNG.

The announcement that General Lord Byng, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O., will succeed the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of Canada, was made on Saturday, June 4. The appointment will give the greatest satisfaction in Canada, as Lord Byng commanded the Canadian Corps in France after his return from Gallipoli. He was beloved by all ranks, and shared the merit of the Canadian achievements at Courcelette and Thiepval, and in the storming of Vimy Ridge in 1917. He subsequently succeeded Lord Allenby in command of the Third Army, and was responsible for its tactical success at Cambrai. His army held the line north of the Somme in March 1918, and he participated in the big successes of the summer, which ended in the Armistice. In August 1919, Sir Julian Byng resigned his commission and became Chairman of the United Services Fund. He was created G.C.B. and raised to the Peerage as Baron Byng of Vimy and Thorpe-le-Soken, receiving the thanks of Parliament and a grant of £30,000. Lord Byng married in 1902 Marie Evelyn, only child of the Hon. Sir Richard Charles Moreton, K.C.V.O. He is the seventh son of the second Earl of Strafford.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE relations of England with America are occupying many conscientious minds at present, but the difficulty seems to me rather different from those commonly discussed. The first difficulty is, I think, that neither England nor America is really accustomed to having any relations with anybody. That is what was meant by the splendid isolation of England, or the natural neutrality of America. Perhaps this is the one respect in which the two great peoples really are alike. The two are said to resemble each other in all sorts of things in which they do not resemble each other in the least. The American and the Englishman are said to be both democrats, which is far too high a compliment; they are said to be both Anglo-Saxons, which is far too harsh a condemnation. But what is really true both of the average Englishman and the average American is that neither of them is, in the true sense, enough of a man of the world. They have not been near enough to the central controversies of civilisation. The foreign policy of America was confined to a single doctrine—the Monroe Doctrine. The foreign policy of England was confined to a single group—a particular and more or less patriotic sort of aristocrats. The average man was provincial; and he thought, as the provincial always thinks, that he is the pivot of the world.

Here is a remark I read a moment ago, uttered by a very worthy nobleman on his favourite subject of Empire Day. It is a phrase like a hundred others, and it is the whole point that it would probably pass unnoticed as a platitude. "The Great War was waged with the sole object of destroying the British Empire." Now, as a matter of fact, this leaves out the whole meaning of the story, which is to us a highly honourable story. It is tolerably certain, no doubt, that Prussian insolence would eventually have attacked the British Empire, as it would eventually have attacked the United States. But it is almost equally certain that Prussia did on that occasion count on the neutrality of the British Empire, almost as much as she counted on the neutrality of the United States. Prussia, so far from seeking directly to drag down Britain by the war, did her best to keep Britain out of the war. Nobody will forget the abrupt and quite abnormal explosion of anger and astonishment which shook the pomposity of the Prussian diplomatic pose, in that dramatic scene which gave us the phrase about a scrap of paper. It seems to me common-sense that, if Prussia had the sole object of destroying the British Empire, she would have confined herself to the sole policy of attacking the British Empire. She could surely have found some colonial quarrel that was more likely to isolate England than an attack on Serbia in the very heart of Europe. It was hardly necessary, in order to destroy the British Navy, to bring into the field millions and millions of Slav enemies from Riga to Montenegro. Surely even Germans were not so stupid as to think that the French Army would make no difference. They would have tried to keep the other allies neutral, as they did, in fact, try to keep us neutral. The war was waged to make Prussia supreme in Europe—a district of which it is well to remember the existence, even upon Empire Day.

Now, I suppose there is a sort of patriot who would be pleased if we said, "The Crusades were inaugurated with the sole object of getting Richard I. out of England, so that John might pave the way for Magna Charta and the British Constitution." I suppose it would flatter some people to write, "The Thirty Years' War was waged with the sole object of training Prince Rupert and Sir David Leslie to prove the supreme genius of Cromwell." I suppose there are fashionable historians who might tell us, "The French Revolution was impelled by the sole motive of enabling the Duke of Wellington and Bill Adams to win the Battle of Waterloo." But I do not think these are very practical patriots or very reliable historians. And just as England got more than enough glory out of the Crusades in the fact that Richard of England was one of the most glorious of Crusaders, and more than enough glory out of the French revolutionary wars in what was really done by the ships at Trafalgar or the squares at Waterloo, so I think England has got more than enough glory to satisfy any Englishman out of the war which she entered to vindicate her own plighted word and just interests after the invasion of Belgium.

It is not necessary to prove that everything happening in the world has its origin in this island, any more than it is necessary in the other cases to profess that England invented Christianity or founded the first pagan republic of antiquity. And a study of those old republics, and even of that old religion, will leave anyone with the suspicion that a good many other things were involved in the Great War which had nothing to do with the English imperial position, and are even ignored to a great extent by the English intellectual attitude. Such a student will come on the traces of all sorts of other trifles, such as the Roman Empire, the Byzantine civilisation, the civic memories of the Mediterranean, or the chivalric nationalism represented by Joan of Arc. Many of these forces had been fighting the barbarians for some time before we fought them, or, perhaps, had any reason to fight them. It was against these things that Prussia had for some time been dealing damaging blows, and was now prepared to deal a death-blow. And I think the truth worth noting just now, if only because it may temper one particular type of arrogance that menaces our understanding with America. If there are really any Americans who go about saying that they alone "won the war," I am content to leave such idiots to say what they like. But there is a more subtle sort of idiocy on the other side, which is equally bad history—and, perhaps, equally bad manners.



It was arranged that the first Parliament of Northern Ireland should be opened in Belfast on June 7, and that Sir James Craig, as Leader of the House, should be requested to form a Government. The election of the Hon. Hugh O'Neill, M.P., as Speaker, was expected to be unanimous.——Miss Kathleen Alexanderson Wright, an art student at Trinity College, Dublin, daughter of the Rev. E. A. Wright, Vicar of All Saints, Brixton Hill, London, was shot dead at a cricket match at Trinity College Park, Dublin, on June 3. It was believed that the shots were fired through the railings. She was twenty-one, and engaged to be married.——Mr. Will Crooks, the late Labour Member for Woolwich, who recently retired owing to illness, died in Poplar Hospital on June 5. He was universally esteemed and respected.

Some Englishmen were fond of saying that America was three years late in joining the struggle against Prussia. I wonder how many years late England was in joining the same just and necessary struggle. If England had resisted Prussia just before Sedan, or even just after Sedan, there would probably have been no Great War. If England had resisted Prussia before Sadowa, or even after Sadowa, there would probably have been no Sedan. If England had resisted Prussia in the disgraceful affair of the Danish provinces, there would have been no Sadowa, and no alliance of the two huge Central Empires to overshadow the world. If England and everybody else had protested against the partition of Poland, there would probably have been no Prussia. There would have been no Prussianism, no pessimism, no militarism, no crushing load of debt and conscription, no panic of increasing armaments. A real League of Nations might have come long before its time, when liberal ideas really ruled the mind of Europe. But if we did not understand the problem of Prussia, it was not because we ourselves were Prussian, any more than the Americans were Prussian. It was because we did not know anything about Europe, any more than the Americans knew anything about Europe. Mr. Gladstone was not a pro-German in 1870, any more than Mr. Wilson was a pro-German in 1914. They were simply men who did not know what was happening; and most of their countrymen did not know either. All we can say is that England woke up before it was too late, and America woke up before it was too late; and once having woken up, they both proceeded to show, under the most horrible strain in history, mental, moral, and military qualities which proved they were exceedingly wide awake.

Another reason may perhaps be added for avoiding that style of mentioning the Great War, as if it had been solely due to the greatness of Great Britain. It was the systematic style of all German propaganda. It was the Prussians who longed and laboured to prove that it was only a duel between our Empire and theirs. They had two very obvious motives. First, it buttressed up their own barbarous fad about all force coming from the Teutonic race, so that the only real rivalry was between two giants supposed to be of their own blood. And second, it tended to wash away the memory of all the murders and treacheries they had committed against the other Christian nations, and against the eternal conscience of Christendom.

NEWS OF THE WEEK: INTERESTING EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, ALFIERI, C.N., PHOTOPRESS, FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., AND TOPICAL.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO PLAISTOW: (L. TO R., IN CENTRE) THE MAYOR OF WEST HAM; THE KING; THE QUEEN; THE BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD.



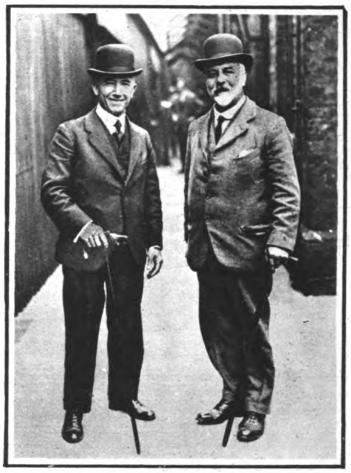
"MERRIE ENGLAND" IN HYDE PARK: A LEAGUE OF ARTS OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENT—QUEEN BESS AT THE MAYPOLE.



THE DERBY WINNER'S JOCKEY RIDES THE CLOUDS: DONOGHUE OFF TO PARIS BY AEROPLANE.



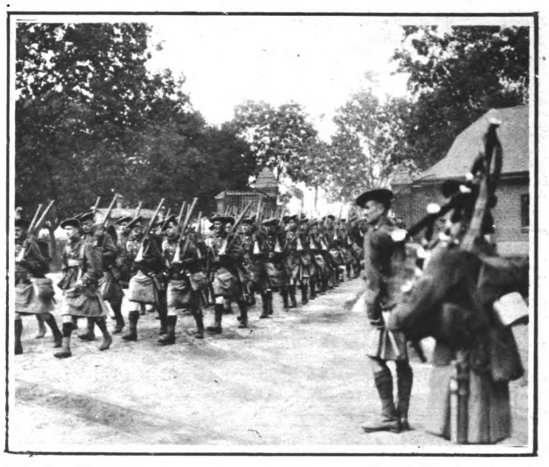
ACADEMIC FASHIONS FOR OXFORD "UNDERGRADUETTES": A CORRECT BLACK-AND-WHITE PARASOL.



WINNER OF THE "CALCUTTA SWEEP," AND THE FRIEND WHO SOLD THE TICKET: CAPT. JONES (L.) AND MR. HUSSEY.



THE FIRST BRITISH TROOPS TO MARCH THROUGH AN UPPER SILESIAN TOWN: THE ARRIVAL OF OUR FORCES AT OPPELN.

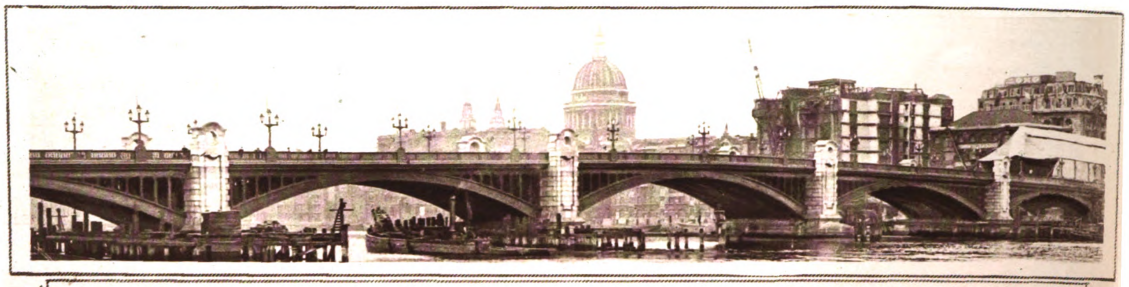


SCOTTISH BAG-PIPES IN UPPER SILESIA: PIPERS PLAYING AS THE BLACK WATCH ENTERED THEIR BARRACKS AT OPPELN ON THEIR ARRIVAL.

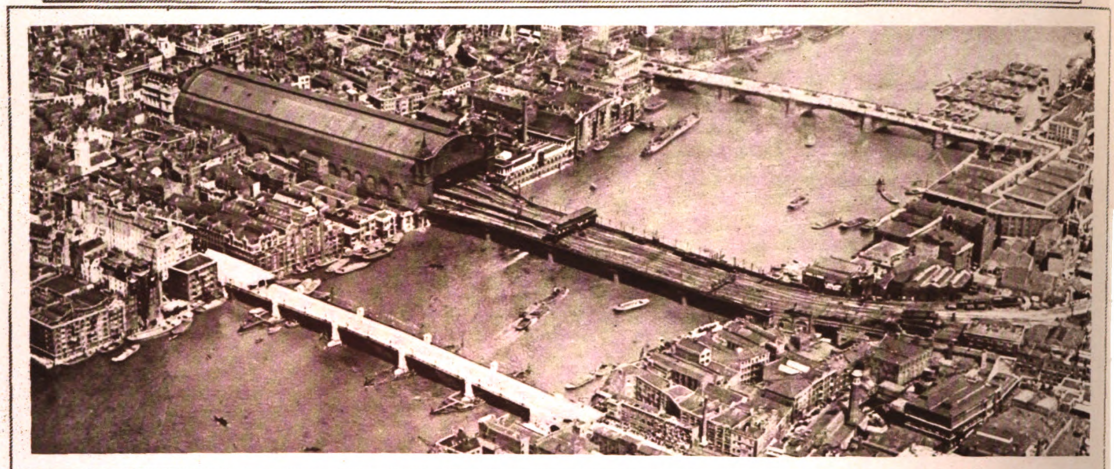
The King and Queen visited on June 4 the Y.M.C.A.'s new Red Triangle Club established in Greengate Street, Plaistow, as a war memorial. Their Majesties were admitted to a trade union meeting.——The first of a series of Saturday open-air entertainments organised by the League of Arts took place in Hyde Park on June 4, a performance of Edward German's opera, "Merrie England," by members of the Northern Polytechnic. It was arranged to give "The Blue Bird" on June 11, and on the next occasion Purcell's "Masque of Diocletian."——Steve Donoghue, the jockey who rode Humorist, the Derby winner, flew to Paris on June 4 from the Croydon aerodrome, by the Instone Air Liner "City of Newcastle," to take part in the Sunday races and return by air that evening.——The authorised costume for women students at Oxford when attending examinations includes white blouse, black tie, skirt and coat of "subfusc hue," and black-and-white parasol.——Capt. T. Alban Jones, D.S.O., an official of the Union Castle Line, won the £69,000 Calcutta Sweepstake on the Derby with a 14s. ticket bought from his friend, Mr. J. A. Hussey.——The British troops sent to Upper Silesia comprised one battalion each of the Black Watch, Middlesex Regiment, Durham Light Infantry, Royal Irish Regiment, Connaught Rangers, and Leinster Regiment. The advance party from the Rhine reached Oppeln on May 26, the bulk of the force following later. General Heneker arrived to take over the command of the British troops on June 2.

OPENED BY THE KING, WITH A GOLDEN KEY: NEW SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

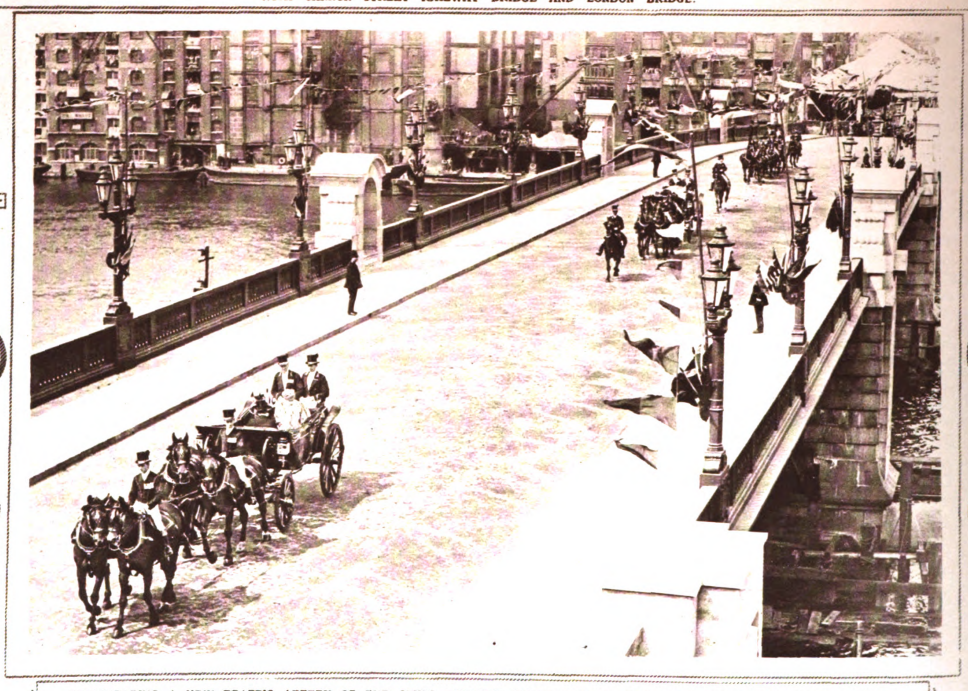
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO., LTD.



"A NOTEWORTHY ADDITION TO THE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES OF THE CITY": THE NEW SOUTHWARK BRIDGE FROM THE EAST; SHOWING ST. PAUL'S IN THE BACKGROUND.



"OUR ANCESTORS FOR MANY CENTURIES COULD REST CONTENT WITH ONE BRIDGE": AN AIR VIEW OF THE NEW SOUTHWARK BRIDGE (LEFT) WITH CANNON STREET RAILWAY BRIDGE AND LONDON BRIDGE.

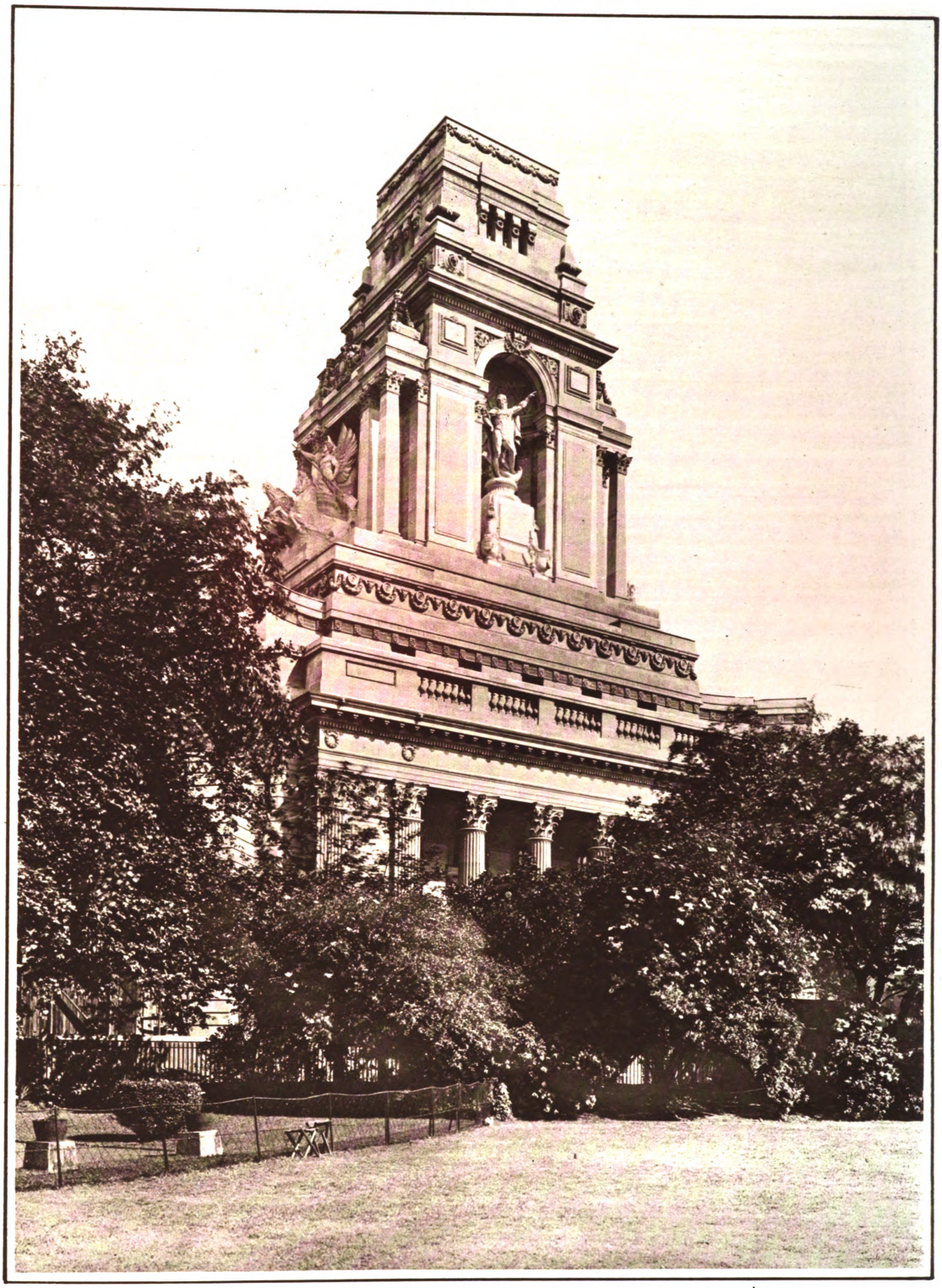


INAUGURATING A NEW TRAFFIC ARTERY OF THE CITY'S "FAMOUS SQUARE MILE": THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING ACROSS NEW SOUTHWARK BRIDGE AFTER THE OPENING.

The King and Queen on June 6 drove to the City, where his Majesty opened the new Southwark Bridge, built, without expense to the ratepayers, at a cost of £375,000, out of the trust funds managed by the Bridge House Estates Committee of the Corporation. The architects were Messrs. Sir Ernest George, R.A., and Yeates. The work was begun in 1913, but was interrupted in 1917 owing to the war. The new bridge, which has five arches, is 55 feet wide. For the opening ceremony a pavilion of amber and purple had been erected at the northern end. Replying to an Address, the King spoke of the bridge as "not only a contribution of high value towards the solution of the traffic problem, but also a noteworthy addition to the architectural features of the City. Our ancestors," he said, "for many centuries could rest content with one bridge, because they regarded the river, not as a barrier, but as the main highway of the City." His Majesty then opened a mahogany box with a golden key, and the action immediately raised the twin arms of a barrier. The King and Queen drove across the bridge, and after receiving Addresses in Southwark, returned to Buckingham Palace by way of the Borough and Westminster Bridge, heartily welcomed by the people all along the route. By the King's own wish Southwark Bridge retains its old name.

SURMOUNTED BY AN IMMENSE COMPOSITION: A "TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE."

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE ARCHITECT, MR. EDWIN COOPER.



WHERE ONE-THIRD OF THE COMMERCE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IS CONTROLLED: THE NEW OFFICES OF THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY IN TRINITY SQUARE.

In designing the new offices of the Port of London Authority, in Trinity Square, Mr. Edwin Cooper has added to London's landmarks a splendid example of modern architecture. A writer quoted in the "Architect" says: "This is one of the few buildings on a really grand scale that we have seen in the present century. The building is of Portland stone, and, briefly, its plan consists of a square, with one angle, facing the river and seawards, truncated and forming the principal façade, over which rises an immense composition of sculpture and masonry." The tower is pyramidal in form, finely proportioned, with a flat top. In the central niche above the portico stands a colossal figure of Neptune with the trident, and at the sides of the tower are other groups of appropriate statuary. The Port of London comprises all the tidal portion of the river below Teddington Lock, and in it is carried on one-third of the whole commerce of the United Kingdom. The value of the port's trade in 1919 was £819,875,330. The Port of London Authority was established in 1909, and to it were transferred the powers of the Thames Conservancy, as well as several dock companies. The present Chairman is Viscount Devonport.

A WEEK'S DOINGS: ULSTER'S PARLIAMENT; CANADA'S NEW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSS.



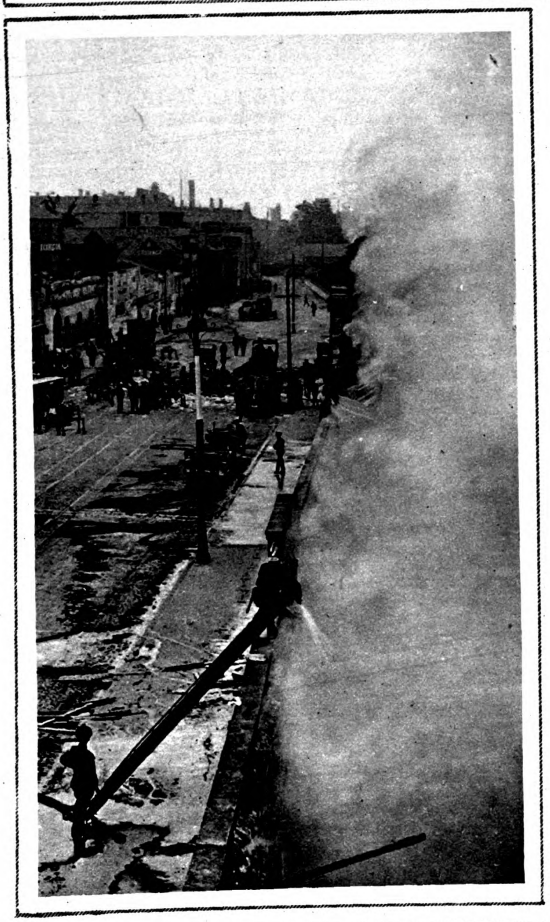
WHERE THE PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND WAS OPENED ON JUNE 7: THE CITY HALL, BELFAST.



APPOINTED BISHOP OF ST. EDMUNDSBURY AND IPSWICH: THE RIGHT REV. DR. A. A. DAVID, HEADMASTER OF RUGBY.



THE TEST MATCH: P. MEAD (HANTS). | J. W. HEARNE (MIDDLESEX). | COMMANDER C. B. FRY (HAMPSHIRE).



SAVED BY THE DUBLIN FIRE BRIGADE, WITH THE AID OF TROOPS: THE NATIONAL SHELL FACTORY IN DUBLIN ON FIRE.



LIFE-SAVING AT SEA BY AIRCRAFT: AN INFLATED DETACHABLE RAFT SLUNG BENEATH AN AEROPLANE—A DEMONSTRATION AT SWANSEA.

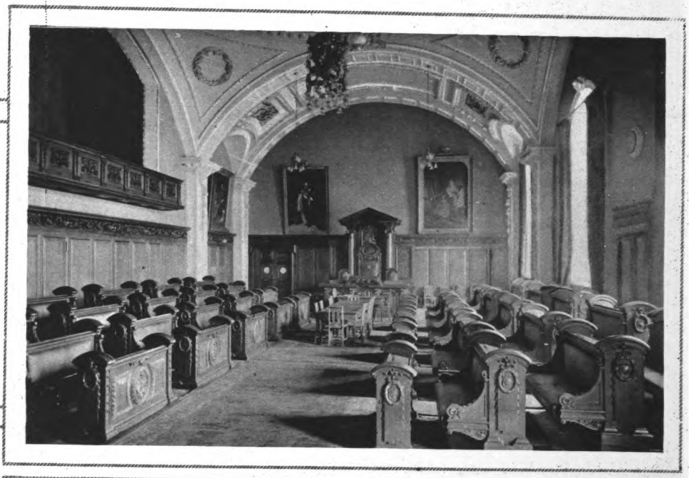
The City Hall at Belfast was gaily beflagged for the opening of the first Parliament of Northern Ireland, which took place there on June 7.——The Rev. Albert Augustus David, D.D., Headmaster of Rugby, has been appointed to succeed the late Dr. Hodgson as Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich. Dr. David was formerly Headmaster of Clifton.——As stated under the portrait of Lady Byng on our front page, General Lord Byng is to succeed the Duke of Devonshire as Governor-General of Canada.——Fire broke out at the National Shell Factory in Dublin, on the banks of the Liffey, near Phœnix Park, on the evening of June 3, but was checked by the promptitude of the Fire Brigade assisted by troops.——The English cricket team for the second Test Match with Australia, beginning June 11, includes six players who did not take part in the first. We give their portraits above.——The interesting photograph showing the Queen of Spain at a religious ceremony in Madrid has only just reached us with the laconic title, "Capilla del

VICEROY; THE TEST MATCH; A MADRID RITE; PRINCESS MARY.

VALENTINE, L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, G.P.A., AND I.B.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF CANADA: GENERAL LORD BYNG.



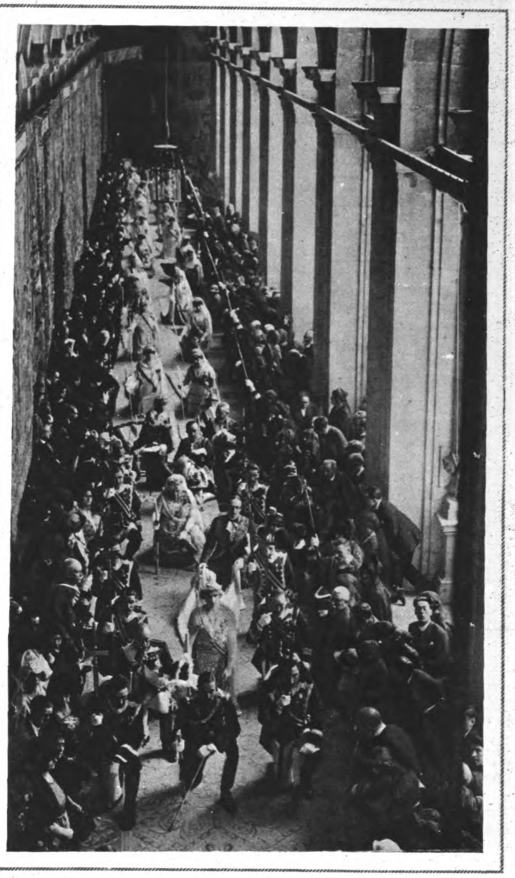
ULSTER'S "HOUSE OF COMMONS": THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE CITY HALL, BELFAST, SCENE OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE NORTHERN PARLIAMENT.



CECIL PARKIN (LANCASHIRE). T. J. DURSTON (MIDDLESEX). MR. A. J. EVANS (KENT).



PRINCESS MARY'S FIRST VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM: H.R.H. AMONG MOTHERS AND BABIES AT THE FLOODGATE STREET MATERNITY AND INFANT WELFARE CENTRE.



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY: KNEELING ROYALTY IN THE CAPILLA DEL CORPUS IN THE PALACE AT MADRID.

Corpus en Palacio," and no further information. In English the title means: "Chapel of the Corpus (Christi) in the Palace."——A patent safety raft (attached to an aeroplane), invented by Mr. Austin, of Swansea, was successfully tested in Swansea Bay recently. It is inflatable and can be folded up and slung beneath the aircraft's body, from which it can be easily detached and dropped into the sea. It might be very useful in saving life from disabled ships (which an aeroplane could reach long before a lifeboat), or as a means of escape from the aeroplane itself if it fell into the water.——Princess Mary went to Birmingham on June 6 for the first time, and attended a scenic fair in aid of a nurses' club, accompanied by Mrs. Austen Chamberlain. She also inspected Girl Guides, and visited an infant welfare centre, where she took a sympathetic interest in the numerous mothers and babies who were present.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY: PEOPLE PROMINENT IN THE HONOURS LIST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, SWAINE, RUSSELL, LAFAYETTE, VANDYK, TOPICAL, HUGH CECIL, AND MILES AND KAYE.
PORTRAIT OF SIR DOUGLAS ALEXANDER FROM THE PAINTING BY A. T. NOWELL.



MR. WILLIAM E. BERRY (BT.) Editor-in-Chief of the "Sunday Times."

MR. WILLIAM A. MOUNT (BT.) M.P. for Newbury Division of Berks.

SIR MARCUS SAMUEL, BT. (BARON). Public and national services.

MR. EDMUND H. VESTEY (BT.) Of great assistance in feeding troops during the war.

MR. CHARLES A. CAIN (BT.) Donor to hospital work and other charities.

MR. GEORGE RENWICK (BT.) M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE REV. ARTHUR C. HEADLAM (COMPANION OF HONOUR). Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford.

HON. GERVASE BECKETT (BT.) M.P. for Whitby since 1906.

VISCOUNT DILLON (C.H.) Chairman of Trustees, National Portrait Gallery.

PROF. ARTHUR KEITH (KT.) Conservator of the Royal College of Surgeons.

RT. HON. SIR AILWYN E. FELLOWES (BARON). Chairman, Agricult. Wages Board.

DR. S. RUSSELL-WELLS (KT.) Vice-Chancellor of the University of London.

MR. SAMUEL INSTONE (KT.) Well known in association with civil aviation.

SIR E. A. CORNWALL, BT. (P.C.) Deputy-Chairman of Ways and Means.

SIR CHARLES SYKES, K.B.E. (BT.) M.P. for Huddersfield since 1918.

MR. DOUGLAS ALEXANDER (BT.) Head of Singer Manufacturing Co.

MR. ADRIAN D. W. POLLOCK (KT.) City Chamberlain and Treasurer.

MR. CHARLES J. HOLMES (KT.) Director, National Gallery.

MR. J. W. ISHERWOOD (BT.) Invented system of longitudinal construction of ships.

SIR JOHN M. FRASER (BT.) Services in Devonshire House Fund and R.N.A.S. during war.

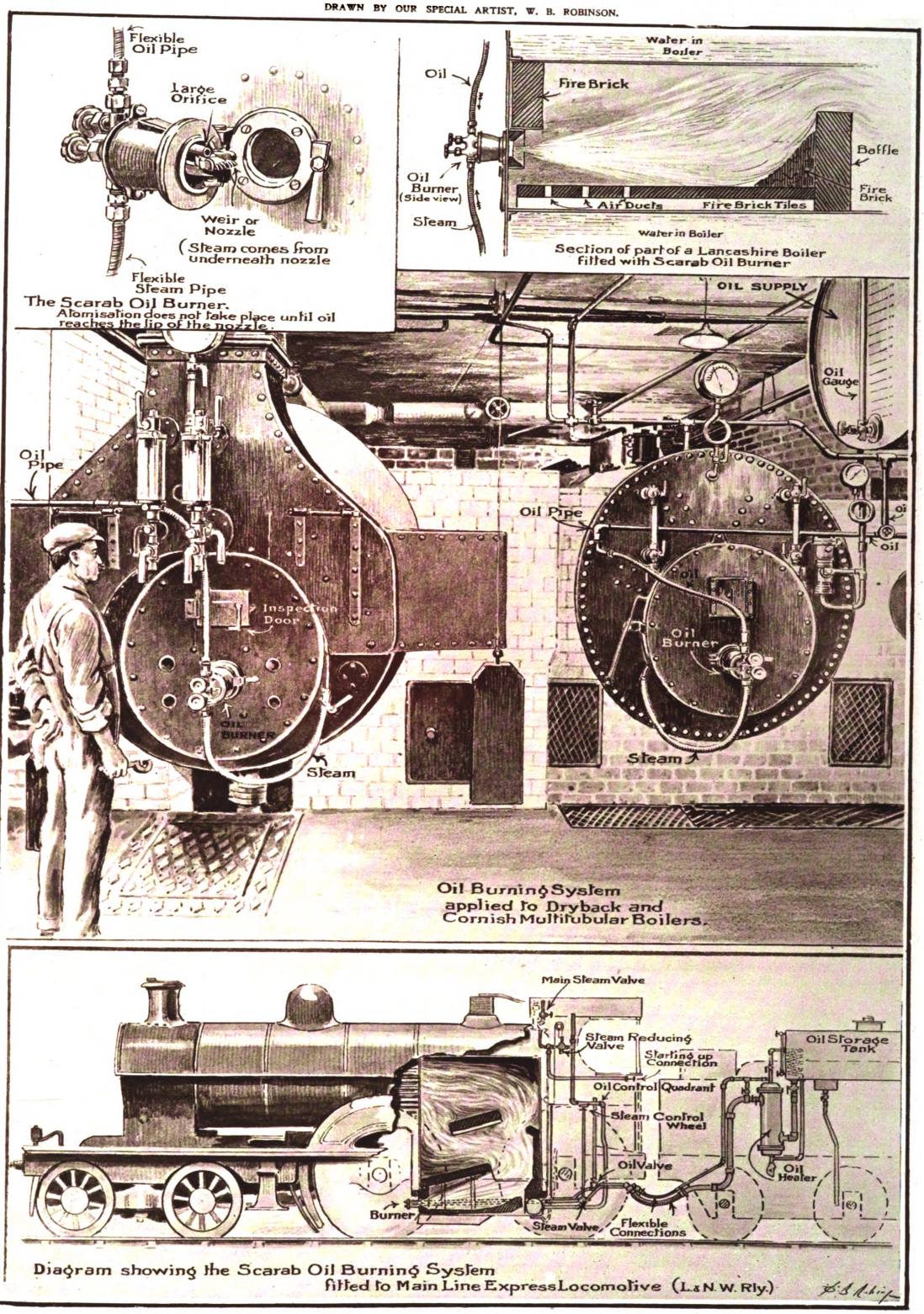
SIR ARTHUR M. SUTHERLAND (BT.) Shipowner, newspaper owner.

SIR WILLIAM D. M. COTTS (BT.) Services to the Union of South Africa.

The Birthday Honours list includes a Marquisate for Earl Curzon of Kedleston; a Viscounty for Lord Birkenhead; and Baronies for the Right Hon. Sir Henry James Dalziel, Bt., for twenty-nine years M.P. for Kirkcaldy, and controller of newspapers, including the "Daily Chronicle"; Sir Ailwyn Fellowes; and Sir Marcus Samuel. Further, there were a Privy Councillor; sixteen Baronets; three Companions of Honour, including Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Editor of the "British Weekly"; and forty-nine Knights Bachelor. To these must be added the Irish List; and appointments in the Order of the Bath, the Star of India, the Royal Victorian Order, the Order of the British Empire, etc.; the Foreign Office List and the Colonial Office List. Sir William Cotts figures in the latter. Sir Sydney Russell-Wells is a well-known heart specialist. He was largely responsible for the University of London's new degree in commerce.

A RIVAL TO COAL: OIL ON TROUBLED ECONOMIC WATERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



OIL REPLACING COAL FOR STEAM-RAISING: DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE APPLICATION OF OIL FUEL TO BOILERS AND RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVES.

The continuance of the coal stoppage gave a great impetus to the development of oil fuel for raising steam, both in stationary and locomotive engines. All the important railway companies have taken up the subject. The Great Eastern has fifty engines running on oil; the Midland has converted 29; and the South Western 6. The North Western has for some time past used oil on a main-line engine, the "James Watt," running between Euston and Glasgow. Other companies following suit are the Great Northern, Great Central, Metropolitan, South-Eastern and Chatham, North Eastern, and Highland. Oil is easier to store and handle than coal. Oil fuel has also been adopted for electric railway and tramway power houses. Works and factories which would otherwise have had to close have been enabled to keep going on oil. One of many types of oil-burners is illustrated above. In the lower drawing, part of the locomotive is cut away diagrammatically to show the oil burning inside. The object in the centre is a firebrick, fixed to guide the flame.—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

AN echo from the past great wars a century ago came to hand at Willis's Rooms in a small ivory frigate carved with original full-rigging, only 7 in. long, a delightful model made by the French prisoners on the hulks at Portsea Harbour during the Napoleonic Wars. It went for a bargain, just nineteen guineas, a tiny poem from those imprisoned spirits coming straight through a descendant of a warder to Colonel Onslow, grandfather of the late owner. Relics must have indisputable ancestry, and this was of fine pedigree. Prisoners of war, but not brutally ill-treated, these Frenchmen left touches of their artistry. It is a tribute to our ancestors' custody of these sailor prisoners of a gallant race. Prisoners do not carve with exquisite grace when the soul is crushed out of them.



FROM THE AMHERST COLLECTION: THE HEAD OF AKHENATEN ON A LIMESTONE SLAB — AN EGYPTIAN SCULPTOR'S TRIAL PIECE (ABOUT 1400 B.C.)

At the same sale, a little writing-table (3 ft. 6 in.) with tambour cylinder, fetched forty guineas, and ten wall panels painted with birds and flowers sold for £100. But we preferred the little French frigate. Edmund Bristow, an early nineteenth-century painter, who only exhibited once at the British Gallery, had a number of his animal subjects at Willis's Rooms. "The Butcher Boy" and "The Wrecked Vegetable Stall" brought £109, and three others went for £50. His canvases are at Windsor in the Royal Collection, as he resided at Windsor and died at Eton. He is beginning to attract attention in the sale-room.

At Christie's on June 3, water-colour drawings and modern pictures changed owners. A Peter de Wint, "Falls of the West Lyn at Lynmouth," competed with a Birket Foster, "Arran and Bute." and the latter won easily at 155 guineas. In the pictures, "The Black Mantilla," by Augustus E. John, brought 32 guineas, and a pastoral, "The Woods," by Sargent, 140 guineas. One could compare Ten Kate's "A Council of War" with Edgar Bundy's canvas of the same title. J. Israels had "Waiting for the Boats," and T. Housseau "Vue sur la Plaine." Etty's "The Model" recalled his glorious nudes at the National Gallery, London. Frank Brangwyn had a strong subject, "The Tug Boat," and that great genius, Cecil G. Lawson, had a canvas, "In the Moonlight," painted at the period of his masterpiece, "The Harvest Moon," now the property of the nation. A portrait of "J. E. Cathcart of Drum, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh," by Raeburn, was another notable item. Five canvases by Leader brought acclamation for that popular painter, and eager eyes grew envious at the passing of Cazin's "A Sunny Morning"—a Cazin where he finds poetry in greater warmth than his usual mysterious tones of eventide at that still, hushed moment just when the sun has gone down.



QUEEN NEFER-TITI WORSHIPPING THE ATEN-RAYS: PART OF A SCULPTURED LIMESTONE STELA FROM THE "TEMPLE OF THE SUN" AT TELL EL AMARNA (ABOUT 1400 B.C.)

All the objects illustrated on this and the facing pages are from the Amherst Collection of Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities, to be sold at Sotheby's on June 13, 14, 15, 16, and 17. We reproduce them by courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge.

Some choice old engravings in a two days' sale on the 7th and 8th conducted by Messrs. Sotheby saw fine connoisseurship in the collection of the late Henry William Bruton, of Gloucester. The collection of mezzotints after Rembrandt was considered to have few equals for completeness, and consisted of some seventy choice items. Superb proofs, and rare and early states were in abundance by the finest exponents of the burin in the eighteenth century. They included "Regnier Hansloe and His Wife," by Josiah Boydell; and John Dixon's Rembrandt's "Frame Maker" (this from the Holland and Theobald collections). James MacArdell had Rembrandt's "Mother Reading," and "Tobias and the Angel." Pether's remarkable "Rembrandt's Wife as a Jewish Bride" and "The Jewish Rabbi" were noticeable. Nor does this exhaust the list of rarities and splendid impressions. S. W. Reynolds was represented by the glorious mezzotint of Rembrandt's "Mill," and be it said that not only one, but two or three states, all rare and each finely illustrating the progress of the mezzotinter's art, were offered for the delectation of connoisseurs and for the information of students in the great art of scraping copper in *la manière anglaise*, introduced into England by Prince Rupert and first expounded by John Evelyn the diarist.



THE QUEEN'S MOUTH AND NOSE: A FINE FRAGMENT OF AKHENATEN ART FROM TELL EL AMARNA.

In the second day's sale, Abraham Blooteling's "James, Duke of Monmouth," after Sir Peter Lely, won distinction, and a fine MacArdell portrait, "Mary, Duchess of Ancaster," after T. Hudson, a brilliant proof before all letters, and before the inscription space was burnished clean, made an impression on buyers.

Fine old English plate came up on the 8th at Christie's, the property of Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. Crompton-Roberts, D.S.O. An Elizabethan silver-gilt tazza, with bowl embossed and chased with portrait of a lady, the border and stem and foot engraved with fruit and strapwork on a matted ground, was in date 1583, the maker's mark being a snail, of pre-Armada days, and just prior to Sir Walter Raleigh's first colony of Virginia. Some early English spoons, apostle, maiden-head and seal-top, of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, completed a notable dispersal.

A two days' sale on the 9th and 10th by Messrs. Sotheby included books, autograph letters, and drawings by Rowlandson, from the Bruton collection. Dickens was strongly represented with one of the finest known copies of the "Pickwick Papers" and some rare Dickens pamphlets. Books illustrated by Cruikshank, and a series of publications by Thomas Bewick exhibiting that craftsman in his supremest moments, books that inspired Ruskin to write poetical rhapsodies on the subtleties of his white line and the rugged English strength of his technique in comparison with the subtleties of Holbein.

Autographed letters always have a human interest. A collection sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 2nd had some worthy touches illuminating the biographical side of history. There are Elizabethan sign manuals relative to Sir John Perrot becoming President in Munster, an Englishman to be Bishop of Cashel and Emly, and of the rebellion in Connaught. There is a Benjamin Franklin four-page letter, where he says: "Never did England make a Peace more truly and substantially advantageous to herself, as a few years will evince to everybody; for here in America she has laid a broad and strong Foundation on which to erect the most beneficial and certain Commerce, with the greatness and Stability of her Empire. The Glory of Britain was never higher than at present." This was in 1763. Shortly afterwards Franklin changed these views, as history records. Sir Walter Scott tells David Wilkie, who was about to pay him a visit in 1817, "I assure you I have some capital subjects for you." We are, therefore, not aware how much of Wilkie's *genre* incident is due to the "Wizard of the North." Richardson, the novelist, grows sentimental: "I have half a Mind to lay by the Work for ever. A very little Inducement will make me resolve to do so. Do you think at my time of Life, and shook by maladies that affect me mentally as well as corporally, to write Love Stories, and fill my Head with Nugatories of Boys and Girls?" The enraptured printer had forgotten his Latin tag: *Virginibus puerisque*.



A SANDALLED FOOT FROM TELL EL AMARNA: A SCULPTOR'S TRIAL PIECE, WITH MASTER'S CORRECTION OF THE LITTLE TOE IN BLACK INK.

Augustin Edouart, the silhouettist, has a letter giving an account of his life, dated Leamington, 1837, with two silhouette portraits. Here was a chance for the collector of silhouettes. Susannah Maria Cibber, the actress, in 1745 gives us a peep behind the scenes. She complains to David Garrick of her stage lovers: "I will never engage upon the same Theatre again with you, without you make more Love to me than you did last year. . . ." She speaks technically of "the wretched lovers I had upon the stage last winter," and writes: "I desire you always to be my Lover upon the Stage, and my Friend off of it." Here is the letter and very nice it is, and professionally proper: to quote Patrick Henry's speech in the House of Commons, "If this be treason, make the most of it."



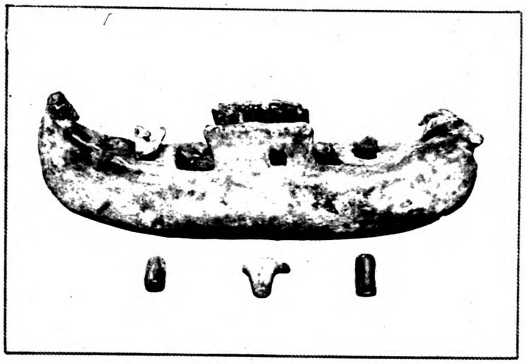
EGYPTIAN ART OF THE 18TH DYNASTY: A BEAUTIFULLY CARVED WOODEN STATUETTE OF A LADY (9½ IN. HIGH INCLUDING PEDESTAL) FROM THE AMHERST COLLECTION.



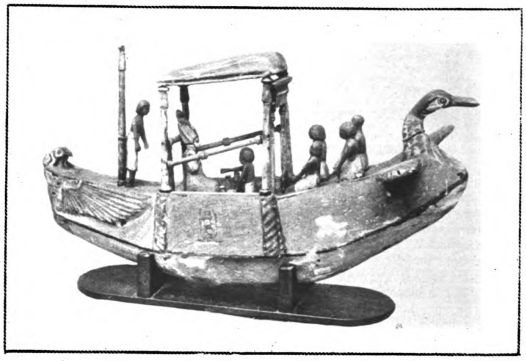
ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE FINEST 18TH DYNASTY EGYPTIAN ART: A WOODEN STATUETTE (9½ IN. HIGH), WITH WIG PAINTED BLACK, FLESH RED, AND KILT WHITE.

EGYPTIAN ART OVER 3000 YEARS AGO: GEMS OF THE AMHERST SALE.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON, AND HODGE.



WITH ANTELOPE FIGUREHEAD: A MODEL EGYPTIAN BOAT IN POTTERY (19½ IN. LONG)—1ST-3RD DYNASTIES (ABOUT 4000 B.C.), FROM NAGADA.



WITH FLYING GOOSE FIGUREHEAD, HAWK AT STERN, AND THE KING AMIDSHIPS: A MODEL FUNERARY BOAT OF THOTHMES III. (1530 B.C.)—27 IN.



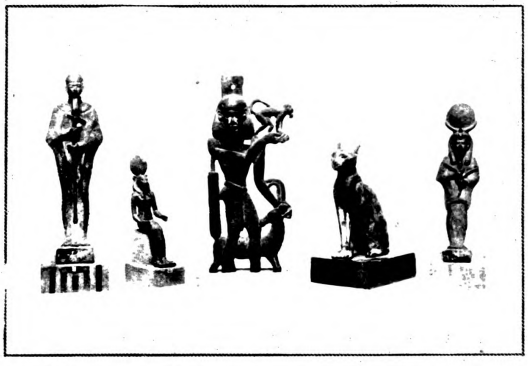
FROM THE SERAPEUM AT SAKKARA: A RARE MUMMY HEAD OF AN APIS BULL, WITH INLAID EYE, WRAPPED IN LINEN—19TH DYNASTY (14TH CENTURY B.C.)



QUEEN AMENARDES (ETHIOPIAN PERIOD, C. 700 B.C.) IN GREEN BASALT (8½ IN. HIGH); (RIGHT) A KING, PERHAPS PSAMTEK I. (C. 666 B.C.), 4 IN. HIGH.

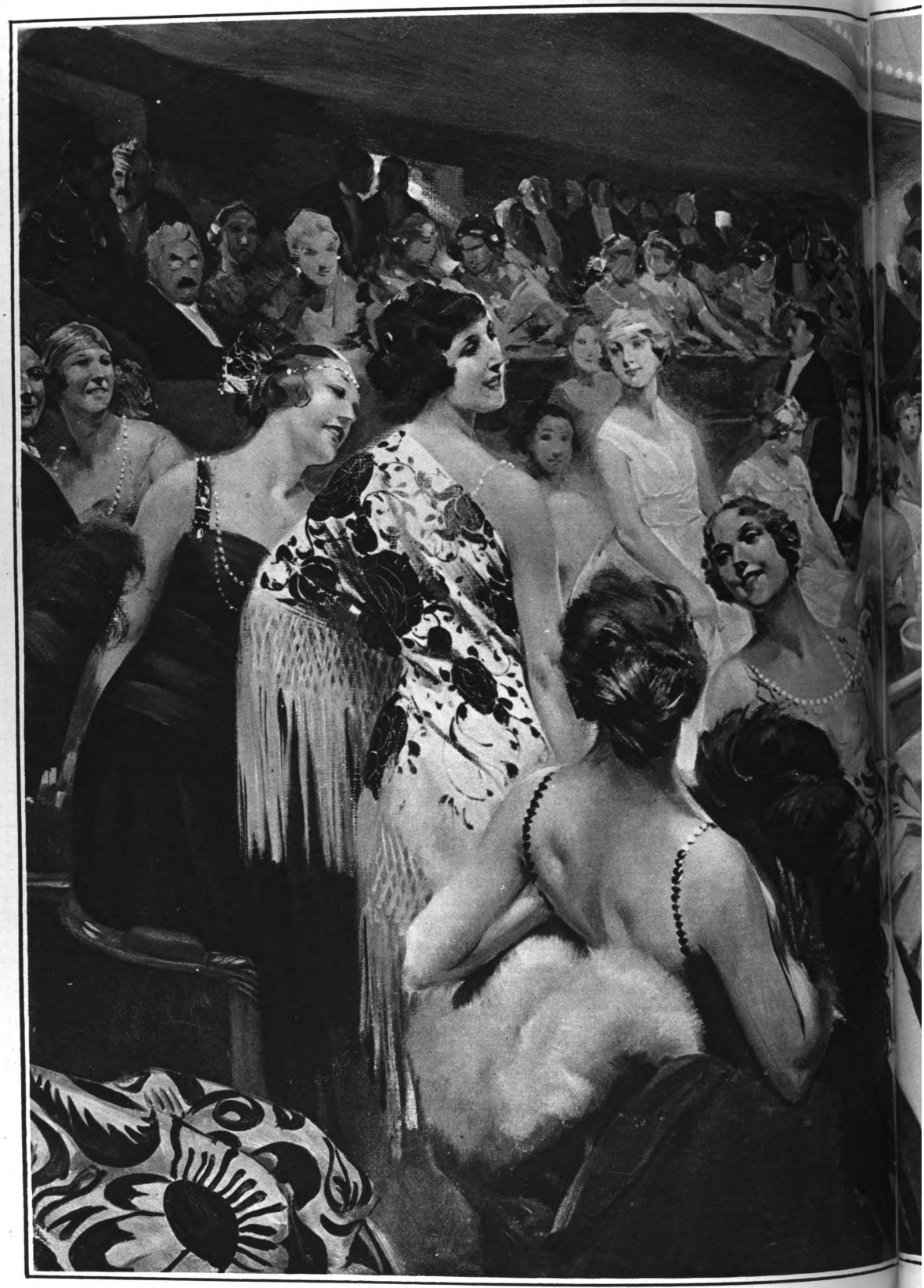


STATUETTES, 15TH AND 14TH CENTURIES B.C.: (LEFT) A VIZIER (6½ IN. HIGH); (RIGHT) A 19TH DYNASTY KING GRINDING CORN (7½ IN. LONG).



(LEFT TO RIGHT) PTAH (C. 600 B.C.); SEKHET (C. 600 B.C.); AN ASIATIC (NEW EMPIRE PERIOD); A CAT (PTOLEMAIC); OSIRIS-LUNUS (C. 900-800 B.C.)

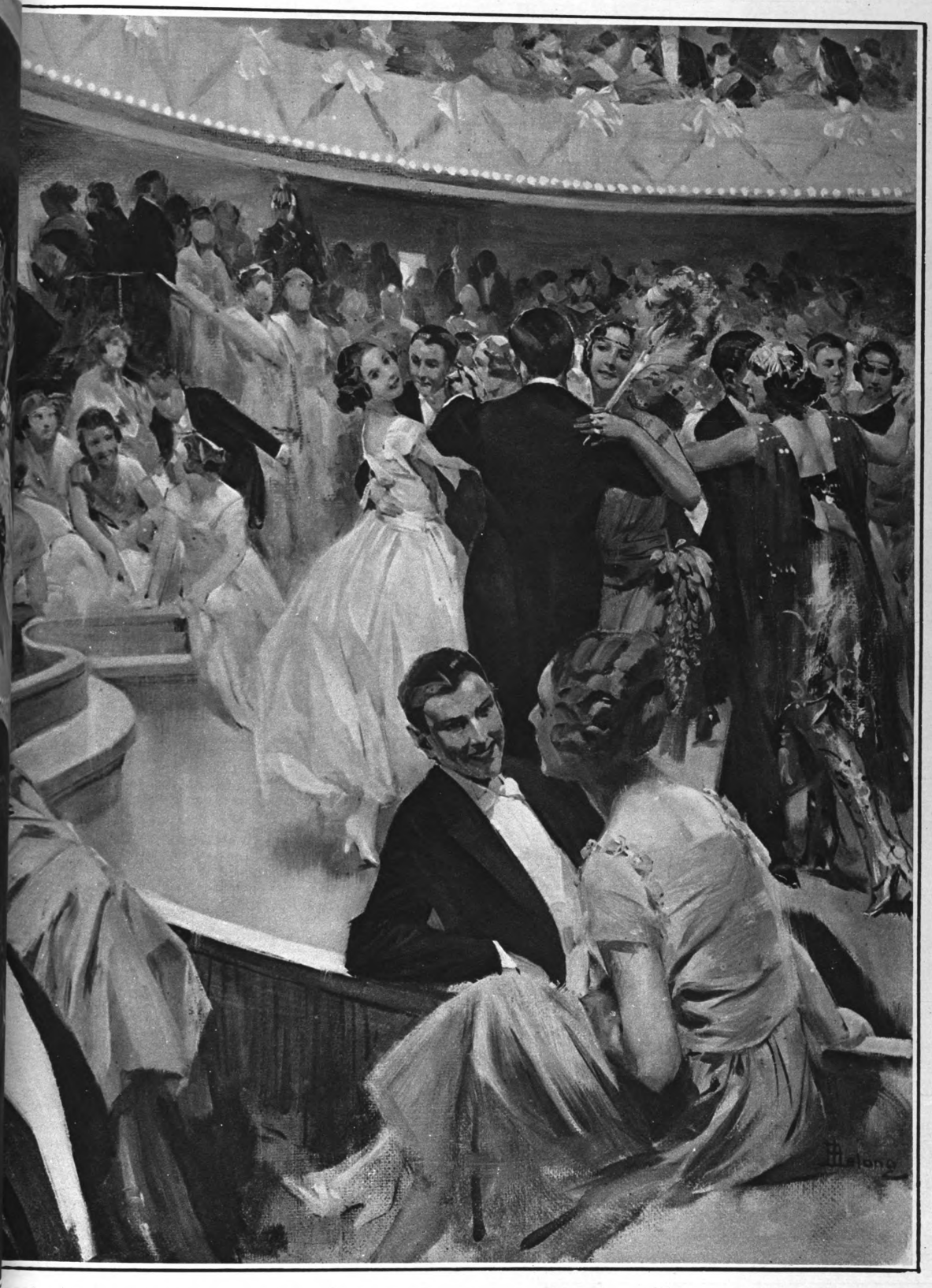
The sale of the famous Amherst Collection of Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities begins at Sotheby's on Monday, June 13, and continues for five days. It was formed by the late Lord Amherst of Hackney, F.S.A., and his daughter, the late Lady William Cecil, and preserved at Didlington Hall, Norfolk. They carried out extensive excavations in the Nile Valley, notably at Tell el Amarna (the city built by Akhenaten (Amenhotep IV.), the "Heretic," who transferred his capital thither from Thebes about 1420 B.C.) and at Assouan. The above objects range in date over thousands of years, from the model boat shown in the top left photograph (1st-3rd Dynasties, *c.* 4400 to 3900 B.C.), to the figure of a cat in the lower right photograph dating from the Ptolemaic period (304 B.C.). Thothmes III., whose funerary boat is illustrated, was an 18th Dynasty king, who reigned about 1530-1500 B.C. The 19th Dynasty began with Rameses I., about 1370 B.C. The Ethiopian domination, to which period Queen Amenardes belonged, lasted from about 750 to 660 B.C. Thebes was then sacked by the Assyrians and restored by Psamtek I. (*c.* 666 B.C.) the first King of the 26th Dynasty. Amenhotep III. (*c.* 1455 B.C., 18th Dynasty), whose Vizier, Kha-em-hat, is probably the left-hand figure in the lower left photograph, was the Memnon of the Greeks. Ptah, husband of the goddess Sekhet, and Osiris were Egyptian gods.



A DIVERSION WHICH KING COAL RESTRICTED IN LONDON: A "BLACK

Dancing in this country has been much restricted, at any rate as regards public balls on the grand scale, owing to the economies in lighting and so on necessitated by the coal stoppage. Paris is more fortunate, and big dances there are in full swing. Our drawing illustrates the first of four grand balls, arranged by the Marquise de Polignac, at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, on behalf of charities and restoration works at Rheims. They began with the "Noir et Blanc" (Black

DRAWN BY RENÉ LELONG. (COPYRIGHT



AND WHITE" BALL IN PARIS, FOR THE RESTORATION OF RHEIMS.

and White), followed by the "Coucher de Soleil" (Sunset Glow), "Clair-de-Lune" (Moonlight), and "Arc-en-Ciel" (Rainbow). The lights and decorations were in keeping with the different titles, and in each case produced most brilliant and artistic effects. Among the institutions in Rheims to be helped is the very deserving Red Cross anti-tuberculosis dispensary for invalided soldiers.

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

DEMOCRATIC ROYALTY: QUEEN WILHELMINA AND OUR PRINCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO. AND L.N.A.



GOING AMONG HER PEOPLE BY BOAT: THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND TOURING THE COUNTRY WITH PRINCE HENRY AND THEIR ONLY CHILD, PRINCESS JULIANA (PUNTING).



SMILING HIS ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF AN EX-SOLDIER'S SALUTE: THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING THE PADDOCK AT EPSOM, WITH MR. SOLLY JOEL (ON THE LEFT).

Royal personages of to-day go about among their people with an absence of ceremony which would have astonished some of their predecessors. It is the democratic spirit, which helps enormously to create feelings of sympathy and goodwill between rulers and ruled. It was King Edward especially who set the example of genial mingling with his fellow men, so admirably followed by King George and the Prince of Wales. Of the latter it might be said that he is "equally at home with king or costermonger," and, in particular, the badge of an ex-soldier, whatever be the coat that wears it, is a sure passport to his friendliness. Our photograph shows an instance that occurred at Epsom on the Oaks day, when spectators gathered to greet the Prince as he emerged from the paddock.—The upper photograph was taken during Queen Wilhelmina's tour through her dominions with her Consort Prince Henry and Princess Juliana, now twelve.

THE AIR-PATROL AND ALL-ROAD DERBY: AN AERO VIEW.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AEROFILMS, LTD.



THE GREAT "ROAD" DERBY SCENE AT EPSOM PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COURSE, WITH THE GRAND STAND, WINNING POST, TATTENHAM CORNER, AND MOTOR "PARKS."

The dominant feature of the scene at Epsom Downs on Derby Day this year was the enormous number of motor-cars and other vehicles, caused by the fact that practically everyone had to go by road owing to the effect of the coal stoppage on the train services. In the above photograph, taken from the unusual view-point of an aeroplane, the arrangements for parking the vehicles are clearly visible. Long rows of them were drawn up to the right of the Grand Stand road. Others were taken on to the downs at specially constructed crossings over the course. The Grand Stand is seen in the right background, with the winning post opposite, round which the crowd is very thick. Police are clearing the course, and at certain points are the tracks by which pedestrians could cross. Part of Tattenham Corner, round which the horses come into the straight for the final struggle, is shown in the left foreground. This year one or two aeroplanes, as well as the airship "R 33," observed the road traffic and notified to the police by wireless any points of special congestion.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

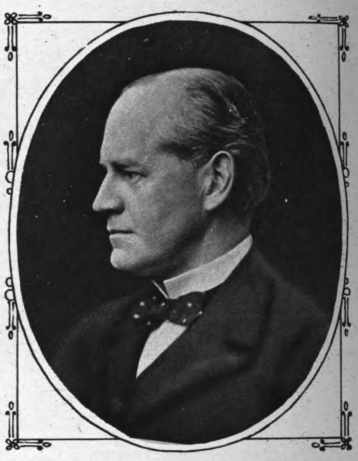
EXCEPT at Eton and Oxford, the second Earl Brassey was never a well-known personage. Yet his multifarious activities made him far more useful to England and to the Empire than many so-called statesmen who stand year after year in the full glare of publicity. In spite of his contempt for popularity, however, there were signs that the world was beginning to discover the true value of his sincere, straightforward, unselfish and untiring personality when, a year ago, he was fatally injured by a motor-car—failing to notice it coming as he walked with head thrust forward, and with the curious loping gait that enabled him to get within a few inches of that mighty miler, F. J. K. Cross, in one of the most sternly contested races ever seen at Oxford. In athletics, as in the ampler affairs of after life, his tremendous tenacity of purpose caused him to achieve what his best friends regarded as impossibilities, and there can be little doubt that, had he lived, he would have been a powerful and beneficial influence during the whole period of reconstruction. "T. A. B.: A MEMOIR OF THOMAS ALLNUTT, SECOND EARL BRASSEY" (John Murray; 16s. net), by Prebendary Partridge, is too "facty" to give a clear impression of the charm of the man-in-himself—a charm noted by his first tutor ("m'tutor") at Eton, who described him in a report as "a most pleasant and amiable little lad, whom one can no more repress than a cork in a bucket." Irrepressibility, and a share of the Oxonian quality best called "casualness" (the willingness and ability to take life as it comes, even if it fits the American humourist's definition of "one damned thing after another"), combined with absolute reliability, were his abiding characteristics, as I remember well, having had the pleasure of his acquaintance at Oxford and afterwards. The official biographer, however, must be excused for his failure to attain the personal touch, for it was his first duty to present a complete record of the works and days of one who was so busily occupied in important affairs—that he could always find time to take on an additional task, however complex and exacting! After all, the observations of his intimate friends, which are here quoted, define the man picturesquely enough. "What he says that he will do, he will do; and what he says he will not do, he will not do"—such was Lord Rosebery's description of "T. A. B." when introducing him as a young man, with his own ideas about politics, to the free and independent electors of Epsom, and the definition remained true to the close of his life. The brief Foreword which Lord Milner, another very intimate and lifelong friend, contributes to this biography, provides a key to his character in public life. "He was in the broadest and truest sense of the word," writes Lord Milner, "a patriot. Public service was the very breath of life to him. I never knew any man in whom the corporate feeling was so strong. . . . It was always some Body, small or great, of which he was a member—his school, his college, his club, his county, his Territorial regiment, his country, the Empire—for which he was slaving." And, as an employer, he also lived up to the same patriotic and unselfish ideal—

Even in the conduct of his private business—for he was a genuine "captain of industry"—it was the social side which chiefly interested him. He loved to feel that he was building up a business which would give a large amount of employment and raise the standard of living through a whole district, for he had the right conception of the *rôle* of the employer. The head of a great industrial enterprise was the commander of an army. He was bound to maintain discipline, and was entitled to a reasonable reward. But he was not morally justified in absorbing all the material benefits of success.

In business he lived by, and for, the honest and humane tradition of "no scamping and no grinding" established by his father and grandfather. The grievance which is at the root of much that is called "Labour unrest"—the feeling that the individual worker suffering from a sense of injustice "cannot find a man to have it out with"—never affected his relations with his employees, who always found him accessible and courteous and ready for a man-to-man discussion. His keen sense of corporate responsibility would have been invaluable to the nation in these days of industrial perplexity.

. . . . .

In "EDWARD BOK: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY" (Thornton Butterworth; 21s. net), which has an introduction by Viscount Northcliffe, we meet a very different character—one of the modern impresarios of journalism, for whom *réclame* is the very breath of their nostrils. The underlying likeness, however, is there all the time—in Mr. Bok's loyalty and practical kindliness to all who served him well and enabled him to "get there" in the engaging task of creating a journal which should be all things to all women and number its subscribers by the million. This autobiography, which is written in the third person to mitigate one's impression of its whipped egotism, presents a personality even more irrepressible than the cork in a bucket of "T. A. B.'s" tutor. The cool audacity with which, even as a lad, he rifled the privacies of any current celebrity, in his quest after autograph letters, was as colossal and impressive as the sky-scrapers of New York or the tall tales of the West, which represent the Elizabethan hyperbole ripe and running to seed in a new soil. We do not find it easy in all cases to tolerate his moralisings; in such passages there is too much Smiles for smiles to be possible, an excessive belief in the American business maxim that success is a kind of virtue in itself. The Puritanical touch in Mr. Bok, especially when expressed in the pathos which has been defined as moral wet-rot, is at times irritating to a degree. A flagrant example was the campaign he started to save the poor innocent American soldiers from the temptations of London, Paris, and other European cities—temptations that are as obvious and even more devastating in the great American centres of population. But he did a good deal to raise the literary standard of journalism in the United States, and famous authors and statesmen in every part of the English-speaking world accepted his cheques and his friendship. Mr. Gladstone, it is true, escaped becoming a contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal*—but he had to die to do it! As a repository of quotable anecdotes, the book is excellent.



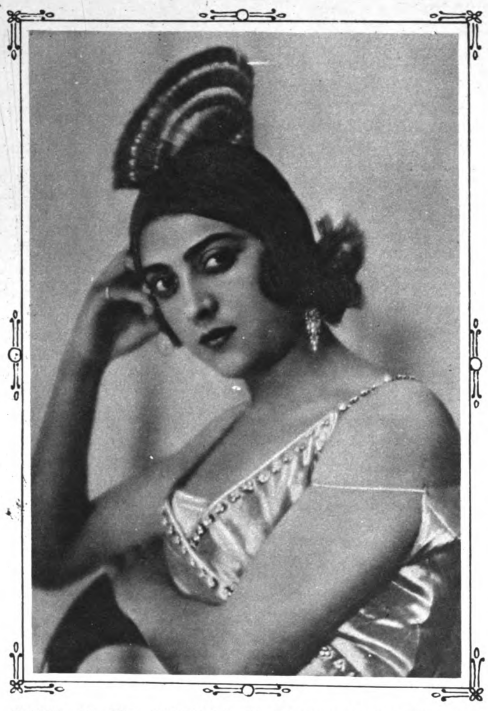
A DRAMATIST WITH A "DOUBLE EVENT" ON THE CURRENT STAGE: MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Mr. John Galsworthy has two new pieces now running on the London stage. One is "A Family Man," produced by Mr. Norman McKinnel at the Comedy on June 2. The other is "The First and the Last," a grim little one-act play given at the Aldwych, at matinées on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, along with "The New Morality," by the late Harold Chapin.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

. . . . .

Americans are more intrigued by the romantic side of industry-building than we are who have nothing equal to their histories of the Comstock Lode, the Californian placer-mines, the cattle and sheep ranches of the West, etc. Yet, as it happens, this week has brought me two admirable chronicles of little-known phases of Empire-building in the wondrous wildernesses of the Far South. "FROM SILVER TO STEEL" (Melbourne: Robertson; 31s. 6d. net), by Roy Bridges, a powerful and picturesque writer, is the story of the Broken Hill Proprietary, which, in the space of thirty-five years, has yielded 173,451,037 ounces of silver, 1,279,334 tons of lead, and 102,857 ounces of gold—a record only exceeded by that of the Comstock Lode, the greatest ore deposit of the American Silverado. An even more compelling book of the same kind is "TUTIRA: THE STORY OF A NEW ZEALAND SHEEP STATION" (Blackwood and Sons; 42s. net), by H. Guthrie-Smith, which shows the difficulties that had to be overcome before the wildernesses of the North Island could be conquered and made to support profitable flocks of sheep and the white pioneers who owned them. Mr. Guthrie-Smith is a master of Maori history, of botany and all the other open-air sciences, and of the complex economics of sheep-ranching, and never for a moment is his book lacking in human interest. Those who read this many-phased story of a single episode of the making of New Zealand will understand the intense love of the "Maori-landers" for their country which repeats on the obverse of the globe our own passion for Mother England.



DANCER OF THE "FARRUCA" IN "CUADRO FLAMENCO": MME. MARIA DALBAICIN, A BEAUTIFUL SPANISH GIPSY AT THE PRINCES THEATRE; ALSO SEEN IN "THE THREE-CORNERED HAT."

The Andalusian dances under the title "Cuadro Flamenco," introduced by the Russian Ballet at the Princes Theatre, made an immediate hit. They are performed by a café-concert party from Seville. One of the most attractive is the "farruca" by Mme. Maria Dalbaicin, since seen with the Russian Ballet in "The Three-Cornered Hat."—[*Photograph by Count Rehbinder.*]

THE "ACADEMY" OF PARIS:
NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE SALON.



"LE SOUPÇON."—BY GUSTAVE ALAUX.



"L'ÉTOILE."—BY THE LATE GABRIEL NICOLET.



"LE PAPILLON."—BY THE LATE GABRIEL NICOLET.



"TENDRESSE."—BY MLLE. GERTRUDE BRICARD.

The Salon in Paris is, of course, the French equivalent of the Royal Academy in London. It takes place every year and includes works by living painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and lithographers. The 1921 Salon was opened to the public on Sunday, May 1. It is held in the Grand Palais of the Champs-Elysées, Avenue Alexandre III. The price of admission is two francs, and on Sunday afternoons one franc. Other notable pictures will appear in a later issue.

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THE FIRST ULSTER PARLIAMENT: THE HISTORIC SCENE IN THE COUNCIL CHA

The first Parliament of Northern Ireland was inaugurated in the City Hall, Belfast, on June 7, as a preliminary to the formal opening in State by the King on June 22. His Majesty was represented by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord FitzAlan, who read the Royal Proclamation and then left the Chamber for a time. Major the Hon. Hugh O'Neill, M.P., was unanimously elected Speaker, and retired to assume his robes and wig. Returning, the Speaker took the oath.

PHOTOGRAPH



MBER OF THE CITY HALL, BELFAST, AFTER THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY.

the Mace was placed on the table, and the Members were sworn in. All the 40 Unionists were there, but the 12 Sinn Fein and Nationalist Members did not attend. The Prime Minister, Sir James Craig, is seen (in silk hat) sitting just to the left of the table. The procedure followed in the main that of Westminster, with one or two exceptions, such as the presence of "strangers," both in the galleries and on the floor of the House.

C.N.

ROYAL, PRESIDENTIAL, LITERARY, AND SPORTING: NOTABLE OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., ALFIERI, SPORT AND GENERAL, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., G.P.A., AND PHOTOPRESS.



LESS GORGEOUS THAN THE GUARDS IN THEIR FULL-DRESS UNIFORM: FOREIGN ATTACHÉS AT THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR.



TAKING THE SALUTE: THE KING (RIGHT), BETWEEN THE PRINCE OF WALES (LEFT) AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



LEADING IN THE OAKS WINNER: MR. J. WATSON AND "LOVE IN IDLENESS" (CHILDS UP).



A FAMOUS INDIAN POET LECTURING IN BERLIN: SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE (ON LEFT, WITH BEARD).



MME. CURIE AT THE WHITE HOUSE: THE GREAT SCIENTIST WITH PRESIDENT HARDING.



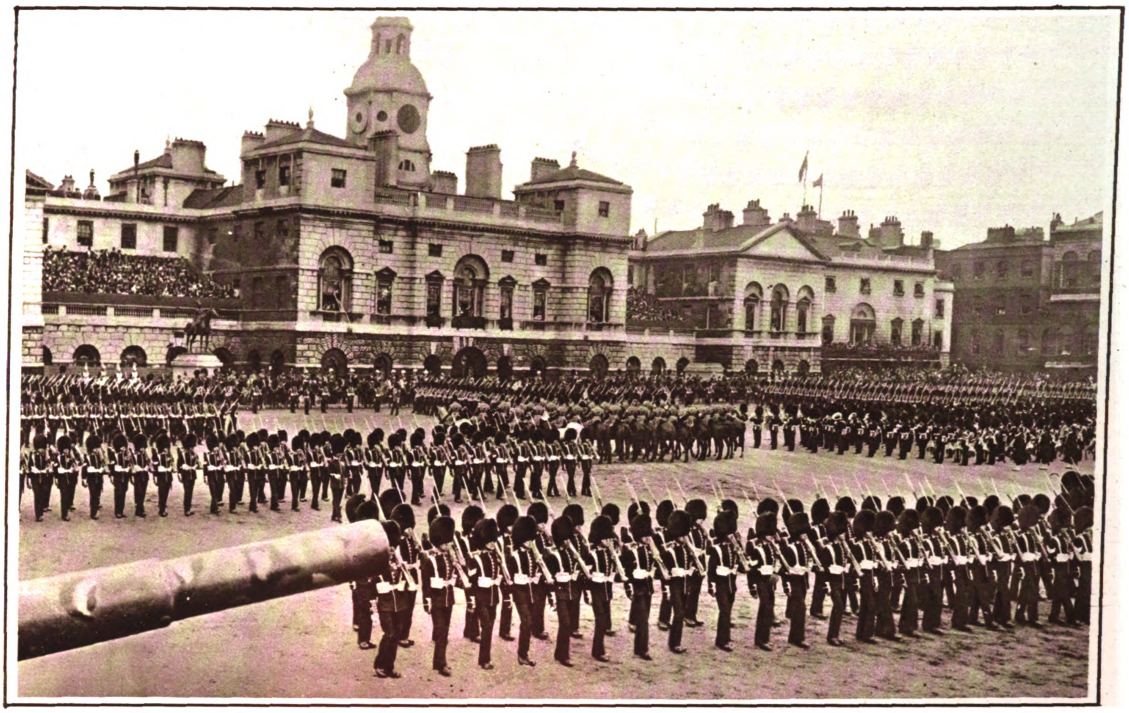
THE LADY GOLF CHAMPION: (L. TO R.) MISS LEITCH (WINNER), MISS JACKSON AND MISS SCROGGIE (SEMI-FINALISTS), MISS WETHERED (RUNNER-UP).



FROM AMERICAN WOMEN TO MME. CURIE FOR "TRANSCENDENT SERVICE TO SCIENCE": ONE GRAMME OF RADIUM, WORTH £80,000.

Of the foreign military attachés at the Trooping of the Colour on June 4, three were in khaki and several in horizon blue.——Mr. J. Watson's "Love in Idleness," ridden by J. Childs, won the Oaks at Epsom on June 3.——Sir Rabindranath Tagore is shown above outside a lecture hall in Berlin.——Mme. Curie, the great scientist who, with her late husband, discovered radium, was presented by President Harding, at the White House, Washington, on May 20, with one gramme of the precious substance (about 1·30 oz.), worth about £80,000, on behalf of the women of America. The radium was contained in the ten tubes seen in the centre of the lower right-hand photograph, which shows the steel and lead container (on the left) with ten holes into which the tubes fit, and the mahogany box for the whole. An inscription states that the gift is "in recognition of her transcendent service to science and to humanity in the discovery of radium." The other photograph shows Mme. Curie, on the President's arm, descending the steps from the White House to the lawn after the ceremony.—— In the final of the Ladies' Golf Tournament at Turnberry, Miss Cecil Leitch, the champion, retained her title, beating Miss Joyce Wethered by 4 and 3.

Guards in Scarlet and Gold, with Bearskins: The Trooping of the Colour.



WITH A CAPTURED GERMAN GUN IN THE FOREGROUND: THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE HELD ONCE MORE AT THE HORSE GUARDS.

The Trooping of the Colour in the King's Birthday Parade at the Horse Guards on June 4 was a brilliant pageant, for the Guardsmen wore their full-dress uniforms of scarlet and gold, with bearskins, as in pre-war days. The troops taking part in the ceremony were provided by the Life Guards, Grenadier Guards, Scots Guards, and Coldstream Guards. The two great German guns, camouflaged in mottled drab and green, that stand before the Admiralty wall, gave a grim reminder of the war, in which the Guards took so brilliant a part. Last year, it will be remembered, the ceremony was held in Hyde Park, owing to the presence of huts on the Horse Guards Parade, but these having since been removed, it was possible to revert to the customary scene of the occasion.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.

A "Fourth" without Fireworks, Owing to the Coal Stoppage: Eton's Great Day.



THE FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS AT ETON: THE CALLING OF "ABSENCE" IN THE QUADRANGLE.

Although the Fourth of June celebrations at Eton this year were subject to certain restrictions, owing to the industrial crisis and the need for economising light and fuel, there was no diminution in the high spirits or success of the occasion. It had been announced by the Headmaster (Dr. C. A. Alington) that there would be no entertaining, so the Provost's luncheon party was cancelled, as also was the fireworks display in the evening. There was a great gathering of relatives and Old Etonians, who mostly came by motor-car, and the food problem was solved by the hampers which they brought. "Absence" was called in Weston's Yard at noon, and in School Yard at 5.30. The events of the day included speeches, cricket matches, and the time-honoured procession of boats.

PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.

DAINTY ROGUES IN PORCELAIN: FIGURES FROM "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

BY COURTESY OF THE LONDON MUSEUM AND MISS GWENDOLEN PARNELL, THE CHELSEA POTTERIES. PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



THE BEGGAR. MR. PEACHUM. FILCH. THE HANGMAN.

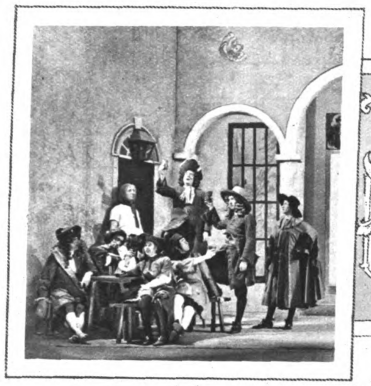
POLLY PEACHUM. MRS. PEACHUM. LUCY LOCKIT.

MACHEATH. MRS. VIXEN. A HIGHWAYMAN.

These dainty figures in Chelsea Cheyne Pottery, representing characters in "The Beggar's Opera," are the work of Miss Gwendolen Parnell, of the Chelsea Potteries. The whole set of thirteen pieces is now in the London Museum at Lancaster House, St. James's, and we have been enabled to photograph them by courtesy of the Keeper and Secretary, Mr. F. A. Harman Oates, F.S.A. They are of especial interest just now for the purpose of comparison with the living figures in the successful Hammersmith revival of Gay's delicious satire, some scenes of which are illustrated on the facing page. With their picturesque costumes and formal eighteenth-century air, the subjects lend themselves very appropriately to treatment in pottery, and in fashioning them Miss Parnell has had scope for the exercise of her delicate art at its best. Most of the characters can easily be identified in the photographs given opposite.

STAGE ROGUES IN FLESH AND BLOOD: "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY WALTER BENINGTON.



"FILL EV'RY GLASS": HIGHWAYMEN IN THE TAVERN SCENE.



"MR. LOCKIT AND I HAVE A LITTLE BUSINESS WITH THE CAPTAIN": (LEFT TO RIGHT) PEACHUM, MACHEATH (RECAPTURED), LOCKIT, AND MRS. TRAPES.



"SO—YOU RABBLE THERE—RUN AND CRY, A REPRIEVE!—LET THE PRISONER BE BROUGHT BACK TO HIS WIVES IN TRIUMPH": THE INTERRUPTED EXECUTION OF MACHEATH AT THE END OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."



"DANCE AND SING, TIME'S ON THE WING. LIFE NEVER KNOWS THE RETURN OF SPRING": MACHEATH AND THE WOMEN IN THE TAVERN.



"TO WHAT A WOFUL PLIGHT HAVE I BROUGHT MYSELF": MACHEATH IN NEWGATE.

Mr. Nigel Playfair's remarkably successful revival of "The Beggar's Opera," at the Lyric, Hammersmith, celebrated its first anniversary on June 6, being played for the 416th time. Miss Nonny Lock, Mr. Alfred Heather, and Mr. Arthur Wynn were seen on this occassion in their original characters. The acting throughout is admirably finished. Mr. Frederick Ranalow appears as Macheath, Miss Elsie French as Mrs. Peachum, Miss Katherine Arkandy as Polly Peachum, Miss Violet Marquesita as Lucy Lockit, Miss Beryl Freeman as Diana Trapes, Mr. Tristan Lawson as Lockit, and Mr. Arnold Pilbeam as the Beggar. The part of Peachum has been played at different times by Mr. Arthur Wynn and Mr. Frederic Austin. The central photograph shows the finale, when the Beggar, as author (seen on the extreme right), suddenly stops the execution of Macheath by introducing a reprieve in deference to the popular taste for happy endings. It is interesting to compare these characters with the pottery figures opposite. A feature of the production is the device by which the same scene, with slight alterations, does duty for Peachum's house, a street, a tavern, and Newgate Prison. A model of the scene was given as a souvenir to each member of the audience on the anniversary.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.



A WEEK OF BACH RECITALS.

By EDWARD J. DENT.

MOST pianists put one piece of Bach into their recital programmes, and it is generally a piece of Bach transcribed by somebody else — Bach-Tausig, Bach-Liszt, or Bach-Busoni. It comes at the beginning of the afternoon, a concession to historic antiquity, balanced by the concession to virtuosity at the end in the shape of a Liszt Rhapsody. The body of the programme, the main dishes of the feast, may be either a Beethoven sonata or a group of Chopin, possibly something quite modern. Whatever the style of the pianist may be, whether he belong to the nineteenth century or to the twentieth, it never occurs to him to draw upon Bach for those items that are to be expressive of his own most concentrated personality, or to thrill and charm the audience at the moment of their keenest receptivity. Occasionally a player will present a whole programme of Beethoven, of Chopin, or even of Liszt; but a recital of nothing but Bach, let alone of Bach unadulterated, is more than most of them would ever dream of attempting.

Mr. Harold Samuel has plunged boldly into not a single Bach recital, but a set of six, on six consecutive days. In going to this extreme he has shown his wisdom as well as his minute knowledge of Bach. For when I looked at his programmes my first feeling was one of disappointment; there are so many things which I should like to hear Mr. Samuel play that find no place on his list at all. He gave us only two of the Inventions, only one of the English Suites, a mere fifteen preludes and fugues out of the "Forty-Eight." Where were the Italian Concerto and the Capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Brother? The fact is, that Mr. Samuel ought to have given us a fortnight of Bach, or even a month.

There are many different ways of interpreting Bach, but if we were to listen to Bach for a week on end, Mr. Samuel's way is certainly the best. A few years ago Mr. Samuel was hardly known except as an accompanist, and he was the best accompanist in London. Singers began to grumble when he asked to play a solo in the middle of a song-recital. When he gave up playing accompaniments altogether, they grumbled still more. If he lived in Germany instead of England he would probably be still an accompanist, and the best accompanist in Germany, for as a solo player he is too self-effacing and too scholarly to make a sensation in a land of wonderful *virtuosi*. In England we appreciate the *virtuosi*, but we have a peculiarly English breed of pianists whom we regard with a more intimate affection. It is characteristic of all English art that it is domestic. The English painter, as a general rule, paints not for the public gallery, but for the private house.

The concerts that give us the keenest pleasure are those which make us forget that we are in a concert-room. It is Mr. Harold Samuel's peculiar gift to take us out of the atmosphere of the public hall. His six Bach recitals showed how valuable and beautiful this gift of his is. It was only his scholarship and self-effacement that made them possible. There are other pianists who might have played Bach in a far more overwhelming style. Mr. Samuel never overwhelms; he would not wish even Bach to overwhelm us. He took us through Preludes, Fugues, Partitas and Variations like a connoisseur exhibiting a priceless collection of Dürer engravings. When we "encored" him, it was not with the uncontrolled emotion of the vulgar herd; it was a polite request — "Would you be so kind as to let us look at that last one again?" It was a privilege, one felt, to have been admitted to the examination of such exquisite workmanship.

Mr. Samuel's Bach pieces resembled a set of engravings not only in their exquisite workmanship, but in their small range of emotion and colours. He takes Bach exactly as he finds him. He makes no absurd pose of playing Bach as if the pianoforte were a harpsichord, though he knows what a harpsichord is, and a clavichord too. But he also makes no pose of monumentalising Bach as if the most magnificent of concert grand pianofortes were hopelessly inadequate for the glorification of his genius. The actual distance between his *forte* and his *piano*, between his *andante* and his *allegro*, is small, but within that range every note is exactly graded to its due value of length or loudness. A monumental performance of Bach is all very well for one item in a mixed programme, but for a series of Bach recitals the colossal style would be unendurable. The reward of sacrificing the colossal style is that it becomes possible to hear a number of beautiful things which the colossal players never touch, or at least never touch in public.

A BRILLIANT AMERICAN SOPRANO: MISS ETHEL FRANK.





A DISTINGUISHED BRITISH COMPOSER: MR. EUGENE GOOSSENS.

A YOUNG PIANIST: MR. JASCHA SPIVAKOVSKY.



A PLAYER OF BACH: MR. HAROLD SAMUEL.

With regard to our photographs, it should be noted that Mr. Goossens is well known both as composer and conductor. Last Tuesday he conducted at a most interesting orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall, when Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" and other modern works were given.——Admirers of Mr. Spivakovsky will be glad to hear that he is giving another recital at the Wigmore Hall on June 18.——Miss Ethel Frank gave her final concert at the Queen's Hall last Thursday evening, assisted by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. She has a voice of rare purity, and her diction is excellent.——On six days of last week Mr. Harold Samuel gave a series of remarkably interesting Bach recitals at the Wigmore Hall.

Photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn, Siri Fisher-Schneevoigt, Foulsham and Banfield Ltd., and Hatley Bacon.

After a performance by one of the giants, people often come away—professional pianists among them—feeling that they never wish to touch the pianoforte again. When Mr. Harold Samuel plays, even the amateurs go home making good resolutions to practise and to study their Bach a little more thoroughly. For Mr. Samuel's programmes were full of the things which people can play for themselves at home. And in playing them, as he does, quite simply and unaffectedly, yet with a complete understanding of their subtlest beauties, he is contributing more to the musical life of this country than the great *virtuosi* can ever do. He has no desire to be taken for a wonderful pianist; he has no desire to make us think Bach wonderful. He makes his audience feel Bach to be beautiful, and beautiful in a quiet and intimate way, that permits the ordinary humble music-lover to come into the closest contact with him. The ordinary humble music-lover is apt to be frightened by the Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues, especially when he hears stories of people who at the age of twelve could play them all, and from memory, too. Mr. Samuel shows him that there is at any rate a fair number of them which are within reasonable reach, and shows too that a fugue is not a dry, inhuman thing, but a living organism; one, too, that is not incompatible with sentiment or even humour. He has a charming way of playing fugues, so that they seem to become conversations. Some pianists make the pianoforte sing; Mr. Samuel makes it talk.

Mr. Samuel is a pianist from whom everybody can learn something: one proof of it is that professional pianists go to listen to him. But he is completely free from the vices of the didactic pianist. There are some players of the scholarly spirit who cannot play the classics without presenting the appearance of giving a lecture on them at the same time. They unroll an "instructive edition" before their audience. The didactic pianist is in most cases a mediocre performer. The didactic manner is really a mask, like the ultra-emotional manner, put on in the hopes of concealing an inefficient technique. It is very easy to underrate the value of Mr. Samuel's technical skill, because for him technique is, as it should be, the servant of expression. It is all so quiet and so delicate that one never notices the perfection of it. And another proof of his high accomplishment is the fact that one can listen to a whole series of recitals without ever finding Bach monotonous, or a single concert too long. Mr. Samuel would no doubt wish us to give the credit to Bach, and it is true enough that he is a composer of infinite variety, even when we limit him to his harpsichord music alone. But it is the high technical skill of the player, directed by the knowledge of a sensitive mind, that makes us realise this wealth of varied inspiration within the narrow limits of a restrained and delicate style. Mr. Samuel's Bach recitals have brought a new spirit into our London concert life, and no one can have listened to them without deriving from them a deepened sense of musicianship.

SPAIN AND THE RUSSIAN BALLET: THE CHARM OF CUADRO FLAMENCO.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WITH A FOOTLESS "DANCER" AND PICASSO DÉCOR: AN ANDALUSIAN TRIO—(LEFT TO RIGHT) MME. MARIA DALBAICIN, MATE EL SIN PIES, AND MLLE. LA RUBIA DE JEREZ, IN THE GARROTIN GROTESCO, AT THE PRINCES THEATRE.

The new group of Andalusian dancers introduced by the Russian Ballet at the Princes Theatre quickly became the talk of the town. They give eight dances under the general title of "Cuadro Flamenco," amid bold and appropriate *décor* by Pablo Picasso. The performance takes place on a raised platform—a small stage within the stage—giving the impression of a gathering in an old-fashioned Spanish country inn. The performers sit in a circle strumming and clapping, taking the floor by turns in various dances, while one of the women every now and then breaks into plaintive song. The whole effect is rather akin to an *al fresco* coster jollification. The particular dance here illustrated is the "Garrotin Grotesco," by Mme. Maria Dalbaicin (left), Mate el Sin Pies (the footless "dancer"), and Mlle. La Rubia de Jerez (in white). Mme Dalbaicin, a portrait of whom is given on our "Books of the Day" page, has since appeared with the Russian Ballet in "The Three-Cornered Hat." The seated figures are (left to right): Estampillo, Rojas, La Lopez, El Sevillano (guitarist), La Minarita (singer), El Martell (guitarist), La Gabrielita del Garrotin, El Tejero, and El Moreno.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

LADIES' NEWS.

HERE we are in June, the Derby and the Oaks over, Ascot due next week, and socially nothing doing. That is to say, nothing in comparison with what we are accustomed to at this time of year. As I write it is quite uncertain if there will be railway facilities for getting to and from Royal Ascot. The road Derby turned out a success, so doubtless would a road Ascot; all the same, the conveniences of approach at Ascot are less than at Epsom, and the distance from town greater. Women have ordered their Ascot frocks and are as anxious to wear them as ever, but some of them sigh and tell one that their Court gowns are reposing at the dressmaker's unworn, and if the difficulties of transit prove great, their Ascot frocks will have to do next year! I imagine that the designers of fashion will veto that postponement.

Next month the King and Queen of the Belgians come to visit us in state, and to receive from us some expression of our intense admiration for them in a rousing welcome. As a rule they fly here, and in doing so are independent of the all-important coal. An arrival in state by aeroplane would be quite an innovation. Queen Elizabeth is a very picturesque little lady who thoroughly understands the art of dress from her own individual standpoint. She gives small attention to fashion, and yet she is never out of the most up-to-date picture. King Albert is one of the lucky people who look just what they are, a faculty that has been given to a very limited number of heroes.

It is rather silly for people to say that pearls will lose their popularity with women because the Japanese culture of pearls has vulgarised them. We all love pearls, because there is no gem more becoming to fine skins and because no other gem is in itself more beautiful. Any other theory would be vulgarising us into a sex caring for things only because of their cost. That, I think, is a habit of mind into which men fall more easily than women, because they have always had more to do with money, and money is not an elevating commodity, albeit a very useful one. The other day I was lost in admiration of a perfect rope of beautiful pearls worn by an affluent friend. "Admiring my pearls?" said she. "These are not my real, original loves, you know; the responsibility of wearing them every day and night wore me out, so they are in the bank, and these beautiful dears are Ciro." There it was: her husband had given her £30,000 in pearls, and she was far happier with equally lovely ones at about £50, but he believed her to be wearing his original gift and rejoiced in the value; *her* joy was in the beauty.



THE CRAZE FOR LACE.

If you cannot have an all-lace dress, Paris has decreed that the next best thing is to have one well trimmed with it.

Photograph by G.P.A.

One of the most brilliant events of this season will be the Alexandra Night Ball at Lansdowne House. It will be for Queen Alexandra's Nurses Fund, and will therefore take place, coal or no coal, and several members of the Royal Family will be present. It will be like old times to see the great wagon-roofed Adam Ball-room, sometimes called the Sculpture Gallery, filled with a brilliant company. I have seen it so many times—usually for political receptions. It has not been used since before the war by Lady Lansdowne. The two weddings there of her granddaughters to Captain Ivan Cobbold and to Mr. McMillan required only the inner and outer halls, the library suite of drawing-rooms and dining-rooms—all on the ground floor, as is also the ball-room, which is entered from the library. There are no rooms over it; it has the appearance of having been added as an annexe to the house. Lord and Lady Lansdowne are in their new house in Brook Street. Her son, the present Marquess, will come of age next January; and her youngest daughter, Lady Beatrix Patricia De la Poer Beresford, will be a débutante of this year, if opportunity be afforded for making her début in the conventional way at Court.

Derby Day was wonderful! When one remembered that there were no trains, it seemed little short of marvellous; and on all sides came the same information of quite easy transit by motor from town. The big air-ship policeman was busy aloft, with a wicked-looking little lead-coloured 'plane fussing about too; and their earth-bound brothers in blue, on horseback and afoot also, spent a busy time resulting in quite a triumph. I had never seen the Queen in the daytime in black—save in complete mourning. The dress was of draped charmeuse, with a chemisette and high collar of creamy lace held with a diamond and pearl brooch. Her Majesty wore ear-rings to match, and some rows of pearls. For motoring down, a beaded coat in black and silver was worn. Princess Mary looked very pretty in cornflower-blue chiffon, bodice and skirt finished with a pretty red-and-blue embroidery. Her wide-brimmed blue straw hat was prettily touched with red.

A. E. L.

Travellers to Belgium and the Ardennes will be interested to learn that the Great Eastern Railway Company will inaugurate on July 2 a new service to the Continent between Harwich and Zeebrugge. The S.S. *Roulers*, with every comfort for passengers, will sail from Harwich every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, travellers booking their luggage through to Belgian towns; and there will be through connections to Cologne, other Rhine towns, and to Bâle. The service from Zeebrugge to Harwich will be on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday. Pullman, dining, and breakfast-car expresses will connect with the steamers. The train will leave London, Liverpool Street Station, at 8.30 p.m.

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BY APPOINTMENT

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WHITE WHALES.

NEWSPAPER reports, wherever matters relating to natural history subjects are concerned, are notoriously inaccurate, and not seldom, on that account, mischievous. I am reminded of this fact by a statement in my newspaper this morning to the effect that the French Navy is to wage war on whales in the neighbourhood of Brest. Crews of fishery boats, I learn, have been ordered to open fire on any white whales sighted on patrol, and the Admiralty has been requested to instruct destroyers and scout ships in these waters to assist in destroying whales, to prevent their ravages among sardines.

Now, if only white whales are to be fired upon, no harm will be done, nor will any ammunition be wasted. And this for the simple reason that white whales never by any chance wander so far south as Brest! The white whale, or Beluga, is confined to Arctic waters, though on rare occasions stragglers have been recorded from Scotland and off the eastern coasts of North America. Only the adult—which attains a length of from sixteen to twenty feet—is white. The colour of the young animal is blackish. As it approaches maturity it becomes mottled, then yellowish, and finally snow white. Though essentially a marine animal, it will ascend rivers—mainly, apparently, in pursuit of salmon. It has been said to ascend the Yukon River for a distance of seven hundred miles. But, besides fish, cuttle-fish and crustacea are also largely eaten, and these are hunted at great depths in the ocean. There is one other fact about this whale that is worth noting, and this concerns its "voice." I have failed to find any precise information as to the nature or volume of the sounds it utters, but they are sufficiently conspicuous to have earned for the animal, among whalers, the name of "Sea Canary."

So much for the "white whales" of Brest. And now as to the "sardines." These answer to the "pilchards" of the Cornish fisheries. The small fish sold in tins as sardines are young pilchards, and are taken by the French fishermen during the summer. They are the "sardines de rogue," so called because salted cod's roe, or "rogue," is scattered in the water to attract the fish before the nets are shot. They could be similarly taken by our Cornish fishermen, who, however, seem to prefer to confine their attentions to the adult pilchard, known to the French fishermen as "sardines de dérive"—drift sardines, caught by drifting with the net without bait.

What, then, *are* the "whales" so remorselessly condemned to be shot at sight? Probably the smaller cetacea grouped under the terms porpoise and dolphin. The fishermen are evidently convinced that these animals, which travel in large "schools," levy too heavy a toll upon the sardines. No evidence, however, is apparent that any sort of investigation has been made to discover whether the fishery is, as a matter of fact, really impoverished by such raids. The accused should at least have been put upon their trial, even though the trial must begin, French fashion, by assuming guilt till innocence is proved.

Wild animals in every quarter of the globe have been and are being wiped out of existence at the behest of real or imaginary commercial interests. This state of affairs is lamentable. For the extinction of one species after another is doing incalculable harm to science and the scientists of the future, and commercial enterprise itself suffers.

Evidence of this is at the present moment very forcibly brought home in the case of the whaling industry. The Scottish whaling stations have had to be closed down this year for lack of whales. Over-fishing has similarly closed down the whaling stations of the Cape and the Antarctic stations. This is a really serious matter, and is due to the refusal of those concerned to listen to the warnings given repeatedly during the last few years by men of science who were anxiously following the remorseless slaughter which improved methods of fishing have made possible.

Over-fishing destroyed the Basque "Right-whale" fishery and the Greenland Right-whale fishery. It now looks as if the Rorqual fishery will immediately follow. Yet, properly conserved, each of these fisheries might have been run as a profitable enterprise for generations yet to come. How much longer will the man of science be ignored? How long will it take the "Captains of Industry" to discover that it is not wise to kill the goose that lays the golden egg? They are masterful people, these "Captains," scorning "sentiment"—and also "common-sense."

W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE WINNER OF THE DERBY: MR. J. B. JOEL'S HUMORIST.

Mr. J. B. Joel's colt Humorist (by Polymelus—Jest), trained by Morton and ridden by S. Donoghue, won the Derby on June 1, by a neck, from Lord Astor's Craig an Eran. Mr. J. Watson's Lemonora was third, three lengths behind. Sir J. Buchanan's Alan Breck came in fourth, and Mr. W. E. Whineray's Leighton was fifth.

Photograph by Sport and General.



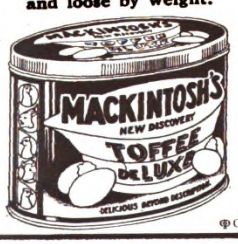
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THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

A CURIOUS little comedy has been running its course in our West Indian colony of Bermuda, where a local celebration was due for August 1 of last year. On that date in 1620 the first General Assembly of the Colony met at St. George, and the colonists decided that it would be appropriate to commemorate the tercentenary last year of the establishment of representative institutions in Bermuda. Among other measures for marking the anniversary, it was decided to issue a special series of stamps. The Governor in Council took the usual step of arranging for the stamps to be prepared and printed in London. The House of Assembly felt that this was a matter for the exercise of local talent, and has shown a keen interest in the preparations for the issue. Last June there was a lively debate in the House on the subject, and the House supported the design which had been prepared by a local artist, in preference to the one which was being prepared in London.

At that time, however, it was obvious that the locally designed stamp could not be sent to London, engraved and printed and supplies delivered to the Colony in time for the date of the celebration, August 1, 1920. A decision was arrived at that both designs should be proceeded with, and a set of nine stamps in each type should be issued. Naturally the Governor's stamp had got a good start over the local one, but even it was some months too late for the intended date. It appeared in the Colony at the beginning of this year, and it is only now followed by the rival design. Thus the Bermudans have two distinct series of stamps on sale concurrently at their post-offices, and one wonders if the colonists have taken sides as to which is the better, and whether, when they go to the post-office to buy stamps for use on their letters, they have to specify whether they want the Governor's stamps or the "Dale" type of stamps.

The first of the two designs shows the King's profile to left in an oval, with the badge of the Colony in the adjoining oval. The ship in this design is a revival of a feature of the reverse of the old local copper coinage, known as "hog money," and on other coinage current up to the end of the eighteenth century. The arms granted to the Bermuda Company in 1619 included a ship, and it was probably meant to symbolise the *Sea Venture*, in which Sir George Somers was wrecked early in the seventeenth century.

The design by Mr. J. H. Dale, a local artist, who served on a committee of the House of Representatives to report on a suitable design, strikes a somewhat new note in colonial stamp designs. The King's profile is on a circular panel, and the local interest is embodied in the four devices in the spandrels. At the top left is the old ship, and at the top right is the modern coat-of-arms. In the lower left corner is the Sword of State, as used three centuries ago, and in the right-hand bottom corner is the gavel, symbolising the office of Speaker of the House of Assembly at the present time.

A change of watermark for the stamps printed to the order of the Crown Agents for the Colonies will produce a large crop of new varieties for the collector of British colonial stamps. All new supplies sent out to the colonies for some weeks past have been on the new paper, which has the watermarked initials "C.A." (Crown Agents) in script, instead of Roman letters. Among those already issued are several of the Bermudans; Hong Kong, 4 cents, 8 cents and 10 cents; Jamaica, 1½d. ("contingent embarking") Grenada and Somaliland Protectorate. The change will, however, extend to a large number of colonies.

Two new values in the current design from Curaçao have just come to hand in the ½ cent pale lilac and 1½ cent blue.



1 2 3

4 5 6 7

Nos. 1 and 2. Rival series of Bermuda Tercentenary stamps: (1) the Governor's design prepared in London; (2) the local design by Mr. J. H. Dale. No. 3. Showing a contingent embarking: a Jamaican stamp with the new Crown Colony water-mark. Nos. 4 and 5. Hong-Kong stamps on Crown Colony paper. Nos. 6 and 7. Two new values in the current design from Curaçao.—[*Stamps supplied by Mr. F. J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.*]

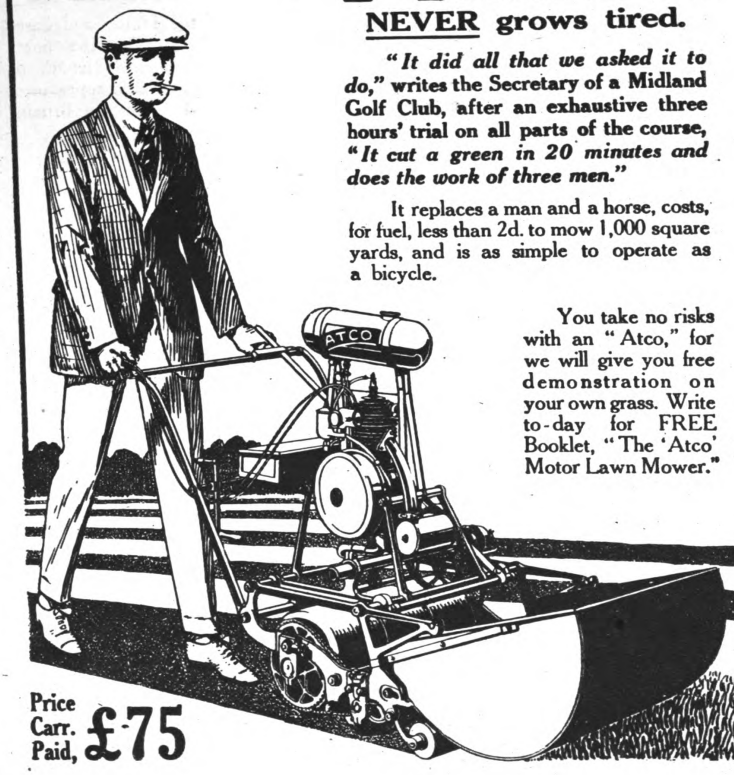


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Yet Mr. Pollard, aided by a sense of humour, clerical garments which led the tribesmen to dub him "The Man Black Bear," healthy respect for his camera and telescope Munchausened into machine-guns, and a childish interest in his magic-lantern, not only penetrated into the mystery land, but found friends among the dwellers therein, was adopted into the Nhe clan, as Nhe-jah-jah, and was offered a pipe-smoking young lady to wife!

Under such conditions, it is not surprising that he learnt much that was new to him and that the resulting book, "In Unknown China" (Seeley, Service, and Co.), is of more than usual interest.

The ground he covers is very considerable—the position of the Nosu in relation to the Chinese, their domestic life, superstitions, characters, and so forth, and, in a particularly fascinating section, the feudal system under which they live.

"At the head are the Earth Eyes, or Earth Controllers, corresponding to the Chief Barons in the European Feudal System. Next to these come the Black Nosu, often erroneously called the Black Bones. It would be more correct to call them Black Bloods. Lower than these are the White Nosu, also erroneously named White Bones. Then follow on the slaves, who are usually, but not always, white Nosu who have not gained their freedom."

Needless to say, the Earth Eyes own most of the land. They retain part for their own use, let part to tenants, and apportion the rest, at a very nominal rent, to the Black Bloods, who have to render fealty for it and can be called upon for service at any time. "When any fighting has to be done, they must bring their men properly armed and provisioned, ready to defend their Earth Eye from attack, or to make attack on his behalf. . . . White Blood retainers . . . again have portions of land assigned to them, and pay for this land in personal service. . . . I visited some of the slaves' homes, and saw, hung on the wall of each house, weapons and a bag of oatmeal. In the bag are also a thin copper basin and a spoon. The weapons must always be in readiness and the bag full. When there is trouble or the overlord needs help in fighting, the ram's horn is blown from the lord's castle or residence, and as soon as the warning sound is heard the retainer seizes his bag of oatmeal, ties it over his shoulder, takes his weapons in his hands, and hastens to the sound."

The wizard and his ways are dealt with, too; and it may interest Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the Rev. Vale Owen to note that to the Chinaman "Hades is just another world, a replica of China, a subterrestrial Celestial Empire. . . . In "The People's Paper," a vernacular daily published at Yunnan Fu, the issue of March 28, 1912, had a most remarkable journalistic article under the heading 'How Hades Adopted a Republic.' It described how at the end of the last year the kitchen god had gone up to heaven and reported the establishment of the United Republic in China and all its advantages. The gods met together and asked The Pearly Emperor, the highest god in the Chinese Pantheon, to start a republic." The potentate abdicated and retired to the Western Heavens. Lao-tsz was elected President, and formed a Cabinet. "In addition to the Cabinet there was formed a Board of Consultation, a kind of advisory board to help guide the policy of the new government. This Board was composed of two Buddhas, the Goddess of Mercy, the head of the Taoist sect, and Jesus"!

Of such is Mr. Pollard's book. It will be read and enjoyed by very many.

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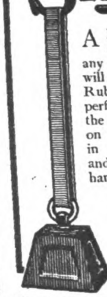
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[illegible] of certain diseases. At the present moment London and other great cities are approaching a condition of smokelessness which is allowing the chemical rays of light to pass almost as freely as they pass in the country. People, as was pointed out yesterday, are becoming sunburnt in city streets. More important still, city streets are being cleansed by antiseptic light. It is an interesting fact, and one which gives rise to many speculations.

The Medical Correspondent of the "Times," May 18, 1921

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Problem of the Car Thief.

When the Ministry of Transport saddled the motorist with its new licensing scheme—and, incidentally, with a vicious and totally unwarranted tax—the one merit the scheme appeared to possess was that it might add to the difficulties of the car thief when he came to dispose of his booty. It is common knowledge among those who have access to semi-official information that it was mainly due to pressure from the police authorities that the registration book and the displayed license were insisted upon, the reasons given being that they would tend to discourage theft, and to render easier the work of the police in tracing such thieves as persisted in their evil ways. At the time, I thought this was likely to be so, but recent happenings have led to a considerable modification of that view. Only the other day a man was charged at one of the London Courts with stealing a De Dion car, and, after a remand, the police confessed that they had been utterly unable to trace any owner for the car, and proposed to offer no further evidence against the accused man. There was nothing for the Bench to do but to discharge the latter! If this is the best the new system of registration can do, then I think it is certainly being purchased at far too high a cost. Of course, this is an extraordinary case, but there is no doubt that car-stealing is still rife. Every day there are advertisements in the newspapers offering rewards in connection with stolen cars, yet one seldom sees any record of the thieves being brought to book. While it is possibly a little early to condemn the registration system on this account, it nevertheless seems to be falling very far short of anticipations as a safeguard against theft. I suppose the fact of the matter is that there is no conceivable scheme that will defeat the combination of clever thief and willing receiver. Still, one would like to hear what the Minister of Transport and the police have to say now in defence of their wonderful system.

Difficult Starting.

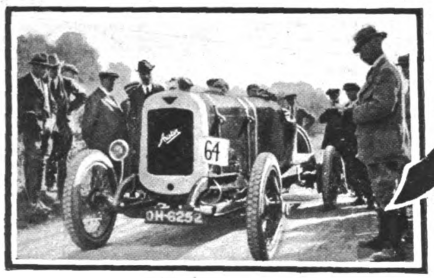
One hears all sorts of complaints about the difficulty of starting cold engines nowadays. Mostly, the present grades of petrol are blamed for this, but I have come to the conclusion that it is not always the fuel that is at fault. I have recently been undergoing an experience which has caused a lot of thought, to say nothing of hard work and vexation of spirit. For some reason or other which still remains to some extent obscure, the engine of my car has developed a habit of erratic starting. Sometimes it will behave quite well, and will start with the first swing. On another occasion it will not start at all until I have taken out a couple of the sparking plugs, poured

[Continued overleaf.



A VAUXHALL PICNIC IN AUSTRALIA: FOURTEEN VAUXHALL CARS IN GROSE VALE, NEW SOUTH WALES.

A Vauxhall picnic was recently organised by Mr. Boyd Edkins, the New South Wales agent for Vauxhall cars. Some fourteen owners of Vauxhalls drove to Grose Vale, about fifty miles from Sydney, and spent an enjoyable day. Several of the cars were of pre-war date.



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emerging from the ordinary course of production, went by road from the factory to

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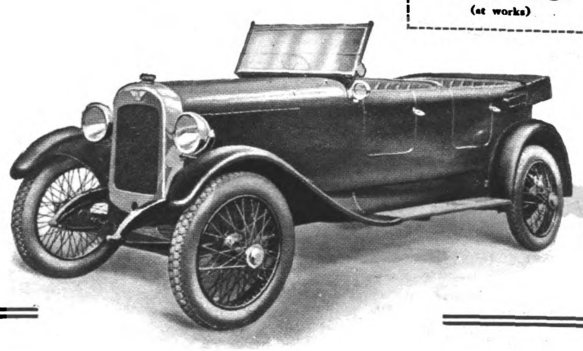
It won the 75 m.p.h. Short Handicap at 69¼ m.p.h., attaining a speed of 81½ m.p.h. during the run.

ON WHIT MONDAY

it won the Senior Sprint Handicap at 72·12 m.p.h.

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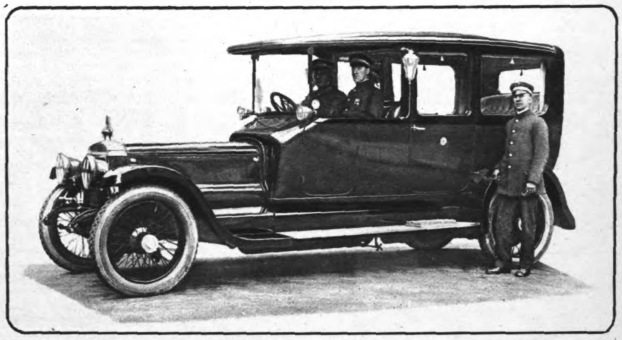
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Continued.]

petrol into them, and burnt it so as to warm them up. The trouble seems to be condensation of moisture inside the plug body, leading to a short circuiting of the electric current, though examination fails to detect any sign of such moisture. If this is indeed the trouble, I am at a loss to account for it. The detachable head gasket is perfectly tight, and there is no sign of the slightest water-leak into the cylinders, so that the whole thing remains a mystery. But the trouble persists, and the procedure I adopt now is to try starting in the ordinary way, and if there is no immediate response, I remove the two centre plugs, warm them up as described, and get a start at the first pull up of the starting-handle.

Carbon-Removers. A discussion has recently been running in the correspondence columns of the *Motor* on the efficacy of chemical carbon-removers. Some who have used them say they are of no earthly use, while others aver that they do all that is claimed for them. I cannot say I have any extensive experience of the use of these compounds, but I have tried one quite lately. This is Johnson's Carbon-Remover, which I must say I used with considerable doubt as to the result, since I have unpleasant recollections of using one such compound which did no good at all, but entailed taking down the engine to get rid of it. I should not like to say that the Johnson compound actually removed all the carbon from pistons and combustion-head, but it did effect a marked improvement in the running of the engine.—W. W.



WITH THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL CREST ON THE DOOR: THE CROWN PRINCE'S DAIMLER CAR USED DURING HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND.

The Crown Prince of Japan used his Daimler extensively in this country, and it was afterwards shipped to Paris for his Continental tour. It is a "Saltley" type limousine, painted royal blue with black mouldings. Since last autumn six Daimlers have been delivered to the Japanese Imperial Household, including a limousine for the Emperor.

Those going to the West Country this summer will be glad to note that a 1921 edition of the G.W.R. Official Guide entitled "Holiday Haunts," the publication of which had been suspended since 1916, has now been issued, and is on sale at 6d. at the company's stations, offices, and bookstalls. It includes a list of hotel and other accommodation available. The publication, which contains maps and numerous illustrations, can also be obtained direct from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2, post free for 1s. 3d.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A FAMILY MAN." AT THE COMEDY.

MODERN as is the problem which Mr. Galsworthy handles in his newest play, "A Family Man," he cannot be said to treat it in its most up-to-date aspect. In countless British households, no doubt, youth is self-assertive to-day, but it is so with the easy-going tolerance of its elders. Mr. Galsworthy takes a case more characteristic of the immediate past than of the present. Here and there, probably enough, may be found autocratic parents such as John Builder, but surely in these post-war days any clash between older and younger generations is not quite so harsh and unlovely as Mr. Galsworthy makes it. Not only are Mr. Galsworthy's less agreeable characters presented in too repellent outlines, his incidents appear sometimes purely farcical. John Builder's philandering with his wife's French maid is one of these incidents (would such a wife ever have had such a maid ?) and his assault on a policeman and its sequel are others. It is the author who makes John do these things, not John's own temperament. So that "A Family Man" proves a lively entertainment, a brilliant satire, rather than a convincing comedy. Mr. McKinnel acts like a hurricane, and obtains from Miss Auriol Lee as the French maid, Misses Sibell Archdale and Agatha Kentish as the daughters, and Miss Mary Barton as the wife, the cleverest and most satisfying of support.

"THE FIRST AND THE LAST," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Yet another Galsworthy drama was staged last week, as part of the matinée programme of the Reandean management at the Aldwych. It was given in association with the late Harold Chapin's delightful light comedy, "The New Morality," now at last put on for a run. "The First and the Last," adapted from one of Mr. Galsworthy's "Five Tales," is a tragedy in which two brothers figure, a success and a failure; but the latter, though a scapegrace admittedly guilty of murder, is made to shine at the expense of his respectable and distinguished barrister brother. But Larry the failure, learning that a tramp may be hanged for his crime, prefers suicide with the girl he rescued to safety at the cost of another man's life, and leaves a confession which his brother, soon to be a Judge, deliberately destroys, with the result, of course, that an innocent person will be executed. Now this little drama is intensely poignant, and gives to both Mr. Owen Nares, too long condemned to puerilities, and to that exquisitely natural actress, Miss Meggie Albanesi, opportunities for sincere and beautiful acting; but, so far as the K.C. is concerned, it does not ring true. Mr. Galsworthy's humanitarian instinct, his sympathy with the under-dog, his desire to show that weakness may have its strength and strength its weakness, have made him load the scales too heavily against his example of respectability. Our Judges, whether on the bench or in the making, are fashioned of sterner stuff and have a nicer sense of honour than his incredible Keith Darrant.

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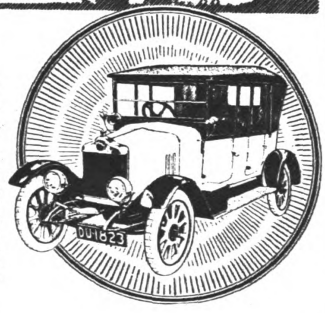
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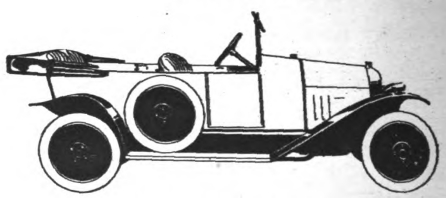
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SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1921.

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CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH POLO TEAM: MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT.

CAPTAIN OF THE AMERICAN POLO TEAM: MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN.

THE FIRST POST-WAR CONTEST FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: THE LEADERS OF THE RIVAL TEAMS REPRESENTING ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The international polo matches, resumed this year for the first time since 1914, begin at Hurlingham on June 18. They have aroused enormous interest. Major Vivian Lockett, the English captain, known to his intimates as "Slackett," played back against America both in 1913 and 1914. He is also a brilliant No. 3, in which position he has played with the famous team of the 17th Lancers, which won the Hurlingham Inter-Regimental Tournament last year and carried all before it in the India Inter-Regimental before the war. The American captain, familiarly known as "Dev." Milburn, is a native of Buffalo, and began to play polo when he was twelve. Later, he went to Oxford and played for the University, but deserted polo for rowing and was in the Oxford boat in 1902 and 1903. He played for America at polo in 1909 at Hurlingham, and in 1911, 1913 and 1914 at Meadow Brook, U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. ROUCH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is already a tragic commonplace that we were told last week that Will Crooks had died; and that, even then, to talk of Mr. William Crooks was like talking of one who had never lived. And in his case the popular prefix was appropriate in more ways than one, and in some ways that may not be immediately realised. It may be noted that it is not given to Labour leaders of the more pedantic and denationalised type. I never heard anybody refer to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald as Ram. I gravely doubt whether anyone thinks of Mr. Philip Snowden as Phil. These men, whether for good or evil, keep about them all the dry dignity of what is called the educated class. But it arises inevitably in connection with Labour men who, whatever their other qualities, have something about them that is representative in the real sense; men who are not merely English representatives, but also representative Englishmen. No two men in the world could well be more different, considered as individuals, than Mr. Will Crooks and Mr. Ben Tillett. But it seems quite as unnatural to talk of Benjamin Tillett as of William Crooks; and the nearest we can get to the reason is that there was a certain simplicity in their source of inspiration. Tillett is by temper a revolutionist, and was never more so than when he lent his patriotic energy to pull down the insolent imperialism of Prussia. Crooks was by temper a conservative, and never more so than when he tried to conserve the livelihood and decencies of the poor amid the anarchy of industrial capitalism. But what was common to both of them was that the original movement in their minds was one which could be expressed in simple terms, like the words of a song or a prayer. It is true that the song of Mr. Crooks would probably be a hymn; and the most famous prayer of Mr. Tillett was of the nature of a curse. For the former was a good Christian of the Nonconformist tradition; and the latter would view the relations of religion and vengeance more rather in the spirit of Alan Breck. But the point is that the primary motive was, in both cases, of the direct and human sort that simple men everywhere can understand. One was angry with tyrants, and the other was sorry for slaves; and these are sentiments that can always be put in plain words. Now, the theoretic preference for a certain sort of Socialist State cannot be put in plain words. It is generally put in preposterously polysyllabic and pedantic words. To suppose that the mass of hard-working men all over the world have spontaneously developed an onward spiritual hunger for "the assumption by the State of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange," is quite wild. It is to suppose that a crossing-sweeper is always talking about his "assumption" of a broom and a badge, that an agricultural labourer invariably refers to the "maximum production" of his kitchen garden in the matter of turnips, or that a rat-catcher in a village public-house is careful to call for the "adequate distribution" of five pots of beer.

But it is not only the language in which the idea is clothed, it is the idea itself that is, whether it be right or wrong, equally remote from this popular simplicity. To make the central government the owner of everything, or (as half of them would probably put it) to give all the land to the King, is an idea that might easily have strong and special reasons to recommend it, but it would never be in the true sense a popular idea. It is not simple enough; its benefits are not sufficiently obvious; its traditional terrors very great. It is much more likely to be imposed by a despot, and even by a wise and well-meaning despot, upon a democracy, than really to be demanded by a democracy for itself. There is a strong case for it in social science, considered as a system; but the plan of Collectivism has always about it something of the plans drawn on paper by officialism and even militarism. I do not mean, as some do, that it could never be possible; I mean that it could never be popular. It could never be popular in the immediate, human, unhindered way in which a man like Will Crooks could be popular.



LECTURER ON "THE DEVELOPMENT AND PRESENT POSITION OF THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY," AT KING'S COLLEGE: PROFESSOR EINSTEIN; WITH HIS WIFE AND LORD HALDANE.

The greatest interest has been taken in the visit of Professor Einstein to this country. A special correspondent of the "Times" describes him as follows: "The dominant impression made on one by Professor Einstein's personality is that of a gentle serenity. His theory has been described as revolutionary, but, however wild and subversive it may appear to the more staid exponents of Victorian physics, the man himself has nothing of the crank in his manner or appearance. . . . He is a man of medium height and solidly built, but although his frame conveys no impression of weakness, he appears much older than his forty-three years. His plentiful hair has many grey streaks in it, and his eyes, with a hint of tiredness in them, are surrounded by many and deep lines. It is the face of a man, as one is immediately aware, who lives very much in his mind."—[*Photograph supplied by C.N.*]

Moreover, there was another note in this use of a name with the levity of a nickname, and that was the national note. Crooks was enormously English, one might say incredibly English, in strength and weakness; and in nothing more than in thus disarming satire by despising dignity. The poor are the most national part of every nation. And he really did represent the English poor in this—that he was so humorous as to accept humour as the atmosphere of life, as the medium in which men moved, like fantastic fishes in a clear sea of irony. There was nothing classical about his ideal world; it was altogether a Dickens world, in which there could be nothing better than to be a good man like Joe Gargery or Captain Cuttle. And he was himself so good a man that he could really stand in public in this unaffected posture, admitting his own amusement and even his own bewilderment. To listen to his speeches in public, or his anecdotes in private, was to walk into a world really too comic for satire. If I might criticise a splendid satirist, who is usually as exact as he is extravagant, I think Mr. Max Beerbohm has lately been less successful in making fun of labour than he has always been in making fun of luxury. But nobody, on such occasions, could have made fun of Crooks; he was too funny. Max himself would have appreciated him far too much to wish to draw him; and certainly would never have drawn him as a bumptious Bolshevist. Indeed, Max and Crooks, at the extremes of fantastic contrast in type and fashion, were both alike in a certain conservatism founded on amusement; and I am much more of a Bolshevist than either of them.

That he stood for the pathos as well as the humour of a sort of Dickens tradition is also admitted; but we hardly draw the right moral from the admission. The truth is that the large humanity of Crooks was a good deal wasted on an apparent political alternative, in which one side was inhuman in the moral and the other in the intellectual sense. He had apparently to choose between Capitalism and Collectivism; and, like most other humane men, he preferred Collectivism, though in a healthy and hazy fashion. But his real interest was not so much in the democracy's small amount of public life, as rather in its gigantic private life. And what was regarded by many as his sentiment, or even sentimentalism, might really have been the basis of a new sociology. It might have been a sociology that was really democratic, in being distributive. It might have established homes with a small "h" instead of Homes with a large one. It might have prevented wedding-rings being pawned, instead of merely allowing Duchesses to be divorced. He understood the whole thing in practice, but he never covered it with a theory. He was far from being merely a sentimentalist; he was rather a realist; but that alone will not make a man a revolutionist.

We talk a great deal of the need of construction, social or servile; and a great deal of the evil of destruction, revolutionist or militarist. But what the educated classes have not realised is the vast amount of destruction, in detail, of the domesticities and dignities of the poorer citizens, that has incessantly gone on ever since capitalist industrialism began, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. A man realising this does not see merely the success of a few great Trusts, or even great Trades Unions. He sees the failure of innumerable small shops. He does not merely see the good politician granting reforms, or even the bad politician refusing reforms; he sees the bad pawnbroker bullying women and the bad money-lender selling up sticks. He does not lament for the loss of some Bill in Parliament or some Member out of Parliament half so much as he laments for the loss of grandfather's clock or grandmother's teapot. For him, in short, the real modern tragedy is the ceaseless destruction of the private property of the poor. It is not that the working classes have not gained some public good they have never had; it is rather that they have steadily lost the private goods they had before. Upon that realisation a drastic democratic reform might have been raised. It would always have needed a more theoretic idealist as well. But the man who might have provided the right knowledge, and the right passion, has passed away.

A TOPICAL MISCELLANY: TROPHIES; "TINO'S" FOES; "MAY" WEEK.

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THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, 1921: A 16TH CENTURY DESIGN.



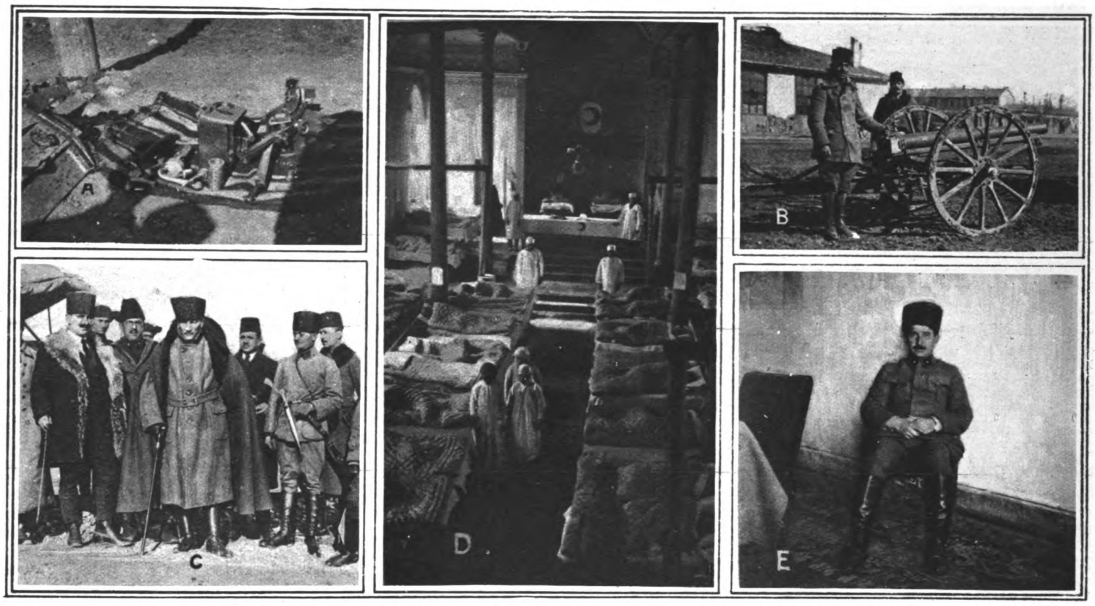
THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, ASCOT, 1921: A SILVER TWO-HANDLED VASE.



THE KING'S GOLD VASE, ASCOT, 1921: A FLAXMAN DESIGN.



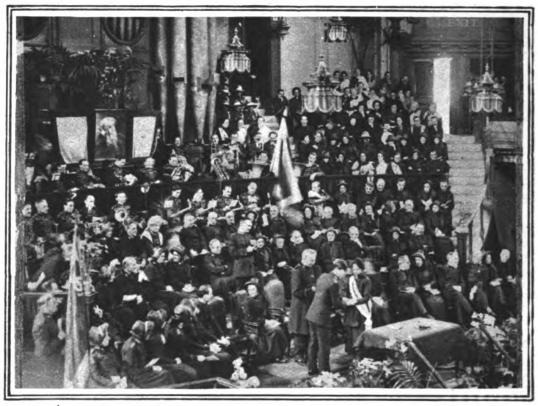
THE AMERICA POLO CUP: AGAIN BEING CONTESTED AT HURLINGHAM.



TURKISH NATIONALISTS AND THEIR REPAIRED GUNS: (*A*) NEW PARTS MADE BY TURKS; (*B*) CAPTAIN DJAVID BEY, ARTILLERY REPAIR OFFICER, WITH REPAIRED GUN; (*C*) KEMAL PASHA (CENTRE); (*D*) A TURKISH MILITARY HOSPITAL, ESKI-SHEHR; (*E*) ISMET PASHA, CHIEF OF STAFF, COMMANDING ON ESKI-SHEHR FRONT.



"MAY" WEEK AT CAMBRIDGE: A GAY SCENE ON THE RIVER DURING ONE OF THE BUMPING RACES.



A SALVATION ARMY WEDDING: "GENERAL" BRAMWELL BOOTH MARRYING HIS SON, "CAPTAIN" BERNARD BOOTH, TO "CAPTAIN" JANE LOWTHER.

The Ascot Gold Cup, the Royal Hunt Cup, and the King's Gold Vase for this year were all designed and made by Messrs. Garrard and Co., Ltd., Goldsmiths to the Crown.——The International Polo Cup, which is the original trophy, was first won by England in 1886, regained by America in 1909, and won by England again in 1914.——After the Armistice, Turkish artillery in Anatolia was dismantled by the British, who removed breech-blocks, range-finders, and other essential parts. These parts have been re-made, in railway machine shops at Eski-Shehr, by the Turks under the direction of Captain Djavid Bey, artillery officer. The first photograph (*A*) shows some of the new parts, and in (*B*) the new breech-block of the gun and other new parts may be noted by their shiny appearance. Ismet Pasha, Chief of the Nationalist General Staff, commands on the Eski-Shehr front.——The May Races at Cambridge ended on the 11th.——The wedding of "General" Booth's elder son, "Staff-Captain" Bernard Bramwell Booth, to "Captain" Jane Lowther, took place at the Central Hall, Westminster, June 11. "General" Booth officiated.

THE GREAT POLO TESTS AT HURLINGHAM: T

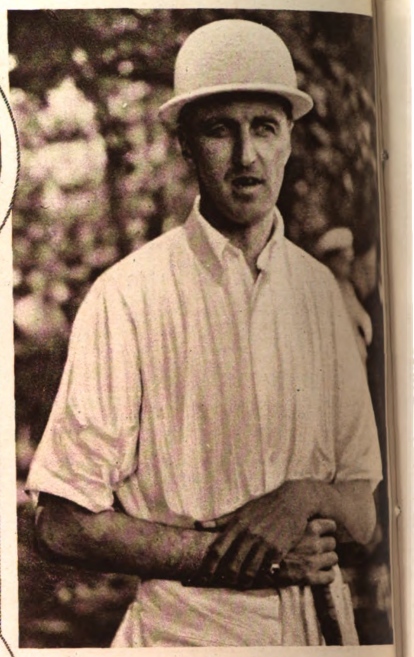
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AMERICA'S NO. 1: MR. LOUIS STODDARD.



MR. EARL W. HOPPING
(Possible American Reserve).



AMERICA'S NO. 3: MR. J. WATSON WEBB.



MR. R. E. STRAWBRIDGE
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THE AMERICAN BACK: MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN (CAPTAIN).



MR. C. C. RUMSEY
(Possible American Reserve).



AMERICA'S NO. 2: MR. T. HITCHCOCK.

The first of the International Polo Test Matches in this year's contest has been fixed to take place at Hurlingham on June 18. Each team, of course, consists of four player... The larger portraits above show those selected on either side at the time of writing, while the smaller photographs are of available players in reserve. Changes in the team... may possibly be made at the last moment. Portraits of the two captains, Major Vivian Lockett (England) and Mr. Devereux Milburn (America), appear on our front page... with some details of their past records. Of the other Americans, Mr. Louis Stoddard came to England as a "spare" in 1909 and played in the second international match... of 1913 at Meadow Brook; Mr. J. Watson Webb is left-handed and very tall; Mr. "Tommy" Hitchcock is the youngest member of the team, and an Oxford undergraduate...

INTERNATIONAL TEAMS, WITH AVAILABLE RESERVES.

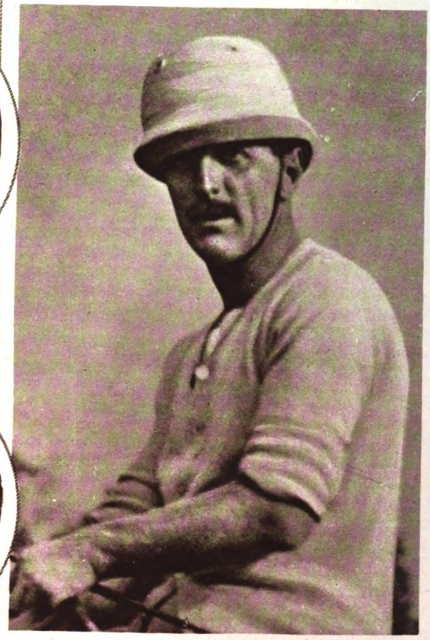
C.N. AND ROUCH.





CAPTAIN E. W. E. PALMES.
(Possible English Reserve).





ENGLAND'S NO. 3: MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT (CAPTAIN).

MAJOR J. F. HARRISON
(Possible English Reserve).

ENGLAND'S NO. 2: MAJOR F. W. BARRETT.





LIEUTENANT-COLONEL T. P. MELVILL
(Possible English Reserve).





ENGLAND'S BACK: LORD WODEHOUSE.

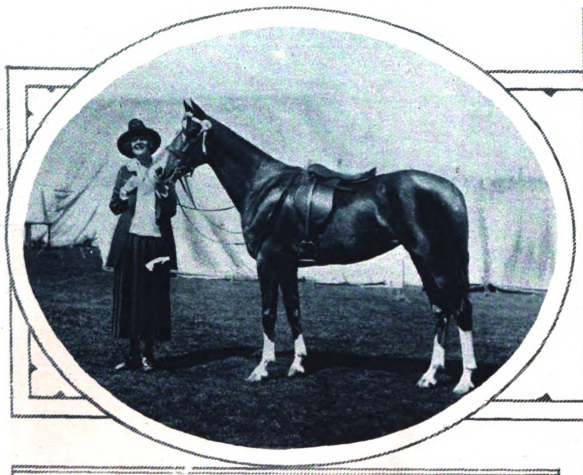
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. F. HUNTER
(Possible English Reserve).

ENGLAND'S NO. 1: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. A. TOMKINSON.

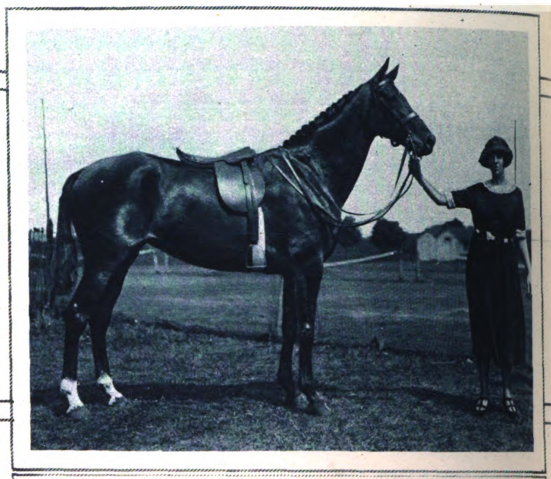
his father, also an Oxonian, captained the first American international polo team in 1886; Mr. Earl W. Hopping is a well-known New York business man; Mr. C. C. Rumsey, who is a sculptor, has played with Mr. Milburn since they were boys together at Buffalo. Of the English players, Major Barrett captained the victorious English team in 1914; Lord Wodehouse is the back of the famous Old Cantab team that won the championship last year; Lieutenant-Colonel Tomkinson was England's No. 1 in 1914; Captain E. W. E. Palmes was a reserve for England in 1911: he had won distinction in Indian tournaments with the 10th Hussars; Lieutenant-Colonel Melvill is in the 17th Lancers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter in the 4th Dragoon Guards.

A POPULAR EVENT OF THE SEASON: THE RICHMOND ROYAL

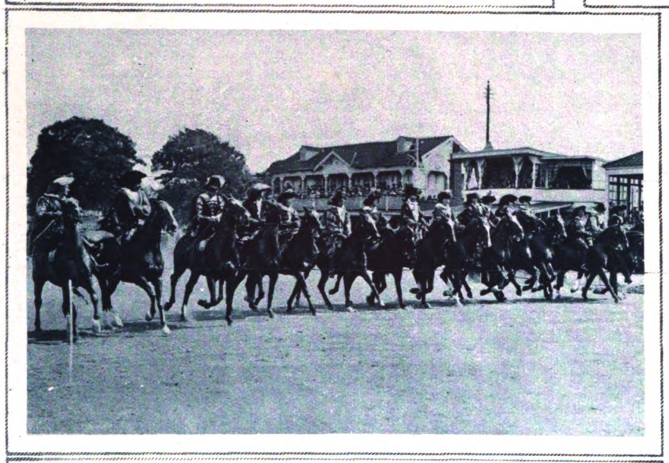
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. ROYCE.



WINNER OF TWO PRIZES: MISS BARRY WITH HER HACK, NICOLETTE.



WITH SIR HOWARD FRANK'S CHAMPION HACK, LIGHTHOUSE: MISS DOREEN FRANK.



CAVALIERS AND LADIES GALLOPING PAST THE ROYAL BOX: A COSTUME EVENT ON THE DAY OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S VISIT.



PRINCESS ALICE, LADY ATHLONE, PRESENTING THE KING'S CHALLENGE CUP TO P.C. BROWN (MOUNTED POLICE).



WINNER OF THE COACHING MARATHON FOR PRIVATE COACHES: MR. C. F. GODDARD WITH HIS TEAM OF BLACKS.

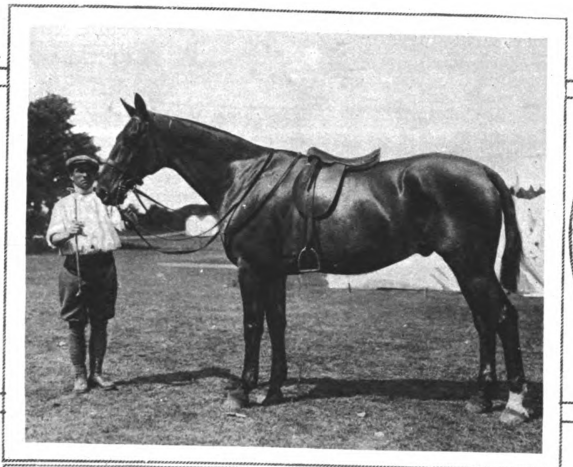


WINNER OF THE COACHING MARATHON FOR ROAD COACHES: MR. W. A. BARRON DRIVING HIS "VENTURE."

The Richmond Royal Horse Show, which opened in the Old Deer Park on June 9, proved as attractive as ever. One of the chief events of the first day was the Driving Marathon, which started from the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. Lord Ludlow, who took first prize and special prize for carriage and equipment, was the first to arrive. Miss Barry's Nicolette was second in the class for hacks under 15 hands and third in that for ponies of 14 hands 2 inches and under. On the second day Queen Alexandra was present, and the Lord Mayor, Sir James Roll, established a precedent by driving his own four-in-hand from the Mansion House, with a team of dark browns. He is a keen

HORSE SHOW; INCLUDING THE COACHING MARATHON.

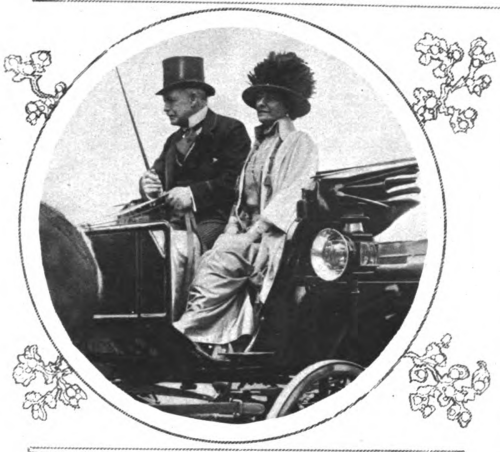
C.N., L.N.A., AND G.P.U.



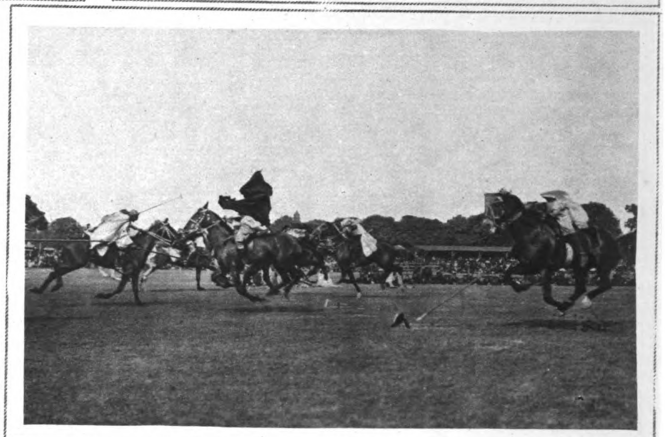
WINNER OF THE RICHMOND CHALLENGE CUP: MR. JOHN DRAGE'S CHAMPION HUNTER, JORROCKS.



FIRST PRIZE FOR CHILDREN'S PONIES: MISS MARY PUTNAM, ON PLAYFUL, RECEIVING THE WINNING ROSETTE FROM THE EARL OF ORKNEY.



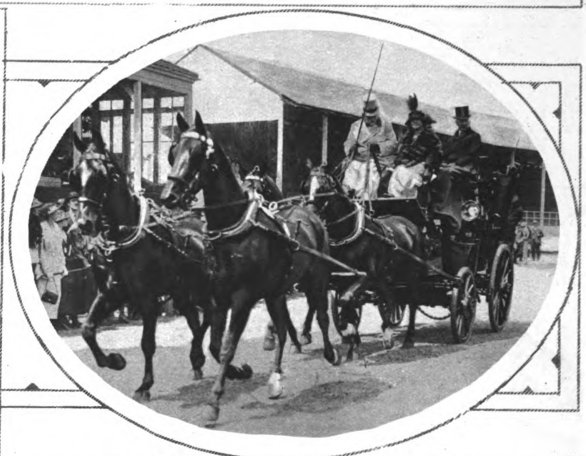
WINNER OF THE DRIVING MARATHON PAIRS: LORD LUDLOW, WITH LADY LUDLOW, DRIVING HIS CHESTNUTS.



MASSED TENT-PEGGING IN ARAB COSTUME: A PICTURESQUE DISPLAY BY MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.



WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE HENRY STANDING BY (ON THE RIGHT) P.C. KELLY JUMPING HIS GREY OVER A DINNER-TABLE.



THE LORD MAYOR'S ARRIVAL: SIR JAMES ROLL WITH HIS OWN FOUR-IN-HAND WHICH HE HAD DRIVEN FROM THE MANSION HOUSE.

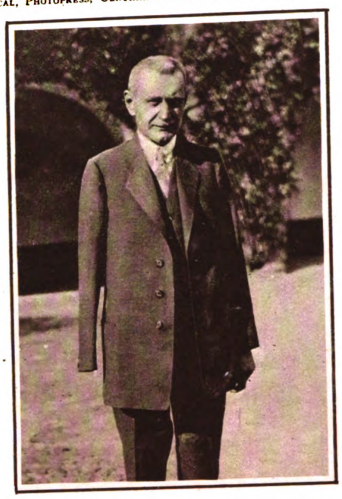
member of the Four-in-Hand Club. Sir Howard Frank's Lighthouse took three firsts and the Hack Challenge Cup. Miss Mary Putnam's Playful won the first prize for ponies ridden by children under fourteen. A fine display of horsemanship, in which the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry took great interest, was given by the Metropolitan Mounted Police Patrol. The King's Challenge Cup for the best trained horse was won by X12, ridden by P.C. Brown (X Division). Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, presented the Cup. Mr. Claud F. Goddard won the Coaching Marathon for private coaches, and Mr. W. A. Barron that for road coaches.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK; AND A BRITISH WAR MEMORIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, CENTRAL PRESS, BARNETT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND LAFAYETTE.



WINNER OF THE 1000-GUINEAS GOLF TOURNAMENT AT GLENEAGLES: ABE MITCHELL.



COMMANDING GERMAN TROOPS IN UPPER SILESIA: GENERAL HÖFER, WHO LOST AN ARM ON THE SOMME.



RUNNER-UP IN THE 1000-GUINEAS GOLF TOURNAMENT AT GLENEAGLES: J. H. KIRKWOOD.



THE PASSING OF A GREAT LABOUR LEADER: THE FUNERAL OF MR. WILL CROOKS IN EAST LONDON.



A TRIBUTE TO OVER 13,000 BRITISH OFFICERS AND MEN: THE MEMORIAL TO THE 25TH DIVISION UNVEILED AT BAILLEUL.



AN AMERICAN SPORTSMAN WHO FOUGHT FOR BRITAIN: THE LATE MR. C. T. GARLAND.



THE DEATH OF A FAMOUS HOAXER: THE LATE "LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT."



THE NEW "ANTI-WASTE" MEMBER FOR ST. GEORGE'S, WESTMINSTER: MR. J. M. M. ERSKINE, M.P.

In the final of the One Thousand Guineas Golf Tournament at Gleneagles, on June 11, Abe Mitchell beat J. H. Kirkwood, over thirty-six holes, by seven holes up and six to play.——General Höfer is the commander of the German "self-defence" forces in Upper Silesia who has shown a defiant attitude towards the Inter-Allied Mission.——The funeral of Mr. Will Crooks on June 9 was the occasion of a great demonstration of popular sympathy. The procession went from All Saints, Poplar, to Bow Cemetery.——A memorial to 625 officers and 12,663 N.C.O.'s and men of the British 25th Division who fell in the war was unveiled by General Sir Alexander Godley in Bailleul on June 7.——The famous pseudo-explorer "Louis de Rougemont," known as Louis Redmond, died in the Kensington Infirmary, aged eighty-five, on June 9. His real name was Henri Louis Grin, and he was born at Gressy, in French Switzerland, in 1847.——Mr. J. M. M. Erskine (Ind. Anti-Waste) defeated Colonel Sir H. M. Jessel (Co.U.) in the bye-election at St. George's, Westminster, on June 7.——The late Mr. C. T. Garland, who died suddenly, was a well-known American millionaire race-horse owner and polo enthusiast. He joined the British Army in 1914.

A RECONCILER IN IRELAND: VICEROY "AT A GRAVE MOMENT."

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

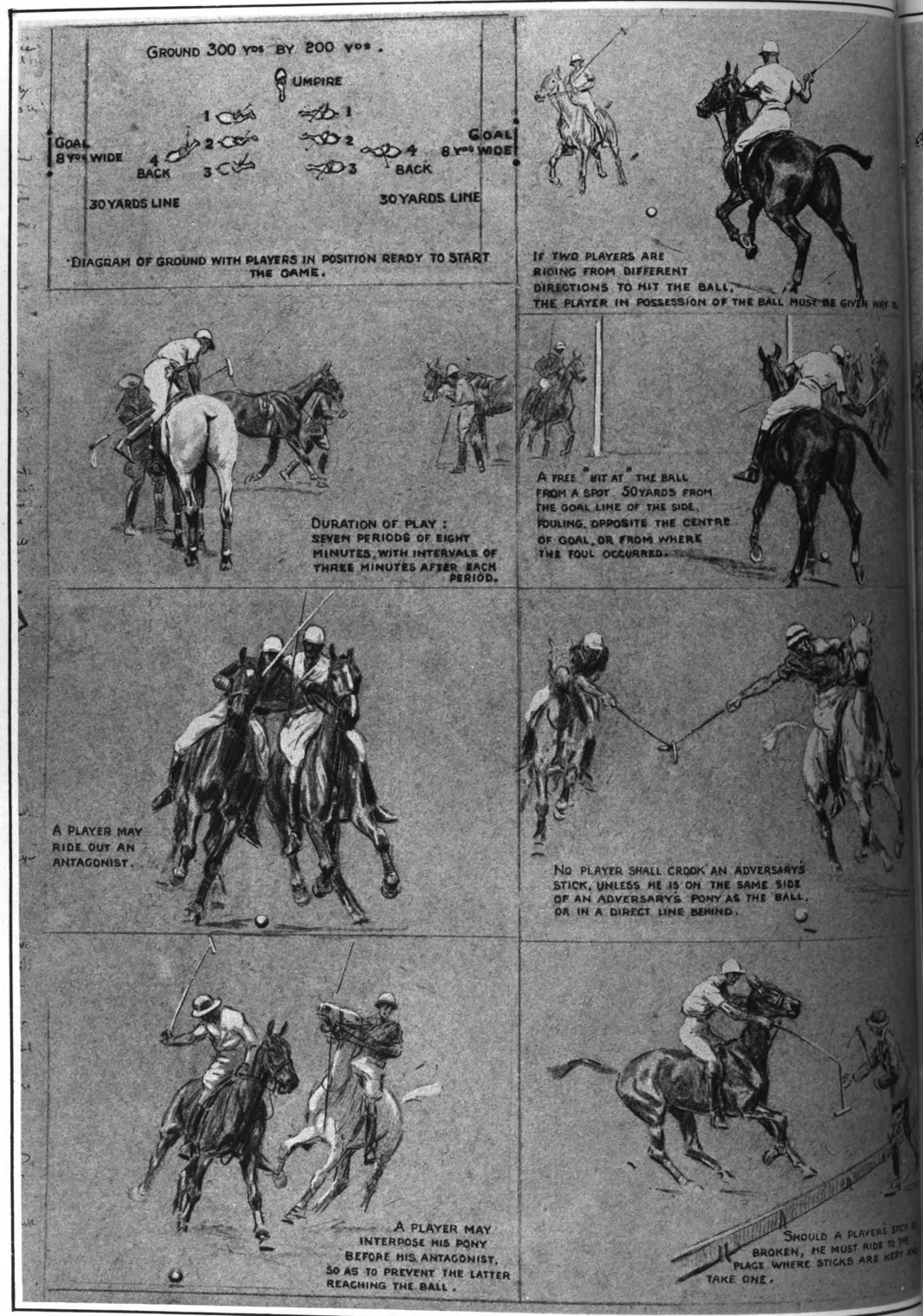


THE CATHOLIC LORD LIEUTENANT WELL RECEIVED IN ULSTER: VISCOUNT FITZALAN, THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE PRELIMINARY OPENING OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND IN BELFAST.

Viscount FitzAlan, who (as Lord Edmund Talbot) was recently appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and was subsequently made a Peer of the United Kingdom, represented the King at the preliminary opening of the Parliament of Northern Ireland in Belfast on June 7. The State opening by the King in person has been fixed for June 22. Lord FitzAlan, who is a Catholic, made a favourable impression during his visit to Ulster, by his personality and his plain speaking on the Irish situation. Before leaving Belfast he received addresses from 25 public bodies, by whose representatives he was heartily cheered. "This is not the time," he had said to them, "to indulge in light hopes or prophecies. We are come together at a grave moment in Irish history. . . . But I know that you will join with me in an earnest prayer and in an active hope that the change in the Constitution of this country, which has now reached so critical a a stage, may be turned to the advantage of Ireland and may find its issue in Irish peace, in Irish prosperity, and in Irish happiness."

A GAME IN WHICH ENGLAND IS NOW MEETIN

DRAWN BY LIONEL ED

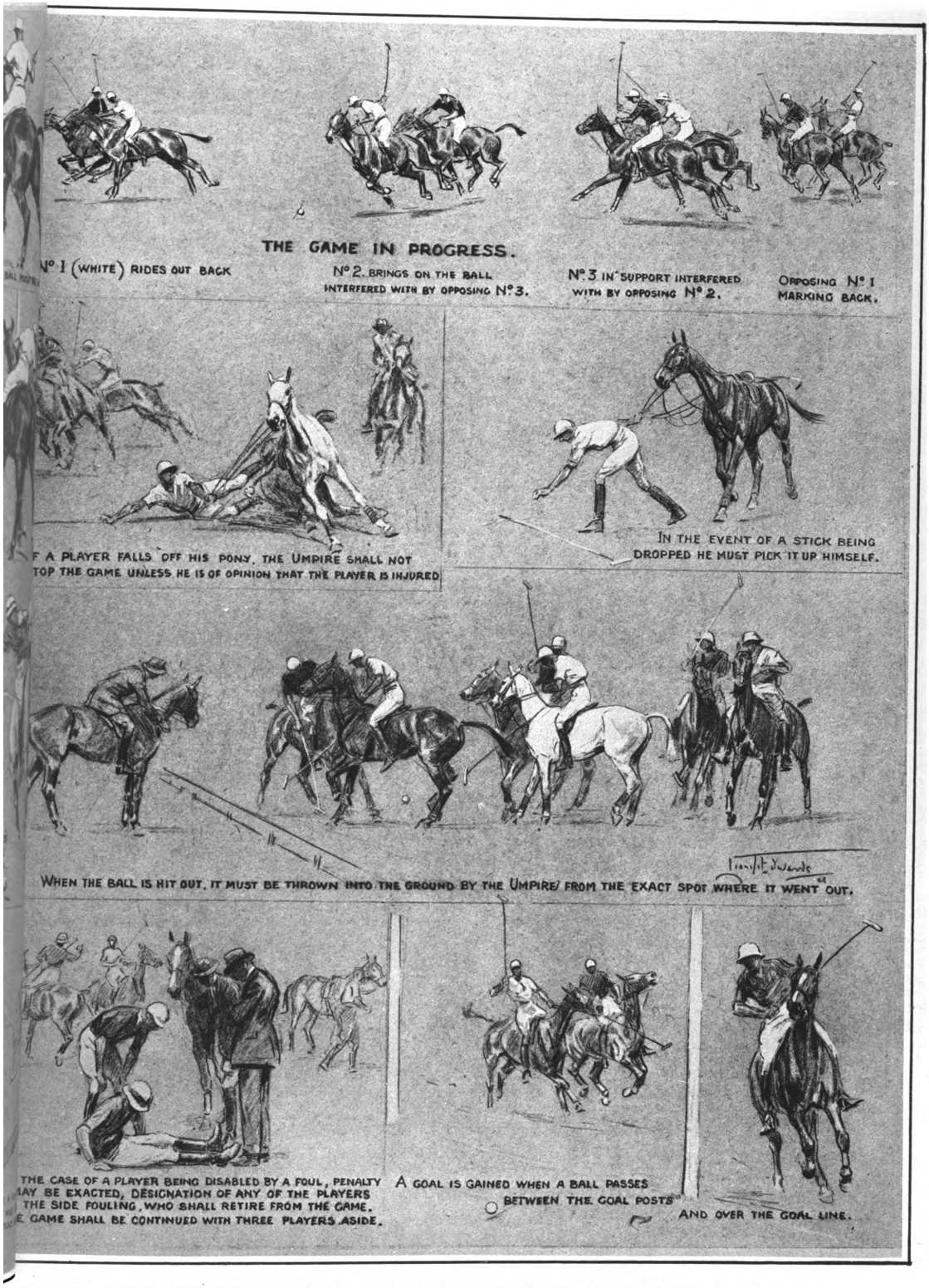


OF PARTICULAR INTEREST DURING THE FIRST POST-WAR INTERNATIONAL POLO NOW IMMENSELY POPULAR

The International Polo Test Matches between England and America this year have been arranged to begin at Hurlingham on June 18. The popularity of polo, as a spectacle, has increased enormously of late years, and doubtless thousands of people will watch the coming contest. In order to help them to follow the details of the play, we give the above drawings illustrating the chief rules, an understanding of which is necessary to an intelligent appreciation of the game. The lettering, it should be noted, does not give the rules in full. It may be interesting to recall here the results of the previous international polo contests since their commencement. The first was held at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1886, when England won the two matches played, the first by 10 goals to 4, and the second by 14 goals to 2. In 1900, at

MERICA: POLO—THE PRINCIPAL RULES ILLUSTRATED.

L EDWARDS.



ATCHES: DETAILS SPECTATORS MUST KNOW TO APPRECIATE A GAME S A SPECTACLE.

rlingham, England won the one match played by 8 goals to 2. In 1902, at Hurlingham, England won two out of the three matches. America won the first by 2 goals 1; England the others by 6 to 1 and 7 to 1 respectively. In 1909, again at Hurlingham, America won the two matches played by 9 to 5 and 8 to 2. In 1911, at Meadow ook, U.S.A., America won the two matches played by 4½ goals to 3 and 4½ to 3½. In 1913, at Meadow Brook, America won the two matches played by 5½ goals to and 4½ to 4½. In 1914, at Meadow Brook, England succeeded in regaining the Cup, winning the two matches played (on June 13 and 17) by 8½ goals to 3 and to 2½ respectively.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

I CANNOT imagine anything more interesting for the young historian than a study of Revolution through the ages. It would have to begin with the "Servile War" begun by Spartacus and with the truceless struggle waged by Carthage against her mercenaries, the horrors of which are the substance of Flaubert's "Salammbô," certainly the most brilliant "reconstruction" we have of an episode in ancient history. It would go on to the many peasants' revolts in Europe during the later Middle Ages—more especially the horrible *Jacqueries* in France, of which the rising of Wat Tyler was but a comparatively mild and colourless imitation. It would trace the history of the secret societies and nocturnal assemblages which celebrated the Black Mass, and were sometimes attended by as many as twenty thousand persons (including high-placed personages and even knights who had worn the Crusader's scarlet cross) in certain districts of Southern France. Michelet (in "La Sorcière," an indispensable guide to the subterranean history of his country) and other French historians have to some extent investigated this perplexing yet fascinating subject. Yet the full and complete history of Revolution in Europe before the famous explosion in France at the end of the eighteenth century remains to be written, and I commend the task to some young Oxford or Cambridge historian who wishes to add a work of permanent value, such as Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," to our literature of knowledge.

. . . . . .

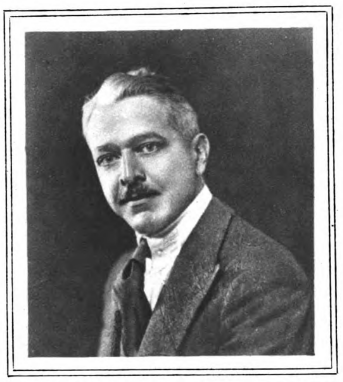
Hitherto English historians have looked upon the French Revolution as a picturesque manifestation, somewhat marred by the recrudescence of the beast in man, of mankind's passion for freedom; they have even excused the Terror as an inevitable result of the intolerable sense of centuries of cold and calculating oppression. Carlyle's point of view has coloured their preconceptions, and only Lord Acton—who was so infinitely learned that he dared not try to decant his learning into books—ever lifted a corner of the red curtain to see how, and by whom, the great affair was actually engineered. And he said that the most appalling thing about the French Revolution was the evidence of *design*—the certainty that, so far from being a spontaneous rising of long-oppressed poor people, it was a movement premeditated, prepared, and carried out in set stages by unseen persons, probably a small group, whose motives and purposes were undecipherable at first sight. If Lord Acton had not suffered from a life-long reluctance to write down his conclusions from any set of historical facts or even formulate them to himself, he would none the less have shrunk from re-writing the epic of blood and irony called the French Revolution, which was in fact the greatest calamity that ever befell the French working classes. Had he done so, he must have been accused of assisting the cause of Clericalism—a charge which he would have done (or left undone) anything to avoid incurring. And so the task has been left to Mrs. Nesta H. Webster, who has the merciless intelligence and keen logical faculty of the French rather than the English historical school. Her "French Revolution" admirably sums up the scientific conclusions, based upon a disinterested collecting and collating of facts, of the modern French historians (such as M. Lenotre), who have proved beyond all reasonable doubt that it was a vast conspiracy for the destruction of the existing social order in France and the absolute negation of any scheme to better the lot of the French proletariat. Mrs. Webster has added much of her own, in the spirit as well as the letter, to the results obtained by French investigators, and it is true to say—as has been said by another reviewer of her latest work—that she brought about a revolution in the history of Revolutions.

. . . . . .

In "WORLD REVOLUTION: THE PLOT AGAINST CIVILISATION" (Constable; 18s. net), she continues her inquiry down to the present date, dealing with the tumults of 1848, the Commune of 1871, and the Russian Revolution which has taken place under our very eyes and, like a stone dropped into a pool, has sent waves of revolutionary feeling throughout Western civilisation and even through certain regions of the Orient. In all these cases the evidence of design, the sequences of phases, and the methods of the revolutionaries in authority (always a small group) are the same as in the French Revolution, and it is impossible to avoid believing that the underlying motive (which is certainly not a desire to give freedom to the masses and a higher standard of living, for the immediate result is to bind them more strictly in heavier and tighter chains) is some ancient and malignant hatred of civilisation as it exists to-day. The same ideas are, and have always been, the stock-in-trade of all revolutionary groups. In order to elucidate this matter, Mrs. Webster compares in parallel columns five documents, four proved and one unproved: the archives of the Bavarian Illuminati captured by the Elector of Bavaria (1776-1786); the secret letters of Piccolo Tigre to the Haute Vente Romaine (1822-1848); the principles of the Alliance Sociale as formulated by Bakunin; the official writings of Lenin and other leading Bolshevists; and the "Protocols" published by the Russian Nilus in 1906. The similarities are startling in the extreme; in all five cases the same procedure of moral corruption in all its bearings is proposed, and it is impossible for me to doubt—having made a study of Satanism particularly in its mediæval manifestations—that the end in view has always been the destruction of religion and of all institutions based thereon. It is a hideous task in which the *deracinés* of all religions are eager to co-operate, as indeed we can see, and they may succeed in bringing about this world-revolution if we do not take steps to prevent their propaganda, which consists of Socialism, Sexualism, and Satanism in equal parts. On a vastly larger scale they are preparing to contract out of Christian civilisation as the Albigenses did centuries ago.

. . . . . .

It is at times when a new orientation of thought is taking place, when humanity's ideals are in the melting-pot, when old institutions—such as the Cæsarism which becomes Kaiserism here and Tsarism there—have been overthrown, that the revolutionary spirit is most dangerous. We have reached such a period, and one of the proofs that it is so is the criticism of old forms of mathematical certainty which has culminated in Einstein's Theory of Relativity. There is no intellectual short cut to a real understanding of this complex hypothesis, which was so brilliantly vindicated by the observations of the deflection of light rays during the last total eclipse of the sun. To comprehend it all you must know the mathematical language, a system of symbols of quantities and processes, in which such matters are lucidly and briefly expounded. But you can apprehend its nature, if you make a careful study of the chapters dealing with it in "THE REIGN OF RELATIVITY" (John Murray; 21s. net), by Viscount Haldane, who has been working for forty years at his survey of modern philosophic tendencies. The great value of his book is this: he shows us that a new "thought-shift" has been proceeding which is as far-reaching and profoundly significant as that which, centuries ago, ousted man from his supposed position as centre of the cosmos and God's all-engrossing care. The age of Newton gave us a block-universe, a colossal and intricate mechanism built up of eternal elements and operated by eternal laws. The age of Einstein gives us a universe which is a living organism, always in a state of change and flux, for even its elements are dissolving. Relativity, then, is a revolutionary force, since it deprives creeds and institutions—religious, philosophical, economic, scientific, moral—of absolute validity



THE AUTHOR OF "WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS": MR. JOHN RUSSELL.

Mr. John Russell's volume of short stories, "Where the Pavement Ends" (Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.), has attracted much attention, and is being widely read. He takes the reader to the South Seas, and other remote and little-known places.



BOTTICELLI'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE "DIVINE COMEDY," LATELY REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME: AN EXAMPLE—BEATRICE EXPLAINING TO DANTE THE LIFE OF PARADISE.

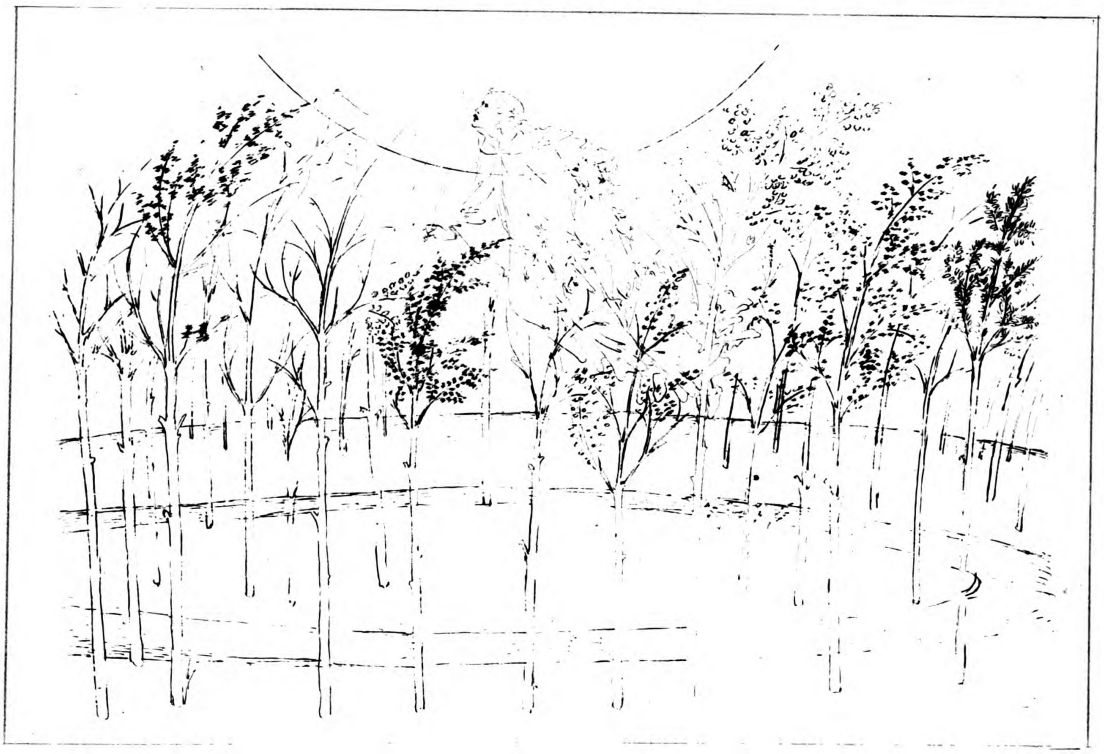
Botticelli's illustrations to Dante's "Divine Comedy" were done between 1470 and 1480. Some of the originals are in the Vatican Library; others, including several portraits of Dante, in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin. Three of them were reproduced, probably for the first time, in "L'Illustration" of June 4. The other two are given on the opposite page.—[*Photographs obtained by Professor Paolo Zani.*]

BOTTICELLI DRAWINGS OF DANTE—ONLY LATELY REPRODUCED.

PHOTOGRAPHS OBTAINED BY PROFESSOR PAOLO ZANI.



PUBLISHED (PROBABLY FOR THE FIRST TIME) FOR THE DANTE SEXCENTENARY: ONE OF BOTTICELLI'S 92 CARTOONS ILLUSTRATING THE "DIVINE COMEDY"—THE FIRST APPARITION OF THE ANGELS TO DANTE AND BEATRICE. ("PARADISO," CANTO 29).



A GREAT POET AS IMAGINED BY A GREAT ARTIST: A BOTTICELLI DRAWING FOR THE "PARADISO" (CANTO 1)—DANTE LEAVING PURGATORY, WITH THE POET STATIUS, PURIFIED BY THE WATERS OF THE RIVER EUNOE, AND RISING TOWARDS THE FIRST HEAVEN.

The celebration this year of the sixth centenary of Dante's death, which took place at Ravenna on September 14, 1321, has produced a wealth of literary and pictorial records. Particularly interesting was a recent article (in our Paris contemporary, "L'Illustration") by Professor Paolo Zani, of Brescia, on the subject of early portraits of Dante, mainly by Italian masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The gems of his collection were the drawings by Botticelli given on this and the opposite page. "Between 1470 and 1480," he writes, "Botticelli had undertaken to illustrate the 'Divine Comedy.' He executed 92 cartoons, the originals of which are now in the Vatican Library and the Room of Engravings in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin. In several of the drawings at Berlin, Dante himself is represented. I have been able—not without difficulty—to have them photographed. It is the first time, I think, that they have ever been reproduced." The earliest extant portrait of Dante is a fresco by Giotto, of about 1295, in the Bargello Palace at Florence.

"NUMBERING THE PEOPLE" BY MECHANISM: MODE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM OFFICIAL DATA AND M

SCHEDULE. STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

	Name and Surname.	Relationship to Head of Household.	Age. y.	m.	Sex.	Marriage or Orphanhood.	Birthplace.	Nationality, etc.	If attending a School etc.	Personal Occupation.	Employment.	Place of Work	Total Children under 16.	Ages of Children under 16. Under 1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
1	William Brown	Head	47	6	M	married	London Hampstead	—	—	Boot and Shoe Dealer	Employer	at Home	3				X											X	X
2	Jane Brown	Wife	48	2	F	married	Hertfordshire St. Albans	—	—	Boot and Shoe Dealers Assistant	W. Brown Boot and Shoe Dealer	at Home	—																
3	Thomas Brown	Son	13	10	M	Both alive	Surrey Croydon	—	Whole Time	—	—	—	—																
4	Eliza Brown	Daughter	4	5	F	Both alive	Devonshire Exeter	—	—	—	—	—	—																
5	Victor Johnson	Nephew	22	4	M	Single	India Madras	Resident	—	Confectionery, Sugar Boiler	Marsh Chapman Chocolate manufacturer	110, Church St London, W.9.	—																
6	Mabel Webb	Servant	19	8	F	Single	Northamptonshire Irthlingborough	—	—	General Domestic Servant	Private	—	—																

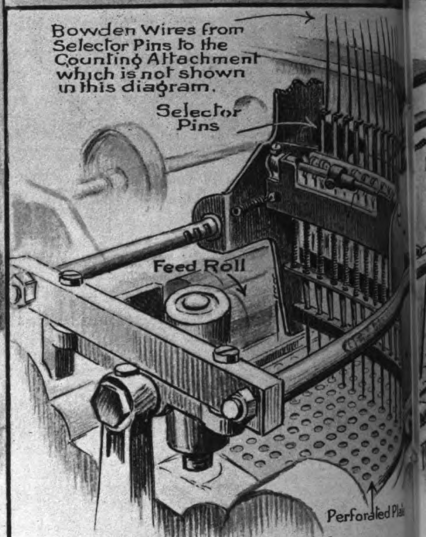
(1) Example of the mode of Filling up THE SCHEDULE.

When the written Schedules come in, a section of the staff translates all the written information into a series of pre-arranged numerical codes. In the case of "age" or "number of children" the numbers themselves will form the code.

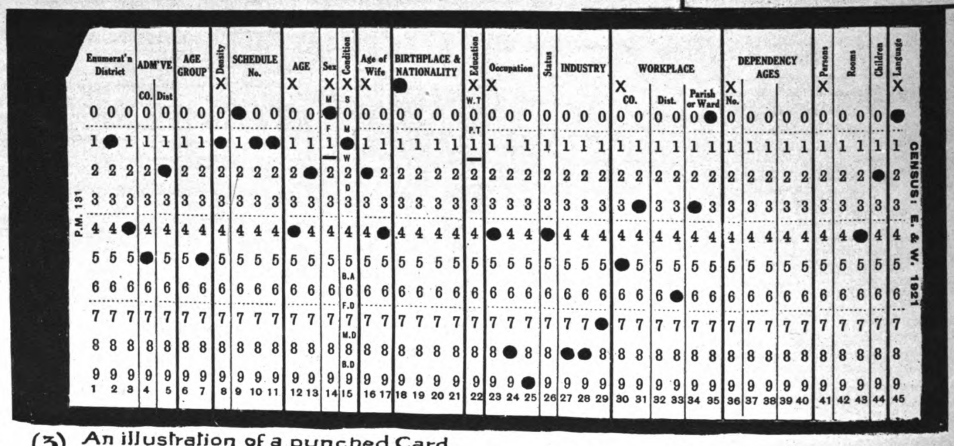


(2) The Automatic Key Punch.

The Punching Machine is used to produce punched records on specially designed cards — one card being used for recording the coded information of each person (Fig 3). The Cards are fed into the machine and ejected automatically and the operator's attention is simply confined to translating the original record on the card, working in the same way as a typewriter operates. No perforation takes place until the whole of the information has been set up and the Punching Key has been depressed.



(4) Sorting Machine Detail showing one box of Selector Pins with the perforated plate below, under which each punched card passes (See Fig. 3)



(3) An illustration of a punched Card.

When all the Cards are punched they are then ready for manipulation by the Sorting and Counting Machine.

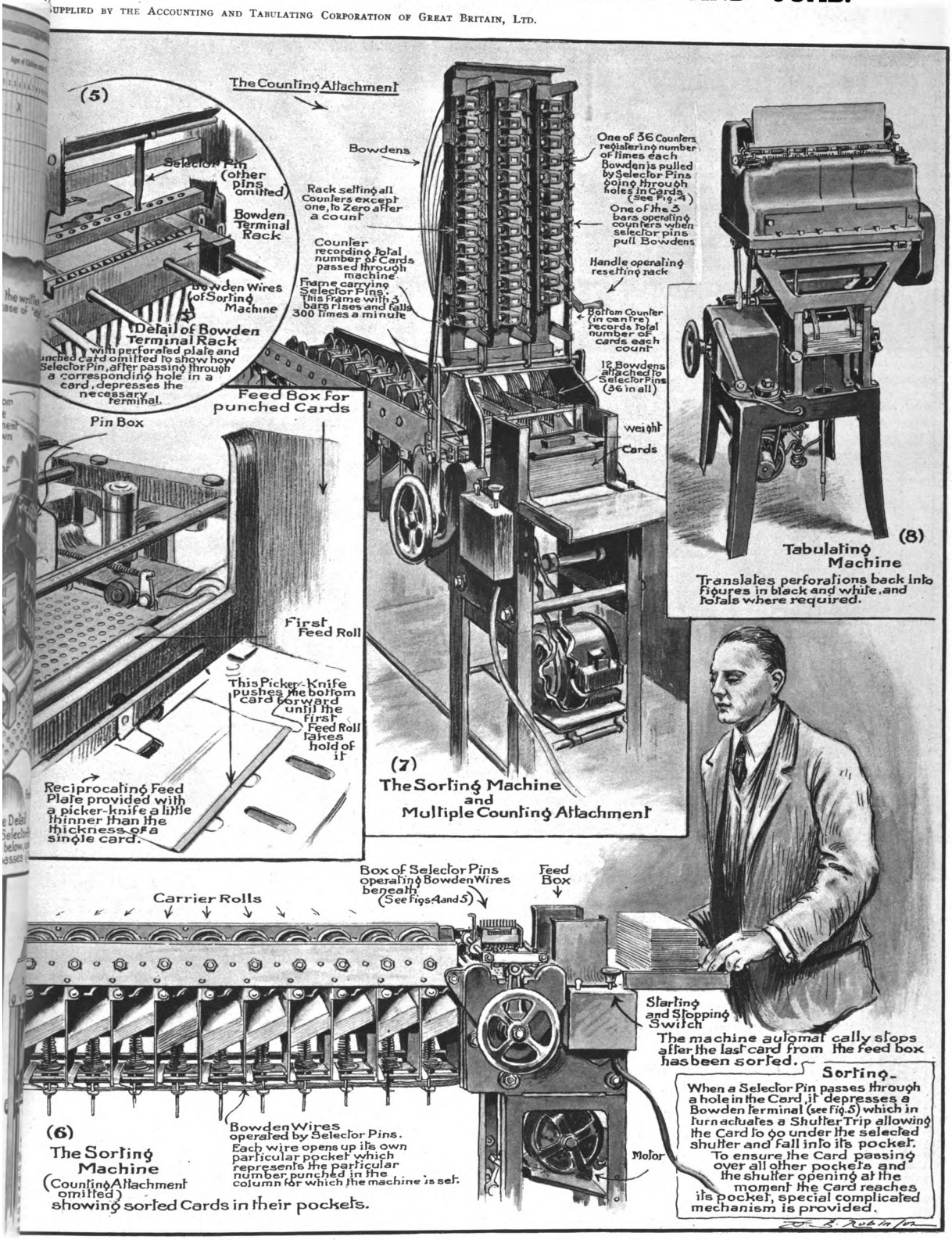


THE CENSUS OF JUNE 19: A GIGANTIC TASK REQUIRING 12,000,000 SCHEDULES AND USED FOR SORTING, COUNTING,

The Census of 1921 was originally fixed for Sunday, April 24, but had to be postponed owing to the threat of a general strike. The Registrar-General, Mr. S. P. Vivian, has pointed out that, if the Census had been taken in April and had been a failure, £300,000 would have been wasted. As it was, 1900 telegrams had to be sent to registrars, who, in turn, had to communicate with some 40,000 enumerators, and wireless messages sent to war-ships and coaling stations throughout the world, which had already received their schedules. The original 12,000,000 schedules, along with millions of other forms, will be used, thus avoiding the great cost of reprinting, slips being delivered notifying the change of date. It was arranged that the enumerators should deliver schedules to householders from June 11 to 18. On the 19th householders are to fill them up and on the next

CENSUS METHODS UNKNOWN TO DAVID AND JOAB.

SUPPLIED BY THE ACCOUNTING AND TABULATING CORPORATION OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD.

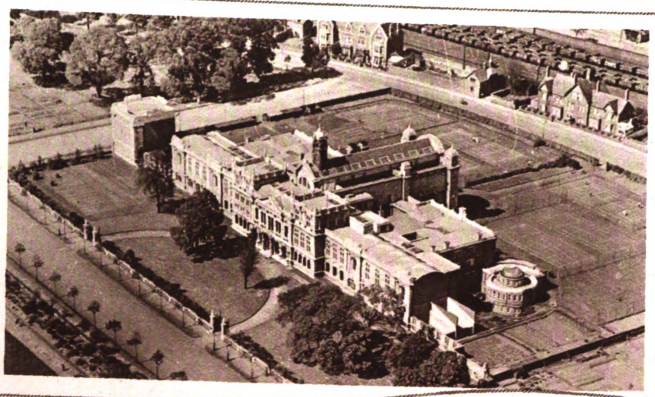


40,000 ENUMERATORS—A TYPICAL SCHEDULE AND CODED CARD; WITH MACHINES AND TABULATING.

enumerators will collect them. The Census in Ireland has been postponed indefinitely, and will be left to the Government of Ireland. Mechanical sorting and counting, which saves an immense amount of time and clerical labour, while ensuring greater accuracy, was first used in the Census of 1911. The information given on the schedules is first translated into numerical codes. The coded particulars are then transferred to cards (one for each person), the numbers not being written but punched on the cards. The punched cards are then fed into the sorting and counting machine at the rate of 15,000 to 20,000 an hour, to be sorted by means of "selector pins." The technical details are shown and explained in the above diagrams. No. 3 shows the actual form of card for this year's Census.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS UNIVERSITY CHANCELLOR: AT CARDIFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROPHOTO CO., LTD., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



SEEN FROM THE AIR: UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CARDIFF.



DONOR OF THE NEW MEDICAL SCHOOL: SIR W. J. THOMAS, BT., AND HIS SON.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CARDIFF: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (IN NAVAL UNIFORM) LEAVING UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AFTER OPENING THE NEW PHYSIOLOGY BUILDINGS.



IN HIS CHANCELLOR'S ROBES: THE PRINCE, WITH HIS TRAIN-BEARER, LORD DAVID CRICHTON-STUART.



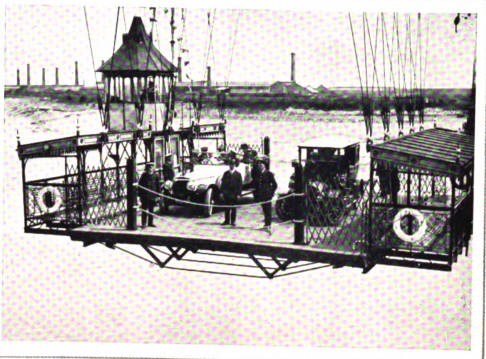
GIVING THEIR COLLEGE "YELL" ACCOMPANIED BY A STOOPING ACTION: STUDENTS HAILING THE PRINCE OF WALES.

At Cardiff on June 8, the Prince of Wales was installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales, and then conferred a number of degrees, including one upon Mr. Balfour. The Prince wore the gold-embroidered robes of a Chancellor, and his train was carried by Lord David Crichton-Stuart, son of the Marquess of Bute. The ceremony took place in the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, shown above in a photograph taken from the air. It is one of the constituent colleges of the University, others being at Aberystwyth and Bangor.

In the afternoon the Prince laid the foundation stone of the department of public health and school of preventive medicine, and opened the new Physiological Institution presented to the University by Sir William James Thomas, who handed to him the deed of gift. The Prince entered the new buildings under an arch of femur bones held aloft by medical students. Later, he addressed them from a balcony, and was greeted by the college "yell," given with great enthusiasm both by men and women students.

THE PRINCE IN THE WEST: BOTH SHORES OF THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

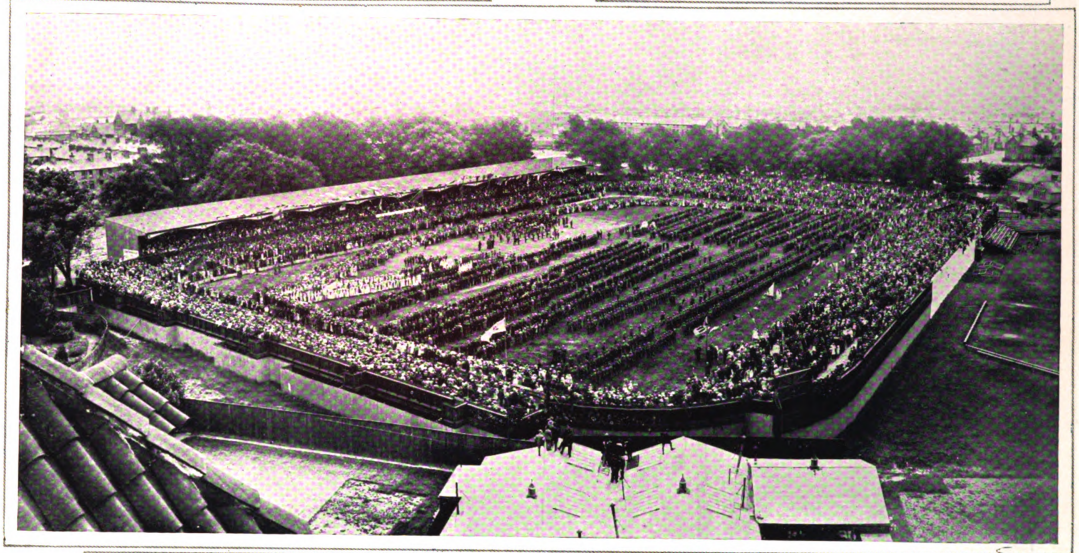
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PICTURESQUE ARRIVAL AT NEWPORT: THE ROYAL CAR CROSSING ON A TRANSPORT BRIDGE.



GREETED BY GIRL GUIDES AND "BROWNIES": THE PRINCE ON HIS WAY TO A REVIEW ON THE ATHLETIC GROUND AT NEWPORT.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS GREETED BY 40,000 SPECTATORS: A GREAT PARADE OF TROOPS, EX-SERVICE MEN, AND OTHER ORGANISATIONS, IN CARDIFF ARMS PARK.



WITH THE AUSTRALIANS DURING THEIR MATCH AGAINST GLOUCESTERSHIRE: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRISTOL.



AT NEWPORT: THE PRINCE WITH THE MAYOR (MR. W. A. LINTON) OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Cardiff on June 6, and during his visit was the guest of the Earl of Plymouth at St. Fagan's. On the 7th he drove to Newport, where he inspected ex-Service men, Cadets, Girl Guides and "Brownies," and Boy Scouts on the Athletic Ground. On the 8th took place the ceremony at University College, Cardiff, illustrated opposite. On the 10th a great review was held on the football ground in Cardiff Arms Park, where 40,000 people assembled to greet the Prince. There were 5000 men on parade, including ex-Service men, two battalions of the Welsh Regiment, the 82nd Brigade R.F.A., nurses and land girls, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. After the inspection the crowd surged round the Prince, and it was with some difficulty that a passage was made for him back to his car. He thoroughly enjoyed the scrimmage. On June 10 he visited Bristol, and spent a strenuous day. Within five hours he received the freedom of the city and of the Merchant Venturers, reviewed ex-Service men, laid a hospital foundation stone, and visited the University, the Academy, and the cricket-match between Gloucestershire and the Australians. After his return to town the Prince left London for Windsor Castle on June 13.

ROYAL ASCOT: THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE PAVIL

Photo. by I.B.



SHOWING THEIR MAJESTIES UNDER THE CANOPY NEAR THE CENTRE BACKGROUND, THE DUKE OF YORK: THE ROYA

The Ascot meeting opened auspiciously on June 14, when the first of the Royal Processions along the course took place. The King and Queen, with the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary, drove in the royal carriage, with a team of greys, and postillions and footmen in scarlet and gold. Six other carriages followed. Their Majesties and their suite took their places on the canopied dais in the centre of the Royal Enclosure, as seen in the photograph. The second semi-state drive was arranged for the 16th. To the right (just beyond the staircase) will be recognised ex-King Manoel of Portugal (the second figure), and a little further

ILION AT THE GREAT SOCIETY RACE-MEETING.



D, AND (FURTHER TO THE RIGHT) EX-KING MANOEL, PRINCESS MARY, AND
AL PAVILION AT ASCOT.

ong Princess Mary, next to the Duke of York. As at the Derby, most of the visitors to Ascot journeyed thither by road, and there was a great pilgrimage of otor-cars and other vehicles. The airship "R 36" acted as scout, in wireless communication with the police, for the purpose of traffic control, and everything ent smoothly in that respect. Society was there in force, and as usual there was a brilliant display of fashion. Considerable alterations and improvements to e stands have been made since last year, and the original stand, erected in 1839, has been practically rebuilt.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

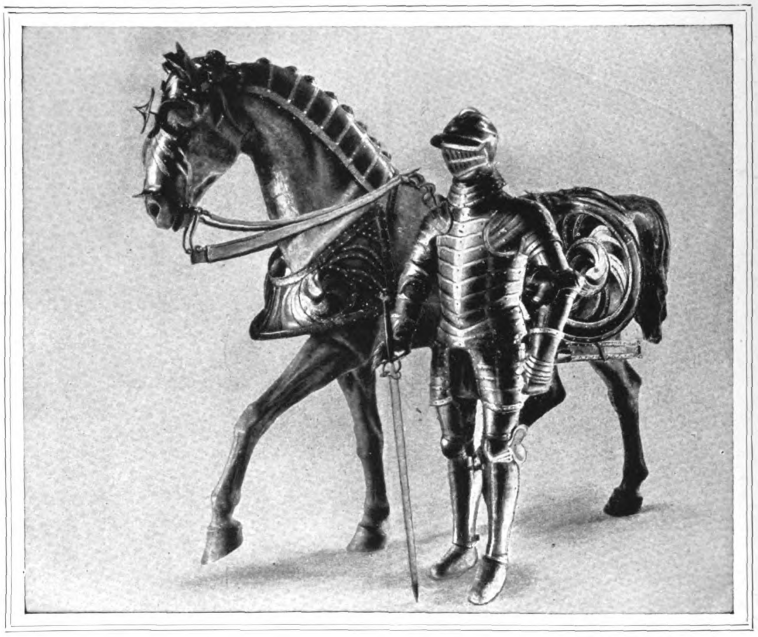
BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE skilled collector can win distinction if he pursues his hobby thoroughly, and has the means and the time to become exhausive. The Bruton collections exemplify this. The late owner's specialisation was remarkable. He made a collection of Cruikshank works, and sold them well in 1897. He took up eighteenth-century mezzotints, and amassed many of the choicest examples of portraiture. His Dickens first editions, just sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 9th and 10th, prove his industry in another field. "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," and others, were in parts as issued in the original wrappers. The "Pickwick Papers" brought £910. Rowlandson, the caricaturist, had sixty-eight original drawings made during a tour to Spithead to view the wreck of the *Royal George*, in 1782. The delicate pencil and Indian-ink drawings washed with colour are a picture gallery representing village streets, inns, coffee-rooms, and scenes in the days of the post-chaise. Rowlandson's "English Dance of Death" offered eighty-eight published and nineteen unpublished water-colour drawings, and some enterprising publisher surely should have snatched Rowlandson's unpublished drawings for Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

Messrs. Puttick's sales on the 10th offered four fine interiors of cathedrals, including Burgos and Toledo, etched by Axel L. Haig, which brought fair prices. A bargain slipped away in the fine Simon de Pass drawing of Christian IV. of Denmark, with his rugged face. The Danish National Anthem runs, "King Christian stood at the mast," and records a bloody sea-fight where he was personally engaged. Christian IV. is to Denmark what Elizabeth is to England and what Henri Quatre is to France, the great royal hero. Another relic of a less fortunate King came forward in a Cardinal's alb embroidered with flowers, with a deep flounce of Brussels lace, designed with the cypher of Charles X. of France (brother of Louis XVI.), who lost his throne, to be succeeded by Louis Philippe, who discovered, as so many other monarchs out of business have done, the kingdom of Bohemia as a harbour of refuge, surrounding themselves with wayward spirits as dispossessed as themselves. Bohemia may spell any capital in Europe, but in this case Charles actually lived at Prague in the literal kingdom of Bohemia. This alb sold was worn by him at his coronation at Rheims Cathedral in 1825.

Messrs. Christie, on the 22nd, offer a collection of unset stones, including remarkable sapphires, 2384 specimens, exhibiting every known shade and tint, arranged in a colour scheme in case, by the late Herbert C. Maxwell Stuart, a collector of unerring judgment, who devoted many years of his life to the patient search for these stones. A sapphire is blue to the man in the street, but these sapphires embrace black, green, orange, mauve, blue, red and yellow, and as a collection have no equal. A fine series of specimen opals mounted in gold, as butterfly brooches, offer exquisite colourings. Every range of glorious opal effect has been used; mainly four or five fire opals are used in each brooch, and the sizes are appreciably large, being equal to the natural insect. The patient collecting and skilful matching of these took the late owner a lifetime. As artistic modern jewel work in precious stones, they exhibit completed craftsmanship. Some cameos in opal are equally interesting. One has the figure of Aurora in relief, and another the figure of Amphitrite rising from the sea. The natural colourings of selected opals have been used to obtain colour effects, and as bases of design: from the green waves, or the striated effect of the rising sun, graduated tones in drapery melt into the lines of the outstanding figures. This sale, on Alexandra Day, is to be completed by an interesting event. A bouquet of roses is being sent by Queen Alexandra from the gardens at Sandringham, and will be put up for auction. The Mayoress of Chelsea sent roses similarly last year, and the sum of £1000 was raised by Christie's clients for the hospital funds. On this occasion it is to be hoped that this record will be beaten, even although "the time is out of joint," and purses have grown lean.

The Yates Thompson illuminated manuscripts, some sixteen in number, come up for sale by Messrs. Sotheby on the 22nd. But what is number "when excellence outweighs all due accompt," and fifteen early printed books make up the sale to fill a summer afternoon? And the illustrated catalogue of these rare treasures of scholarship of collecting sells for a guinea, and they pass under the hammer to great bibliophiles and to Transatlantic libraries. In glorious procession they have made pilgrimage across Europe, have weathered tumultuous storms of heretic vandalism, have lain *perdus* but not forgotten. Joyousness, piety, patient craftsmanship went to these illuminations. The clerks of yesteryears, forerunners of those who sit immured nowadays on more mundane transactions in a complex civilisation, were as a caste apart, cloistered and secluded from wars and commotions, harried only when fire and rapine devastated their domain. Before Caxton they quietly carried on the written message. Great beauty of imagery and emblem was theirs within the confines of their technique. Initial letters and borders have a poetry of design unequalled. "Lancelot du Lac," a vellum manuscript in three volumes, is of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the third volume fifteenth century: the miniatures and illuminations decorate the story of the Arthurian legend before the version of Thomas de Malory, carried on by Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King." Brilliant prices are expected from this superb collection. The smallest manuscript and the latest, in date 1530, is contained in a little case of gold decorated with enamel and pink stones. It is a devout creed of profession of the Catholic faith ("Credo or Protestacion del Emperador"), and is associated with Charles V.; hence its rarity, and the pages are only 1 in. by 1¾ in. A pretty bauble of great historic interest.



THE GREAT VOGUE OF OLD ARMOUR: A FINE SUIT FOR MAN AND HORSE IN THE PEMBROKE SALE.

The above is an important lot in the sale of armour from Wilton House, Salisbury, belonging to the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to be held at Sotheby's on June 23. The man's armour is of the type known as splinted harness, or "anime." It has bands of gold decoration on a russet ground. The helmet is a Burgonet. The horse armour is also russet and gold, similarly decorated, and consists of chanfron, crinet, peytral and crupper piece. Armour is having a great vogue among collectors, and huge prices have lately been realised. Thus, at the recent Morgan S. Williams sale at Christie's, a large suit of armour fetched 4600 guineas, while 2200 guineas were paid for a horse's chanfron and crinet, and 2950 guineas for a fifteenth-century Italian sword. Many other lots brought from 500 to 900 guineas each.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

Armour claims respect when it is collected. But at the sale of the Wilton House armoury, the property of the Earl of Pembroke, we have armour worn by and made for the owner's forbears. Equestrian armour for man and horse as here presented is rarely found so complete. But the suit made for Henry Herbert, the second Earl of Pembroke (shown opposite), is the *pièce de résistance*. It was Lord Dillon who discovered the album of Jacob the Armourer's designs which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Of suits that were made by Jacob the pedigree is known and their disposal has been recorded. The Metropolitan Museum of New York has one set. Other suits are in private hands and duly watched by guardians of connoisseurship. One is at Appleby Castle, in the possession of Lord Hothfield. King Edward VII. was presented with one suit made for Sir Christopher Hatton, by a group of the King's friends. The beautiful suit to be sold, where the decoration consists of a series of vertical gold bands sunk below the surface of the steel and finely engraved, is of exceptional interest. The original owner married the famous Mary Sidney, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, from whom the Earls of Pembroke descend. The epitaph on this lady runs—

> Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse.
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death! ere thou hast slain another,
> Learn'd and fair and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Hence Jacob the Armourer and Ben Jonson the poet join hands in hall-marking for posterity this suit of armour. In the gorgeous days of pageantry, it was Sidney's sister, now underneath the sable hearse, who saw her lord ride forth to jousts and tournaments in this glorious suit of armour. We have in the Old Country much to interest American visitors, and our auction rooms afford perennial delight. There is nothing like it in the New World, and very little like it in Europe nowadays, for London is the emporium of the world in objects of art.

DESIGN AND FINISHED WORK: A 15TH-CENTURY PEMBROKE SUIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON, AND HODGE. THAT OF THE ARMOURER'S DRAWING BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



JACOB THE ARMOURER'S ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE PEMBROKE SUIT: A DRAWING IN HIS FAMOUS ALBUM, NOW IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



WITH UMBRIL DIFFERENT FROM THAT IN THE DESIGN ON THE LEFT IN THE ARMOURER'S DRAWING (ADJOINING): THE BURGONET.

THERE is a difference in the shape of the burgonet, where the umbril (brim) starts, between the drawing and the actual helmet. The umbril in the drawing curves up and out; in the actual helmet it turns out at a sharp angle. At the back is a plume-holder, and above it are two holes for a lace to fasten it. The actual falling buff (the lower part of the helmet, to be attached to the burgonet) has ten slits for sight and breathing on each side, while in the drawing (to the left of the full figure) there are only six a side. The ocularium (eye-space) was formed by the interval between the umbril and the top of the buff. The breastplate had on its right side (left in the photograph) five large staples (one is missing) for holding the lance-rest. In the lower centre is a square hole for fixing on the extra placate for the joust. Among the decorations are the George and Garter, supported by an engraved representation of a chain, the George being on the upper part of the wide central band, which consists of interlaced strap ornament, trophies of arms, and shields. Similar decorations occur on the high comb of the burgonet, which has interlaced scrolls and groups of trophies, Roman breast-plates, drums and flags: in the centre is the George, surrounded by the Garter, and surmounted by a coronet.



WITH TEN SIGHT AND BREATHING SLITS ON EACH SIDE, AS AGAINST SIX IN THE ORIGINAL DESIGN: THE FALLING BUFF.



SHOWING STAPLES FOR LANCE-REST, AND A SQUARE HOLE FOR FIXING THE EXTRA PLACATE FOR JOUSTING: THE BREASTPLATE.

Old armour now commands enormous prices in the sale-room, as witness the £30,679 realised in the first two days of the recent dispersal of the Morgan S. Williams collection. The suit illustrated above, made by Jacob the Armourer for Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (*c.* 1534-1601) is included in the sale of armour from Wilton House, Salisbury, the property of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to be held at Sotheby's on June 23. "Much of the importance of the suit," says the sale catalogue, "is derived from the fact that the drawing for it (reproduced above) is included in the famous album by Jacob the Armourer, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In Lord Dillon's reproduction of that book . . . the Pembroke suit is followed by a plate of extra pieces. None of these extra pieces survive, except the burgonet and falling buff which now accompany the suit in place of the closed helmet shown in the drawing." The closed helmet does not exist, and may never have been made. The burgonet and buff are shown on the left side of the Armourer's drawing. On the right are extra tassets. The actual suit otherwise follows the drawing very closely.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

BEWARE of the Great Unacted, brother critics! He is an ungrateful dog. He sends you coaxing letters to read his play, as if it were a critic's business to be a doctor as well as a judge. If you decline because your time is your money, as well as other people's; if you tell him that you charge heavy fees, to discourage the practice of encroachment, but that you are ever ready in the cause of authors who are unendowed with the world's goods—he answers your urbanity often with insult, thereby disgracing himself and destroying the chances of the next comer. I have had many bitter experiences in this direction, and the offenders deserve the pillory which I will spare them, leaving requital to their own conscience.

. . . . . .

What a fortnight! Sometimes two a day, and, curiously enough, better material than often during a month. First of all, the revue at the Vaudeville, "Puss! Puss!" a charming *multum in parvo* quite worthy of its predecessors, as delightful as a babbling brook, graced by that fine artist Miss Lee White, whose wonderful personality and husky voice fill the stage and the auditorium. Then there is Clay Smith, her husband, a perfect foil, the man whose dancing is as rhythmic as his diction—and others full of fun. And skits galore! With a cigar or cigarette to match, it is the very thing to make a happy evening.

. . . . . .

Albert de Courville, with "Pins and Needles," at the Gaiety, has once more come home. What I like about him is his daring and his unlimited horizon. He sees greatly, and he often sees beautifully—in the blending of colours, in the evolution of ideas. Who could forget the lampshades—who could forget Dinard? In fact, how many of the twenty-five scenes are not melodious, witty, and sarcastic? Edmund Gwenn is the undisputed hero of the occasion, and I would class him a twin brother of that other little genius, Nelson Keys. Hithe to we have known our Edmund as the British Guitry; now we may have to hurry and add he is also a kinsman of the late lamented Germain, that protean comedian, who like the snake could shed his skin and always emerge a new being. To see Edmund Gwenn dance, to hear him sing, to behold him impersonating a kind of Methuselah greeting a prodigal daughter, is a feast for the gods and the groundlings. And besides him there are Miss Maisie Gay, Mr. Jack Morrison, and Miss Billie Hill, another twin, this one, of Miss Binnie Hale; and then there are those blonde Siamese, the Sisters Duncan, who, with their bubble and their squeaks, took our hearts by storm. The Gaiety is itself again, and gaily flies the pennant of Albert de Courville.

. . . . . .

More cheers! This time for a Dutchman and an Englishman, David de Groot, the *maestro* of the Piccadilly, and Claude B. Yearsley, who have had the courage to import a charming Austrian operetta, "The Gipsy Princess," by Kalman, and two foreign artists, M. de Jari, favourite pupil of De Reszke, and Sari Petrass, who from Budapest to the coast of Holland is looked upon as a star among the starlets. "The Gipsy Princess" was an instantaneous success, thanks to the swing and lilt and tune of the music, thanks to the voices of the two singers named, and to a chorus which for beauty, charm, and distinction is unrivalled on the operatic stage of the Metropolis. Especial word of praise should be given to Phyllis Titmuss, who does many things and does them all well, and is one of the most bewitching figures in the realm of the lighter muse.

. . . . . .

If there is one man whose work I love, who speaks, as it were, from my heart, who looks upon the world with great power of observation, with deep knowledge, and with the godly gift of imagination—that man is John Galsworthy. We have seen two plays of his in one week—one in three scenes and one in three acts—and both of them occupied my thoughts for days. When I read the opinion of some of my brethren on "The First and the Last" I rubbed my eyes in wonderment. How can one call this painful but human story Guignolesque? How can one compare such humanity to thrills of horror? Is not this short act in its three scenes a cogent defence of the Magdalen preserving her heart unspoilt by servitude in a wicked world? Does it not with tragic force indicate how an innocent man by circumstantial evidence may become enmeshed in dilemma and peril? Does it not convey in miniature the message that love is the great redeemer? All this may be debatable, for Galsworthy is bold, with strong opinions of his own; therefore the play may not be accessible to all; but on those to whom it is, it leaves indelible impressions. And *now*, besides the beautiful acting of Miss Meggie Albanesi, actress of temperament, of insight, of power, we discovered what we believed to be lurking in Mr. Owen Nares. Here was no longer the darling of the gods, the charming young man of somewhat precious speech; here was a human being, suffering, shaken by emotion, true in all he had to convey. He may safely launch into Hamlet; he will succeed.

Not less than the playlet did the greater play, "A Family Man," at the Comedy, carry me away. Some people said that it was hard; that it created pity for the man instead of for his surroundings; that there were not such great egotists in our midst who would sacrifice wife and children in their desire to dominate. Those who say that do not know England, do not know the man of the North, do not understand the parochial spirit. It is the story of thousands of homes, where the man's dictate, like another William's, is *sic volo sic jubeo*, and all the rest can go to the devil. These subordinated wives, these children living in fear and trembling, in vain rebellion—they are all true to life. And to turn the X-rays on to us so that we may understand such human misery hidden from the world is not only bold but beneficial.

I have heard people say that this was a play of propaganda—what they call *Tendenz* in Germany; for the life of me, I cannot see it. If a man is no longer allowed to reproduce a phase of life as he finds it, relieved by pure and natural humour; if he is not allowed to use the stage for something more than mere entertainment—well then, God help the British drama! And whoever should not appreciate Galsworthy in his candid Galsworthiness, let him recall that lovely note at the end, when the lone man, bereft of family, honour, pride, suddenly sees the wife whom he has driven hence re-enter the room, mix his night-cap, tender her hand, take her reticule, and sit by the fireside knitting, as if the world went as it went before. Here was an organ tune, and I for one came away deeply moved.

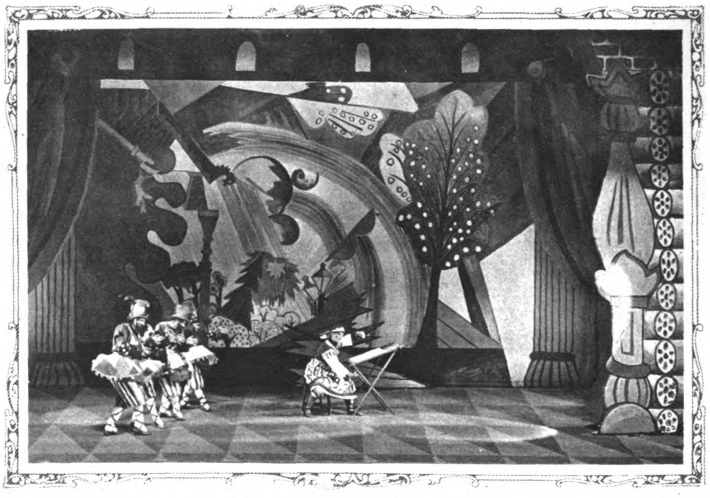
Beautiful acting by Mr. Norman McKinnel, a player of force; by Miss Mary Barton, pathetic in her effacement; by two unknown young girls, Miss Sibell Archdale and Miss Agatha Kentish; especially by Miss Auriol Lee—the most fascinating type of a French maid ever impersonated by an Englishwoman—concluded a memorable evening. There will be a race between "The Skin Game" and "A Family Man," and I for one believe that "A Family Man," with its note of consolation, may be, if not the favourite, yet the winner.



"CHOUT," AT THE PRINCES: M. THADEE SLAVINSKY AS THE BUFFOON AND MME. LYDIA SOKOLOVA AS THE BUFFOON'S WIFE.

"Chout" (The Buffoon), a Russian legend in six scenes, has been added to the répertoire of the Russian Ballet, at the Princes Theatre, and has aroused much interest. Its scenery and dress are Futuristic; the music, by M. Serge Prokofiev, is ultra-modern.

Photograph taken at the Répétition Générale by Walter Benington.



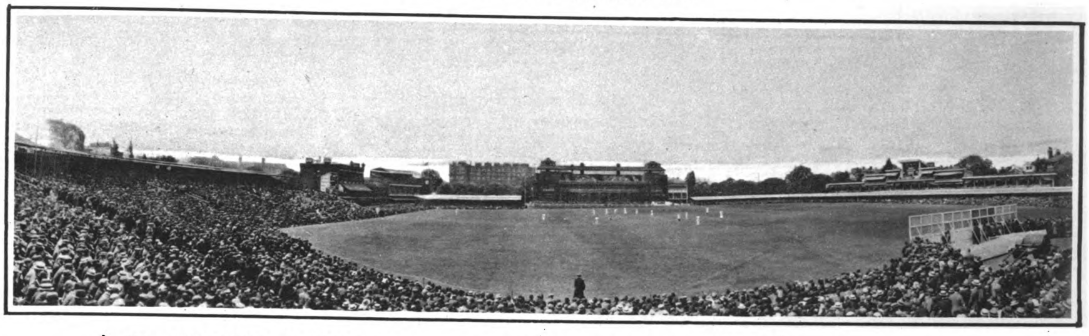
PROKOFIEV'S "CHOUT"—WITH FUTURISTIC SETTING: THE BUFFOONS DECIDE TO TAKE THE "COOK" AWAY WITH THEM.

The Buffoon plays a trick on seven other Buffoons, by pretending to kill his Buffoon Wife, and then whipping her to life again. Entranced by this, the seven Buffoons buy the magic whip, kill their wives, and then proceed to whip them, to restore them to life. As they have actually slain them, needless to say, they are not successful! Thereupon, they decide to make an end of the Buffoon. They seek him out, but fail to find him, for he has hidden his wife and disguised himself as a woman cook. As cook, he fascinates the Buffoons, and is taken into their service. Further, a rich merchant chooses him as wife! In the end, after various fantastic complications, the Buffoon and his wife are left in enjoyment of the wealth brought by the whip.

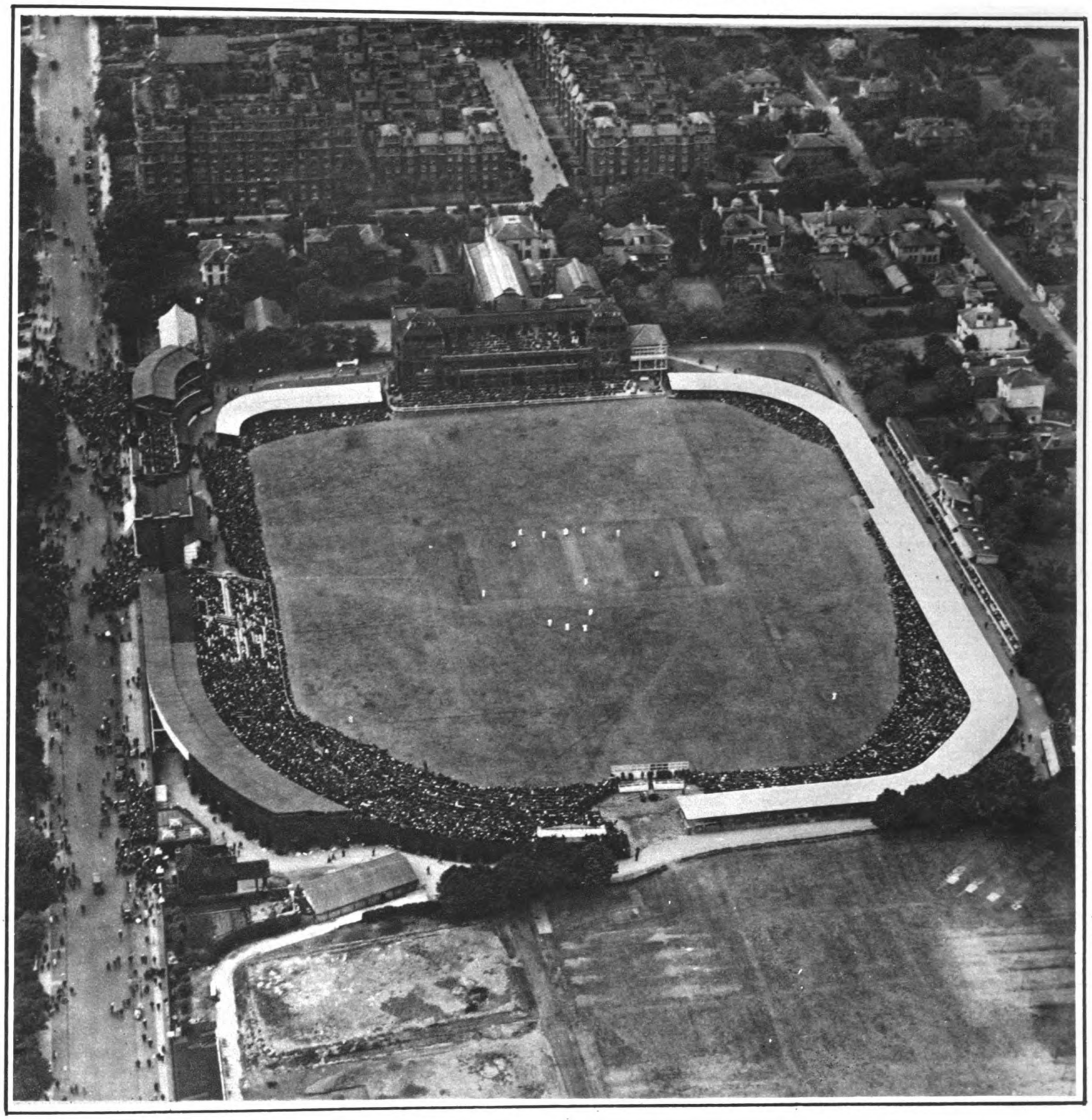
Photograph taken at the Répétition Générale by Walter Benington.

TEST MATCH CROWDS TURNED AWAY: THE HUGE PRESSURE ON LORD'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND AEROFILMS, LTD.



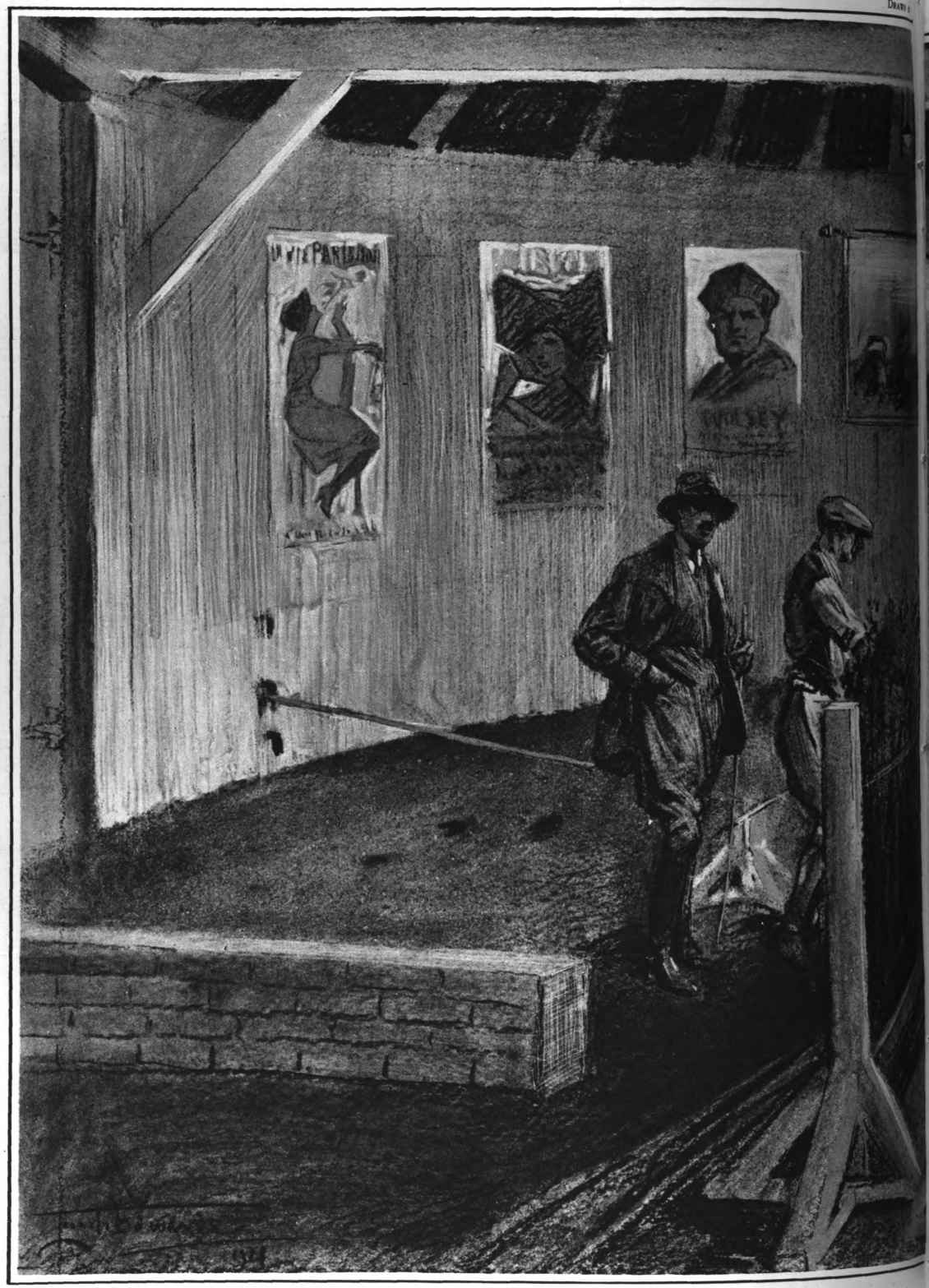
THE HUGE CROWD AT LORD'S WATCHING THE SECOND TEST MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA: THE GAME IN PROGRESS; AND SOME OF THE 30,000 SPECTATORS.



SHOWING PEOPLE IN THE STREET UNABLE TO GAIN ADMITTANCE: A PANORAMIC AIR VIEW OF THE TEST MATCH AT LORD'S, TAKEN DURING ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS.

Lord's Cricket Ground proved far too small to accommodate all those who wished to see the second Test Match, which opened on Saturday, June 11. Although 30,000 people were admitted, many thousands more had to be turned away. When the gates were closed, it is said, the queue of would-be spectators was nearly a mile long. Such was the pressure that even many of the ticket-holders had to wait a long time before they could get in. The great popularity of games as a spectacle has made our old playing-grounds inadequate, and there is a call for a national cricket ground on a great scale. In the first innings England did better than in the first Test Match at Nottingham, thanks mainly to F. E. Woolley and Colonel Douglas, who made 95 and 34 respectively of the total of 187. The Australians, however, passed this score with the loss of only three wickets. Their first innings closed for 342, giving them a lead of 155.

WITH NOISY SPECTATORS, MIRRORS, AND STARTLING

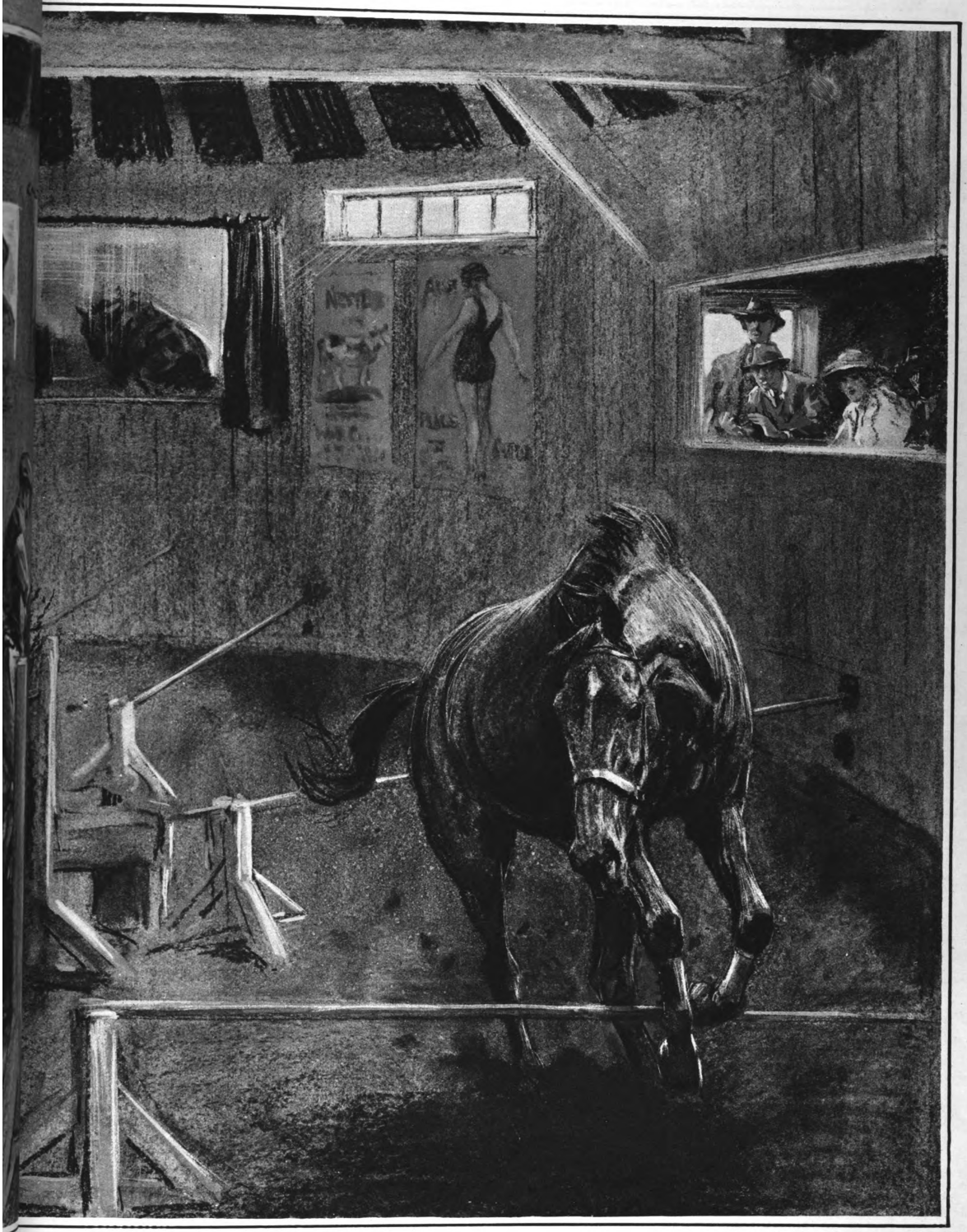


"BY THESE MEANS THE HORSE IS ACCUSTOMED TO ALL SORTS OF UNUSUAL SIGHTS AT COLONEL RODZIANKO'S

Show jumping is a special branch of horsemanship requiring special methods of training both for horse and man. As Mr. Lionel Edwards points out in his article on the subject on a later page, the Continental (or Italian) riding seat, which has brought success to so many foreign competitors at Olympia, is better adapted to the ring than the English hunting seat, excellent as the latter is under the very different conditions of cross-country riding. Mr. Edwards proceeds to explain the Continental methods of training show jumpers as used in Colonel Rodzianko's riding school at Sefton Lawn, near Windsor. Colonel Rodzianko, who, with a team of Russian officers, won the King Edward

POSTERS: REALISM IN TRAINING HORSE SHOW JUMPERS.

LIONEL EDWARDS.



AND SOUNDS": REHEARSING SHOW CONDITIONS IN THE TRAINING OF JUMPERS RIDING SCHOOL AT WINDSOR.

Cup three years running (in 1912, 1913, and 1914), studied under the late Captain Caprilli, Chief Instructor of the Italian Cavalry School. Describing Colonel Rodzianko's system, Mr. Edwards writes: "The double-page drawing will show, better than any words can explain, the peculiarities of this riding school. The walls are covered not only with familiar advertisements, but with Cubist and (what are often even more startling) cinema posters! There are several mirrors, a gramophone, and a box (shown on the right) in which spectators sit and applaud noisily. By these means the horse is accustomed to all sorts of unusual sights and sounds."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

HORSE SHOW JUMPING: CONTINENTAL SUCCESSES & REALISTIC TRAINING

By LIONEL EDWARDS.

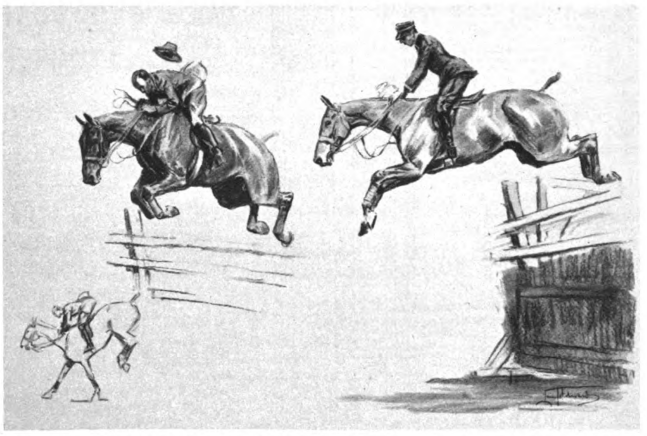
THE preparation of jumpers for the International Horse Show may be not without interest at the present time. In earlier days a clean sweep was made of the principal events by the Continental officers, and, although honours are now somewhat more evenly distributed, the majority of cups still go to foreign nations.

I seem to remember that each year writers in the Press have offered the same explanation or defence of British methods, and their want of success. Roughly recapitulated, these are the claims: firstly, that foreign officers do not hunt, or play polo to any great extent, and their only mounted sports are show jumping and steeplechasing; secondly, that repeated success in any form of sport or athletics is entirely a matter of concentration in one direction; and thirdly, that specialisation is not desirable in the interest of sport as a whole. There is a certain amount of truth in this, especially in the last sentence, though the question raised is too large to enter upon here.

But the fact remains that: (1) in show jumping Continental methods are wonderfully successful; (2) that Continental military authorities believe show jumping to have *practical* value, and include it in military equitation, so much so, indeed, that the modern military seat and methods on the Continent are to a great extent moulded on show-ring riding; (3) that apparently there is some belief in these methods even in British military circles—at any rate, there would not appear to be any official hostility, but rather the reverse.

Personally I do not wish to touch on the matter in a controversial light, but I cannot refrain from remarking that because a system of riding (or, indeed, anything else) has been found good for one particular thing, it does not follow in any way that its adoption is necessary or even desirable for other or general purposes.

The Continental methods of training horse and man are very thorough, and, as far as the horse is concerned, extend over a considerable period. Thanks to Colonel Rodzianko—who, it may be remembered, carried off, with a team of Russian officers, the King Edward Cup in 1912, 1913, and 1914—I was lately enabled to see something of this training, and also to have the theory on which it is founded explained to me. I only trust that I have digested it correctly! Colonel Rodzianko was originally a pupil of James Fillis, *écuyer en chef* to the Tsar. Fillis was a pupil of Bauer (I think)—in any case, these two riding masters were both at the head of their profession, but rather ran to extremes both in the theory and practice of *haute école*. After going through a whole course under Fillis, Colonel Rodzianko had his confidence in this system rudely shaken by seeing the riding of the Italian competitors at a Concours Hippique, and by his experience of hunting in Rome. The result was that he applied for permission to be attached to this Italian Cavalry School. This was granted, and Colonel Rodzianko was there initiated into the system taught by the late Captain Caprilli, chief instructor of the Italian Cavalry School. Whatever our opinions may be of this system of training, it is to be noted that it was sufficiently well-taught to be immediately taken up by the Russians, and later (much more grudgingly and in a more modified form) by the French. The Continental cavalry seat and methods are, as I said before, more or less modelled on what we in England are apt to call show-ring riding, or, even less politely, "monkey tricks."



TWO METHODS OF JUMPING: (LEFT) THE EXAGGERATED SHOW-RING SEAT, VERY FORWARD, AND THE HORSE LANDING; (RIGHT) THE CONTINENTAL SEAT.—*[Drawn by Lionel Edwards.]*

Now, the first and most important part of the training of a jumper, according to Colonel Rodzianko, is that the horse shall correctly learn its A.B.C., and the gist of the whole theory is that the horse shall be its own instructor rather than be subjected to tuition. I think I can best explain this method by transporting the reader, with the aid of the illustrations, to Colonel Rodzianko's excellent riding school at Sefton Lawn, near Windsor. The double-page drawing will show, better than any words can explain, the peculiarities of this riding school. It will be noted, first of all, that the walls are covered not only with familiar advertisements, but with Cubist and (what are often even more startling) cinema posters! There are several mirrors, a gramophone, and a box in which spectators sit and applaud noisily. By these means the horse is accustomed to all sorts of unusual sights and sounds. Secondly, the horse, after being taught to obey its instructor's voice, teaches itself by jumping low obstacles. It learns in this way, not to jump, but to obtain what the Colonel calls natural balance. This is done by lunging the horse (riderless, of course) round its instructor over a series of obstacles about eighteen inches to two feet high. As the horse is travelling in a circle, he must always negotiate the obstacles at an angle, and, the obstacles being of uneven height and differently spaced, he must keep his attention on what he is doing, and continually change his balance and shorten or lengthen his stride. Otherwise, he will bang his legs, and, as the obstacles are iron piping, he will not do this oftener than he can help!

The next stage is to let the horse encounter obstacles of all sorts and kinds, but none higher than two feet, placed at uneven distances and angles all round the school. The horse is turned loose to negotiate these for itself. The third stage, I understand, is at slow paces, and, leaving the horse's mouth absolutely alone, to ride the animal over these same little obstacles.

Now, the result of all this, in theory, is that the horse acquires the habit of looking where he is going, and of putting a long or short stride as required—in other words, *correcting his own mistakes*; but it appeared to me that he also acquires the habit of sticking his head out and down, in order to look where he is going—in fact, of going on his shoulders. I hasten to add that I speak here with all deference. The demonstration which I witnessed was with a half-trained animal, and I fully recognise that "fules an' bairns should na see an unfinished picture." It is admitted, however, that the tendency does develop. It is corrected, I am given to understand, and, though I confess I have not digested the methods as thoroughly as I should wish, I gather the principal counteracting lesson is the rein back. Now, to rein back, some horses are no trouble to teach, but others are the deuce! My impression of several methods which I have seen employed of teaching this lesson has been that, if an animal was pig-headed or determined (whichever you like to call it), it was not only difficult to force him into compliance, but the results obtained were often not permanent. Colonel Rodzianko's method certainly appears to be based on common-sense, and is consequently simple. Taking the ring of the snaffle in one hand, instead of trying to force the animal back, he turns its head to one side, and pushes with the other hand. This alters the distribution of the horse's weight, and compels a change of the leg in support. This entails a side step, and once the horse has

[Continued on Page 840.



WITH THE RIDER'S WEIGHT FURTHER BACK: THE ENGLISH HUNTING SEAT—A DIFFERENT STYLE FOR A DIFFERENT PURPOSE.



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Drawings by Lionel Edwards



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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

YELLOW FEVER AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

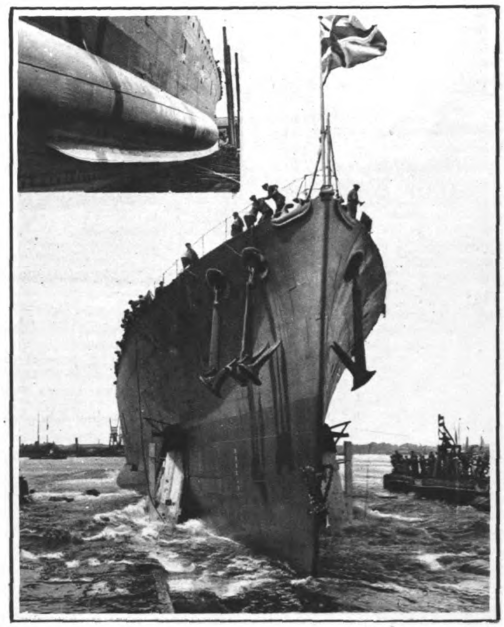
EVERYBODY knows by this time that malaria, yellow fever, dengue, and other tropical diseases are attributed to the bite of the *anopheles* mosquito, or of one of her relations. I say "her," because so far as can yet be ascertained, it is only the female of the species whose bite is poisonous, and who transmits the poison to her descendants, the male apparently playing the part of a drone in a hive. How she acquired this property is also fairly plain. It is not due to any special gift of Nature, like the poison-fangs of the snake or the sting of the scorpion, but to the actual infection of her own blood by feeding on a human or other patient already suffering from the fever, to which she henceforth acts as carrier. If, therefore, we could annihilate the mosquito, we should, so to speak, cut the telegraph wires, and in time could suppress the fevers named in the same way that we have suppressed smallpox.

Now, the best way of effecting this which has yet been adopted on a large scale is to shut in the houses in a fever area with wire gauze, so that the mosquito cannot penetrate to her human prey, and also to pour paraffin into all swamps, pools, and marshy places in their neighbourhood. The *rationale* of this process is that the mosquito lays her eggs in stagnant water and that the larvæ, on hatching, rise to the surface. If this be coated with an oxygen-less fluid such as petroleum or paraffin, they die for want of oxygen, and there is thus an end to their fatal activities. But Professor Kudo of Tokio University is now said to have discovered a more excellent way. By careful research he has found a certain microbe, minute and filter-passing, which attacks both the mosquito and her eggs and causes the death of either within a very brief space of time. He has succeeded in making cultures of this microbe on a large scale, and he finds by actual experiment that a small dose of these cultures if poured into a mosquito-haunted pool will not only kill off all the mosquitoes, but will cause all their eggs to be infertile. A teaspoonful of culture will therefore have the effect of a gallon or so of paraffin, and, as it can be either made on the spot or carried thither in small bottles, saves the expense and labour of transporting paraffin from one of the few oil-producing centres to the fever-haunted swamp.

Such is the story now appearing in the non-technical Press; and in view of the well-deserved fame of the Japanese men of science as bacteriologists—it was a Japanese who discovered the microbe of rabies—it has every appearance of truth. Only prolonged and careful experiment can determine whether the Kudo microbe can be depended upon to do his deadly work with unfailing efficiency, or whether there are countervailing disadvantages attending his employment. But if all this turns out satisfactorily, one may be permitted to think what effect it will have in increasing the part of the earth's surface in which life is possible to civilised man, and how far this will affect the distribution of the different races. It has lately been the fashion among historians to attribute the gradual extinction of the Greco-Roman culture in the East to the weakening of the Latin and Greek races by malaria; and, although the present writer ventures to think that the perpetual wars with the Persian power went for much in the affair, there is undoubtedly some truth in this view. If, therefore, the Greeks could have either paraffined their marshes or treated them with the Kudo microbe, the Persian power might never have recovered from its subjugation by Alexander the Great, and the Roman Campagna might have remained as habitable as it probably was in the early days of the Republic. Or, to come nearer home, no one can read the novels of Marryat and Michael Scott without noticing how the West Indies deserved the name of the "White Man's Grave" which they bore during the American and Napoleonic Wars, and what effect it might have had on the future of Europe could we have preserved the regiments of our best and bravest youth who died there of yellow and other tropical fevers.

Professor Kudo's discovery may therefore have a far-reaching influence on the future of the white races. These have already found the Old World too small for them, and have even begun to be inconveniently crowded in some parts of the New. If, however, the fever-stricken parts of Africa could be made habitable by them, and they could expand southwards into some of the smaller States of South and Central America, there might easily be room for such an increase of their numbers as would leave their present supremacy assured. So would end the visions of a Black Peril which periodically float before the eyes of our Transatlantic cousins; for the Negro, for some reason at present obscure, does not suffer from malaria, and the snuffing out of the fever-breeding mosquito would not therefore make for any increase in his numbers.

F. L.



THE LAUNCH OF H.M. LIGHT CRUISER "EFFINGHAM": TAKING THE WATER—(INSET) ONE OF THE SHIP'S ANTI-TORPEDO "BLISTERS."

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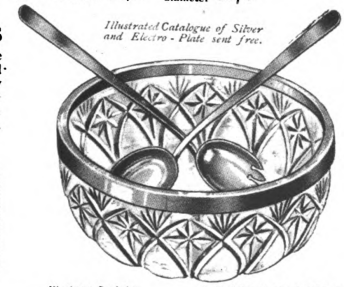
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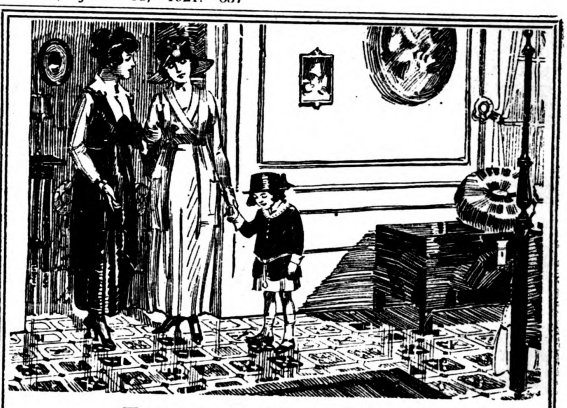
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Also PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE (a development of Player's Navy Cut). Packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz air-tight tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THE latest should be from Ascot, our great annual dress show. I cannot get it in time for this week's issue, but hope to give it next week, as I am going for at least two days. Trains from Waterloo are "napoo" for quiet folk; there will be a scrimmage for such accommodation as can be offered, and no pre-booking is allowed. The King and Queen have a house-party at Windsor Castle, of which, as I write, it is still hoped that the King and Queen of Spain will be members. Once upon a time I saw five Queens in the Royal Pavilion, and three Kings; that, however, was before the war. All that is wanted to make the week brilliant is fine, warm weather, and, to the disgust of farmers and gardeners, rain seems far off.

Secrets are always fascinating: that of the success of Harrods is particularly so, when it is disclosed in a beautifully illustrated and well-produced booklet such as has just been issued by that famous house. The author gives the secret away in the first paragraph. I will not divulge it, for the booklet is worth having, and will be sent to clients, or would-be clients, of that great firm on application. It tells all about Harrods, and the principal departments are fully illustrated in a most refined and elegant way. These beautifully printed pages provide a real romance—in these days one of the most thrilling kind of romances—the evolution of a mammoth business. The educational and recreative plans for Harrods' helpers are particularly interesting. "The Secret of Harrods" will be found real live and arresting reading.

Some of us go far afield for the best things to make the best of our hair, complexion, and teeth. It seems good in our sight to have French preparations, or some claiming to hail from the Himalayas, or the Steppes of Siberia, or some other odd corner of the world, while they probably never knew the outside of our own Metropolis. Then these foolish ones wake up to the facts, long proved, that old friends are best, and that nothing beats British, and go thankfully for Rowlands' Macassar Oil, to preserve and make soft and bright our hair; Rowlands' Kalydor, which makes and keeps the skin healthy, soft and fair; and Rowlands' Odonto, a marvellously good preparation to keep teeth white and strong, to arrest decay, and to make the breath fragrant and sweet. These preparations can be obtained at any chemist or stores, or from Rowlands, 112, Guilford Street, Grays Inn Road. The length of their services to the public, and the way it ever turns and returns to them, is the great guarantee of the efficiency of Rowlands' preparations.



A NEW OPERA CLOAK.

The pattern of the cloak is that of the rising sun, but its colour is midnight blue, and of jet at that. In utter contrast to its scintillating surface, the lining is of *mais* georgette, though of the same colour as the jet.

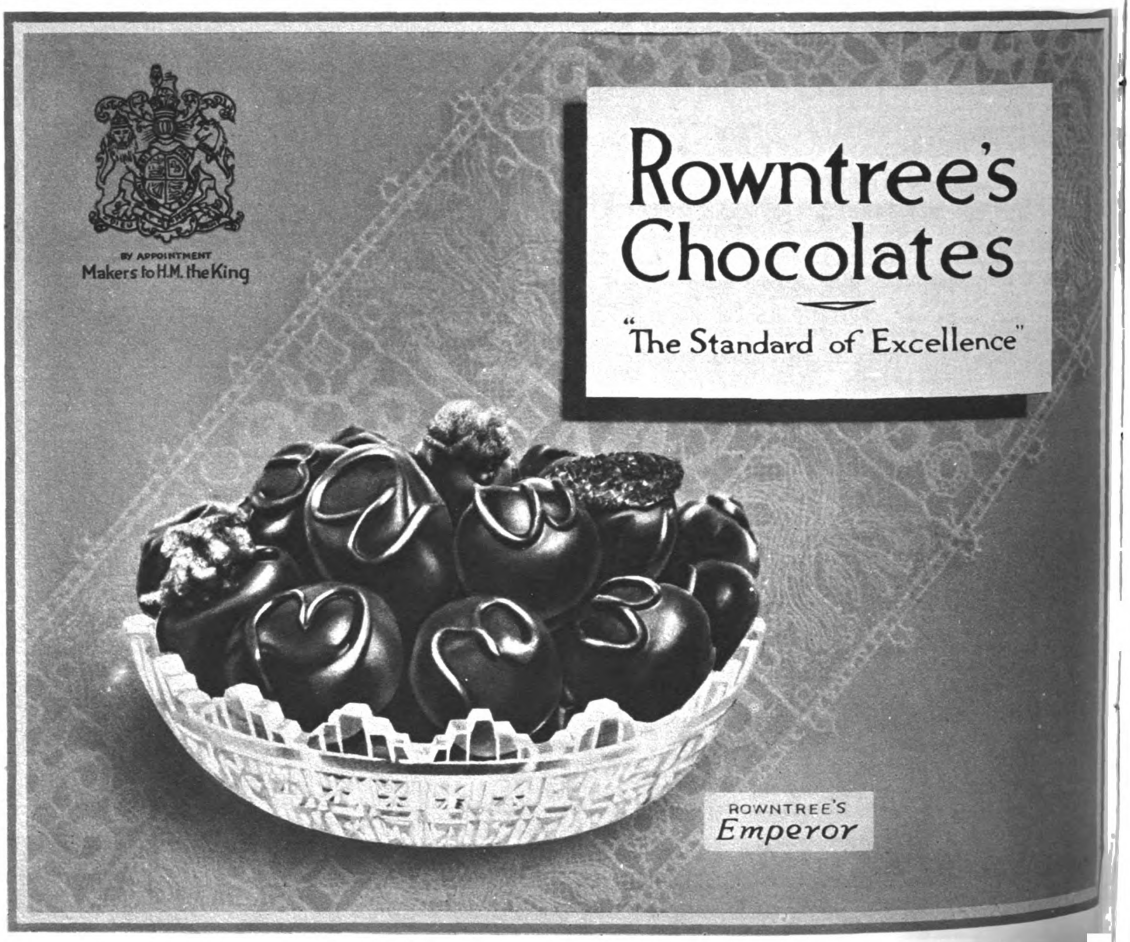
Photograph by Shepstone.

Exceptionally pretty were the deep, velvet-petalled crimson roses used for the decoration of the church and for the bridesmaids' bouquets at Miss Jean Hamilton's wedding to Mr. W. J. Buchanan Jardine. The bridesmaids' dresses were all white and silver. The bride is, on her mother's side, a great granddaughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish patriot, and his wife, "Pamela." She is a tall and very good-looking girl, and looked graceful and charming in her pretty bridal attire.

The engagements announced of late have been few, and still fewer are of first-rate interest. It would be unfair to blame directly the coal trouble for the slump in matrimonial fixtures which has undoubtedly occurred. Love is popularly believed to be a warm emotion and to create its own fires. Indirectly the coal dispute has affected the question of marriage for some, because of its grip on finance, and the uncertainty it has engendered about the future. What, however, has probably had the greatest part in causing a "slump" in weddings is the "boom" in divorces. Young men and young women, also those of middle age, who doubled up on the smallest provocation during the war are far more careful now. They have seen and are seeing so much of married-in-war divorced-in-peace that they decide that further marriages in peace shall be made with caution—as, in peace, couples see so very much more of each other.

Four weddings of general interest are, however, coming on. The first is that of the young American millionaire of nineteen, Mr. Leeds, who is to marry in London, probably at the chapel of the pre-war Russian Embassy, Princess Xenia of Russia, daughter of the late Grand Duke George and of the Grand Duchess George of Russia, who was the Greek Princess Marie, and Mr. Leeds' mother is now the wife of the Greek Prince Christopher, brother of the Grand Duchess George. There will be the wedding of Mr. Guy Benson, nephew of Sir George Holford and of Dowager Countess Grey, brother of Lady (Hereward) Wake, with Lady Elcho, widow of the late Lord Elcho, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland; also the wedding of his youngest brother, Captain Constantine Benson, to Lady Morvyth Ward, second daughter of the Earl of Dudley (this will, I am told, not take place until the autumn); and the fourth wedding to-be is that of Viscount Windsor and Lady Irene Corona Charteris, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, and sister-in-law of Lady Elcho. The Duke of Marlborough's wedding will probably be in Paris, and quiet, and the Hon. George Coventry's wedding with Miss Donne Phillips is to take place in Wales.

A. E. L.



Messrs. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON AND HODGE

Will hold the following Sales by Auction at their Large Galleries, 34 and 35, New Bond Street, W.1, each Sale (except where otherwise stated) commencing at 1 o'clock precisely.

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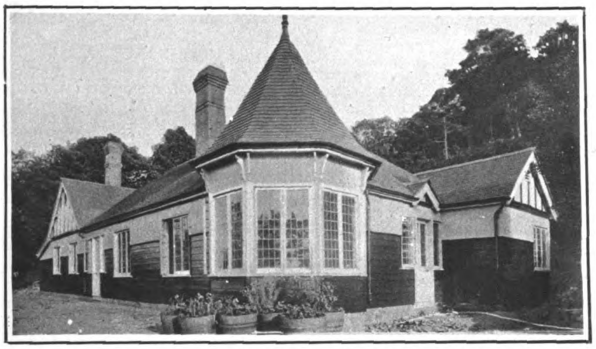
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25 for 1/11
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HORSE-SHOW JUMPING.—Continued from page 834.

been got moving sideways and slightly to the rear he will soon of himself go straight to the rear when asked. This lesson, when repeated a few times mounted, brings the horse back to his bridle when required, and counteracts the complete liberty of action he has otherwise acquired.

With the actual method of getting a horse to jump high obstacles I have not space to deal at length here, but, roughly explained, the Italian theory is that the rider can enormously help the horse by his position, and consequent distribution of weight in the saddle. I think I am safe in saying no practical horseman denies this theory, or its application to show-ring jumping. An examination of the illustrations will show the difference between the exaggerated show-ring seat, the Italian seat, and the English hunting seat. The exaggerated seat speaks for itself—it is simply an overdone copy of the Continental method. In the Italian seat (to be regarded now as the almost universal Continental seat), it will be observed that to help the horse to lift its quarters in clearing high obstacles, the saddle is placed rather forward. The seat of the rider does not touch the saddle, his weight (and grip) is forward at his knees, and his back is hollowed. The horse has only the lightest of pressure on its mouth—in fact, has almost complete liberty.

In the English hunting seat the weight is placed further back, and the man sits in the saddle. His weight is on his seat and his thighs, his grip at the knees. He leans slightly back when landing over a fence, and his hold on the reins is a trifle more decided. These two different styles have different objects in view. The show jumper has to negotiate certain obstacles, most of them high, which give on contact, and consequently must not be touched if prizes are to be won, though the danger from them is of no great moment. The ground he travels over is sound, and he is fresh and untired when he meets the obstacles. On the other hand, the hunter meets obstacles less alarming to look at, but more serious to negotiate. If he touches them lightly it is no matter, but if he hits them hard *he* falls, not the obstacle. He has many more jumps to negotiate, and the ground is anything from grass to bogland, varying also with the changes of the weather. Moreover, he is often tired as he comes to fences. Therefore a rider's weight carried *forward* must be detrimental to him when he lands in heavy ground, and most apt to convert a peck into a fall. It appears to me that the two seats are excellent for their respective purposes, but are neither applicable for universal use. Logically speaking, methods should be changed according to the purposes we propose to achieve.



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AT NEW ZEALAND'S CENOTAPH ON ANZAC DAY: A GREAT TRIBUTE OF WREATHS, INCLUDING ONE FROM THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN LONDON.

On Anzac Day (April 25), the anniversary of the Australian landing in Gallipoli, there was a great gathering around the Cenotaph in the Parliamentary grounds at Wellington, New Zealand. Impressive memorial services were held, and the people filed past the Cenotaph laying wreaths until a large mound of flowers was formed at its base.—[*Photograph by S. C. Smith.*]

"OUT TO WIN." AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

TORTURE-scenes always seem illegitimate in the theatre, whether their inventor is Sardou or some lesser luminary, and the scene of torture Messrs. Roland Pertwee and Dion Clayton Calthrop supply in their "crook" drama, "Out to Win," is no exception to the rule. Surely it is a queer taste that can get pleasurable excitement out of the spectacle of a man's being driven nearly mad by lack of food and sleep; that can enjoy the cruelty of brutes who, to wrest a secret from the poor wretch, stop his dozing by means of syrens, tantalise him with accounts of delicate dishes and wines they are sampling while he starves, and only keep him alive on crumbs of bread and drops of water so that he may go on suffering. Apart from this, and the introduction of a bogus clergyman and two Bill-Sikes-looking spies, and a motor-car chase of the Drury Lane type, Messrs. Pertwee and Calthrop's drama of would-be thrills turns largely on the competition between two groups of financiers—one group fiendishly criminal—to secure a secret concerned with radium; and it must be said that, even on its own plane of sensationalism, it does not hold a candle to "Bull-Dog Drummond." Mr. George Tully acts the parts of the hero and the tortured double cleverly enough. Mr. C. V. France and Mr. James Carew present real contrasts in villainy. Mr. Fred Lewis, Miss Hilda Bayley, and Miss Edith Evans are also in the cast.



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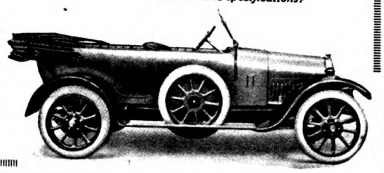
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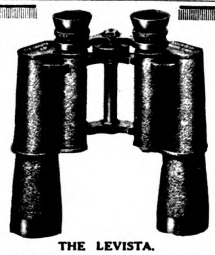
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The Cigar with a distinctive flavour

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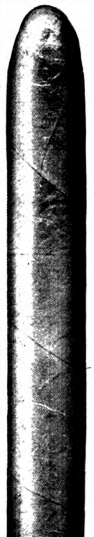
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SAMPLES OF 5 FOR 3/-

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Exact size of Imperial No. 3

C5.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Trial of the Lanchester "Forty."

Whatever may be the opinion of the individual in the matter of which is the world's "best" car—if there can truly be said to be such a car to-day—I doubt if there is anyone who would deny the Lanchester in its latest expression very high rank among, let us say, the first five or six. I know there is much room for the personal equation in judging this question. One will hold that a particular car has no equal, while another pitches his choice upon a different vehicle among the group which includes those aspiring to be known as "best." This simply means that it is to some extent a matter of controversy, and I, with certain recent correspondence on this very subject in mind, decline to be drawn into argument. But this I can say with perfect safety—that the Lanchester "forty" is well up in front, and that any car which claims to be better, or even as good, must be excellent indeed. These reflections are simply the result of a recent test which I made of this very fine car, the trial extending to some 200 miles in Surrey and Sussex—not a very severe test, it is true, but one which was quite enough to enable me to take a line through comparative performance.



ROUNDING THE FIRST "HAIR-PIN" CORNER ON BOX HILL: OUR "CHRONICLER'S" TEST OF A LANCHESTER "FORTY."

The first real test was the climbing of Box Hill. Any reasonably efficient car will climb this hill at a good speed, but in the case of the Lanchester we surmounted the whole gradient on top speed, accelerating all the way up. There are cars which will do the same, but I do not know one that will do what the Lanchester did. At the second hairpin corner we just failed to get round, and had to bring the car to a standstill and drop back a few feet in order to clear the bank on the near side. After straightening out, the car picked up with perfect smoothness without a change of gear, and accelerated to 45 m.p.h. on the stiffly rising gradient. This I regard as being a very fine performance indeed, the more so as it was certainly not due to the car being undergeared, for on a favourable stretch of level road she proved capable of a speed of over 70 m.p.h. The engine pulled wonderfully well and was quiet at all speeds, while the epicyclic gears are as quiet on the lower speeds as on top. Incidentally, one test to which the car was put was the engagement of the reverse gear while we were travelling at 40 m.p.h. I need not say what would have happened to the conventional gear-box in such case, supposing it were possible to engage the reverse; but the Lanchester epicyclic gears permit of this kind of thing being done. The rest of the trial simply consisted of an ordinary touring run down to the coast, during which the car ran most satisfactorily, and behaved like the aristocrat it is. I formed a highly favourable impression of its general running, with particular reference to silence and ease of control.

The Efficiency of the Small Motor.

It is rather interesting to speculate upon the ultimate point which will be reached by the designers of the small engines which have been called into being by the taxation formula adopted by the Treasury. When this formula was first introduced it was laughed at as being utterly futile for power-rating purposes, since it took no account of piston stroke and rated all engines having a similar cylinder diameter as being equal in power output, which is, of course, absurd. When the Treasury adopted it, the natural consequence was that designers began to pay attention to securing high efficiency from small-bore engines running at high speed, and they seem to have succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of the automobile engineer of ten years ago. Whether the limit has been reached I do not pretend to say, though it seems on the face of it impossible to get more out of these little engines than is being obtained now, as witness the records recently set up by Hawker, of cross-Atlantic flying fame. Driving an A.C. at Brooklands, he covered a flying half-mile at the astonishing speed of 105·14 m.p.h., and this with an engine of 69-by-100 mm. bore and stroke, rated by the Treasury formula at 11·9 h.p.! I do not know the brake horse-power output of this engine of Hawker's, but it is certainly somewhat higher than its rating! And yet I understand that the makers

[Continued overleaf.



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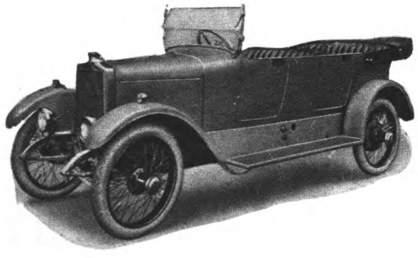
TALBOT

The Aristocrat of Medium-Powered Cars

"The Motor," Feb. 2nd, 1921, says:—"In brief, this new 15-h.p. TALBOT, while possessing all the good features which built up such an excellent name for its prototype, is a much refined and greatly improved edition. It should attain a position among modern cars similar to that held by the old 15 h.p. model — one of greatly respected repute."

THE NEW "FIFTEEN," which has been so well received by the motoring Press, has been fittingly named "The Aristocrat of Medium-Powered Cars," and is, both from the point of view of design, efficiency and finish, one of the finest products of the famous Clement-Talbot factories.

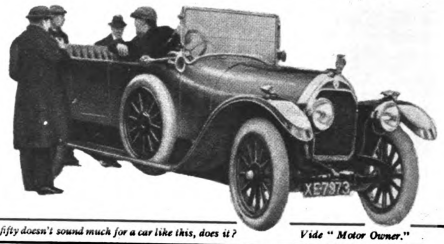
Write for particulars of the 25 h.p. model, so successful last season, the petrol consumption of which, under touring conditions, averages 18/21 m.p.g., and is renowned for its reliability, durability and achievements. *Any Car taken in part payment for the 25 h.p. or 36 h.p. models.*



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Seven-fifty doesn't sound much for a car like this, does it? *Vide "Motor Owner."*

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Press Opinions:

*"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?" "**Daily Dispatch**," Nov. 4th, 1920. . . . . "After the most exhaustive examination into the relative '**VALUE-FOR-MONEY**' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16-h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing '**VALUE-FOR-MONEY**.' . . . . ." W. H. Berry.*

*The same writer states in the "**Evening Standard**," March 4th, 1921. . . . . "After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."*

*"It is a very obvious '**VALUE - FOR - MONEY**' car." "**Field**," March 19th, 1921.*

*"It is no exaggeration to say that the Talbot-Darracq is the best '**VALUE-FOR MONEY**' offer we have met with in the motoring world during many years of experience at home and abroad." "**Financial News**," December 8th, 1920.*

Specification:—16-h.p. Chassis, complete with C.A.V. Lighting and Starting, Five Lamps, Clock, Speedometer, Four Speed Gear-Box, Cantilever Suspension, Five Wheels and Tyres **£550**
"READY FOR THE ROAD" in the fullest sense of the phrase, and mounted with the finest quality English coach-built body.

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Continued.]

of another light car are not at all unhopeful of even bettering this wonderful record; so that it would seem we have not reached the limit of the capabilities of the 1500 c.c. motor.

A Novel Use for a Car.

The motor-car seems to have rendered good service in many directions during the present shortage of coal. The Wolseley Company have sent me a letter from the owners of a Stellite, in which the latter say that "in the present coal crisis it has been of great benefit to us. Being unable to secure enough coal, we looked round for ways and means of keeping some of our printing presses going, and thought we would like to experiment to see if the Stellite car would do the work. It was somewhat difficult to arrange things, as it was impossible to get the car in our press room. Moreover, the drive having to go through a door, it was only possible to place the driving belt on one of the back wheels. This little car has done really wonderful work, having driven four presses for the past fortnight. It has gone along splendidly from 8 in the morning until 5.30 p.m., with only ¾ hour rest during the day, and on two occasions the running time has been from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m., with a break of three-quarters of an hour at midday and an hour at 5.30."

The "Slump" in Motoring.

One hears a great deal about the slump in motoring just now, but it is difficult to believe in it when the A.A. announces that its membership has recently risen to over 160,000, and is still growing. I believe this figure shows that the membership has just about doubled since the end of the war.—W. W.

LORD DUNSANY'S "IF," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

EVERY man, Lord Dunsany seems to suggest in his quaint stage-parable, "If," has a core of romance in his heart which might burst into flame but for the taming influence of woman, and most of us are fain to believe that but for some hampering circumstance we might have been heroes of great adventures. This, at all events, looks like the idea at the back of what is on the whole a most entertaining and spirited piece of fantasy, with a Cockney clerk for hero, and a magic crystal to serve in place of the famous carpet as the vehicle for whirling him into an Arabian Nights atmosphere. The actors do the author good service. There is plenty of drollery in Mr. Ainley's personations, and even more sense of character and exhibition of temperament in Miss Gladys Cooper's portraits of Miraldа.

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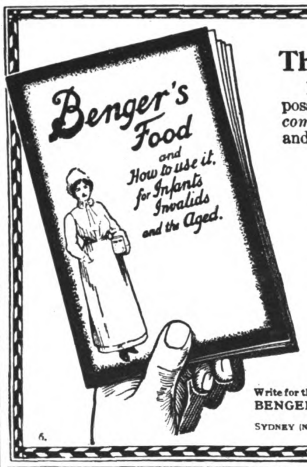
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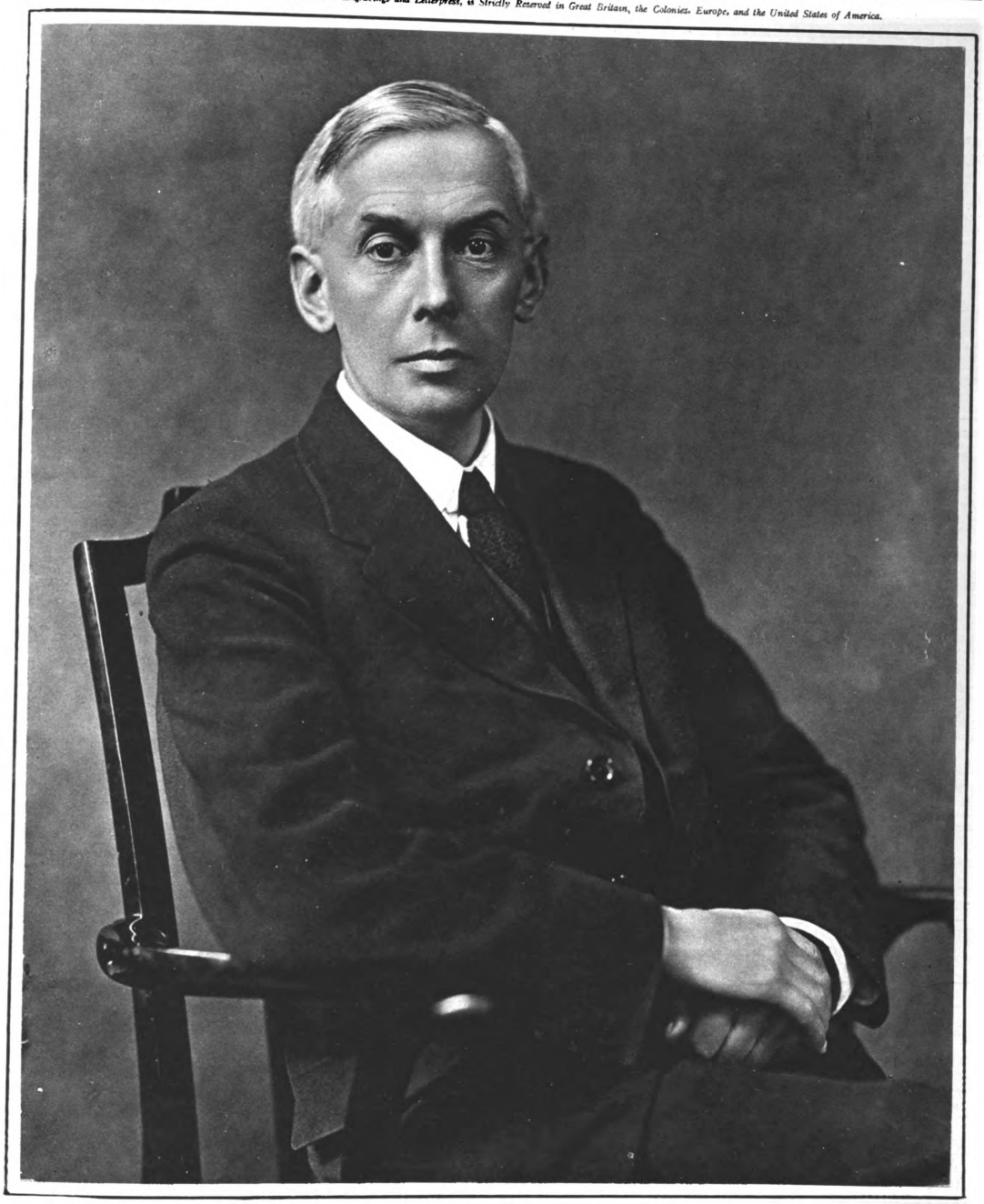
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1921.

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A POLITICAL "BONE OF CONTENTION": THE RIGHT HON. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON, M.P., M.D., P.C., WHOSE APPOINTMENT AND SALARY AS MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO HAVE BEEN DEBATED.

The Prime Minister fixed Thursday, June 23, to open a debate in the House of Commons on Dr. Addison's appointment as Minister without Portfolio, at a salary of £5000 a year, which has been the subject of much controversy. It may be recalled that Dr. Addison was appointed to the post on April 1, after he vacated the Ministry of Health. A few days before the debate in the House it was reported that he had resigned, but he at once denied the report, stating that he did not intend to resign unless desired to do so by the Premier. The matter has been associated with the manifesto signed by about 170 supporters of the Government in Parliament, threatening opposition to expenditure not authorised by the House. To show that there is no personal animus against Dr. Addison, a dinner in his honour is to be given on June 29, with Lord Carson in the chair. Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, M.P., has pointed out that during the nineteenth century there were only three Ministers without Portfolio—Lord Lansdowne (1855-8), Lord Carlisle, and the Duke of Wellington—none of whom received a salary.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

EVERYBODY has noticed by now that the top-hat has again come into fashion. Probably I was the very last person who noticed it. Almost certainly I shall be the very last person to wear it. My interest in it at the moment is of a historical sort, like the interest in a Grecian helmet or a mediæval mitre. For the almost abrupt reappearance of the hat is almost like the resurrection of the old generation. It is as if the hat acted as a wishing-cap and wafted us back into the Victorian Age—always supposing, of course, that we do wish to be wafted back into the Victorian Age, about which there is a great deal to be said on both sides. In any case there does seem something almost magical about so complete a symbol. We feel that Victorian side-whiskers might suddenly grow on the gentleman who is so rash as to put on the Victorian hat. Perhaps it will be but the beginning of the gradual rebuilding of some elaborate and forgotten Victorian costume. We repeat, more truly than we generally realise, that the need of the present moment is in the word reconstruction. Perhaps we shall gradually reconstruct peg-top trousers or Piccadilly weepers. Perhaps the fashions might for convenience be combined. Possibly the whiskers may be sold with the hat; artificially attached to the hat. Possibly not.

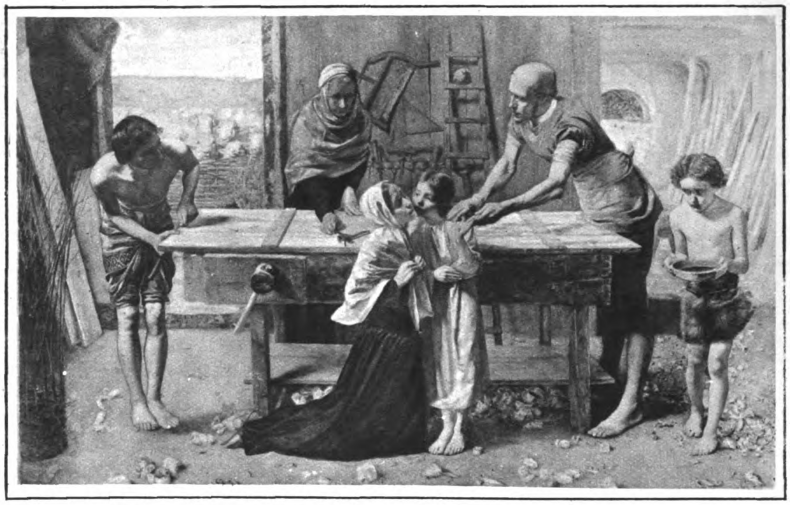
But the top-hat is a historical symbol in a much more serious sense. It is a historical symbol especially in this rather singular fact—that it seems to us like something at once formal and familiar, but it is really something highly fantastic. It is an extraordinary thing which we have all come to regard as ordinary. It is an extravagance, in every sense of the word, which we have yet come to regard as a sign of respectability, in the most tame and even timid sense of the word. Considered in the light of eternity, considered under the clear sky of the abstract, it is one of the most amazing erections that ever rose towards the stars. It is to be classed with the monstrous mitres of the ancient Persians, with the bull's horns and eagle's wings on the heads of the gigantic barbarians, with the strange spires on the heads of ladies in the last riot of the Middle Ages; in none of these fantastic fashions has a more insolent horn been exalted. And it differs from all of them in one entirely new audacity, one might say, in an artistic sense, one atrocity. Most of the others point inwards like a pyramid; but this actually leans outward like a precipice. It may truly be called a top hat in the sense of a toppling hat; and it is toppling because it is top-heavy.

And in this curious combination, of being fantastic as a fact but familiar as a fashion, it is really a historical summary of the Victorian Age. The peculiarity of the period in which most of us were born, and in which certainly most of the modern tendencies were born, was that it really had a sensation of comfort, and yet it was really in a situation of crisis. It had a sincere belief in ordinary things, but it was in itself a rather extraordinary thing. It was doing a number of things that had never been done before, and which it was by no means certain could be done at all; but the attempt had lasted long enough for men to grow accustomed to the attempt as if it were an achievement. Just as getting inside a top hat reminds us of getting inside a comfortable house, like the houses of our fathers and uncles, so using the political and scientific language of the nineteenth century gives us the illusion of dealing with something steady and safe. But, as a matter of fact, that experiment was not even altogether steady, and it was certainly the very reverse of safe.

The most obvious example, of course, was turning England into "the workshop of the world," or, in other words, making nothing but tenpenny nails, in the hope of being always able to exchange them for twopenny loaves. It is obvious that, in driving ahead with industrial development, and producing great populations without producing the food to support them, the English were treating their economic theories rather in a spirit of fanatical faith than ordinary prudence. The Englishman was like an eccentric gentleman who should be very careful to wind up all his clocks, or keep all his pocket-knives in his pocket, or see that all the knives and forks were carefully locked up, while he had left his lunch in an open field, or his loaf or leg of mutton at the top of a tree. The Englishman has left his loaf in the Argentine Republic, and his leg of mutton in the Australian Continent. The balance of argument might be in favour of his action, but it must always have been obvious, surely, that he was running a great risk. If he were cut off from these things he would die; unless, by that evolutionary principle of adaptation to environment (to which he was so earnestly attached), he could develop the faculty of eating clocks and pocket-knives.

There is something amusing about the old meaning of the word Free Trader. For a Free Trader used to mean a smuggler. There is something pleasing about the picture of all those men with top-hats and side-whiskers rolling kegs of rum into a romantic cave. There is something very satisfactory about the image of John Bright in a red cap with pistols at his belt, or Cobden swaggering in sea boots with a cutlass in his teeth. But in sober truth the red cap would be even more appropriate than the top hat. The Free Traders really were quite as reckless, and therefore as romantic, as the smugglers. They were really running a risk and running it for an ideal which was a sort of romance. They did propose, in that sense, to turn our island into a sort of pirate ship, provisioned only with pikes and knives, or at least only with iron and steel; and trusting to pick up their rations from other ships, not indeed by fighting, but by bargaining, which might be almost as uncertain as fighting. Whether they were right or wrong, it is extraordinary that anybody should have regarded them as merely humdrum and prosaic. Their whole political theory was poised on the edge of a precipice, a precipice that leaned outwards, like the silhouette of their symbolical top-hat.

This is only one example; but in everything they had the same strange combination of consciousness of their own comfort with unconsciousness of their own audacity. And half the pressing problems of our own time arise from our inheritance of this paradox. We cannot realise that industrialism was a crisis, because it is just old enough for us to have accepted it as a convention. We talk of our own time as being full of "unrest," as if the time of our immediate fathers had been one of rest. But in truth it was never rest, even when it was regarded as progress. It was not a rest but rather a race. It was a race of competition, of commercial adventures, of scientific inventions, and one which was run not only boldly but blindly; by men who shut their eyes to all the other realities—to agriculture, to art, to religion, to the romance of living. But above all they shut their eyes to the one thing which demanded most attention in a democracy, or anything attempting to be a democracy. They shut their eyes to the distribution as distinct from the accumulation of the wealth. They said that Birmingham was growing richer when they meant that one man in Birmingham was growing richer, and ten men were growing poorer. They would not see that their machine of capitalism was not creating capitalists but proletarians, was not making merchants but beggars. This sort of blind logic had its sublime side. The Spartan discipline, the Spanish Inquisition, the Terror in the French Revolution, were founded on certain ideas and are quite capable of defence. But the defence always had in it something of defiance. Anybody who inherited a régime of that sort, and imagined that it had been a normal régime, would be puzzled by the reactions against it. That is what is puzzling so many people to-day. They imagine that the capitalism of the nineteenth century was a natural and ordinary thing, and they cannot understand the revolt against that condition. It was not a condition; it was a crisis. It was an experiment, and apparently an experiment that has failed. We may differ from this or that solution, as I differ from the ordinary Socialist solution; but the vital thing to realise is that nineteenth century industrialism was not normal at all. We might as well suggest that everybody from Adam to Adam Smith must have worn a top-hat.



TO GO TO AUSTRALIA UNLESS TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS CAN BE FOUND: MILLAIS'S FAMOUS MASTERPIECE, "CHRIST IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP," NOW IN THE TATE GALLERY.

Millais's famous masterpiece has been hanging in the Tate Gallery for ten years, but it was only on loan, and the owners have now had an offer for it. Unless 10,000 guineas can be found, at which price the Tate Gallery authorities hold an option until July 18, the picture will be sold to the Melbourne Gallery, Australia. The National Gallery have made a special grant of £1000; the Tate Gallery have offered £750, and the executive of the National Art Collections Fund have decided to contribute £2500. Further subscriptions are invited by the Secretary, National Art Collections Fund, Hertford House, Manchester Square, W.1. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the Fund, which has done so much in saving other masterpieces for the nation, will again be successful. The picture was painted in 1850, and represents the Pre-Raphaelite movement in its early enthusiasm. Its realism was disparaged then, even by such a realist as Dickens. [*Photograph by Courtesy of the National Art Collections Fund.*]

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

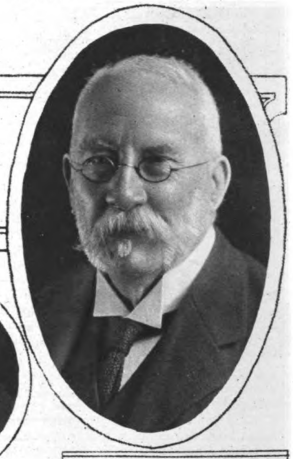
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, E. PIRON, PHOTOPRESS, VANDYK, AND S. H. WOOD (DARLINGTON).



AWARDED THE ALBERT MEDAL: PROF. JOHN AMBROSE FLEMING, F.R.S.



A FAMOUS DESIGNER DEAD: MR. CLAUD LOVAT FRASER.



A WELL-KNOWN COLLIERY OWNER DEAD: SIR THOMAS WRIGHTSON.



A WOMAN WRANGLER AT CAMBRIDGE: MISS M. J. LANFEAR.



A WOMAN WRANGLER AT CAMBRIDGE: MISS S. E. B. SMALE.



NEW GENERAL MANAGER OF THE G.W.R.: MR. FELIX POLE.



A DANISH ROYAL WEDDING: PRINCESS MARGRETHE AND PRINCE RENÉ OF BOURBON SURROUNDED BY THEIR WEDDING GUESTS.



A NAVAL APPOINTMENT: ADMIRAL FITZMAURICE.



FOUND BURIED IN A GARDEN MR. WILLIAM GOURLAY.



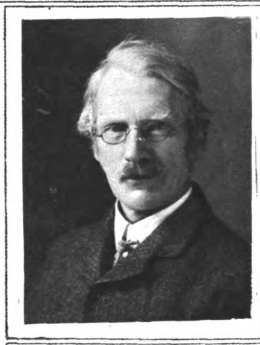
HONOURED BY OXFORD: THE DUC DE BROGLIE.



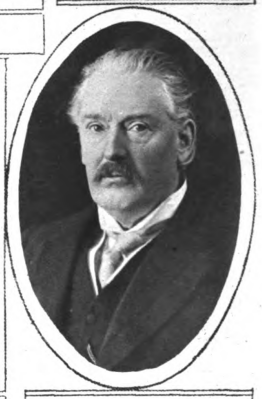
AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL: SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A.



ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT: ADMIRAL SUETER.



A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR DEAD: MR. W. WARDE FOWLER.



AN EX-LORD MAYOR DEAD: SIR ALFRED NEWTON, BT.

The Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts for 1921 has been awarded to Professor J. A. Fleming, in recognition of his many valuable contributions to electrical science and its applications, and especially of his original invention of the Thermionic Valve, now so largely employed in wireless telegraphy. Mr. Claud Lovat Fraser, who has just died after an operation, made a great name as a designer, particularly for the stage. He was only thirty-one. Sir Thomas Wrightson, Bt., who has also died, was a notable captain of industry, and the author of a new theory of hearing. For upwards of thirty years he was closely identified with the public life of Stockton and Thornaby. Mr. Felix J. C. Pole, who has been appointed General Manager of the Great Western Railway, entered the service as a clerk. He is only forty-four. Rear-Admiral Maurice Fitzmaurice has been appointed Director of the Naval Intelligence Division of the Admiralty. The Duc de Broglie, a distinguished French physicist, has been granted an honorary degree of Doctor by Oxford University. During the war he represented France on the Admiralty Board of Inventions and Research. Admiral Sueter has been elected to Parliament for Hertford as an independent "Anti-Waste" Member. Sir Alfred Newton, Bt., died in his motor-car outside Harrods' Stores, of which he was Chairman. He founded the C.I.V.'s when Lord Mayor of London in 1900. The large wedding group in the centre of the page is that of Princess Margrethe of Denmark and Prince René of Bourbon, which took place on June 9, at Copenhagen.

THE GREAT LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT WIMBLEDON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, PRESS PICTURES, I.C., ALFIERI



WIMBLEDON NOTABILITIES: 1. DR. A. H. FYZEE (INDIA); 2. T. M. MAVROGORDATO; 3. F. T. HUNTER (U.S.A.); 4. A. J. GERBAULT; 5. MRS. BEAM... 13. C. P. DIXON; 14. Z. SHIMIDZU (JAPAN); 15. MISS RYAN (U.S.A.); 16. MRS. SATTERTHWAITE; 17. A. E. BEAMISH; 18. MRS. McNAIR; 19. A. H. L... 24. R. LYCETT; 25. MANUEL ALONZO; 26. MLLE. LENGLEN.

The World's Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting, the forty-first of the series, opened at Wimbledon on Monday, June 20. It may be the last meeting held on the present ground in Worple Road, for a new ground is being prepared in Wimbledon Park, to be used next year or the year after. The fortnight's events began with the first round of the Men's Singles. One of the most interesting matches was that in which Colonel Kingscote (fancied as challenger to Mr. W. T. Tilden, the present champion) beat Mr. F. M. L...

WIMBLEDON: PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THE 41ST CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

ALFIERI, C.N., PHOTOPRESS, AND WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

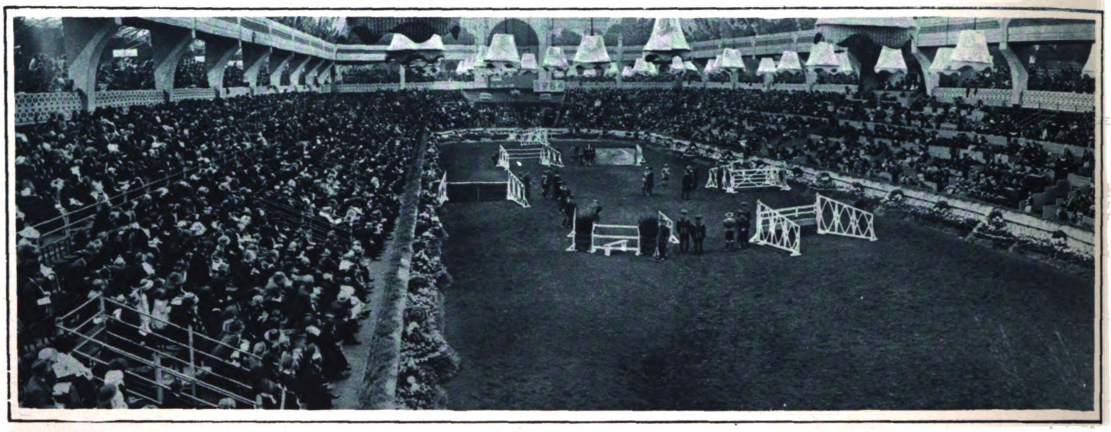


P. M. DAVSON; 7. W. H. LAURENTZ; 8. MISS K. McKANE; 9. ARNOLD JONES (U.S.A.); 10. F. G. LOWE; 11. A. W. GORE; 12. H. ROPER BARRETT; . W. T. TILDEN (U.S.A., WORLD'S CHAMPION); 21. MAX WOOSNAM; 22. MRS. MALLORY (U.S.A. LADY CHAMPION); 23. COL. A. R. F. KINGSCOTE; HAMPION OF THE WORLD); 27. A. H. GOBERT; 28. F. M. B. FISHER.

Fisher. Others who survived were Dr. A. H. Fyzee, the Indian; Mr. Z. Shimidzu, of Japan; and Señor Manuel Alonzo, the Spanish champion. Mr. Arnold Jones, who is only seventeen, is the boy champion of the United States. There was a large number of entries—128 in the men's singles, 64 pairs in men's doubles and mixed doubles, 56 in the women's singles, and 23 pairs in the women's doubles.

THE HORSE SHOW; AND OTHER EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESSELS, TOPICAL, I.B., AND L.N.A.



SET FOR THE COMPETITION FOR THE KING GEORGE V. CUP IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING: THE ARENA OF THE HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA, WITH THE ROYAL PARTY UNDER THE BIG CANOPY IN THE CENTRE ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE.



THE FIRST BRITISH WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP FOR OFFICERS: LIEUT.-COL. GEOFFREY BROOKE ON "COMBINED TRAINING."



IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE HORSE SHOW: LEFT TO RIGHT, PRINCESS MARY (THIRD FROM LEFT), THE KING, THE KING OF SPAIN, AND THE QUEEN.



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF A CROWDED CITY DURING DAYLIGHT: BELFAST AT CURFEW TIME.

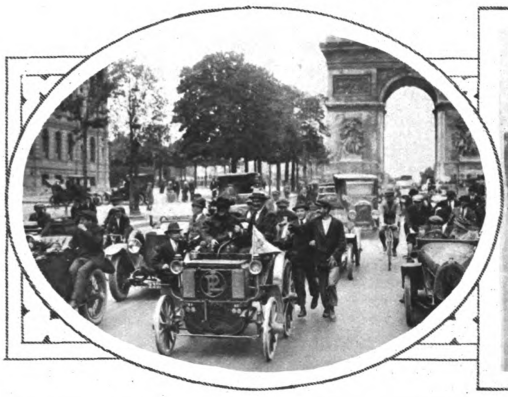


A COLORADO TOWN THAT WAS SWEPT BY FLOODS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION IN THE MAIN STREET OF PUEBLO.

The International Horse Show opened at Olympia on Saturday, June 18, and on Monday, the 21st, the King was present at a gala performance to watch the jumping for the King George V. Gold Cup for international jumping by Army officers. For the first time in its history the Cup was won by a British officer, Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Brooke, 16th Lancers, on "Combined Training." Colonel Brooke was reported killed during the March retreat in 1918, and "Combined Training" was with him in France and won jumping prizes at horse shows held "behind the line."——The bottom picture on the left-hand side shows Castle Junction, the leading thoroughfare of Belfast, at curfew time on the eve of the royal visit.—— The picture on the right-hand side at the bottom shows havoc in the town of Pueblo, Colorado, which was almost totally destroyed, with great loss of life, by a cloud-burst, accompanied by the bursting of two great dams.

TOPICALITIES OF THE WEEK: NOTABLE INCIDENTS AND OCCASIONS.

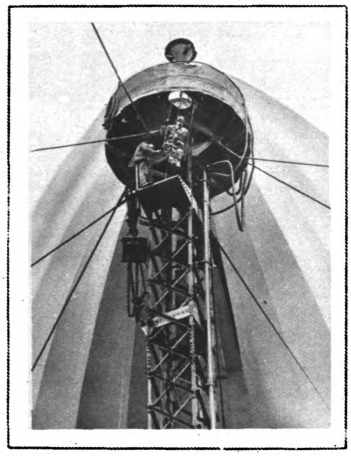
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY "EXCELSIOR," C.N., I.B., L.N.A., AND FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.



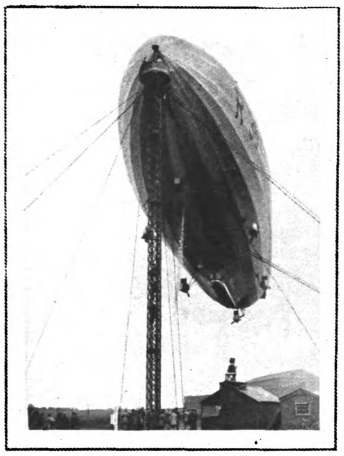
THE FIRST MOTOR-CAR BUILT IN 1891 TO PLY IN PARIS: THE ABBÉ GAVOIS' "L'ANCÊTRE," WITH AN ESCORT OF MODERN CARS.



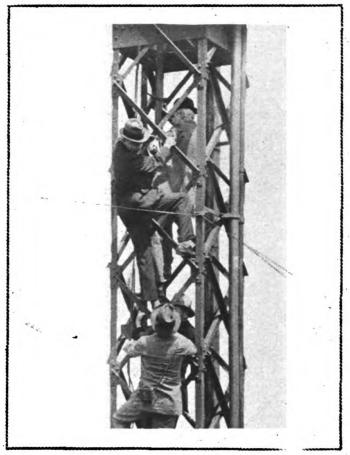
ROYAL POLO PLAYERS: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND KING ALFONSO (RIGHT) READY FOR A MATCH AT ROEHAMPTON.



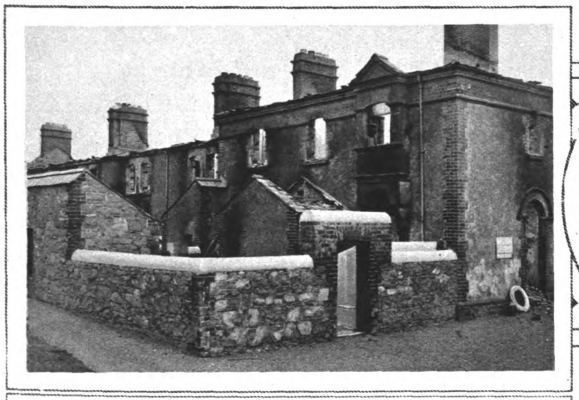
M.P.'S EMBARK FOR A TRIP IN "R 36": CLIMBING IN AT THE TOP OF THE MOORING-MAST.



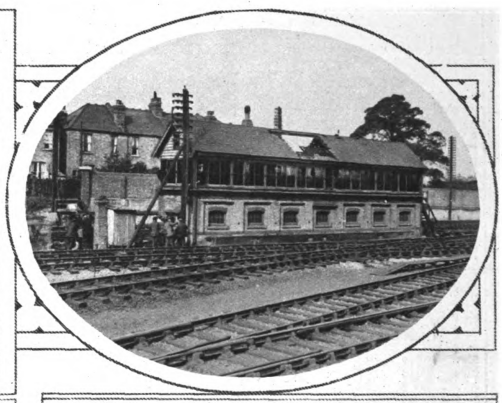
SHOWING PASSENGER M.P.'S CLIMBING THE LADDER INSIDE THE MOORING-MAST: "R 36" AT PULHAM.



WITH VENTURESOME SPIRITS OUTSIDE: M.P.'S CLIMBING THE MOORING-MAST OF "R 36."



THE OUTRAGES AT IRISH COASTGUARD STATIONS: BURNT-OUT RUINS AT MALAHIDE, ONE OF SEVEN ATTACKED.



SINN FEIN ATTACKS ON LONDON SIGNAL-BOXES: THE BOX AT BARKING AFTER THE FIRE, SHOWING THE DAMAGED ROOF.

The first motor-car, built in 1891, to appear in the streets of Paris, known as "L'Ancêtre" (the Ancestor) recently entered the Porte Maillot and passed along the Avenue des Champs Elysées, escorted by modern cars. Its owner, the Abbé Gavois (seen at the wheel), arranged to sell it for the benefit of priests in the devastated areas ruined by the war.——The Prince of Wales and the King of Spain played in a polo match, Rugby v. Roehampton, at Roehampton, on June 18. The Prince played for Rugby and King Alfonso on the other side. Rugby won by 4 goals to 3.——A party of about fifty M.P.'s went for an hour's trip in the airship "R 36," at the invitation of the Air Ministry, on June 17, from Pulham. The first to climb the mooring-mast was Capt. J. B. Watson, followed by Mr. G. H. Roberts and Sir H. J. Mackinder. One Member came down when half-way up, but the rest embarked safely. They flew over Lowestoft and Great Yarmouth.——Seven Irish Coastguard Stations—at Malahide, Skerries, Lough Shinny, Portmarnock, Donabate, Rush, and Rogerstown, Co. Dublin, were set on fire in the early hours of June 18.——On the night of June 16, Sinn Feiners attacked a number of London railway signal-boxes.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" IN AN OXFORD GARDEN; AND POLO IN BRONZE.

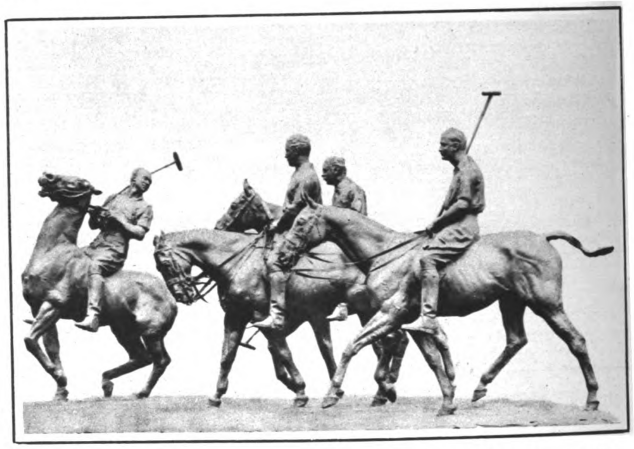
TOP PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS (OXFORD); THE REST BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. AGNEW.



"TELL ME WHY YOU . . . BADE ME COME SMILING AND CROSS-GARTERED TO YOU": MALVOLIO AND OLIVIA IN THE O.U.D.S. OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF "TWELFTH NIGHT" AT OXFORD.



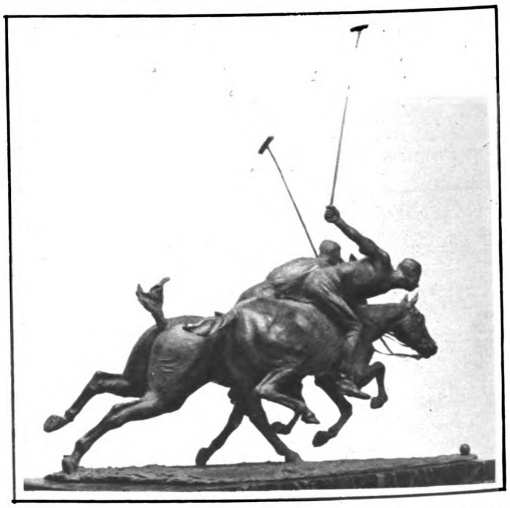
PERPETUATING THE VIGOUR OF THE GAME IN BRONZE: A GROUP ENTITLED "POLO," SHOWING A PHASE OF "RIDING OFF."



THE AMERICAN "BIG FOUR" OF 1909: THE MEADOW BROOK TEAM WHICH BEAT ENGLAND—MESSRS. L. WATERBURY, M. WATERBURY, H. P. WHITNEY, AND D. MILBURN.



AN INTERNATIONAL POLO PONY: ANOTHER INTERESTING STUDY IN BRONZE, SHOWING THE POINTS OF A FAMOUS MOUNT.



RIDING OFF: A STRIKING POLO STUDY WHICH RECEIVED HONOURABLE MENTION AT THE PARIS SALON IN 1906.

The O.U.D.S. (Oxford University Dramatic Society) gave a delightful afternoon performance of "Twelfth Night" in the gardens of Wadham on June 18. Olivia (left) was played by Miss Kitty Ashton, Viola (right) by Miss Laura Cowie, and Malvolio (centre) by Mr. G. W. Sich, of Magdalen.——The portraits and groups of horses in bronze by Mr. Herbert Haseltine, which are being exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries, Old Bond Street, are exceptionally interesting just now in view of the International Polo Tests at Hurlingham. Moreover, the proceeds of the Exhibition, to which the price of admission is only one shilling, will be devoted to the Marchioness of Carisbrooke's "Totally Disabled Soldiers' Embroidery Industry." Mr. Haseltine was with the American Embassy in Paris during the early stages of the war, and when America came in he joined the American Army, and was one of the first organisers of the camouflage section. He has exhibited at the Academy, the Salon, and several international exhibitions, and executed bronzes for the late King Edward and the King of Spain.

ROYALTY AT HURLINGHAM: THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE POLO TEST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., AND VANDYK.



HEADED BY A SCOUT CARRYING THE UNION JACK: THE ENGLISH PONIES PARADING BEFORE THE START.



HEADED BY A SCOUT CARRYING THE STARS AND STRIPES: THE AMERICAN PONIES PARADING BEFORE THE START.



SHOWING THE KING AND QUEEN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND KING ALFONSO IN THE FRONT ROW: THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCH.



TWO ROYAL POLO-PLAYERS CHATTING WITH THE TEAMS: KING ALFONSO (LEFT) AND THE PRINCE OF WALES (WITH MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT).



THE "VISITORS" INTRODUCED TO THE KING BEFORE THE MATCH: HIS MAJESTY TALKING TO MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN TEAM.

The defeat of England by America in the Polo Test Match, at Hurlingham on June 18, was watched by the King and Queen, with many other royalties, and a great gathering of society. In the middle photograph, in the front row, from left to right, are seen the Prince of Wales (second from left), the King (fourth), Queen Alexandra, the King of Spain, and Queen Mary. Behind the Prince of Wales is the American Ambassador, Colonel George Harvey, between Princess Mary (at the left end of the second row) and Princess Victoria. Behind the King is the Princess Royal. Other members of the Royal Family present were Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, Princess Beatrice, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, and Lady Patricia Ramsay. King Manoel was also there, with Queen Augusta Victoria. Both the teams were presented to the King before the match, and King Alfonso and the Prince of Wales, themselves keen polo-players, had much to say to them. A double-page of photographs illustrating the match in progress appears in this number.

A GREAT POLO CONTEST BEFORE 10,000 SPECTATO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., KEYSTONE



ENGLAND SCORES: ONE OF OUR FOUR GOALS DURING THE MATCH, OF WHICH LIEUT.-COL. TOMKINSON (NO. 1) WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THREE, AND MAJOR BARRETT (NO. 2) FOR THE FOURTH.



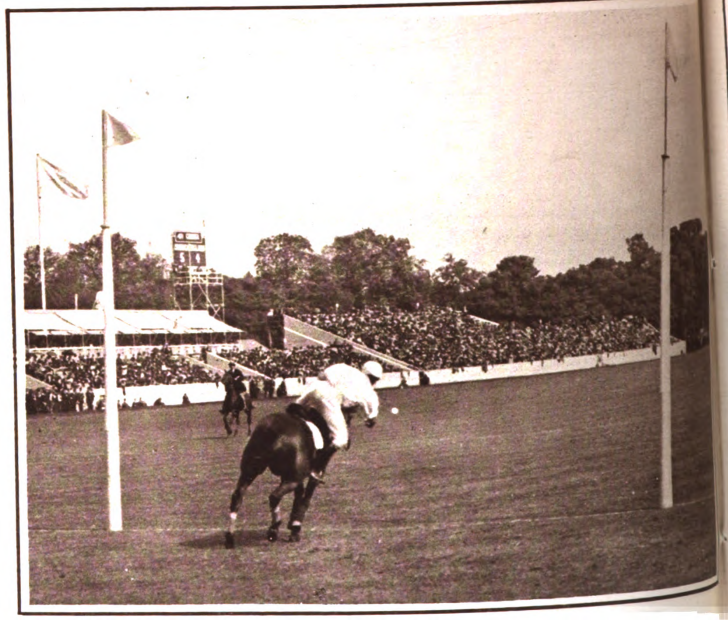
PLAY IN MID-FIELD: A



A RUN UP THE FIELD: A PHOTOGRAPH FULL OF MOVEMENT, GIVING A VERY GOOD GENERAL IMPRESSION OF FAST PLAY.



IN THE MOUTH OF THE GOAL: A SNAPSHOT OF THE BALL BETWEEN THE POSTS.



THE WONDERFUL SAVE BY MILBURN: THE GOAL WHICH ENGLAND CLAIMED BUT WAS NOT ALLOWED.

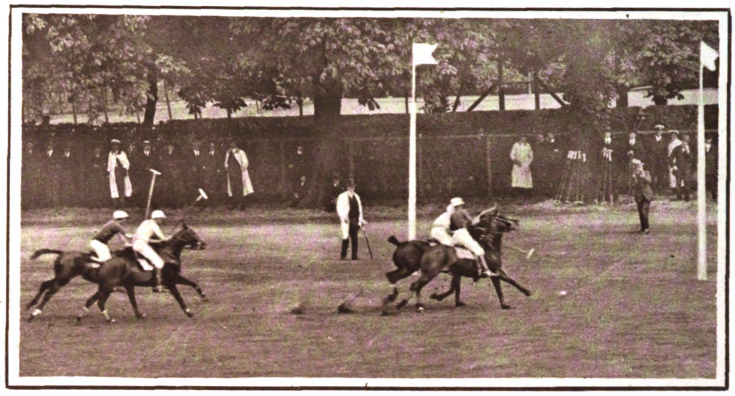
The first International Polo Test Match at Hurlingham, on Saturday, June 18, ended disastrously for England, who were defeated by 11 goals to 4. This is the first time that the score in an International match has run into two figures since 1886, when England won by 14 goals to 2. The scene at Hurlingham on Saturday was a most brilliant one, the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales, and King Alfonso of Spain being amongst those present; but the British team were out-ponied and outplayed by the Americans. In the fourth "chukker" they showed something like their real form, but went to pieces almost immediately afterwards. Mr. Milburn, the captain

THE FIRST OF THE INTERNATIONAL TEST MATCHES.

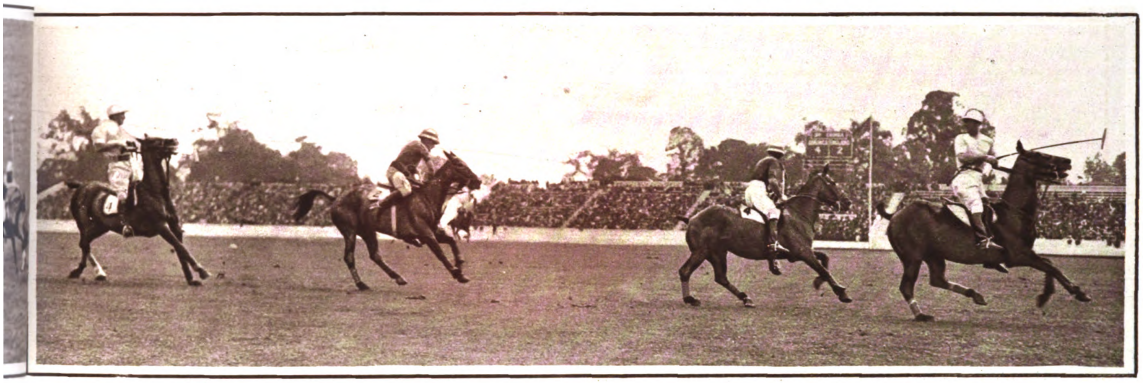
STRATIONS BUREAU, AND TOM AITKEN.



AN AMERICAN AND A BRITISH MATCH.



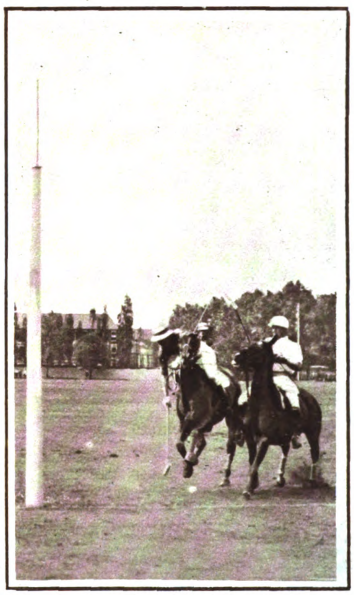
AMERICA SCORES: ONE OF THEIR ELEVEN GOALS, OF WHICH MR. T. HITCHCOCK (NO. 2) WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR FOUR, MR. WATSON-WEBB (NO. 3) FOR SIX, AND MR. MILBURN (BACK) FOR ONE.



A MÊLÉE: A STRUGGLE BETWEEN MR. MILBURN, ON THE RIGHT, AND TWO OF HIS ADVERSARIES, MAJOR BARRETT AND MAJOR LOCKETT.



BY THE SIDE-BOARDS: COLONEL TOMKINSON (NO. 1), MAJOR BARRETT (NO. 2), LORD WODEHOUSE (NO. 3, ON LEFT), AND MR. WATSON-WEBB (NO. 3, IN WHITE).



A THRILLING MOMENT: A TUSSLE IN THE VICINITY OF THE GOAL.

the American team, who has been described as the finest back in the world, played a brilliant game, in spite of the fact that he was in the doctor's hands owing to a severe strain, and up to the eleventh hour it was very doubtful whether he would be able to play. Mr. T. Hitchcock, who is only twenty-one, and Mr. Watson-Webb, who plays left-handed, also gave a brilliant display for the Americans, and Lord Wodehouse played magnificently on the English side. It was arranged that the second Test Match should take place at Hurlingham on Wednesday, June 22.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

SOME remarkable collections are being sold this season, and new owners found for heirlooms that have been in families for generations. It is one of the incidents of the sale-room to see the sound connoisseurship of a man's lifetime dispersed to a hundred buyers. Often a complete collection, symmetrical and well-balanced, which as a whole has no equal, is disintegrated into its component parts, which will never again come together in their entirety. Sales nowadays appeal to such a cosmopolitan audience that it is not too much to say that our old treasures are being scattered to the four corners of the earth, and American buyers are formidable antagonists for what is really fine.



FROM THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S COLLECTION: AN OLD ENGLISH LACQUER ARM-CHAIR OF CHIPPENDALE "CHINESE" DESIGN.

A sale at Christie's on June 30 includes a set of eight old English lacquer arm-chairs (of which the above is one), the property of the Duke of Beaufort. The backs and arms are pierced with key-pattern in black and gold, and the borders decorated with Chinese landscapes and characters.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

Old English furniture from Raynham Hall, Norfolk, forming part of the Townshend heirlooms, was sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 24th. A collection of Staffordshire Toby jugs and figures, mostly by Ralph Wood, at the same sale, was overshadowed by the importance of the furniture. A fine set of eight George I. chairs, carved in walnut, with claw-and-ball feet, had the arms of the armchairs terminating in eagles' heads. These were in date 1720 to 1730, when Townshend was Secretary of State in Walpole's Ministry. Walpole, the hard-riding Norfolk squire, was in the Ministry of Townshend, his brother-in-law, but when he took the helm he resolved, as he said, that "the firm should be Walpole and Townshend, not Townshend and Walpole," and these chairs come from the old Norfolk seat, and belong to the days when the Earl of Mar proclaimed the Pretender as James VIII. of Scotland and James III. of England, when Bishop Atterbury of Rochester was convicted of correspondence with the Pretender and deprived of his bishopric and banished.

The Chippendale items in this sale were remarkable. Two settees and a set of thirteen chairs, including six large armchairs, were carved with Chinese frets, and the under-rails pierced. A remarkable mahogany commode was offered of double serpentine form, beautifully carved with scrolls, foliage, and flowers in high relief; another mahogany commode, with serpentine fronts, came forward at the same time, and a pair of rare Chinese Chippendale wall cabinets, the tops with pierced pagoda roofs. It was a wise choice for English craftsmen to turn to China for inspiration. The first stage, however, was a slavish imitation of a genius in symbolism not wholly comprehended.

Some important pictures are to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 27th. Two canvases by Philibert Louis Debucourt depict the festivities of Arlequin and Scaramouche; both interiors, with these two heroes of fantastic burlesque and ballet feasting and dancing. They were exhibited in the Yussoupoff Palace, Petrograd, in 1912, and at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris, in 1920. From the collection of the late Sir Robert White-Thomson comes a Raeburn portrait of Miss Christina Thomson, painted in the artist's last years. Included among the portraits sent by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley are several from the collection of Charles I., one by H. Van Steinwyck, of the interior of a palace. This is on an oak panel, and is branded with the initials "C.R." and a crown. There is a "Virgin and Child," by Luini, and there is an interesting still-life subject, by the sixteenth-century Spanish painter Juan Labrador, of a copper bowl filled with pears, several brass and other utensils, and grapes and birds. When Charles I. was on his journey in Spain with the Duke of Buckingham, it is recorded that he bought a number of Labrador's works. Some fine full-length portraits come from the collection of Lord Willoughby de Broke, by Marcus Gheeraerts the younger, of Queen Elizabeth, Catherine Carey, Countess of Nottingham, and Lady Elizabeth Howard; and Paul Van Somer has another portrait of the latter.

Portraits of Queen Elizabeth exhibit a variety and magnificence of costume unparalleled in any other individual. Even in her sixty-fifth year this remarkable woman, as recorded by Heutzner in his "Journey into England," was "very majestic," resplendent in her crown, clad in silk shot with silver threads, and glittering with necklaces and collars of gold and pearls. There is a certain conventionality in her portraits. The portrait of the Queen here offered has the same pose and is similar to the canvas, at the age of fifty-nine, at Ditchling, in the possession of Viscount Dillon. This great royal queen-bee, around whom spun courtiers and poets—Shakespeare with his "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Spenser with his "Faerie Queene"—daughter of Henry VIII., shook Europe with her "I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king—ay, and of a King of England, too." Marcus Gheeraerts the elder has his portrait of her at Burghley House, and he in no way mitigated the wrinkles and signs of age. This destroys the popular belief that she desired always to be made beautiful. Gheeraerts the younger, his son, has his portrait of Elizabeth, signed "M.G.", in the Duke of Portland's collection. The auction room carries on no personal feuds. If "misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows," the record of posterity in the auction catalogue is similarly no respecter of persons. Queen Elizabeth would turn in her grave to be *vis-à-vis* with the Countess of Nottingham. At the Guelph Exhibition in London in 1890, belonging to the Thynne family was a gold sardonyx ring, which is held to have been the ring which Elizabeth gave to the Earl of Essex after his condemnation, with the request that if he sent it to her it was a symbol to implore her mercy and pardon. He did send it, but it never reached Elizabeth. On her death-bed the Countess of Nottingham, whose portrait is here to be sold, sent for Elizabeth to ask her forgiveness for suppressing this token. Transported with rage, the Queen shook the dying Countess in her bed, exclaiming, "God may forgive you, but I never shall." At the same sale the Duke of Grafton has a Reynolds portrait of Richard Stonehewer, the friend of Thomas Gray, the author of "An Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard," and two delicious Paul Sandbys, signed and dated 1767, of the Town Gate and the Norman Tower, Windsor Castle.



A DRAGON-GUARDED BEDSTEAD: A FINE EXAMPLE OF OLD ENGLISH LACQUER IN THE CHIPPENDALE "CHINESE" TASTE.

The Duke of Beaufort's old English lacquer furniture to be sold at Christie's on June 30 includes this bedstead "in the 'Chinese' Chippendale taste." The canopy is surmounted by a gilt dragon at each corner, and in the centre by a bunch of foliage in gilt metal. The whole is decorated in black-and-gold lacquer.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.



DECORATED WITH CHINESE LANDSCAPES IN BLACK AND GOLD: AN OLD ENGLISH LACQUER KNEE-HOLE TABLE FROM THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S COLLECTION.

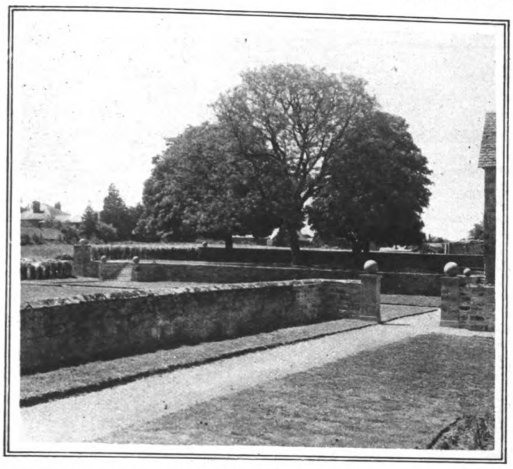
Like the other articles here illustrated, to be sold at Christie's on June 30, this table comes from Badminton, the Duke of Beaufort's seat in Gloucestershire.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie Manson and Woods.

Messrs. Christie, on June 30, dispose of old English lacquer and French furniture, the property of the Duke of Beaufort and the fifth Marquess of Hertford. English lacquer was at best an echo of Oriental glories, and a parallel imitation of Dutch and French efforts to emulate the East. It is doubtful if this art can be conducted successfully in a climate such as ours. Even cinema photography finds clearer atmosphere necessary. However, a series of old English lacquer commodes stands for the "Chinese taste," with landscapes where "lawless grotesques under the notion of men and women float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective." An interesting item in the Cressent manner is a Louis XV. parqueterie commode of serpentine shape; it should appeal to moderns by reason of its Cubist design, really and literally a cube pattern of various woods. Mounted with ormolu escutcheon borders, and corners chased with foliage, it is a fine piece, stamped "J. Schmitz ME." A wonderful lacquer bedstead in Chinese Chippendale taste (here illustrated) the back pierced with Oriental lattice work, and having a pagoda top, and the canopy surmounted by four flying gilt dragons, suggests the Arabian Nights and dreams of Chinese necromancers. It is as un-English a bed as anyone could imagine. Its restlessness of design would wake the dead.

THE ENGLISH HOME OF WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS: SULGRAVE MANOR.

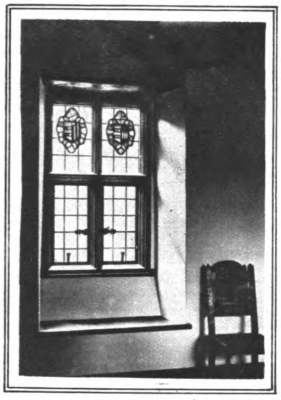
COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE SULGRAVE INSTITUTION.



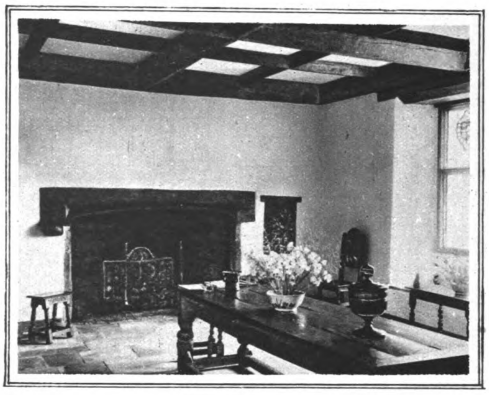
LAID OUT UNDER THE DIRECTION OF LADY SANDWICH AND SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A.: THE GROUNDS OF SULGRAVE MANOR AS RESTORED.



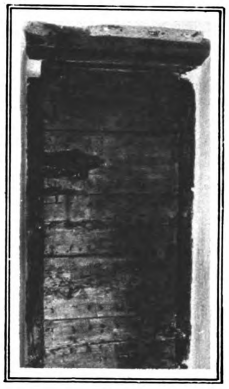
"THIS GREAT SHRINE OF INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP": SULGRAVE MANOR FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, AFTER THE PICTURE BY STEPHEN REID.



THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES: THE WASHINGTON ARMS, ON A WINDOW.



SHOWING THE OLD FIREPLACE, UNCOVERED DURING THE RECENT RESTORATION, AND "PERIOD" FURNITURE PRESENTED: THE DINING HALL.



A RELIC OF THE ANCIENT DAYS: AN OLD DOOR, WITH CURIOUS LOCK.



WITH ORIGINAL WASHINGTON LETTERS, AND A PORTRAIT PRESENTED BY THE EMPIRE STATE SOCIETY: THE ROOM OVER THE PORCH.

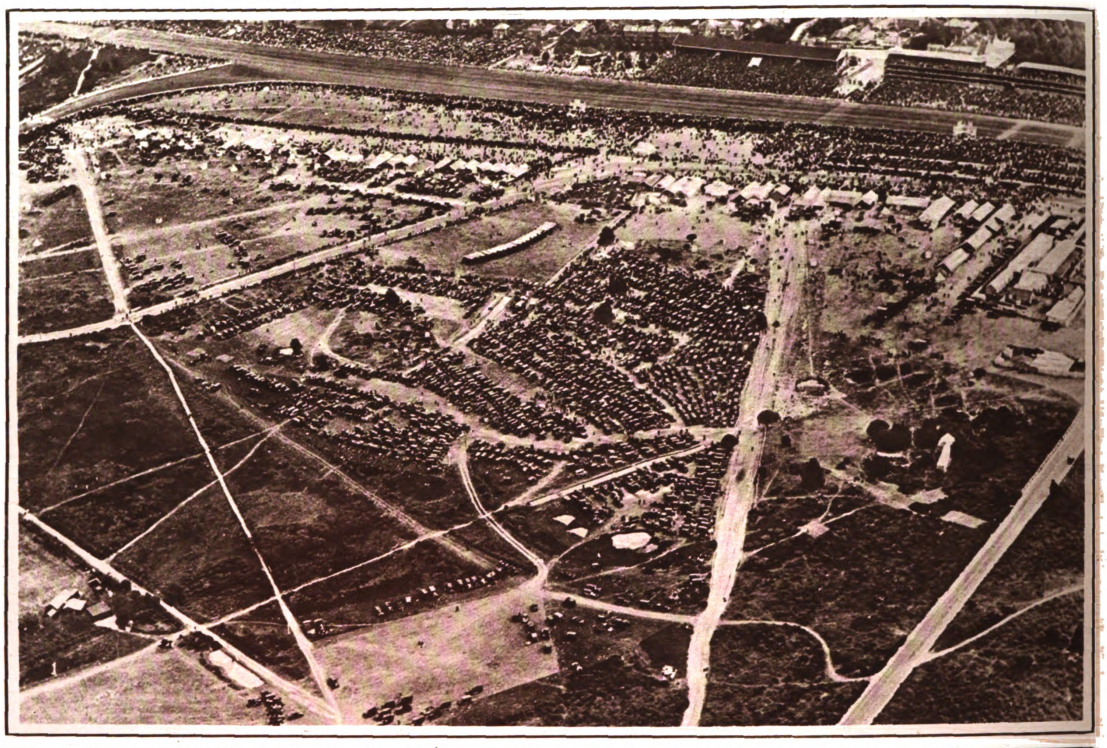


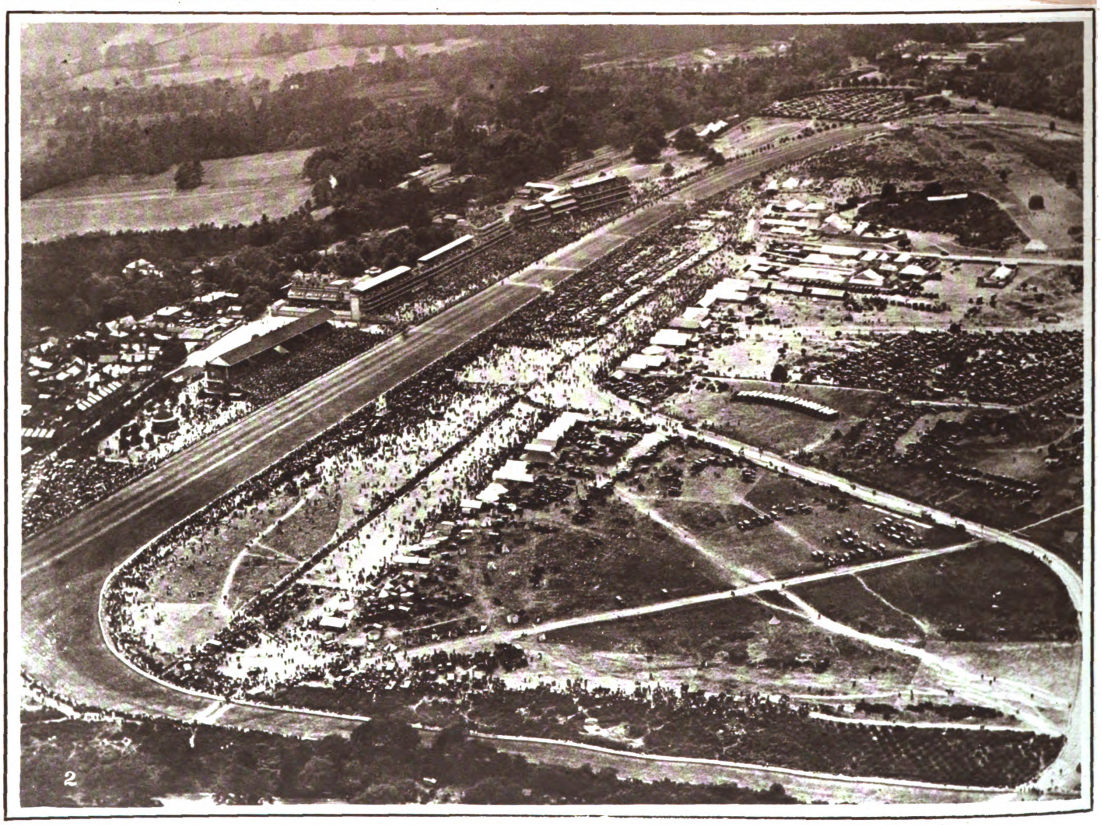
CONTAINING SOME OF THE FURNITURE PRESENTED BY PROMINENT AMERICANS, INCLUDING LADY LEE OF FAREHAM: THE CHIEF BED-CHAMBER.

Bonds of sentiment, invisible but stronger than steel, unite British and American hearts in a common veneration for the old home of George Washington's ancestors, Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire, which was bought in 1914, by the British-American Peace Centenary Committee, to commemorate a hundred years of peace between the two nations. In order to use it as a shrine of pilgrimage and a concrete symbol of Anglo-American amity, the Sulgrave Institution was founded both in Great Britain and the United States. For Tuesday, June 21, was arranged the formal dedication of the house to this high purpose by Colonel George Harvey, the new American Ambassador, Chairman of the British branch of the Institution, with the Chairman of the American branch, Mr. John A. Stewart, of New York, as chief spokesman of the presentation committee. The house has been restored by Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., the well-known architect, and the beautiful gardens have been laid out under the direction of Lady Sandwich. The aim is to make the building a museum of documentary, pictorial, and other records. The Sulgrave estate was bought from Henry VIII. in 1539 by Lawrence Washington, Mayor of Northampton, who built the house. Its subsequent history and the family descent to George Washington are told in a pamphlet published by the Sulgrave Institution (1, Central Buildings, Westminster).

ASCOT FROM THE AIR: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COURSE AND CARS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROFILMS, LTD.





1. THE MOTOR ASCOT: THE MASSES OF CARS LIKE LOCUSTS ON THE GREEN SWARD ON GOLD CUP DAY.

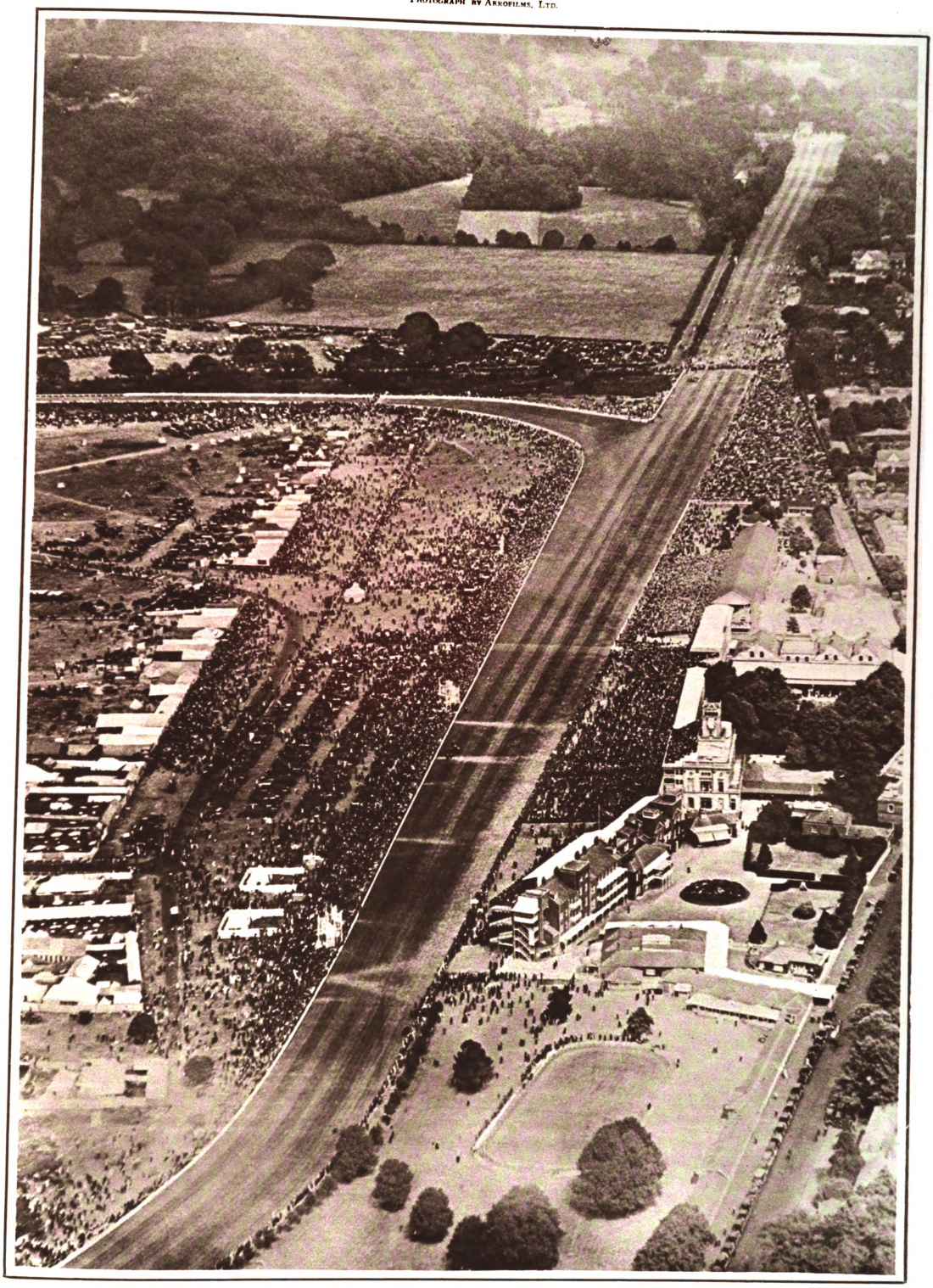
2. ASCOT'S BEAUTIFUL SETTING: AN AIR VIEW OF THE COURSE AND THE COUNTRY BEYOND.

Royal Ascot this year was remarkable for its road scenes and its romantic racing, most of the big races being won by rank outsiders. Favoured by glorious weather, patrons of the royal meeting were not troubled by the absence of trains, as our pictures show, the journey from town being made by myriad motor-cars and motor-coaches. From a social point of view, the meeting was quite as brilliant as any in pre-war times. Honoured by the presence of the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family, the scenes in the Royal Enclosure were wonderful, the weather affording the ladies every opportunity to display their latest frocks. Many notable people came down by the democratic motor-coach, and the parks of motor vehicles of every description were one of the outstanding features of the gathering. The top photograph of the two above shows a bird's-eye view of this great concourse of motors, looking like a swarm of locusts settled on the green sward. The lower photograph gives a fine idea of the beautiful setting in which Royal Ascot takes place, the surrounding scenery being

[Continued opposite

AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF THE GOLD CUP: LOOKING DOWN ON ASCOT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AEROFILMS, LTD.



JUST BEFORE PERIOSTEUM PASSED THE POST: AN AERIAL "SNAPSHOT" OF THE BIG RACE.

(Continued.)

clearly seen. The Grand Stand is in the centre of the picture on the left, with the Royal Enclosure and the Paddock further on. The large photograph reproduced above shows a bird's-eye view of the course whilst the race for the Gold Cup was being run. The horses can be plainly seen opposite the stands, just before the winning post was reached. At the bottom of the photograph on the right is the Paddock, then the Royal Enclosure, and next the stands. Opposite, on the public side of the course, the parks of motor-cars are again seen. The racing romance of the meeting was the victory of Periosteum in the Gold Cup. This horse, who is owned by a Peterborough farmer, Mr. B. Irish, who hitherto has not taken a conspicuous part in racing affairs, was bought as a yearling for 285 guineas, and did not win his first race until a year ago, when he took the modest Walmer Plate of £100 at Folkestone. Happy Man, who ran second in the race, once changed hands for 15 guineas. On the other days of the meeting "outsiders" took nearly all the big prizes.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IT is far too hot at the moment of writing to read profound literature, even if there were anything new of consequence, and I rejoice at finding in the queue of books for the most part without distinction, nay, even indistinguishable, the best collection of golfing memories that has been, or ever can be, written. It is a piece of literature, moreover, and worthy to be set alongside Nyren's chronicle of the Hambledon worthies, which might have been the work of a rustical Sir Thomas Browne with a taste for village cricket—an impoverished, yet blithely contented descendant of the learned and fantastical Norwich physician, who had fallen from high rank (after the fashion of Mr. Hardy's Priddles or Paradells and Durbeyfields or D'Ubervilles) and the contemplation of the antres of eternity and shadows of a magnitude, and so regained touch with the sweet, homely soil without losing a touch of his essential nobility. And to purify the stagnant yet hectic atmosphere of Fleet Street at midsummer, it brings in the quick, sea-fragrant airs of a little grey city far away in the North, the bitter but wholesome breezes of the links of the Royal and Antient, even on "a very cold day just like eating snowballs all the way round." In a ballade of musical and tantalising conceits Henley prescribed thoughts and images to while away the long, languid moments of a torrid afternoon—

> Dark aisles, new packs of cards,
> Mermaidens' tails, cool swards,
> Dawn dews and starlit seas,
> White marbles, whiter words—
> To live, I think of these.

But the whitest and coolest word of all is St. Andrews, for who that has ever been there at midsummer—especially if he be a golfer who knows well how to make the wind an ally in his long game—can forget that there was always a rhythm of coolness from the sea on the hottest afternoon?

. . . . . .

Beyond all shadow of doubt "FIFTY YEARS OF GOLF: MY MEMORIES" (Unwin; 12s. 6d. net), by Andra Kirkaldy of St. Andrews (Ben Sayers once addressed a card to him thus: "Andra, Hell Bunker, St. Andrews"), is the best golfing book that ever happened. The words of the second greatest Fifer (Field Marshal Earl Haig is the greatest, at any rate outside the circuit of the golfer's mind) have been transcribed by Mr. Clyde Foster (as, perhaps, Nyren's were by Cowden Clarke), but the familiar intonation can always be overheard. Andra's stories have gone out into every part of the world where golf is played; some of them have at times returned to their only begetter so changed that he could not see why people laughed at them. Here are the authentic originals, and also many which have not yet been told in England. An example of the former kind is the story of the Bishop of London and Andra in Hell Bunker, which is almost always wrongly narrated among the Sassenach. The Bishop's ball lay there in an almost unplayable position, but he hit it so deftly with his niblick "that it sprang up in the air like a bird in the direction of the hole." And Andra said: "You got out of Hell very well, Bishop. When ye dee, mind and tak' yer niblick wi' ye." A gloss on that story (though some authorities insist it is the original version) is that of the minister who said to his caddie: "Shall I play in the line of yon steeple?" and received the reply: "Na, na, ye manna dae that. If you play on the U.P. Kirk, ye 'll get into Hell." It is so clever as to be manifestly a corollary—and you cannot even smile at it, any more than at Swift's pretty play on Mantua and Cremona or my own adaptation of a Virgilian line—

> Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem,

when asked to lecture on Burns at the capital of what were then the North-West Territories after almost being "clodded" (only there were no clods handy) at a Burns dinner the year before for quoting some of the conclusions of Henley's Terminal Essay. The Bishop is his genial self in Andra's narration, and this story and others of celebrities of the day show what a levelling influence golf can be. A Liberal friend of mine once said—with an air of one who was fearful of falling into blasphemy—"I cannot somehow conceive of Gladstone playing golf—no, it is beyond my powers of imagination." But it is not really difficult to think of Gladstone, or even Disraeli, toiling through the links, losing their tempers or even their temperaments in abysmal bunkers, and even being contumeliously rebuked by caddies, whose attitude towards the amateur golfer is that of an Abernethy towards a rebellious patient. Mr. Balfour stands the critic ordeal better than other political personages, such as Mr. Asquith. "Botheration," Andra tells us, was the limit of Mr. Balfour's safety-valve language, and the richness of his voice made it sound like a benediction. "I never knew a gentleman with such a rich voice as Mr. Balfour," says this G.O.M. of professional golf in a characteristic little personality-sketch. "When he would say 'Good shot!' to me, it was like somebody ringing a bell in my ear; and his smile at a good shot of his own was a grand thing to see. He always seemed to play golf for the good he got out of it, and his form was for that reason most consistent." But the greatest man of all among golf-playing celebrities was, in Andra's opinion, Earl Haig, who would talk to him in "braid Scots," as became a fellow Fifer, and receive with fitting humility the warning that he must not expect to be as good a golfer as he was a soldier. Andrew Lang was another and earlier friend, and we are told how he used to say that golf should make men live longer lives and better lives, provided they enjoyed the game and did not go round in a bad temper because they could not beat "bogey" or suffered from bad luck. No doubt there is too much psychology in golf as it is played to-day by anxious votaries. Caddie's sarcasm, at its richest and raciest among the ancient satellites of St. Andrews, was a bitter medicine for the vain and incompetent player who kept his eye on his *ego* rather than on his ball. "What line shall I take?" asked one of these gentry, and the crushing reply of his caddie was: "The North British line home, Sir, I think." The caddie who warned his employer not to give up the hole (after *ten* strokes wasted in a bunker) on the score that his opponent might "drop doon deid" before holing out, was a dour, Covenanting type.



ITALIAN EMERGENCY "MONEY": ADVERTISEMENT DISCS OF LIGHT METAL ENCLOSING A STAMP ON ONE SIDE UNDER A TRANSPARENT MICA COVER.

The scarcity of small change in Italy caused the use of postage stamps, which became much soiled in circulation and indistinguishable from stamps that had passed through the post. Commercial firms ingeniously issued light-metal discs lettered with advertisements of their business and enclosing on the other side a postage stamp (in the above cases, 10 centesimi) under a transparent mica cover. These proved readily acceptable. The two here shown were issued by (left) Messrs. Pirelli, Milan, advertising rubber heels, waterproofs, and so on; and (right) the New Mercantile Bank of Milan, with the design of a ship and Latin motto, "Navigare necesse est" (It is necessary to sail).

These are specimens taken haphazard out of a thousand-and-one anecdotes, all of which are worth their space. Very pleasant are the appreciations of Andra by old and young professional friends, which are given at the beginning of the book. Alec Herd, who has known him ever since, as a small truant boy, he lived up to the cheery, golf-nursery lines—

> Gowffing a' the day,
> Daein' nae wark ava,
> Rinnin' aboot wi' a bag o' sticks
> After a wee bit ba'—

recalls the days when Andra and he used to write love-letters to the lassies and read them over to each other. Abe Mitchell remembers him saying he should "follow the siller like every wise man," Harry Vardon says "Andra looked at everything and everybody with his own eyes, and he never called a spade anything but a spade"; and J. H. Taylor, in a tone of elegance touched with emotion (he writes as well as he speaks) sums up the many manly qualities of one who is an honour to his beloved game and has the affectionate regard of all true golfers all the world over.

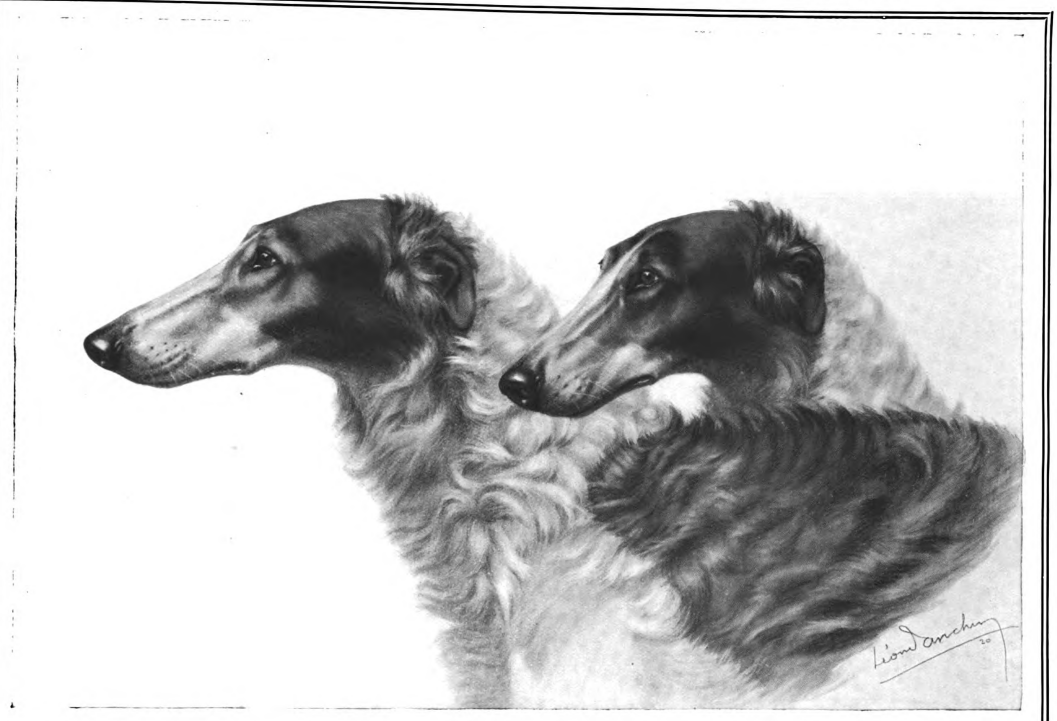


PAINTER OF THE COLOUR-PICTURES OF DOGS REPRODUCED IN THIS NUMBER: M. LÉON DANCHIN, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ANIMAL ARTIST.

M. Léon Danchin's recent exhibition at the Galerie Devambez in Paris has had an immense success, and established him, in the eyes of Parisians and foreign visitors alike, as an artist who will achieve world-wide repute. He was born at Lille in 1887, became a pupil of the sculptor Jacques Merculiano, and at seventeen gained admission to the Salon with two works which already showed thus early his talent as a delineator of animals. He served throughout the war, and trench life restricted him to the use of the pencil, so that he was diverted from sculpture to drawing and water-colour.

POPULAR DOGS PAINTED BY A FRENCH ARTIST: BORZOIS AND SETTERS.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY LÉON DANCHIN. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND OF THE MAISON DEVAMBEZ, PARIS, WHO PUBLISH PROOFS.



USED IN ITS NATIVE COUNTRY FOR THE NATIONAL SPORT OF WOLF-HUNTING: THE BORZOI, OR RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND, RATHER RESEMBLING OUR GREYHOUND EXCEPT FOR ITS ROUGH COAT.

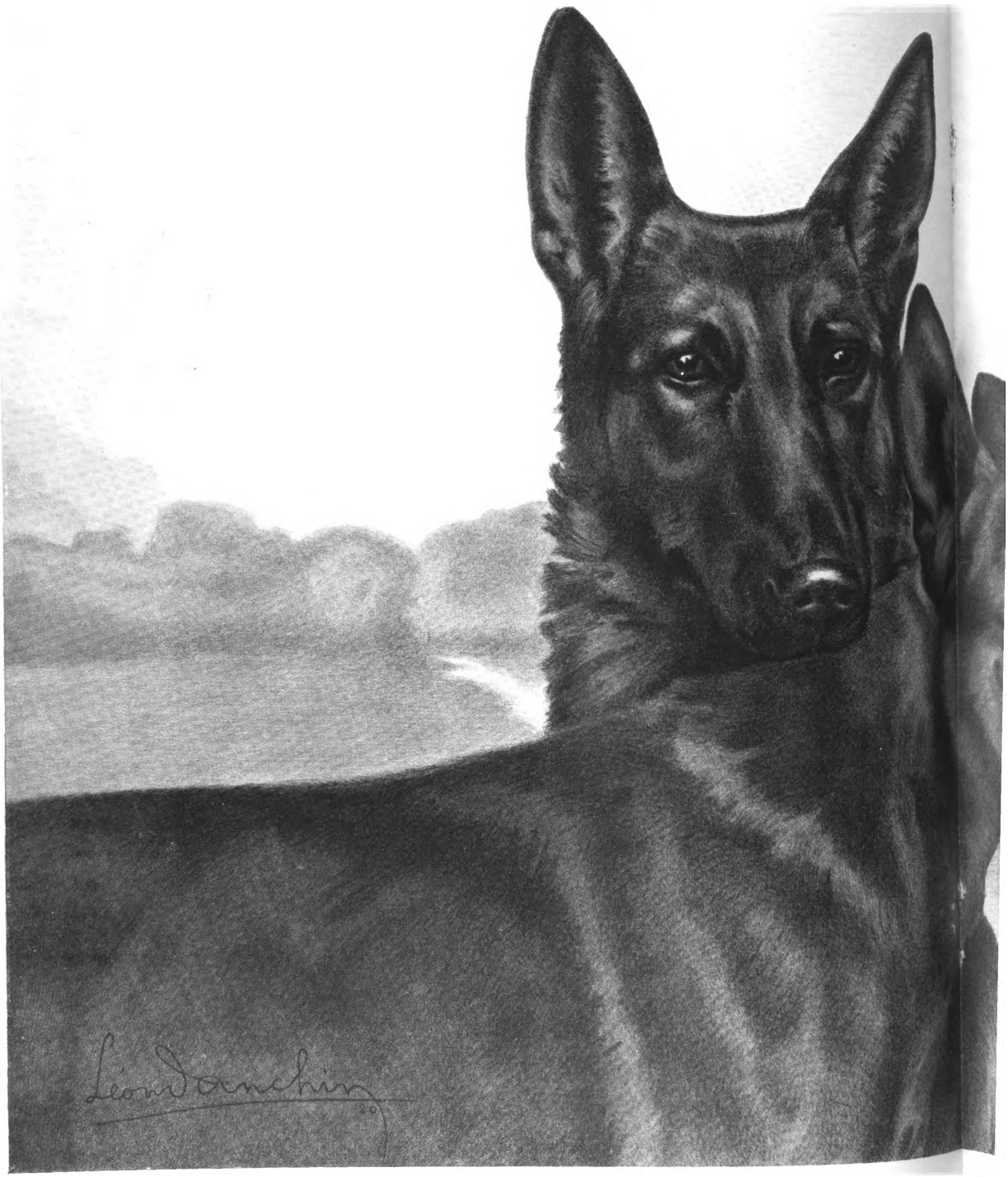


UNEQUALLED AS SPORTING DOGS FOR THE GUN: A BRACE OF ENGLISH SETTERS (LEFT AND RIGHT), WITH AN IRISH SETTER (IN THE CENTRE)—A PAINTING BY LEON DANCHIN.

The Borzoi (known on the Continent as the Barzoi) or Russian Wolfhound, although not extensively kept or shown in this country, is a most attractive dog. As its name implies, in its native country it is used for the great national sport of wolf-hunting. Of the English setter it can be truly said that, as a sporting dog for the gun, it has no superior, and it is certainly doubtful whether it has any equal. The Irish setter, like many other breeds, has been somewhat spoilt, its sporting instincts having been subjugated to its show points. Nevertheless, there are a few sound kennels of sporting dogs left in Ireland, where the working dog can be still found.

THE DOG-LOVER'S NEW FAVOURITE: THE ALSATIAN WOLF-HOU

FROM THE PAINTING BY LÉON DANCHIN. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND OF THE

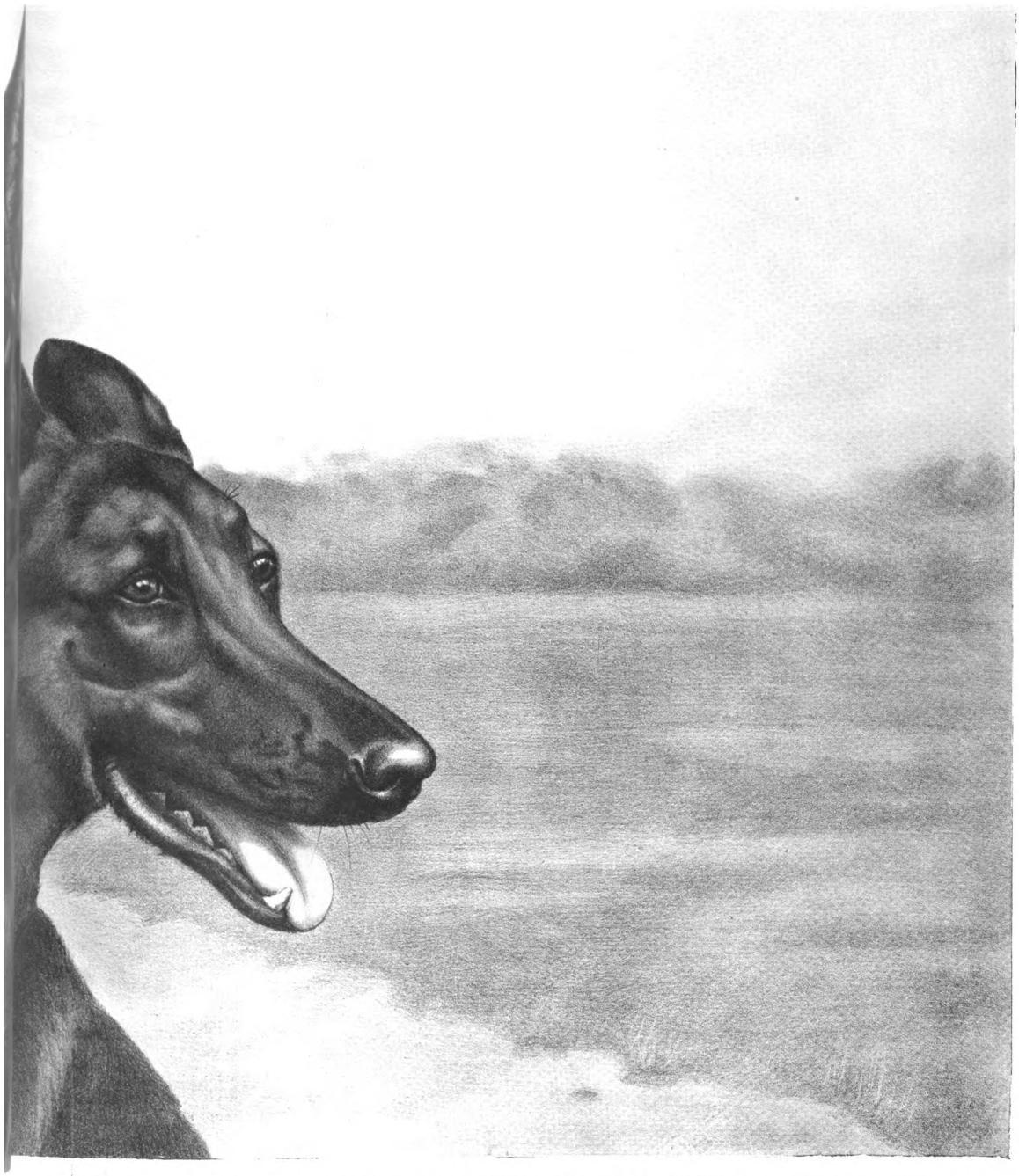


A BREED THAT HAS JUST HAD A SHOW IN LONDON: ALSATIAN WOLF-HOUNDS—A I

M. Léon Danchin, three of whose charming studies of dogs we are enabled to reproduce in this number, may be described as a modern French Landseer. A portrait of him, with some particulars of his career, is given on our "Books of the Day" page. "The Alsatian Wolf Dog," writes Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Hon. Sec. of the Alsatian Wolf Dog Club, "is a dog that of all animals is the most international. Its origin is very old, and there is evidence that it existed as a species 500 years ago. It must have arisen from the crossing of a wolf with a sheep dog. . . . Much of its development is due to the Germans. . . . Prior to the war it was little known in this country." It then had no distinct name, being variously known as Chien Loup, Continental Sheepdog, Loup de Lorraine, Police Dog, or Malinois. The club's first care was to establish a standard designation. In Germany, owing to its wonderful

F-HOUND, IMMENSELY POPULAR HERE SINCE THE WAR.

AND OF THE MAISON DEVAMBEZ, PARIS, WHO PUBLISH PROOFS.

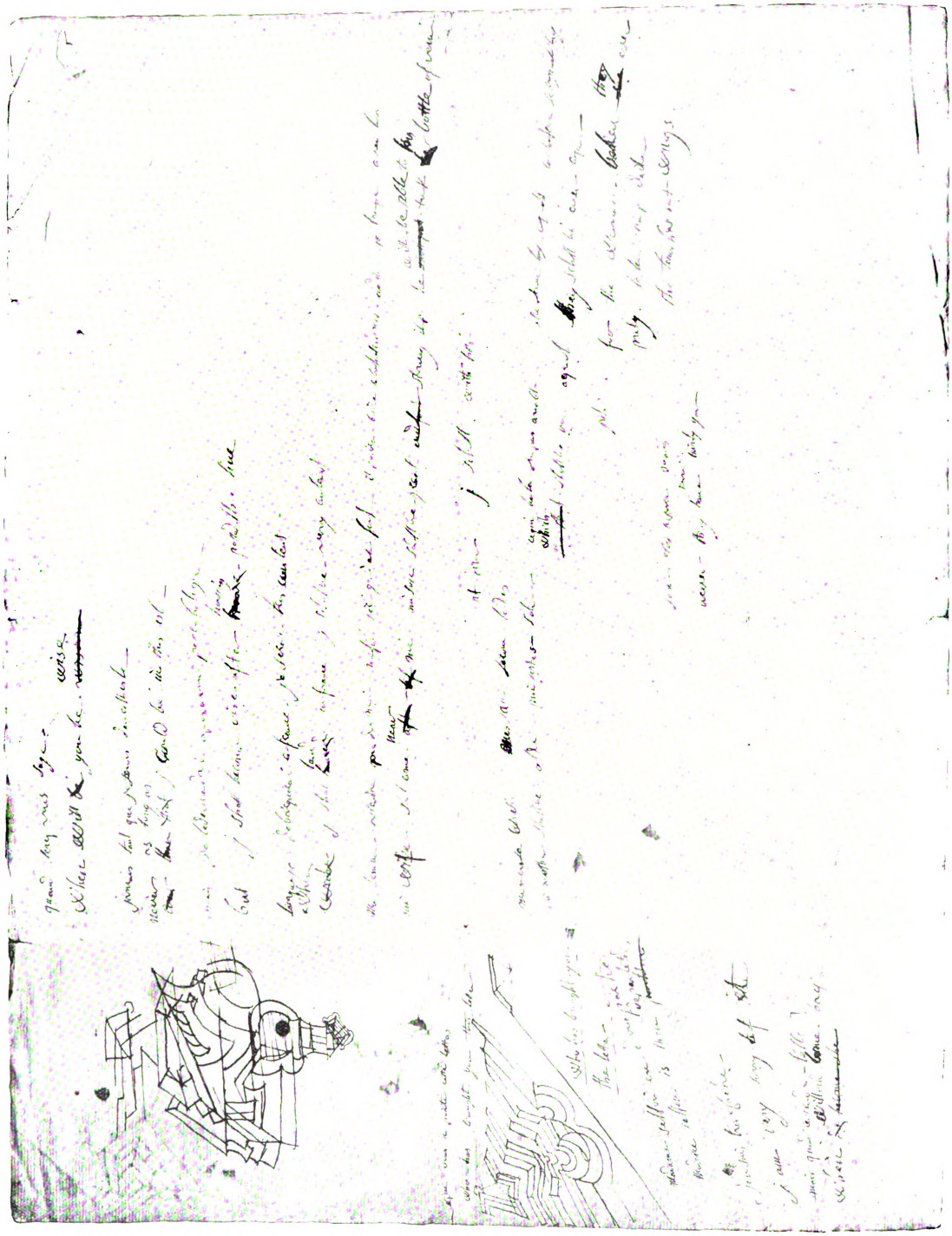


A PAINTING BY LÉON DANCHIN, THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH ANIMAL-ARTIST.

intelligence and powers of tracking and scent, the Alsatian Wolfhound was used by the police for hunting criminals, in which capacity it was extremely successful. It was extensively bred and used both in France and Switzerland for similar purposes, with equal success. In England this handsome breed has not been taken up so far either as a sheep dog or as a police dog, but its rise in the dog fancy is remarkable, and at the present-day shows it draws very full classes. In appearance it somewhat resembles the wolf, its clean well-cut face, excellent coat, keen yet kindly eyes, well-set ears, and its perfect carriage, make at once a strong appeal to all lovers of the "friend of man." Its popularity is shown by the fact that, for the Alsatian Wolf Dog Show arranged to be held on June 24 at the Horticultural Hall, there were 450 entries.—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

NAPOLEON'S EARLIEST "DEVOIR" IN ENGLISH AT ST. HELENA.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF MME. HENRY OLPHE-GALLIARD, OF LYON. PHOTOGRAPH OBTAINED BY M. CANTINELLI.



WITH SENTENCES OF HIS OWN INVENTION AND MARGINAL SCRIBBLINGS: AN EXERCISE IN TRANSLATION FROM FRENCH INTO ENGLISH, WRITTEN BY NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA IN 1816. (FACSIMILE REDUCED ABOUT ONE THIRD.)

Napoleon knew no English till he went to St. Helena, where Las Cases began to teach him on Jan. 17, 1816. After twenty or twenty-five lessons he could read English easily and express his wants in writing, but he never mastered pronunciation. This autograph exercise, one of the first, was brought from St. Helena by General Bertrand, and has passed by inheritance to Mme. Henry Olphe-Galliard, of Lyon, where it recently figured in a Napoleon Centenary exhibition. The French sentences for translation were evidently invented by the Emperor himself. They are of deep personal interest. The manuscript reads: "Quand serez-vous sage? When will you be wise? Jamais, tant que je serais dans cette 'isle.' Never, as long as I could be [sic] in this isle. Mais je le deviendrai après avoir passé la ligne. But I shall become wise after having passed the line. Lorsque je débarquerai en France, je serai très content. When I shall land in France, I shall be very content. Ma femme viendra près de moi, mon fils sera grand et fort, il pourra boire sa bouteille de vin à diner; je trinquerai avec lui. Mi wife shall come near me, mi son shall be great and strong: he will be able to drink his bottle of wine at dinner: I shall —— with him. Ma mère sera vieille, mes sœurs seront laides, ce qui ne leur sera pas agréable; elles seront toujours coquettes, car les femmes se croient toujours jolies. Jamais elles ne passent trente ans. (The translation here is illegible: it should be as follows: My mother will be old. My sisters will be ugly, a fact that will not be agreeable to them. They will always be coquettes, for women always believe themselves pretty: they never pass thirty years.) Le temps n'a pas d'ailes. The time has not wings. (In the left margin) Qui vous a porté cette lettre? Who has brought you this letter? Madame Selton est donc partie? Madame Selton is then departed? J'en suis bien fâché. I am very sorry of it. Quand reviendra-t-elle? When will she come back?" The lady mentioned was probably Mrs. Skelton, wife of Colonel Skelton, an official of the India Company. They showed much kindness to the French exiles, but left St. Helena on Dec. 31. 1815

PRIME ENGLISH!—THE BUTCHER AIDS THE BABY-WEEK MOVEMENT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



WEIGHING BABY IN A BUTCHER'S SCALES: AN IMPORTANT REQUIREMENT IN CHILD WELFARE, DIFFICULT TO FULFIL IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

One of the most important things in connection with child welfare is the regular weighing of the babies, a requirement which is a little difficult to fulfil by visitors in out-of-the-way places. Here an obliging butcher comes to the rescue with the scales from his cart. The National Baby Week Council, of which the Queen is Patron and the Prime Minister President, has organised the fifth annual celebration of the National Baby Week, to be held from July 1 to 7. Its object is to promote the welfare of the nation's children by holding shows and disseminating knowledge useful to mothers. In aid of the Council's "Save the Babies" Fund, a variety entertainment and *thé dansant* was arranged for June 24, at Claridge's Hotel, by Mrs. Cyril Tankerville Chamberlain. Among other artists who promised their services were Miss Violet Loraine, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, Mr. Nelson Keys, Mr. Leon M. Lion, Mr. Basil Rathbone, and Mr. George Tully. All information regarding the Child Welfare movement can be obtained from Miss M. S. Gray, 5, Tavistock Square.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.*]

A SURVIVAL OF REGAL SPLENDOUR IN ASIA: IMPERIAL ANN

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE AGENCE ECONOMIQ



SIGNING DOCUMENTS WITH BRUSH-PENCIL AND RED INK: THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM.



THE EMPEROR KHAI-DINH AS SPORTSMAN: THE IMPERIAL RULER OF ANNAM IN SHOOTING COSTUME, AFTER WILD DUCK.



WITH DIAMOND-STUDDED BELT AND HELMET: THE EMPEROR IN MILITARY UNIFORM.



AMID SURROUNDINGS OF TASTEFUL MAGNIFICENCE: THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM GIVING AUDIENCE TO ONE OF HIS MINISTERS.

With the downfall of the Chinese monarchy and the annexation of Korea by Japan, the Imperial Court at Hué, the capital of Annam, was left as practically the last stronghold of regal splendour as developed among the yellow races on the continent of Asia during twenty or thirty centuries. Annam, on the east side of Indo-China, between Cochin-China and Tongking, is under the protection of France, and Annamite soldiers were employed by the French on the Western Front during the Great War. "French intervention in the affairs of Annam," says the "Statesman's Year-Book," "which began as early as 1787, terminated in a treaty signed on June 6, 1884, and ratified at Hué on

NNAM—ITS FIRST EMPEROR TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

OMIQUE DE L'INDO-CHINE.



ON A LAKE COVERED WITH BEAUTIFUL LOTUS: THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM IN HIS BOAT, HUNTING WATER FOWL.



CONSORT OF THE EMPEROR KHAI-DINH: THE EMPRESS OF ANNAM.



SUPPORTED BY THE "FOUR PILLARS OF THE EMPIRE": THE EMPEROR, ON A GOLDEN THRONE, WITH HIS MINISTERS, IN ROBES OF STATE.

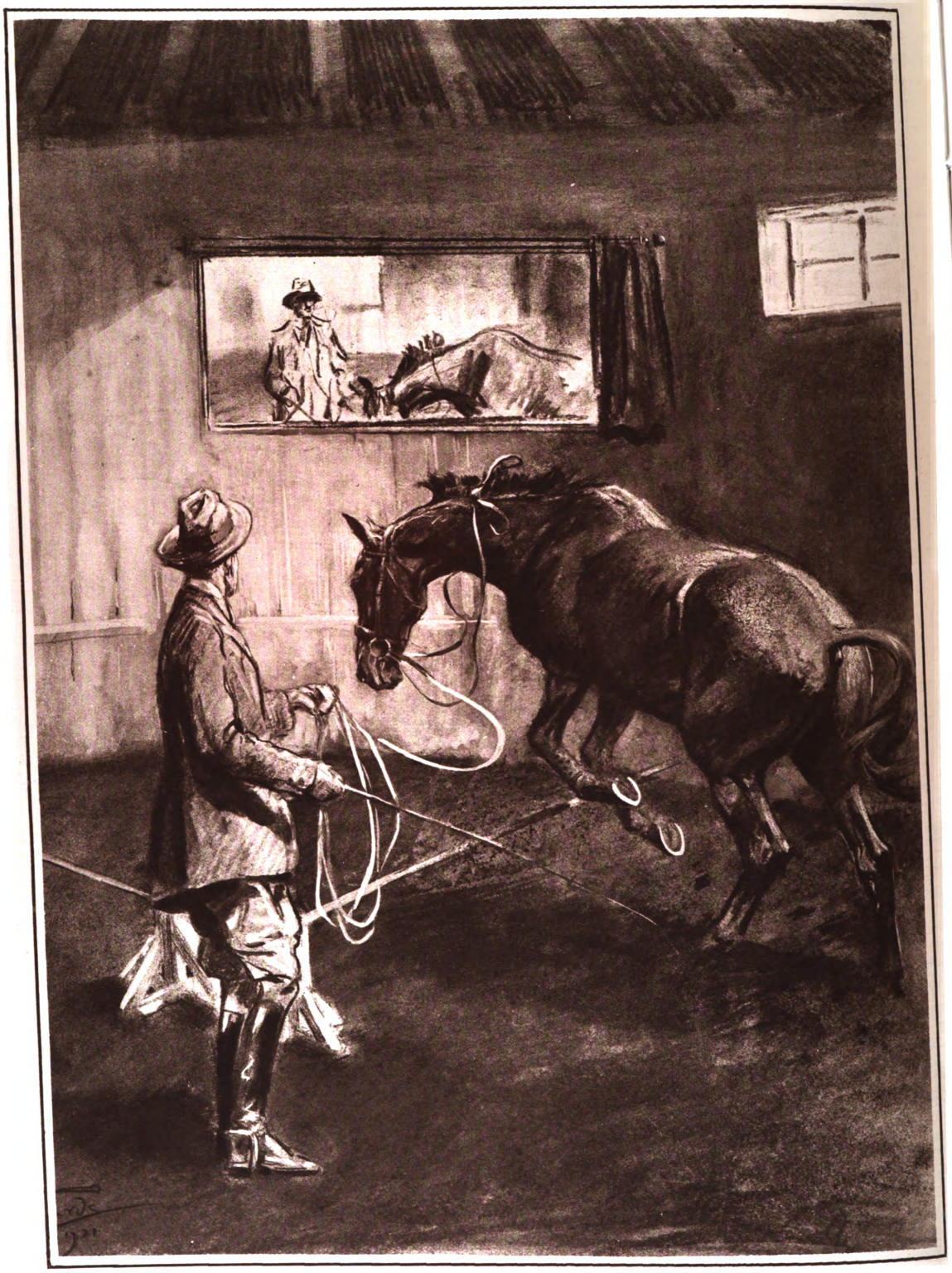


THE YOUNG CROWN PRINCE OF ANNAM: HIS HIGHNESS VINH-THUY.

uary 23, 1886, by which a French protectorate has been established. The King Khai-Dinh, who succeeded to the throne in 1916, governs the country, assisted by a ıcil of Ministers, in accordance with the wishes of the French Government." Annamite functionaries, under French control, administer all internal affairs. The four Ministers are known as "the four Pillars of the State." Our photographs are said to be the first that have been taken of an Annamite sovereign, no previous Emperor ıg ever consented to face the camera.

LEARNING ITS "A,B,C": A SHOW JUMPER AS ITS OWN INSTRUCTOR.

DRAWN BY LIONEL EDWARDS.



OBTAINING "NATURAL BALANCE" BY CLEARING LOW BARS OF IRON PIPING: A SHOW JUMPER'S EARLY TRAINING IN COLONEL RODZIANKO'S RIDING SCHOOL AT WINDSOR—WITH A MIRROR ON THE WALL.

Colonel Rodzianko's methods of training show jumpers were fully explained by Mr. Lionel Edwards in his article in our issue of June 18, where his double-page drawing illustrated the general appearance of the school, with its mirrors, posters, gramophone, and noisily applauding spectators, to accustom horses to the show ring. "The horse, after being taught to obey its instructor's voice, teaches itself by jumping low obstacles. It learns in this way, not to jump, but to obtain what the Colonel calls natural balance. This is done by lunging the horse (riderless, of course) round its instructor over a series of obstacles about 18 in. to 2 ft. high. As the horse is travelling in a circle, he must always negotiate the obstacles at an angle, and the obstacles being of uneven height and differently spaced, he must keep his attention on what he is doing, and continually change his balance and shorten or lengthen his stride. Otherwise he will bang his legs, and, as the obstacles are iron piping, he will not do this oftener than he can help!"—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*



Page 2 from Evelyn's Diary.

"Father sed we was to look after the flower garden cos he's busy growing pertatos and things to eat. We was each to have a little patch and grow what we liked best. Margaret chose marigolds to match her hair and I chose pansies. Little John was a long time thinking, then he sed he'd grow Bird's Custard. We did larf, and he cried, becos he's only little, but Mother patted his head and sed he was a good judge of a good thing."

Bird's Custard

good at all times, is never better than with the fruits in season.

"The best fruits taste better when served with delicious Bird's Custard," says a great Chef—*"and they certainly look better!"* What, for instance, is more inviting than stewed Cherries, Gooseberries, Raspberries, or Currants in their luscious juice mingling on the plate with golden Bird's Custard?

Bird's Custard replaces cream with advantage at infinitely less cost, and it modifies the fruit acids in the same beneficial way. Bird's is rich, yet never disagrees. Being made with milk it forms a splendid liquid food in which the nourishment of the milk is increased by 25%.

The well-known nutritive value and delightful flavor of Bird's Custard bespeak purity, and distinguish Bird's from all imitations.

C.36



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By EDWARD J. DENT.



A FESTIVAL OF BRITISH MUSIC.

THE British Music Society is in the midst of its annual congress as I write. Its opening concert on June 14 was thinly attended, but it was a remarkable illustration of the modern musical movement in this country. The programme took nearly three hours, which is much too long for any concert; but, as it was, there were various complaints that certain people were left out who ought to have been put in. When I look back to the International Musical Congress of 1911, and recall the monstrous exhibition of English music that was offered to our foreign guests, I can only congratulate the selection committee of the B.M.S. on their discretion. It was an exhausting concert; the pieces chosen were all works which might well provoke energetic discussion; but it could never have been considered a tedious concert, and hitherto there has been only too good reason for the very generally held belief that English music is tedious. Those concerts of 1911 often made one feel more ashamed than proud of English music; the fact was that the committee of that occasion was determined not to let itself be captured by any one clique, and the result was that it was captured by a number of composers whose works ought never to have been heard at all. In those days there was a certain feeling of suspicion, if not of hostility, towards the younger men. Those younger men are now middle-aged, and some of them figured on this year's programmes. The whole festival, indeed, has taken little notice of the composers who are under forty. But in these days we have much more confidence in the young; it is the middle-aged who are in danger of being forgotten. Youth was represented, and brilliantly too, by the conductors, Mr. Eugene Goossens and Mr. Adrian Boult.



A VERY FAMOUS PIANIST: M. BENNO MOISEIWITCH.

A recital by M. Moiseiwitch is invariably a pure delight, as whatever composer he plays he always reaches a degree of perfection that is attained by but few pianists.

There is a general vague impression among musicians that Mr. Josef Holbrooke and Mr. Cyril Scott are composers to whom justice has never been properly done. On such occasions as these things." So they are given their chance, and their reputations remain much the same as before. I incline to think that the best thing would be for them to go into partnership, for each has qualities in which the other is lacking. Mr. Holbrooke appears to be quite out of touch with the modern world. He still writes a language derived mainly from Wagner and Liszt, but he justifies it by the extraordinary vitality and energy of his music. It is often clumsy and ill-balanced; lucidity, scholarship, elegance are qualities of which he has no conception whatever. But, apart from certain works which seem to have been written mainly in order to annoy or to poke fun at certain people whom it would have been more dignified to ignore entirely, Mr. Holbrooke's music has nearly always a force and flow which compels attention. The Prelude to his opera "Bronwen," which headed the British Music Society's programme, certainly represented him at his best.

Mr. Scott's pianoforte concerto is described by the composer as conveying "impressions of Bach on a supposed journey to China." Whether it was Bach or Mr. Scott that made, or was supposed to have made, the supposed journey to a supposed China does not very much matter, since Mr. Scott's learned biographer, Dr. Eaglefield Hull, considers the concerto to bear more resemblance to Handel. The casual listener might find himself reminded more of Grieg, of Delius, and of the Rhine-maidens in their matur[e] years. Perhaps it was the "Chinese" elemen[t] which Mr. Scott derived from Bach, who was himself the composer of a "Chinoiserie." In any case, the concerto was a very effective bouquet of glittering fireworks, and brought an agreeable air of frivolity into a programme which for the most part presented British music in an extremely severe and strenuous mood.



THE COMPOSER OF "PETROUSHKA": M. IGOR STRAVINSKY.

The music of M. Igor Stravinsky is well known to Londoners. Have they not heard and admired it in "The Fire Bird," "Petroushka," "The Rite of Spring," and in the "Symphony for Wind Instruments"?

Photograph by J. Sydney Loeb.



A DISTINGUISHED YOUNG COMPOSER: M. SERGE PROKOFIEV.

M. Prokofiev is a modern of moderns, and his music may well be said to be caviare to the general. His "Chout" was produced by the Russian Ballet the other day.

Photograph by Sydney J. Loeb.

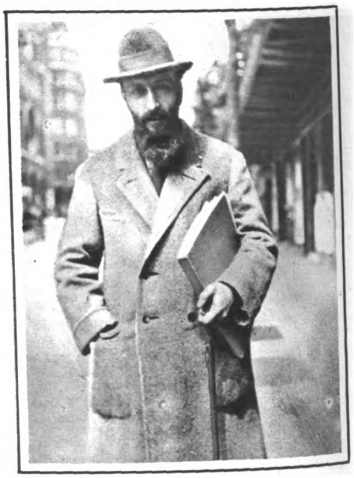
The spirit of Delius was again apparent in a work of very different temperament—Dr. Vaughan Williams's Romance for violin and orchestra which takes its title from Meredith's poem, "The Lark Ascending." Miss Marie Hall's coldly beautiful style was exactly the right interpretation for its serene and remote sense of contemplation. "Tranquil and everlasting movement," "The intense stillness of mountains, lake, and trees"—such are the ideas expressed in Mr. Goossens's symphonic poem, "The Eternal Rhythm." Are we to see here a definitely English outlook in music—to feel that the English quality in music consists not in the employment of local types of melody or rhythm, but in the attitude of our composers towards music itself and towards music as the expression of their attitude towards life? Here, at any rate, were two works that at once linked up their composers with another of the same spirit.

There is something of the same unearthly remoteness about Mr. Holst's symphony, "The Planets." Mr. Holst is at this moment the most problematic of our native composers. "The Planets" and "The Hymn of Jesus," whether one likes them or not, are works of overwhelming force and originality. Mr. Holst is one of those composers who see things on the colossal scale. He has certain affinities with Gustav Mahler in this respect, although the materials of his music and most of its intention are quite different. But both composers revel in the employment of gigantic orchestras and in the handling of daring and novel orchestral effects. Both of them are attracted by vast and more or less mystical ideas, expressed in terms of ponderous and overpowering rhythms. They differ absolutely in their musical material, for Mahler's work is deeply rooted in the Viennese tradition, and Mr. Holst has taken the greatest trouble to eliminate from his music as far as possible all trace of tradition. Nevertheless, he has his musical ancestors. He still owes something to Stanford and Parry, to the short-lived folk-song movement, and also to "L'Apprenti Sorcier"—a work which is one of the notable landmarks in the history of music. I remember how when I first heard it—I think in 1898—an old lady sitting near me remarked pathetically, "But it sounds *all* wrong!" It is one of the most remarkable things about Mr. Holst's music that, whatever incredible combinations of notes he chooses to write, they never by any chance sound anything but perfectly right and logical. He is, indeed, rather like Maeterlinck's "Destiny"—I quote from an erratic memory—inexorable, ineluctable, indigestible, unendurable. . . . Unendurable, that is, in a quite serious sense, in the appalling violence of his emotional vision. They are sometimes very gruesome realities that he sees, but there is no getting away from them. One has simply to face them and choose definitely whether one wishes to belong to that world of vast if horrible infinities, or to sit and nibble supposed Celestial candies with Mr. Cyril Scott.



PLAYER AT THE RUSSIAN FESTIVAL CONCERTS: M. ALEXANDRE BOROVSKI.

The manner in which M. Borovski played the piano part of Scriabin's "Prometheus" will remain in the memory of all those who were lucky enough to be present at that concert.



THE MUSICAL CONDUCTOR OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET: M. ERNEST ANSERMET.

For several seasons M. Ansermet has been the musical conductor of the Russian Ballet, and he has fulfilled that difficult task with rare ability and distinction.

Photograph by J. Sydney Loeb.



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H.L. Richardson, Esq.,
Messrs. The Dunlop Rubber Co.,
46, North Wallace Street,
G L A S G O W.

Dear Mr. Richardson,

A customer of ours, Mr.G.G. Coghill, 75/77, Colmore Row, Birmingham, writes under date the 17th inst., as follows:-

"Incidentally I would just like to
"mention that I have four Dunlop
"Magnum tyres fitted. I have done
"over 7,000 miles and I have not
"yet had a puncture. In fact the
"tyres look good for a few thousand
"miles yet."

The car Mr. Coghill is using is a 15.9 Arrol-Johnston type 'A', and I thought you would be interested in his remarks.

Yours faithfully,
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LADIES' NEWS.

IT was a charming Ascot; everyone seemed almost as much astonished as delighted to find it so. It would be ungrateful to our old friends, the Ascot special trains, to say we did not miss them; so ungrateful we must be—we did not! The Royal Procession never looked better, the country never was seen so far and so clear, and be it said, with thanks to all the little plaster-of-Paris gods who give us our fashions, never were the dresses prettier, more graceful, or more free from vulgar sensationalism; nor have hats ever been so delightfully varied in size, shape and style, and yet so generally becoming to their wearers. Nothing makes people pleasanter than feeling they look well, and everyone seemed to be at their very pleasantest at Ascot. The direst uncertainty about winners had no power to daunt the man or woman who was certain of the success of their own clothes.

I think the Queen is a very beautiful Queen, and that whichever dress she wore it admirably suited her. The pearl grey, with its touch of jade green, on the opening day, and the soft white satin broché of Gold Cup day were my favourites. It struck me that in the Duchess of Northumberland we have a lovely woman, one of whom we can be justly proud. All the more is this the case, because I am sure that it never occurs to her Grace to think about her own lovely complexion, exquisite blue eyes, and burnished bright hair, or her own height and dignity. If one were a Duchess, her Grace of Northumberland is the kind of Duchess one would like to be. Her dresses at Ascot were simple and lovely. Lady Haig also set me thinking as she passed me with the man that the British men who fought and wrought so love. Her graceful accordion-pleated dress was of grey georgette, and at the back was slung a long black pleated cloak of black crêpe de Chine, a black hat trimmed with a white and a yellow water-lily was worn, and yellow tulle forming a scarf. She looked as simple, as graceful, and as harmonious as her clothes, into which outward and visible sign some women do manage to impart some of their own inward sweetness and grace of character. Mrs. Rosita Forbes I saw, looking quite at home in Ascot's Royal Enclosure, so that one could hardly believe she had traversed a trackless desert. Lady Astor went to see her husband's horse after its win, but did not pursue her privileges so far as to lead him in.

Ascot over, and talk about it died down, we turn to other things. One of these, and one of first importance, is that Marshall and Snelgrove begin a summer sale next week. The opportunities for making such real bargains as appeal to the dress-loving, but necessarily economical woman at this sale are not to be neglected. The season has not been a favourable



A STUDY IN GREY.

Pale-grey georgette pleated from yoke to hem, and a broad sash of the same material. The yoke is made of two layers of georgette in order to give it the same shade as the pleated section below.—[*Photograph by Shepstone.*]

one for business. Marshall and Snelgrove have always a large stock of the very best of everything, and enterprisingly give their clients the full benefit of their own loss in having to distribute such things at a sale. Therefore all ye who want din gowns, for the holiday season, suits for the m and rivers, hats for all occasions, dressy fr for Ostend, Trouville, Deauville, and home foreign spas, and our own smart seaside places ye who have stocking, glove, and other departm of your wardrobes to refurnish; all ye who wraps, whether fur or fur trimmed, or of lig character; and all ye who have to repair the rav of a most dusty time, do not neglect to visit Ma and Snelgrove's sale, whereat I can assure you you will find many things greatly to your advan

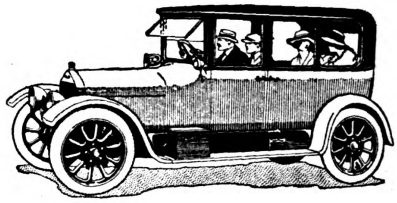
There is apparently to be one Garden Party month at Buckingham Palace, instead of the Courts which would have been held but for the dispute. Everyone summoned to these Courts wi invited to the Garden Party, and attendance the will be considered equivalent to presentation at C It would be idle to say that this announcement not caused deep disappointment. Dresses ordered Court nowadays can always be used for evening w After a Garden Party there is no newspaper announ ment of presentations, as supplied by the Court newsm and so no way of letting friends know that so import an epoch as this formal launch in Society has been pa

When a house, with a reputation of many long y of thoroughly satisfying an enormous clientèle, ha enlarged that clientèle that a complete alteration premises to secure more room has become necessa while everything has been done to put business on t most up-to-date basis, that house secures the appro which means success. Such an establishment is Har Nichols, of Knightsbridge, and the fact that a summ sale opens there next week is one to make a note o There will be reductions in the really reliable and st ful clothes of all kinds of this first-rate house, wh will delight womankind. Whether smart millinery wanted, business-like well-built suits, lovely even frocks of all kinds, from surperb Paris models to sim dance, river, tennis or beach costumes, jumpers of ev character, the many things that make up the adden to dress, sports coats for the holidays, smart stockin excellent and beautifully-cut gloves and boots, luxuri underclothing, Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is t place to go for such reductions in price as amount bargains, which at such a shop are bargains indee

Holidays and laundresses have some natural affini When going on the first, prevent mistakes of the sec by marking your linen with John Bond's Crys Palace Marking Ink. It is indelible, as has been kno for over a century, and is obtainable at chemists a stores.

A. E. L.

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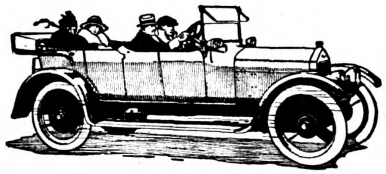


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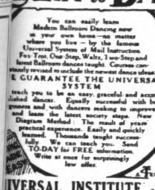
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE HIND LEGS OF THE HUMPBACK WHALE.

I TRUST I shall be forgiven if I return again so soon to the subject of whales. But an event has just come to light in regard to these animals which is so uncommon that I cannot resist the temptation to discuss it here and now. Though all whales are concerned, it touches particularly that most remarkable creature, the Humpback whale (*Megaptera nodosa*). An eminent American student of whales, Dr. Roy Andrews, has just published a short account of an individual of this species which was captured on the west coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, and when hauled up for flensing was found to possess hind limbs no less than four feet long. Now whales, as everybody knows, possess but a single pair of limbs, which are really the fore legs transformed into "flippers," movable only at the shoulder joint. But vestiges of the hind limbs, attached to an equally vestigial hip-girdle, are to be found in quite a number of species. In the rorquals only the femur, or thigh bone, is found—a mere nodule of bone no bigger than a chestnut, and not unlike it in shape. But in the Right whales the thigh bone is several inches long, and at the end of this is an exceedingly small relic of the tibia, or shin bone. Till now no larger remnant of the hind limb has ever been found in any whale whatever.

Thus, then, the appearance of a pair of hind legs four feet long in this particular humpback is indeed an event. Though the creature has been slain in thousands during recent years, no such legs have been seen before. The femur, shin bone, ankle bones, and a small relic of the foot bone are all present here, though the foot bone—but one of a possible five—is recognisable only from its position attached to what must be called an apology for an ankle joint. In embryos of this species minute vestiges of these legs, projecting from the body in the form of small papillæ, have occasionally been found, and one might from this fact have ventured to prophesy that some day external evidence of hind legs would turn up in an adult. But prophesying is dangerous work, and he would indeed have been a bold man who had dared to forecast a pair of legs dangling down to a length of four feet! The great interest in this occurrence lies in the fact that it is so contrary to our experience, which leads us to regard vestiges of whatever kind as persistently diminishing quantities, though the diminution cannot be measured in a hundred generations. This sudden "flash in the pan" is at present quite inexplicable.

The story of the waning of the pelvic girdle, which forms the support for the hind leg, is no less remarkable. To-day this girdle is represented by a pair of bones like a pair of very attenuated triangles widely separated one from another, and embedded in the lower part of the body wall. Their only function now is to afford support to the genital organs. But time was when these two bones were attached, one to another below, and to the vertebral column above. The embrace of these bones was so firm that the vertebræ caught between them lost their mobility, and became welded together to form the solid mass known as the "sacrum." In the whales of to-day there is no "sacrum." In some mysterious way the sacral bones have not only ceased to fuse together, but they have—in common with the manatee and dugong—lost their identity, so that when the vertebral column is viewed as a whole, one can no longer say of them, "These are sacral bones."

But the whale-tribe are teeming with vestiges. All the whalebone whales, as embryos, possess teeth. But these are absorbed before birth, when in their place the whalebone appears. Many of the "toothed" whales have lost their teeth. At most a pair appear in adult bulls, as in the case of the bottlenose whale and its kindred. But if the jaws of these animals be carefully dissected, minute teeth can be found along nearly the whole length of the jaw.

The narwhal, in the matter of its teeth, offers a parallel case to that of the humpback and its hind legs. The bull narwhal, it will be remembered, carries a single tusk of great length, and spirally grooved. This is always the left tusk, the right remaining within the gum, a mere vestige, throughout life. But every now and then individuals appear with a pair of tusks, the latent right tusk for some inexplicable reason suddenly breaking forth to rival its fellow. But we can neither explain this nor the sudden revival of the hind legs of the humpback.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



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Special Blouse, in best quality Crêpe-de-Chine, hand-embroidered on collar. Supplied in Mauve, Pink, Navy, Cham, Lemon, Grey, and Pastel. Original Price, **63/-**.
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SIX HOURS FROM PARIS BY DIRECT TRAIN

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THE Grand Duchy of Luxemburg has made a start with a new series of postage stamps which promises to be of considerable interest from the pictorial and artistic view-points. It will be remembered that the eldest daughter of the late Grand Duke, Marie Adelaide, who reigned during the war, abdicated in January 1919, and was succeeded by her younger sister Charlotte, who reigns to-day as Grand Duchess. It is only during the past few weeks that the first of the new stamps bearing her portrait have been put into regular use. A few, however, were put on sale at the post-offices, as a surprise and a compliment, on Jan. 6 last, to mark the happy event of a birth of a son and heir to the Grand Duchess.

The first stamp of the set is the 15 centimes, which bears a full-face portrait of her Royal Highness, in a medallion surmounted by the grand ducal crown. The design is simple and graceful, being all that one can desire in a stamp design; the only criticism that can be offered is that the figure of denomination is not sufficiently bold to be readily distinguished in the rush of postal work.



New European stamps: Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 5, Luxemburg's first series under the new reign: (1) 1 franc red, with a view of the Château de Vianden; (2) 15 centimes, one of the first stamps bearing a portrait of the Grand Duchess Charlotte; (3) 2 francs blue, showing the factories of Esch; (5) 5 francs purple, with Luxemburg and the Pont Adolphe. Nos. 4 and 6, Denmark's revised postal tariff: (4) a 10 öre reprinted in green, showing Kronberg Castle, commemorating the reunion of Northern Slesvig with Denmark; (6) The official 10 öre for Government correspondence, changed to green.

Stamps supplied by F. J. Melville 110, *Strand W.C.2.*

Three high-value stamps, which form part of the new issue, bear interesting views of the country. On the 1 franc red stamp is a view of the ruined Château de Vianden, one of the many interesting relics of the feudal age of the Grand Duchy. On the 2 francs blue is depicted the great factories of Esch, and on the 5 francs purple is a view of the town of Luxemburg, showing in the foreground the graceful Pont Adolphe, which spans the ravine of the River Alzette, which flows round three sides of the capital.

There is a report from Germany that some of the current Luxemburg stamps have been overprinted "Poste Française," which might indicate something more than the economic union with France, for which the Luxemburgers voted after the war. Nothing of the overprint is known in French philatelic circles, however, so it is possibly a canard.

In connection with the readjustment of the postal tariff in Denmark, the 10 öre stamps are now being printed in green instead of red. Two of these are to hand. The first is the 10 öre of the set issued to commemorate the reunion of the northern zone of Schleswig with Denmark; the stamp bears a view of Kronberg Castle. The other is the current type of official stamp for use on correspondence of Government departments.

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"THE WRONG NUMBER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

OF three farces produced during the week, one proved far and away the best. In "The Wrong Number," its Canadian authors, Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, have a good idea. It sets the husband of a wife who cannot keep her servants ringing up a detective establishment in mistake for a servants' agency, and letting himself be persuaded into engaging detectives to do domestic service. Naturally, such attendants cannot resist the temptation of spying and nosing out possible scandal, with the result that their employer is driven half-crazy with jealousy over the copy of a love-letter which it turns out he wrote himself before marriage to his piquant wife. As Miss Yvonne Arnaud is the heroine, it can be imagined with what mischievous and demure humour the scene is acted in which the truth is made gradually to dawn on the raging husband. Mr. C. M. Hallard storms mock-seriously; Mr. Sam Livesey, Miss Clare Greet, and Mr. Campbell Gullan have all three got "fat" parts; and up-to-date juvenile relief is furnished pleasantly by Miss Joan Barry and Mr. Jack Hobbs.

Harrogate is delighted at the prospect of the forthcoming visit of the Prince of Wales next month, and it is the intention of the town to do full justice to the event. It will add another illustrious name to the long list of royalties who have of recent years become acquainted with this important British spa.



NOW REOPENED AFTER HAVING BEEN CLOSED DURING THE WAR: THE GRAND HOTEL, JERSEY.

The well-known Grand Hotel at Jersey, which occupies one of the finest positions on the coast, has been thoroughly restored and renovated and reopened, after having been closed in consequence of the war.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

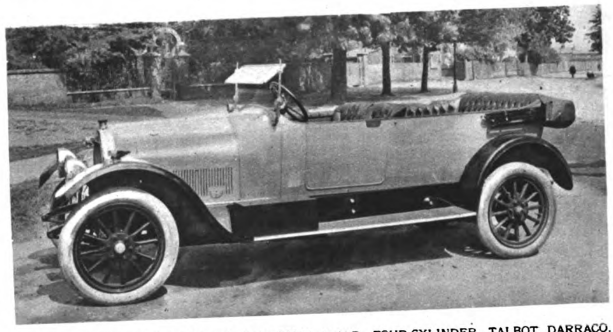
"Standard" Cars in Competitions.

Certain of the clubs and organisations concerned in the promotion of hill-climbs and other competitions are taking measures to compel entrants to declare whether or not their vehicles conform to the "standard" specifications of the makers. The Motor Cycling Club, in the entry form for its forthcoming race meeting at Brooklands, puts a searching series of questions which have the obvious intent of eliminating the danger of having racing cars entered as standard. The Junior Car Club, at last Saturday's South Harting hill-climb, extracted a most comprehensive declaration from entrants in all but the "racing" and "sporting" car classes. Others are doing the same, and not before it was time. The car-purchasing public has been misled for quite long enough by stories of tall performances made by the 10-h.p. this or the 11·9 that, the fact being carefully ignored in subsequent advertisements that the car concerned differs very widely indeed from the one that is sold as standard to the purchaser.

Of course, the motor-wise are not to be taken in by the implication conveyed; but then, it is not every would-be purchaser who knows that there is a world of difference between the car which has established a world's record on the track and the one he is being offered. I think the clubs are going on the right lines in establishing a strict censorship over the cars they allow to be entered in their sporting events, and I would offer the suggestion that classes for "any type of car" should be abolished altogether. Let us have two classes only—the one for "standard" and the other for "racing" machines. Moreover, it should be made a condition of acceptance of entry that the entrant should undertake that, in advertising performance, the class in which the record was made should be clearly stated. Then there could be no complaint that anybody has been misled by freak performances set up by freak designs.



A FAMOUS BRITISH CAR IN SINGAPORE: A CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE, WITH THE OWNER AND HIS 25-30-H.P. R.F.C. MODEL CROSSLEY.



A TOURING CAR *DE LUXE*: A HANDSOME 16-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER TALBOT DARRACQ.
Photograph by Albemarle Press.

Main Road Toll Bridges.

Under the present scheme of taxation the motorist is being mulcted to the extent of between ten and twelve millions a year for his use of the roads. For the most part the main roads are in none too good condition, and in the course of many thousands of miles of road travel this year, I cannot say I have come across a great deal in the way of effort on the part of authority to put them right. It is quite obvious that our money is not, as yet, being applied to the purposes for which it is collected. There is one thing that makes me more savage than any other in my own use of the highways, and that is, after paying taxation at the rate of about a penny a mile, to be blackmailed into paying still more for the use of tumble-down bridges on main roads, where tolls are demanded of everything on wheels. I do not object to tolls on roads through private estates, where the highway is maintained out of private funds plus the amount recovered from vehicular traffic. But a toll-bar on a main road is more than ever an anachronism and ought to be done away with. I seriously suggest that the motoring organisations, which are so fond of telling us about their benefi-cent work on our behalf, should bring pressure to bear upon the Ministry of Transport with a view to making use of a part of the money accruing from motor taxation for the redemption of these main-road tolls. I suppose that they would have to be redeemed, since there is probably no law under which they can be abolished without compensating their owners.

There is another point in connection with these toll-bridges which might well be looked into. As a rule, they are maintained with the strictest economy, and are in a resulting state of abject dilapidation—really unfit to carry the traffic. I have in mind, as an example, the bridge over the Adur on the main Brighton-Worthing Road, just outside Shoreham. This is decorated with all sorts of warning notices conveying that the bridge is unfit for its work. When you pay the toll you are handed a ticket, apparently issued by the West Sussex County Council, setting forth that you use the bridge at your own risk, and that if it collapses under your car, the County Council will accept no liability. Is this good in law, I wonder?

The Benzole Shortage.

One result of the coal strike has been that benzole is next to unobtainable, and there will be a distinct shortage for some time to come. Those who, like myself, prefer it as a fuel will have to make shift with petrol in the meantime. I say make shift of intent, because a lengthy experience of the coal spirit has convinced me that it is distinctly superior to petrol as a motor fuel. It certainly gives more power, smoother running of the engine, and more miles per gallon used. There is only one precaution to be taken, and that is to see that none but a branded spirit is accepted.

W. W.

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A private user writes:

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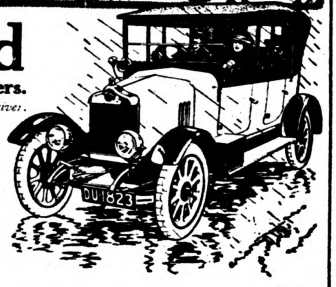


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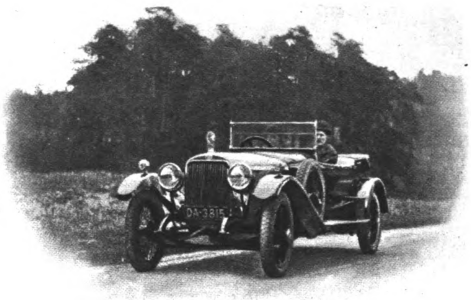
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CHESS.

AHMAD MIRZA (Dacca).—There is a second solution to your three-mover by 1. B to K B 5th.

KESHAB DAS DÈ (Calcutta).—Your problem in three moves No. 1 admits of a second solution by 1. R to Kt 8th (ch).

F JOHNSON (Derby).—The only objection to your suggested variation is that White loses straight off. It is worth your while to discover how.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Major Tournament of the Boston Chess Club between Mr. G. L. CABOT and Major MITCHELL.

(*Falkbeer Counter Gambit.*)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Major M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th
3. P takes Q P	P to K 5th
4. P to Q B 4th	

A very weak continuation. The effect of the Counter Gambit is to put White on the defensive, and the risk of maintaining the Pawn is now as great for him as it would have been for the second player had the original gambit been accepted.

4.	B to Q B 4th
5. Kt to K 2nd	B to K Kt 5th
6. Kt to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P *en pass.*
8. Q takes P	Kt to K B 3rd
9. B to Q 2nd	P to B 3rd

There seems no satisfactory reply to this simple stroke. It completely breaks up White's centre and demonstrates the unsoundness of his fourth move.

10. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd
11. Castles	Kt to R 3rd
12. P to R 3rd	P takes P
13. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
14. P takes Kt	Q R to B sq
15. Kt to B 3rd	Castles
16. R to K sq	Q to Q 3rd
17. Q to Kt sq	B to B 7th
18. R to K 2nd	B to Kt 8th
19. Q to K 4th	Kt to B 4th

The starting-point of a pretty combination with which Black forces the game.

20. Q to B 3rd	Q to K Kt 3rd
21. R to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 6 (ch)
22. K to Q sq	R takes Kt
23. R takes R	Q to Kt 8th (ch)
24. B to B sq	Kt takes B
25. Q takes B	Kt to Kt 6th(ch)
26. K to K 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
27. K to Q 3rd	B to B 4th (ch)
28. K to B 4th	R to Q B sq (ch)
29. K to Kt 4th	P to Q R 4th(ch)
30. K to R 4th	Kt to B 4th (ch)
31. R takes Kt	R takes R

White resigns.

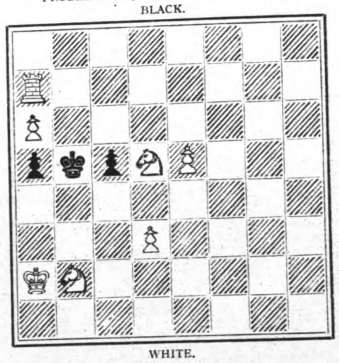
The finish is handled with masterly skill.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3859.—BY G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

WHITE	BLACK
1. P to B 4th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM NO. 3861.—BY KESHAB DAS DÈ.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3855 received from H F Marker (Porbandar, India) and Ahmed Mirza (Dacca); of No. 3856 from H F Marker and S A Hawarden (Transvaal); of No. 3858 from James M K Lupton (Richmond) and M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill); of No. 3859 from Jas. T Palmer (Church), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), C A P, M J F Crewell, James M K Lupton, P Rowlands (Alderney), and J C Stackhouse (Torquay).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3860 received from Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C H Watson (Masham), H W Satow (Bangor), F J Sheldon (Leeds), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), W H Stathan (Charlton), A E Pugh (Doncaster), W C D Smith-(Northampton), R Entwistle (Edgworth), P W Hunt (Bridgwater) and E J Gibbs (East Ham).

In our issue of May 21, we gave a double-page of reproductions of twelve of the pictures in the Nameless Exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries, in which typical examples of all schools of contemporary British painting were shown for some weeks anonymously. As arranged, the names of the artists have now been divulged. The list of those we gave is as follows, with the catalogue number and artist's name added in each case:—8. "Fishing," W. G. de Glehn; 30. "Footballers," Mark Gertler; 20. "A Canal Scene," Muirhead Bone; 23. "A Dutch Family," Sir John Lavery, R.A.; 55. "Lady in White," John Wheatley; 7. "Breton Landscape," Roger Fry; 53. "Beacon Hill, Ellesborough," John Nash; 16. "The Visit," Vanessa Bell; 21. "The Water Carriers," Duncan Grant; 100. "Kitty," Oswald Birley; 51. "Viganello," F. J. Porter; 109. "The Sèvres Dish," J. J. Shannon, R.A. The Exhibition will be open until July 2.

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